

How Sea Birds Quench Their Thirst.

The question is often asked, "Where do seabirds obtain fresh water to slake their thirst?" But we have never seen it satisfactorily answered until a few days ago. An old skipper, with whom we were conversing on the subject, said that he had seen these birds at sea, far from any land that could furnish them water, hovering round and under a storm cloud, clattering like ducks on a hot day at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will smell a rain-squall a hundred miles distant, or even further off, and scud for it with almost inconceivable swiftness.

How long seabirds can exist without water is only a matter of conjecture, but probably their powers of enduring thirst are increased by habits, and possibly they go without water for many days, if not for several weeks.—Golden Days.

Truth Forever Young.

Here are some very beautiful words, uttered by that very distinguished man, the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon: "Truth will never die; the stars will grow dim, the sun will pale his glory, but truth will be forever young. Integrity, uprightness, honesty, love, goodness—these are all imperishable. No grave can ever entomb these immortal principles. They have been in prison, but they have been freer than before; those who have enshrined them in their hearts have burned at the stake, but out of their ashes other witnesses have arisen. No sea can drown, no storm can wreck, no abyss can swallow up the ever-living truth of God. You cannot kill goodness, and truth, and integrity, and faith, and holiness; the way that is consistent with these must be a way everlasting."

The Little Trunk.

Patty had received a doll's trunk at Christmas. Grandmamma gave Prue one for her birthday. Prue's trunk was a little smaller than Patty's, and Patty liked nothing better than to tell Prue about it.

Prue bore it very well for a while. But one day when Patty said with a pouting air, "Prue, I'm so used to my big trunk that when I look at yours it looks so small to me," Prue answered back:

"Well, I don't care, Patty; you're not a bit nice! It isn't the smallness you ought to look at when anybody gives you anything; it's the kindness."—Wide Awake.

Painting a Frog's Portrait.

One of my pets was a frog about half grown. He would hop on my hand to the tip of my finger and sing—or croak—as long as I chose to hold him. I was an invalid then, and when I felt lonely, and my husband was away. I used to give a little croak to invite the frog to a duet; and he would set off as if his life depended on his song, no matter what the hour might be. One day I wanted to paint him a picture, and tried to take a profile view. But he would not let me do it. Whenever I put him in the right position, he would hop around so as to face me and then go on my paper. Then I bethought myself of putting him in a plate with some water, so that he might be comfortable. This plan answered very well; but, when I turned the plate around so as to get a side view, he hopped around also and would face me. I tried edging around the table myself, but with the same result, so that I was obliged to

hold him sideways while I drew him. But, whenever I raised my head to look at him he raised his head, too, and lowered it again when I began to paint; and so we went on nodding at each other like a pair of Chinese mandarins.—Selected.

Bridal Customs.

Many and curious are the customs regarding brides.

In Switzerland (says a contemporary) the bride on her wedding day will permit no one, not even her parents, to kiss her upon the lips.

In parts of rural England the cook pours hot water over the threshold after the bridal couple have gone in order to keep it warm for another bride.

The pretty custom of throwing the slipper originated in France. And old woman, seeing the carriage of her young King (Louis XIII.) passing on the way from church, where he had just been married, took off her shoe, and, flinging it at his coach, cried out, "Tis all I have, your Majesty, but may the blessing of God go with it."

There is an old superstition in Germany against marriages in May.

A favourite wedding day in Scotland is Dec. 31st, so that the young couple can leave their old life with the old year, and begin their married with the new year.

The Italians permit no wedding gifts that are sharp or pointed, connected with which practice is the superstition that the gift of a knife severs friendship.

One marriage custom is that of the bride, immediately after the ceremony, flinging her bouquet among her maiden friends. She who catches it is destined to be the next bride.

The Other Side of the World.

I think it is so very queer
That when we little children here
Are fast asleep—each curly head
Tucked snugly in his downy bed—
Some children living far away
Are up and out of doors at play.
And then my teacher says the sun,
When all his shining here is done,
Goes down to China and Japan
To shine as brightly as he can.
So when I lie down to my rest
The little Japs are being dressed,
And when at morn my prayers are said,
The Chinese girls are going to bed,
But, oh, it seems to me so queer!
They do not do as we do here.

—The Child's Hour.

Sentient Vegetation.

Can plants feel or see? "E. Archer," a lady correspondent, writing from Crouch End, says:

"Convolvulus tendrils must, I feel sure, have an appreciation of the neighborhood of anything that will serve as a support. In a former garden we had a large white variety, imported, I believe, from Mexico. It grew and bloomed in great profusion, and it was my great delight to pick handfuls of the tendrils and place them in vases to watch their behavior. On one occasion I put some about six inches away from a tall vase, containing dried grasses. I saw the tendrils stretch and grow till one reached a blade of grass and twined round it, but it soon became apparent that the sharp edges of the grass were not to its liking, as it reluctantly untwined, at the same time warning one behind to proceed no further. Free from the uncongenial support, it turned to the other, and both turned to the shorter ones in the vase, and formed a compact mass strong enough to stand alone."

MISERABLE NIGHTS.

WHAT TO DO WHEN BABY IS FRETFUL AND SLEEPLESS.

It is wrong to take up a wakeful baby from the cradle and walk it up and down the floor all night. It demoralizes the infant and enslaves the parents. Baby does not cry for the fun of the thing, it cries because it is not well—generally because its stomach is sour, its little bowels congested, its skin hot and feverish. Relieve it and it will sleep all night, every night growing stronger in proportion. Just what mothers need is told in a letter from Mrs. E. J. Flanders, Marbleton, Que., who says:—"I cannot say too much in favor of Baby's Own Tablets. They have worked like a charm with my baby, who was very restless at night, but Baby's Own Tablets soon brought quiet sleep and rest. I shall never be without a box while I have a baby." Baby's Own Tablets cure all minor ailments of little ones, and are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. They are sold at 25 cents a box by all dealers, or you can get them by mail, post paid, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

Another correspondent, (the last sheet of whose letter has unfortunately not reached us) instances the well-known sensitive plant and the tropaeolum canariensis, the leaf stalks of which will throw a coil round a lead pencil placed against them. The writer continues:

"The paragraph on the convolvulus major brought to my mind how I ascertained at what hour the convolvulus unfolds its bloom. Some of your readers may have noticed that no matter how early in the morning they may visit their gardens, the convolvulus has its wonderfully beautiful unipetal, or corolla, unfolded, and no matter how late they may visit the plant at night, the bud still remains in its spiral twist. So being determined to find out, I took late one night a wine glass with water and scissors and transferred a bloom bud, which I could see would open some time that night, to the water, and stood the wine glass by the night light near my bed. At 12 p. m. it moved like a living thing, and unfolded its beautiful petal to my gaze."—London News.

Little Bertha asked for a pickle at dinner. Although warned that it was very sour, she ate it hastily. The result was that she puckered up her mouth and exclaimed: "Doodness! 'At pickle made my mouth feel offul small! Can you hear my talkin'?"—Ohio State Journal.

ARE YOU RUN DOWN?

"The D.D." Emulsion
Trade mark.

Puts new life into you.

Builds up Nerve and Muscle.

Adds pounds of solid flesh to your weight.

Positively cures Anæmia, General Debility, Lung Troubles, including Consumption if taken in time.

Be sure you get "The D.D."