

Animal Curiosities.

A Panther Under a Woman's Bed—Good Story of a Donkey—A Spider Farm Profitable—Fish Which Climb Trees and a Horse Who Is a Mind-Reader—The Cat and the Gold Fish—A Fatal Attempt to Get a Meal.

A PANTHER UNDER HER BED.

W. W. Smith, who resides in the mountains about seven miles north of Ukiah, Cal., arrived in town yesterday with the skin of two large panthers which he killed near his home Saturday evening last. He also exhibited a suit of clothes which he had worn in the time of the killing. They were torn, and bore evidence of the truth of the story which he told regarding the difficulty he had in winning the trophies.

Mr. Smith left his home early Monday morning for the purpose of visiting this city. He requested his wife to go over to an adjoining ranch, owned by J. W. Fitzsimmons, and remain there until he called for her. He then went back. Mrs. Smith just put on her bonnet, when she was horrified to observe the head of an enormous panther through the open door. She sprang toward the window, hoping to escape. At her first movement the panther sprang in at the door and rushed under the bed. Mrs. Smith then ran through the door and reached her neighbor's house thoroughly exhausted.

Her husband arrived later, and accompanied by Fitzsimmons, left for his home to either kill or scare away the panther. Fitzsimmons took a shotgun and Smith was armed with a large butcher knife and carried a lantern. Reaching the house, Smith stepped inside, when the panther, which had been feeding on the remains of a deer, sprang at his throat, bearing him to the ground and breaking the lantern. Smith finally succeeded in driving his knife into the panther's side, and after a few convulsive struggles, lay still on the floor. Smith, though scratched and lacerated, was not seriously injured.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith remained all night at the Fitzsimmons ranch and returned to their home Sunday morning. On their arrival at the house they encountered another panther, the female, which was soon tamed by Fitzsimmons' dogs and killed.—San Francisco Chronicle.

STORY OF A DONKEY.

"E. E." writing to the London Spectator, says: "As your readers seem interested in stories of affection and fidelity in animals, I think it is possible you might consider the enclosed worthy of insertion in your paper. The truth of the story is guaranteed by several persons whose names are given, but not for publication."

A donkey cast off by a costermonger as useless and in a miserable condition, was found by a young gentleman, who brought it into his garden. Being kindly treated, it by and by recovered itself and became a great favorite. But the presence of so large an animal in a garden became naturally inconvenient, and an aunt of the gentleman in question, residing at a distance, offered the creature an asylum in her field, and there it remained peaceful and happy. By and by the compassionate lady introduced a pony into the field, in much the same condition as the donkey had once been. The two creatures even came to each other, and passed their days in a state of blissful quietness, probably unknown before in their suffering and hard-working lives. No many weeks ago, however, the donkey, standing over him, in mute but eloquent grief, the pony was seen licking the insensible remains of his poor friend. He could not be induced to leave the place, or take food, and after the body of his beloved companion had been committed to the earth, he was seen standing by and constantly pawing the ground, as though entreating him to rise and bear his company as of old.

A SPIDER FARM.

A strip bottler has improved upon the prison lesson of Bruce. He has taken the spider into partnership in the working of one of his most important departments. Flies, cockroaches and other insects, attracted by his sweets, and encouraged by the genial air of his kitchen room, get into his bottles, steal his goods, and "worry him to death." He has recruited the spider against his foes and, vanquished them.

Some 6,000 spiders now make their home on the ceiling and walls of his bottling department. Their webs are everywhere, and they behave themselves with great intelligence. Said the bottler in an interview: "These creatures know more than a great many people. Spiders do not care for sweet things and never drop into my vats or get into my bottles. I never disturb them except to feed them occasionally. They appear to know my call, and will come out and feed from my hand or take a fly from my finger."

"They shut themselves up during most of the winter months in the little nests you see stuck like daubs of mud about the ceiling. When winter comes I brush away all the webs; they prefer to weave new ones every spring."

"Each May they appear ready to unravel the silken fabric that is stored in their bodies. It is just about then that the flies have hatched their first young. If the spiders appeared earlier the crop of flies would soon give out."

