

A BIRD DOCTOR.

The Treatment of Feathered Invalids in a London Institute.

Who wouldn't be a bird doctor? There's a lot of money in invalid ducks. The eminent bird doctor resides in a fashionable street, and the costly pictures that caught my eye as I passed through the hall the other day were—proof of the bigness of his—in fact, solid exhibitions of him, says a writer in London *Advertiser*.

"Money?" said the doctor, in a happy voice; "yes, there's lots of money in it. Study the birds for 20 years, and there's £50 a year for you. There's the dispensary."

I followed him into a long, low room, the walls of which were hidden by hundreds of dummy bottles and gallipots. A number of stuffed birds in glass cases were sprinkled about, and here and there was a bird skeleton. Fierce-looking surgical instruments gleamed on the benches.

"Everything for use, you see," said the doctor.

We passed through into the hospital. The chief ward was a large, well-lighted apartment, partitioned off into cages of all sizes, and artificially heated. Discordant bursts of song greeted our arrival, and here I saw hundreds of birds in all stages of sickness, from a scowling eagle suffering from a twisted spine to a goldfinch with "gapees."

"All well-bred birds," observed the doctor, "every one of 'em aristocrats. There are about 500 birds in the hospital now. Each bird has his own cage, regular meals and regular physic. The patients under treatment, all told, represent about £100. Fifty of their number will go out cured this week, but fresh ones flock in every day. They mostly belong to well-to-do people, and they have to pay stiff prices if they want them to be well cared for. Two pounds is the price for amputating a bird's leg; a sore throat can be cured for 5s.; indigestion will run you into 7s. 6d.; while an attack of influenza means £1, if slight, or £3 if dangerous, as the patient requires a lot of attention. Such little items as chilblains, neuralgia, biliousness or a touch of lumbago costs from 2s. to half a guinea."

The majority of my patients are parrots. Parrots are subject to all diseases, but are the hardest of birds, nevertheless. I receive a good sprinkling of canaries about the spring of the year, suffering from cold during the damp weather. A very hot summer, too, brings a good batch of sunstroke cases.

"I visit my patients every morning; two my attendants administer the physic or bandage the affected part, as the case may require. One hundred pounds of medicine bill runs to; another £100 is expended on food; £30 on fuel, and two attendants at £100 a year each amounts to £30 annually. I clear about £350 a year after that.

WHAT MERCURY REALLY IS.
A Machine That Has Run Down—Supports No Life.

Mercury is a body devoid, practically if not absolutely, of air, water and vegetation; consequently incapable of supporting any of those higher organisms which we know as living beings. His surface is a vast desert. It is rough rather than smooth. Whether this roughness be due to mountains proper or to craters we are too far away from him to have been able yet to say. The latter are the more probable. Over the greater part of his surface change, either diurnal or seasonal is unknown. Three-eighths of his surface is steeped in perpetual gloom, three-eighths shrouded in perpetual gloom, while the remaining quarter slowly turns between the two. The planet itself, as a world, is dead.

Interesting as Mercury thus proves to be, the interest as regards the planet itself is of a rather corpse-like character. Less deterrent, perhaps, is the interest it possesses as a part of the life history of the solar system. Fordial friction, the closing act in the cosmic drama, has brought it where it is. The machine has run down. Whether it ever supported life upon its surface or not, the power to do so has now for ever passed away. Like Venus and for like cause, it is now a dead world. And it was the first thus to reach the end of its evolutionary career, earlier to do so than Venus, inasmuch as tidal action was very much greater upon it than on her, and consequently produced its effect more quickly. Mercury has long been dead—how long, measured by centuries, we cannot say, but practically for very long time. Venus must have become so comparatively recently. Both, however, now have finished their course, and have in a most literal sense entered into their rest.—Percival Lowell, in Atlantic.

Life is indeed great, and not little; and one must realize its dignity and its proportions. The great defect in much, if not most, of the religious teaching has been that the emphasis of value was laid on some vague and far-off eternity instead of on the present day, the present hour.

Lilian Whiting.

PHILOSOPHY OF TRAMPING.
A Professional Wanderer Gives His View of It.

A singular interest is attached to the private history of tramps. Why men should voluntarily choose to be homeless and wanderers upon the face of the earth, to live in filth and rage, and to exist by begging, always remains a mystery to the people who work and live in houses and have family and business concerns. It is a social and psychological problem to account for the existence of this class.

