But Madri, when she saw that her lord was dead, and that the deed was hers, shrieked aloud in agony; and Kunti and the children and the Brahmins that were with them hurried to the spot, and the women and children wept sorely for King Pandu. But the holy Brahmins sought to comfort them by saying that Pandu's fault was now effaced, and that he was tasting the favour of the gods in the Paradise of Indra.

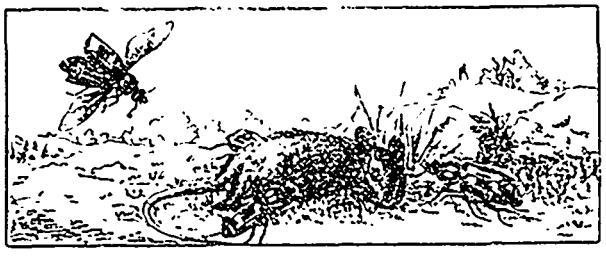
So they raised a funeral pyre to King Pandu, heaping upon it spices and scented wood; and when the flame was kindled, Madri rushed forward, and flung herself upon the body of her lord crying, "Let no man stay me, for through me he died! And shall I leave him with none to serve and follow him in the Paradise of Indra?"

Thus was it that the curse fell upon Rajah Pandu because, despite his valour, he was forgetful of the law of mercy ordained for all men, but chiefly for those who have power intrusted to their hands.

NATURAL HISTORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

ADAPTED FROM JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

The Praying Beetle is not the only one that buries its eggs. There is another one, called the Sexton Beetle. When it finds a dead bird, or mouse, or frog, or other small animal, it sets to work to bury it. It digs a little grave for it. This is why it is called a sexton



THE LITTLE SEXTON.

This beetle begins to dig under the dead body. As it takes out the earth, the dead thing sinks more and more. At last it is deep enough to be covered, as a coffin is covered in a grave.

In this way this beetle helps to keep the earth and air clean. Is that why it buries things? Oh, no! The reason the beetle does this is, it wants to get a good place for its eggs.

These sexton beetles are black, with yellow bands. They are rather large, and go in pairs. You might think these beetles and the one who makes the ball would be dirty from their work, but they are not.

These beetles have a kind of oil over their bodies. This keeps any dirt from sticking to them. So, though they work in dirty places, they are always clean and bright.

These burying beetles have a keen scent. They can smell a dead body even if it is a long way off. Let us watch Mr. and Mrs. Sexton Beetle at work. Here is a dead mouse. Through the air come flying these two beetles. Their wings hum as they come.

When they alight, Mr. Beetle goes briskly to his work, and Mrs. Beetle stands looking on. Her work in this world is not to dig, but to lay eggs. Before the work begins, they both make a good meal off the dead mouse. All sexton beetles eat flesh.

Mr. Beetle works a while. Then he drops down as if very tired, and sleeps. Then up he gets and ploughs furrow after furrow about the mouse. Mr. Beetle uses his head for a plough. Now the dead body has sunk out of sight. Mr. Beetle has put over it the earth he took out from the grave which he made. He makes all the little grave smooth and trim.

But what is this queer little fellow doing now? He has made a little side door into the grave. He and Mrs. Beetle walk in. They have gone to take another meal from the mouse.

When their dinner is over, Mrs. Beetle lays some eggs in the dead body. She knows that when the larvæ come from the eggs, they will like to eat the food which they find all around them. After the eggs are laid, Mr. and Mrs. Beetle come out into the air.

Mr. Beetle fills up the doorway. Then off the two fly to find other things to bury.

The larva of the sexton beetle looks much like a beach flea or sand-hopper.

Does the strength of the beetles surprise you? Once I found a fine grass-green beetle, with silver spots. I wanted him for my card of beetles. I tied him in the hem of my handkerchief to carry him home. The hem was double, but he ate a hole through it; then away he went.

Once I shut up ten beetles in a box. I forgot them for two days. When I opened the box, they were all dead. They had killed each other. The box had in it only heads, and legs, and wings. The last beetle that had been left had lost his legs and wings. He had won the battle, but died on the field. Some other great captains have done the same.

SPARKS FROM THE ANVILS OF SCIENCE.

Carriages appeared first in Britain in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

The relative heat from equal amounts of coal and gas is in the proportion of 15 to 26.

The *Scientific American* is of the opinion that the speed of 100 miles a minute might possibly be obtained by a good locomotive with its wheels jacked up.

A process has been invented by means of which, it is said, photographs can be printed off almost as rapidly as a newspaper. This new method appears to be independent both of natural and artificial light.

Paper doors are said to be great improvements over wooden ones. They are formed of two thick paper boards, stamped and moulded into panels and glazed together with glue and potash, and then rolled through heavy rollers. After being covered with a waterproof coating, and one that is fireproof, they are painted, varnished, and hung in the usual way.

THE LAST DAYS OF A FAMOUS PRISON.—The well-known prison of Millbank in London will shortly cease to be used as a jail. The Home Secretary, acting for the Government, has offered to sell it and the ground on which it stands at a fair market price to the London County Council. This popular Corporation, however, has plainly intimated, in reply to the Secretary of State, that it is by no means anxious at present to become the possessor of Millbank, and will certainly not purchase it unless it can be obtained at a really cheap price. The site of Millbank was originally a marsh.

A RECENT ADVANCE IN ELECTRIC LIGHTING. By means of an ingenious device the Sperry Electric Company of Chicago are now enabled to operate their ten