"I have only been running this spider farm for two years, but I find my little partners indispensable; they will not endure in the place a single fly or insect that is a plunderer of sweets and sirups."

A HORSE MIND-READER.

"Horses are almost as superstitious as men, but, unlike men, they cannot be reasoned with and made broad-minded, liberal and free-thinking philosophers. The horse is the noblest animal that walks the earth. He has most of the good traits of the human race, with some of the bad ones. It was Prof. Bartholomew who spoke in this exalted strain about the horse."

"When a youth I was a cowboy, and one of the rough riders of the west. Like other cowboys, I delighted in a bucking broncho, but I soon learned the wildest horse can be tamed in an hour so that he will follow his rider about and let himself be ridden without a struggle. I have tamed hundreds of horses fresh from the prairies, and never failed to make a complete conquest in a short time. I treat horses as intelligent beings, and after a manner ask them if they can do things. Often they refuse, and again they say as plainly as if they used

words, 'Why, yes, I can do that,' and they do it."

"I train my horses in classes. I take a dozen and ask each to do a certain thing. Some will start blindly, while others will step up briskly and say, 'Yes, I can do that.' Then I ask them to do something else, and then those who are quickest at first will halt, while those who make no response before are anxious to do the thing. Thus I soon learn the class of work each is especially fitted for, and develop them along their special lines. In this way they are just as useful. Now, I have tried numerous ways to make a living out of horses, but always fail and drift back to my hobby."

"Horses are like men in the amount of courage they can muster up. If I want a horse to do extra long jumps, I select a creature that is finely built, and has all the physical qualities, but perhaps he is a coward and afraid to leap. Some little, half-developed horse, possessed with a dash of spirit, may outdo him in every respect."—The Agriculturist.

TREE-CLIMBING FISH.

"As unhappy as a fish out of water," should be used with a reservation. On the coasts of Eastern Asia one may often see the climbing bass, or "Anabas scandens," deliberately leave the watery element to take a piece of bread, or a morsel of meat, from the hand of a Malay. The Malays call this queer fish "the tree climber," and quite correctly so, because specimens have often been taken from the sides of trees which they easily climbed to a height of six feet or more.

While the silvery herring and the lovely salmon die almost as soon as they leave the water, the climbing bass gets along very well and very little of the nasty brine—the little which the peculiar construction of its gills enables it to take along on its tris on shore.

When not promenading, the Anabas scandens gets on its hind legs and with its thin fins and then pushes itself forward with its tail. Climbing trees is effected in a similar manner.

PUSSY'S FATAL FISHING.

Two small boys wildly gesticulating and uttering shrill cries of encouragement in front of a delicatessen store in Upper Third avenue, New York, Sunday afternoon recently, attracted a crowd of persons. In the window was a large globe of gold fish, on either side of which was a pyramid of canned goods. On top of one of the pyramids, which was a few inches higher than the rim of the globe, was a half-grown cat was balancing herself. The most hasty glance left no doubt as to what the cat was doing, there, for her hungry look was fixed on the globe, while the frightened fish were jumping and round in a vain attempt to escape from their crystal prison.

It was quite a difficult job even for a cat to balance herself on the upturned end of a can of tomatoes. Then it was redoubled when she reached the edge of the globe. More than a score of times the cat tried it. Often it seemed as if she had leaned so far forward that it would be impossible for her to regain her equilibrium, but at a quiet at home at this trick, and the suppressed "Oh" of the small boys would change to an exultant "hooray!" each time the cat performed it.

At last, in one of her more clumsy than usual, and making a couple of wild claws in the air, she upset the top can, and the whole pyramid came tumbling down in a clatter. It looked as if the fun was at an end, and many of the assembled crowd had moved away, when the cat reappeared and began to scale the other pyramid.

At the first attempt this time she got one of her paws over the rim of the globe. She rested a moment, and everybody could see that the cat was stretched out to almost her full length. To draw back was out of the question. Pussy saw this as well as the spectators. She rested a moment to gain strength, and then gave a leap forward. The rim was very narrow, her front paw just landed beyond it, and in an instant the cat pitched head first into the globe.

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THE TRAP-DOOR SPIDER.