"Well," he said, "I must be going."

"This is a nice place," he added,

looking about him, "and I have but two serious objections to it, the work and the bathing. As for the latter, I have nothing against that; the exertion it requires. That is indeed intolerable."

THE COLOGNE CARNIVAL.

Features of the Rhenish Celebration and Its Legendary Suggestion.

The carnival, which on the Rhine has resolved itself into a mere display of tourist extravagance, and in Italy has sunk to the level of street rowdyism, still holds its ground in some parts of Germany as a festival of historic and artistic importance. Tramping is their profession. There is failure or success, according as the requisite qualities are brought to bear upon it. Your successful tramp is he who gets the most to eat and the least number of baths, and who escapes in the greatest measure from the hard blows and buffetts of this world.

A reporter from the Louisville Courier Journal found a most extraordinary specimen of this class. Without either believing or discrediting his story as he told it, it was easy to see that his personality and career were remarkable among tramps. He discoursed upon what he himself termed the "philosophy of tramping."

"Yes," he said, "there is a philosophy of tramping. There are reasons why I choose to live as I do, and I think, upon reflection, that the principal one is an absolutely unconquerable disinclination to work. I was well born and well brought up, but I was always remarkable for a lack of energy and force which other men possess in varying degrees. I read and thought a great deal, but I never acted. I have observed the actions of other men, their success or failure, and the reasons therefor, but I have never in my life endeavored to do anything. I detect exertion. It was born in me. I have not the strength, the ardor, the enthusiasm, the energy, the will to overcome it. Men have said to me: 'Try to do something; be a man; exert yourself to action; persist in trying, and you will overcome laziness and will acquire energy, a part of your character.' They might as well stand by the bedside of a sick man and say: 'Be well, take the pure blood and the health and the strength that are in my body and get up and be strong again.' Are there not mental diseases as pronounced and as incurable as physical ones? They have the energy; I have not, and nothing can ever give it to me. I can accustom myself to anything passive and negative, as uncleanliness, rags and poor food, but it is impossible for me to get used to such a positive and active thing as work. Do not think that I have never tried. Here at this place we must work for our food and lodging, and I was put to sawing wood. I made an effort, but was soon discouraged, and, refusing to try any more, I was told that I must leave if I would not work. It is not that I would not, but I cannot. So, I am going to leave in a few minutes.

"Young man," he said, "and a certain light of memory shone momentarily in his eyes, "you imagine, do you not, that I regret the past, compared to the present, and that I am miserable and unhappy creature? I can assure you that it is not so. It is true, that formerly, as long as I had money, I enjoyed life, but I have learned to endure this existence, at least without pain. I have no desire to be otherwise than I am. Consequently I am nearer to contentment than many men of better fortunes, who are tormented with hope and fear, and are always concerned with dissatisfaction with their present, and apprehension of their future affairs. Excitement wears men out, as motion does machinery; inertia rusts them, as it does steel and iron; but I have a gentle motion of mind and body, so that I neither rust nor wear out. I am without responsibility, or care, or trouble; nothing that may happen, of that anybody can do, can disturb my serenity. I do not care if it rains, for I do not mind being wet; the weather does not concern me, for in winter I am in the south; clothes enough are given me; I get enough to eat and smoke; I believe nothing, I hope nothing, I expect nothing. In short, I am as contented as a human being can be, and I call myself a philosopher. I have more right to that title than men who torment themselves with speculations about infinity, and the soul of man, and a thousand other things which are of no consequence in this world. I live what I preach, and that is, Nothing. From my position of peace and contentment, I can look with pity upon men who struggle only to fall at last, whose desires are never realized, who hope, and are ever disappointed, who expect much and receive little, and who finally lay down their weary burdens, and are glad to die. Happy am I to escape these things, and to live or to die with an equal indifference and contentment."

The reporter had begun to think seriously of becoming a tramp, and of exchanging his life for this glad and careless condition, so charmingly pic-

tured by this philosopher, when the approach of Capt. Black, the superintendent of the Wayfarers' Lodge, warned the man that he was expected to depart.

"Well," he said, "I must be going."

"This is a nice place," he added, looking about him, "and I have but two serious objections to it, the work and the bathing. As for the latter, I have nothing against that; the exertion it requires. That is indeed intolerable."

ANNONCES JUDICIAIRES.