Of all the curious occurrences in this wonderful world, one of the most comical is suddenly to behold a small, circular piece of earth rise at your feet, revealing a round, hole, with a black, hairy head protruding therefrom, in a twinkling knowing way. Your surprise keeps you motionless, and so the spider throws wide open the little door, and marches boldly forth. Once, you know, there came a big spider

And frightened Miss Muffet away; but, in your case, it is your funny little visitor who becomes panic-stricken, and suddenly vanishes into the earth. Then you wonder what it all means, and begin to search for the cunning visitor's place of retreat.

But to find it is not an easy task, for so cleverly has the fat little work-woman concealed her gate that, even after the most careful search, you are unable to see a single spot where the surface of the soil appears to have been disturbed, so you do the wisest thing in your power—go quietly back to your seat and remain there in perfect silence. By this time you have rightly suspected your shy visitor to be the trap-door spider, and you also may be aware that the night, which is rapidly approaching, will lure her again from her home in search of her evening meal. When the trap once more shows itself, by being lifted, you understand you could not find it before. The cunning spider had covered it with moss, so that, when shut, no trace of it was visible. This silence is your motto; not a muscle must be stirred; a moment more and that queer little house will be at your disposal—ah, that was an unlucky sneeze.

Back pops your fat friend, and down

goes the door in a flash. Never mind, there is no harm done, after all. At this time you have marked the spot and can pursue your investigations.

Open the door first and look into the house that it guards; but how difficult it is to open that door! You succeed in lifting it gently about an eighth of an inch, just enough to see the tenant hastily hooking her hind legs to the silken lining of the trap and her fore legs to the sides of the tube itself, and then you are astounded to find the little door jerked from your fingers and closely shut again. On returning to the attack you are again baffled. The sturdy householder defends her premises with a desperate strength; so determined in her opposition, indeed, that you finally desist lest the delicate hinges of the lid should be broken in the struggle.

Calling to take her house by storm, you think and carefully set to work to dig the earth around the long cylindrical nest which you know extends below that funny door. Even this does not drive the spider to desert to her hole, and you are obliged to employ before this faithful freeholder will yield up her hard-earned burrow. And when she is finally forced to this extremity your heart falls you and you almost regret driving the brave little tenant away.—Helen Harcourt, in November St. Nicholas.

Canada's Wonderful Climate.

This Is a Fine Country to Live in—It Has Been Labeled Nevertheless—No Need to Go to Foreign Countries for Good Health—How the Human System Is Poisoned—Radical Defects in Public and Private Heating—Never Sleep With Your Window Closed.

(By Headmaster Kirk, of Aberdeen School, London.)

Cartier, the distinguished French

captain in command of a select party, numbering 110 men, spent the summer of 1535 exploring the St. Lawrence River from its mouth up to the Island of Montreal. Not having completed his work of exploration, he determined to winter in the St. Charles River at Quebec. Most instructive is his narrative of his experiences there. Every precaution deemed necessary for the protection of his men was taken. A stockade fort was erected to guard against any sudden attack. All winter the Indians, but scantily clothed, prowled round his palisade. "They were," he says, "as hardy as bears."

And seemed to bide the winter out. A crowd of persons in the window was a large globe of gold fish, on either side of which was a pyramid of canned goods. On top of one of the pyramids, which was a few inches higher than the rim of the globe, was a half-grown cat was balancing herself. The most hasty glance left no doubt as to what the cat was doing, there, for her hungry look was fixed on the globe, while the frightened fish were jumping and round in a vain attempt to escape from their crystal prison.

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"GREATER EDINBURGH."

A Plan to Absorb Leith and Other Towns.

The proposal to extend the city of Edinburgh so as to embrace Leith, Portobello and portions of the county, which had been a long time under consideration, was, a few days ago, put into definite form in the draft of "The Edinburgh Amalgamation and Extension Bill." Glasgow, in 1861, was similarly extended—the increased city being known as "Greater Glasgow."

Edinburgh has even more need than her rival on the Clyde for extension. The city has an area of about ten square miles, but to use the Lord Provost's phrase, she is "biring out" on all sides, and it is proposed to enlarge the boundaries so as to more than double the present area. The new boundary is roughly 21 square miles. Leith leads the way in opposing the amalgamation, refusing to become a corner of a great city, and maintaining that no advantage can accrue to that town from amalgamation. But it is obvious that it would be most desirable to have one large, powerful municipality, as proposed, rather than the present petty rivalry between Leith and Edinburgh, which have long been physically united.—London St. Paul's.

contract the disease and in spite of the care bestowed upon them by their keepers they soon perish—victims of mistaken kindness.

Lung diseases prevail to a greater or less extent among people the world over. The number of cases is proportional to the care with which people shut themselves up in close dwellings and their neglect of open-air exercise. To most people air is always warm or it is cold. No other classification is made. The caretakers of public buildings are sadly in need of education in the nature and the properties of common air. With them an open window means too much fire in the furnace. On the other hand, the breathing of air is most dangerous. Drowsiness, headache, lassitude, derangements of the nervous system and predisposition to take cold, indicate serious functional derangement in many different quarters, and are all caused by breathing vitiated air.

The cause of all this is well known to everyone. About twenty times every minute we inspire on an average 30 cubic feet of air, of which one-fifth should be pure oxygen gas. Of the inspired air 4 per cent, consisting almost entirely of oxygen, is absorbed into the blood through the delicate walls of the lungs.

About as much carbonic acid is excreted through the lungs. Thus the blood during its passage through the lung capillaries should lose in 24 hours twenty cubic feet of carbon gas, and take up from the air as many cubic feet of oxygen. In fresh, outside air the most wonderful fixeness in the proportions of the constituents of the atmosphere everywhere exists. Always about 21 per cent of oxygen and 79 per cent of nitrogen. Of carbonic acid the proportion is 4-100 of 1 per cent, and any considerable increase would render the air totally unfit for the support of animal life.

To maintain the air in occupied rooms fit for respiration, 100 times as much fresh air as has been breathed or otherwise vitiated must be continuously introduced. Fortunately those who have been eastern about this city have simple means of testing the rapidity with which the air in their houses is being changed. The chemical works without charge furnish abundance of acid test paper, and it is detected and the least difficulty. How long does it take to fill the house with its fumes, the doors, windows and ventilators being left as they usually are?

What renders poor air so dangerous is the tolerance with which it is apparently regarded by the system. The air of a school room, quite sweet so far as teacher or scholar knows, is impure beyond description to a chance visitor. In the case of the middle class, the school session. Doctors called out during the night to visit their patients often find a similar state of affairs in our homes. The good doctor deplored in the "Common Sense" of the uneducated rural air for a patient, broke a pane of glass and then paid for it. He knew if he raised a window it would be put down as soon as he was out of sight.

A window was once placed under a pane of glass, and permitted to remain there for a couple of hours. It was apparently none the worse. Another sparrow from the outside was then introduced into the same glass. It died in a few minutes.

In crowded audience rooms lamps have been known to go out from lack of oxygen in the air, and the people not seriously suffer, but the chief indications that the air was impure. The temperature of the blood in health is quite constant at about 98 degrees. Wherever a person may be at the Equator or at the Arctic Circle, the blood temperature is the same. No matter whether at work or exercise or rest, there is no difference. If, however, a deficiency in the amount of oxygen in the air occur, the fact is proclaimed at once by a sense of chilliness. The feet are the first to make known the danger. The quickest way to warm many houses would be to open all the doors and windows for a few minutes. Blood fully supplied with oxygen and properly supplied with nutritious elements derived from the food, is capable of accomplishing wonders surpassing the dreams of the chemist. It furnishes an antidote to every germ poison introduced through the lungs, and most probably through the stomach also. In Germany a sanatorium for consumptives is now effecting surprising cures through the agency of fresh air. The contractor engaged to build a long and low swamp had no ill-health among his men, though they drank continuously from the impure water along the track, while on the higher grounds the permanent residents were afflicted by an epidemic of malarial fever.

With but ordinary precaution to avoid breathing vitiated air, colds would be unknown. So would also catarrhal fever, and most throat and lung diseases. Dyspepsia is frequently cured by breathing pure air.