VENTES PAR LE SHERIFF

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

VENTE DE Propriété Améliorée
—DANS LE—TROISIÈME DISTRICT,
Comme comme les Nouveaux
Nos 723 et 735 rue de la

PAIX,

(MAINTENANT KERLEREC)

Third District Building Association vs
Paul A. Villermé.

COURE CIVILE DE DISTRICT POUR L'

"Parc d'Orléans"—No 51.137—En vente

d'un writ de saisie à moi adressé par

l'Amiable Court Civile de District pour la

Parc d'Orléans, à son affaire d'assiette in-

tituée, le procédé à la vente à l'encherre

publique, à la Bourse des Escheatoires, Nos 629 et 631 rue Camp et St.

Chadwick, entre Camp et St. Charles, le

22 avril—22 28—au 3

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

Vente de conduits à eau, gros tuyaux, etc., etc.

Barber Asphalt Paving Co., vs Rosetta

Gravel Paving and Improve-

ment Company.

COURE CIVILE DE DISTRICT POUR LA

"Parc d'Orléans"—No 52.137—En vente

d'un writ de saisie à moi adressé par

l'Amiable Court Civile de District pour la

Parc d'Orléans, dans l'affaire ci-dessous inti-

tuée, le procédé à la vente à l'encherre

publique, à la Bourse des Escheatoires, Nos 629 et 631 rue Camp et St.

Chadwick, entre Camp et St. Charles, le

22 avril—22 28—au 4

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

Vente d'une grande propriété aménagée et de valeur dans le Sixième Dis-

trict, portant le nouveau nom

d'une élégante résidence, calle Merlin,

dans l'île bordée par les deux rues

l'avenue Napoleon et la rue Chev-

rant.

Dr. J. Numa Roseau vs Mme Elizabeth

B. Moore et al.

COURE CIVILE DE DISTRICT POUR LA

"Parc d'Orléans"—No 52.140—En vente

d'un writ de saisie à moi adressé par

l'Amiable Court Civile de District pour la

Parc d'Orléans, dans l'affaire ci-dessous inti-

tuée, le procédé à la vente à l'encherre

publique, à la Bourse des Escheatoires, Nos 629 et 631 rue Camp et St.

Chadwick, entre Camp et St. Charles, le

22 avril—22 28—au 5

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

Vente de Propriété du Septième Dis-

trict.

Otto F. Briece vs Vina Amadeo Wil-

liams et al.

COURE CIVILE DE DISTRICT POUR LA

"Parc d'Orléans"—No 52.141—En vente

d'un writ de saisie à moi adressé par

l'Amiable Court Civile de District pour la

Parc d'Orléans, dans l'affaire ci-dessous inti-

tuée, le procédé à la vente à l'encherre

publique, à la Bourse des Escheatoires, Nos 629 et 631 rue Camp et St. Charles, le

22 avril—22 28—au 6

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

Vente d'une grande Propriété amélio-

rée du Deuxième District,

Propriété portant le No 922 rue

Trémé, maintenant rue nord

Liberté.

Mme Sylviane Blane Desnèges vs

Friends of Hope Benevolent

Mutual Aid Association.

COURE CIVILE DE DISTRICT POUR LA

"Parc d'Orléans"—No 53.142—En vente

d'un writ de saisie et vente à moi adressé par

l'Amiable Court Civile de District pour la

Parc d'Orléans, dans l'affaire ci-dessous inti-

tuée, le procédé à la vente à l'encherre

publique, à la Bourse des Escheatoires, Nos 629 et 631 rue Camp et St. Charles, le

22 avril—22 28—au 7

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

Vente d'une grande Propriété amélio-

rée du Deuxième District,

Propriété portant le No 922 rue

Trémé, maintenant rue nord

Liberté.

Dr. J. Numa Roseau vs C. W. E. Rooney

et al.

COURE CIVILE DE DISTRICT POUR LA

"Parc d'Orléans"—No 53.143—En vente

d'un writ de saisie et vente à moi adressé par

l'Amiable Court Civile de District pour la

Parc d'Orléans, dans l'affaire ci-dessous inti-

tuée, le procédé à la vente à l'encherre

publique, à la Bourse des Escheatoires, Nos 629 et 631 rue Camp et St. Charles, le

22 avril—22 28—au 8

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

Vente par le Sherif d'un grand

assortiment de beaux meubles