There is reason for believing that much of what is called dullness is brought about by living in the close atmosphere of over-heated rooms. The cities would have to get along without many of their best thinkers if it were not for the boys from the log cabins. The child from 3 years of age to 6 is everywhere a marvel. The dawn period of the intellect gives promise of wonders.

derful maturity. In the kindergarten the children surprise and delight us. With the public school comes a sudden stoppage of mental growth. A cloud, deep, often impenetrable, surrounds the mind. Only the lowest forms of mentality are possible.

The best air is not merely pure air, but is preferably cold. The inhabitants of the temperate zone are superior to those who dwell in tropical regions. A progressive decadence is observed where Europeans migrate to the torrid zone. Neither physically nor otherwise are they up to the standard of the colder regions.

The amount of water vapor has to do with the healthfulness of the air. If the saturation does not exceed 60 per cent of the possible amount, it is well. Air in close rooms is often fully saturated and condenses its moisture on the walls, and extra moisture is derived from the expired air. Where our personal sensations are concerned, we most frequently err in our judgment. This is the case when we are warm, for, to pure, cold air, from what has been said, it would appear that the Canadian climate possesses in a most marked degree the essentials for a perfect climate—plenty of sunlight, sufficient cold, clear sky, indicating that the amount of vapor is not excessive, and a high degree of purity in the atmosphere. Canadians should band themselves together to banish consumption and kindred diseases, and exclude them as effectually as has been done in the case of small-pox.

It is much to be regretted that so many of our people are suffering because of oxygen starvation. The men who are compelled by their employment to breathe fresh air during the day usually shut themselves up too closely during the night. Children, whose intuitions are in favor of open air exercise do not like to sleep in ventilated rooms.

That foul air acts directly on the brain is shown by the quickness with which close air is detected and produces a sensation of disgust. It is not to be through the blood, but rather through that wonderful extension of the cerebrum known as the olfactory nerve, for it must be remembered that the olfactory nerve is quite unlike any of the other nerves. It has no white exterior, and consists chiefly of gray matter. It is in reality a portion of the brain itself, and of the part which is devoted to thought. How vividly through association of ideas the smell of a rose will call up the thousand incidents of farm life and of childhood days! The brain is thus affected by vitiated air through two distinct channels—the olfactory nerve and through the circulation.

Colds tend to produce chronic conditions of the nasal passages. Waves of inflammation spreading over the mu-

ous membrane surrounding the olfactory nerve produce pressure on that delicate extension of the cerebrum, and causes the cerebral derangements accompanying colds.

The methods employed in heating our houses and schools are radically defective. Air passed over red-hot surfaces is poisoned. The soot, organic and other air impurities mixed with the carbon gases to which red-hot iron is porous, make a compound both nauseous and dangerous. At least, in our sleeping rooms we can enjoy the luxury of perfectly pure air if we wish. To sleep with closed windows is to invite sickness and premature death. There need be no fear of suffering from cold. The sensation produced by it in motion is as enjoyable in January as July. Only those who are poisoned by breathing foul air need dread it. Anyone trying the effect of pure air in the chamber for one week will never return to the old suicidal method of sleeping in close rooms.

Arrested for Laughing.

A serious-looking, middle-aged man, who gave his name as Daniel Mackey, No. 330 North Fifteenth street, laughed so uproariously early yesterday morning, at Eighth and Market streets, that a crowd gathered, and the Philadelphia Press. When Policemen Sanders came along and heard Mackey's laugh he ordered him to go home.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the man. "If you snicker again," threatened Sanders, and again the laugh peeled out. In a rage Sanders locked the man up, and when Mackey was led before Magistrate South several hours later the magistrate asked:

"What's your name?"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Mackey.

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Ha, ha, ha," was the answer.

By desperate effort Mackey recovered composure enough to explain that he was the victim of physical ailment, and that now and then he could not refrain from laughing. Physicians had treated him, but to no purpose.

"It's a queer story," said the magistrate, thoughtfully. "But you are discharged."

Missing Links.

Gossip From Every Land Summarized for Busy Readers.

PLANS have been accepted for the rebuilding of the Cour des Comptes, burnt during the Commune, whose picturesque ruins stand near the Chamber of Deputies, across the river from the Tuilleries garden.

CAPT. WIGGINS has again succeeded in carrying a cargo of steel rails and canned goods through the Kara Sea to the Yenesei, though, as winter set in early, his ship, the Lorna Doone, met a great deal of ice.

SIX deer quietly grazing in his meadow one day last week caused a farmer of Prospect, Me., to wonder whether deer were astonishingly abundant and tame, or whether the hunters were driving them all out of the woods.

A PARTY of miners from the Yukon River mines of Alaska arrived at Port Townsend last week with their pockets bulging with nuggets and gold dust. They had from \$1,000 to \$5,000 apiece, the result of two years at the mines.

MME. ALBINI has had a streak of good fortune of late. She was recently a guest of Queen Victoria at Balmoral. She sang before the Queen in the evening. The following morning Victoria presented Albin with a beautiful bracelet made of sapphires and diamonds.

RUSSIAN girls thus learn their matrimonial prospects. A number of girls take off their rings and conceal them in the folds of their dresses. Then a hen is brought in and invited to partake of the corn, and the owner of the first ring uncovered will be the first to enter matrimony.

YOUNG women with fortunes to invest in titles would do well to go to Poland. In Warsaw alone, with a population of 500,000, there are 30,728 cases of nobility, and 8,257 "personal nobles"—people entitled to the distinction by reason of office or discovery.

QUEEN CHRISTINA'S decision to confer the order of the Golden Fleece on President Faure entitles him to wear one of the choicest decorations in Europe. The only living French members of the order are the Dukes of Nemours and Aumale and the Prince de Joinville.

DR. NICOL tells this incident of Mr. Henry Reeves, the late editor of the Edinburgh, and Carlyle. They were dining together, and Reeves was very didactic. After a long scrutiny Carlyle thus soliloquized with himself in words perfectly audible by his neighbors: "Eh, man, you're a pul, wratched, miserable creature."

JANE CAKEBREAD'S record is surpassed by that of William Onions, who has been convicted 326 times for drunkenness in London courts. In his case a small quantity of liquor that would have no effect on ordinary persons makes him violent and gets him into trouble and "jail."

MICROBES have their uses after all. Prof. Kijanzin, of Kiev, has been experimenting on small animals, keeping them in sterilized air and feeding them on sterilized food, with the result that many died within a few minutes and all in a few hours or days. They became rapidly emaciated and secreted abnormal amounts of nitrogen and carbonic acid.

IT APPEARS from the recent English agricultural returns that there is a sensible increase in the use of land for market gardening and orchard cultivation. The acreage of orchards in England, Wales and Scotland is now more than 218,000. Last year it was only a little less than 214,000. The market gardens cover now 92,857 acres, as compared with 88,210 last year.

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DOMINION REGALIA 76 YORK ST. TORONTO.

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The methods employed in heating our houses and schools are radically defective. Air passed over red-hot surfaces is poisoned. The soot, organic and other air impurities mixed with the carbon gases to which red-hot iron is porous, make a compound both nauseous and dangerous. At least, in our sleeping rooms we can enjoy the luxury of perfectly pure air if we wish. To sleep with closed windows is to invite sickness and premature death. There need be no fear of suffering from cold. The sensation produced by it in motion is as enjoyable in January as July. Only those who are poisoned by breathing foul air need dread it. Anyone trying the effect of pure air in the chamber for one week will never return to the old suicidal method of sleeping in close rooms.

Arrested for Laughing.

A serious-looking, middle-aged man, who gave his name as Daniel Mackey, No. 330 North Fifteenth street, laughed so uproariously early yesterday morning, at Eighth and Market streets, that a crowd gathered, and the Philadelphia Press. When Policemen Sanders came along and heard Mackey's laugh he ordered him to go home.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the man. "If you snicker again," threatened Sanders, and again the laugh peeled out. In a rage Sanders locked the man up, and when Mackey was led before Magistrate South several hours later the magistrate asked:

"What's your name?"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Mackey.

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Ha, ha, ha," was the answer.