WINTER BUTTERFLIES.

A Hardy Brood For Which Frost and Snow Possess No Terrors.

Coming in one day from a walk in a heavy snowstorm, I dropped upon the evening table some triangular brownist bits that looked at first sight like makes of dried bark.

"What are those-chips?"

"No. Butterflies." -Buch a reply with a foot of snow on ground and great probability of a feet more before morning was acceptand as a pleasantry and not to be taken periously. The idea of catching butmerfiles in a snowstorm seemed too "Mahy" for serious consideration.

On the approach of winter most of The butterflies, those delicate little greatures of fair weather, naturally the But among their number there is a whole hardy brood for which the rigors of winter possess no terrors. These are the angle wings, or vanessids They are frequently called "thaw butterflies" from the fact that during the warm spells of winter they awake from their torpor and may frequently he seen sunning themselves near their place of hibernation or if the weather is mild and pleasant fitting lightly

iniout in the open places. These insects pass the winter both ms chrysalis and as mature butterflies. Morinally they remain in the crysalis form only about two weeks, but it is probable that the severe cold overtakes serve before they are fully developed. which may account for some of them lubernating as chrysalis.—St. Nicholas.

COURTING DEATH.

The Work of the Mounted Police of Canada in the Northwest.

The Northwest policeman's first duty to dle if that should be necessary. Me is not allowed to shoot a desperedo, go up, sit on his carcass, roll a egarette and then read the warrant. He must not shoot. At all events he moust not shoot first, which is often Zatal, for if there is a time when delay to dangerous it is when you are coverfing an outlaw, writes Cy Warman in the Sunday Magazine.

Numbers of the force have been known to ride or walk into the very mouth of a cocked .45 Colt and never Tinch. In about ninety-eight cases out of every hundred the man behind the gun weakened. In the other two cases he extended his lease of life, but made his going doubly sure. When a mounted policeman falls, the open space he leaves is immediately closed, for back of him stands the Dominion government and back of that the British emmire. So the desperado who thinks he can kill and get away has a hard time. If the police chase him out of the Dominion back to the islands, he is likely we fetch up at Scotland Yard. If his mative willage lies south of the fortyminth, the Pinkertons take up his trail, and when all these forces are after a men his days are gliding swiftly by.

"Next!"

"I was counsel for a railway compamy in the west," says a prominent New York lawyer, "in whose employ a section hand had been killed by an express train. His widow, of course, sued for damages. The principal witness swore positively that the locomotive whistle had not sounded until after the entire train had passed over his departed friend.

"'You admit that the whistle blew?' I sternly demanded of the witness.

"'Oh, yes; it blew." "Now,' I added impressively, 'if that whistle sounded in time to give Morgan warning the fact would be in favor of the company, wouldn't it?

"'I suppose so,' said the witness. "'Very well. Now, for what earthly purpose would the engineer blow his whistle after the man had been struck? "."I presume.' replied the witness, with great deliberation, that the whistie was for the next man on the

Summary Conversion.

track."-Harper's Weekly.

Rawalians ail became Christians through the simple process of an edict -kapoe of one of the sturdy old Kamehamehas. The worthy king, observing that it was easier to kill an guerny with a rifle than with a club and that the rifle was the invention of the Christians, took a short cut through the theological mazes of the missionaries who were trying to convert his subjects and announced that all Hawallans were from that moment Christions. As he added that he would knock on the head any who objected the thing was done as fast as his couriers could deliver his message to his joving subjects.- New York World.

What He Had Done. Tactful and delicate even for a Frenchman was the reply made by a Parisian who had not found "a life on the ocean wave" all which one could wish. He was sinking, pale and haggard, into his steamer chair when his

neighbor cheerily asked: "Have you breakfasted, monateur?" "No, m'sieur," answered the Frenchman, with a wan smile; "I have not breakfasted. On the contrary!"-Everybody's Magazine.

The Name Oscar.

It is interesting to remember that the name Oscar was bestowed by Napoleon on Bernadotte's son-the first King Oscar-to whom he stood godfather, not for any Swedish associations. but because it was the name of a herok character in Macpherson's "Ossian." a work which Napoleon continually stadied.-London Spectator.

The Practical Girl. "Jack told me be could live on my kisses forever."

"Are you going to let him?" Not till I find out what I'm going to Mre on."-Chicago Journal.

THE WATERMELON.

Africa Is the Original Home of This Luscious Fruit.

The humorists always associate the African with the watermelon, assuming that the taste of the colored man for his favorite dainty arises from his life in the southern states, where the melon vine grows like a weed.

As a fact, however, the African taste for the watermelon is hereditary. The vine is a native of Africa, where it is found wild in the great central plains of the continent, and has also been cultivated for many ages.

In Egypt the meions grown along the Nile rival those of southeastern Mis-

souri The melons mentioned by the Israelites as being among the good things they had in Egypt were undoubtedly watermelons, for in the wall paintings about the time of the exodus the melon vine is represented, and in one case a long procession of slaves is depicted, each bearing on his shoulder a huge

dark green watermelon. Botanists say that varieties of the melon are found in southern Asia, and some even claim that the plant grows wild in central and South Africa, but Africa is no doubt the original home of the melon, and in his preference over every other kind of vegetable or fruit the African merely displays a taste that has become fixed in his race by thousands of years of indulgence. for in central Africa ripe watermelons are to be had every month in the year. -Detroit News-Tribune.

HORNET SENTINELS.

It Would Seem That These Insects

Keep Guard Over the Nests. Is a hornets' nest guarded by sentinels, after the manner of ant hills? It is not so easy to decide, for their private habits do not invite familiar approach. But some experiments seemed to point that way. No noises, however near or strident, had the least effect upon the workers. Blow on divers instruments as loudly and shrifly as I would, they poured in and out of the gate or labored on the walls, intent wholly upon their own affairs. But at the slightest far upon the window or shutter, out flew a bevy of irate insects and flung themselves against the wire window screen with an angry "bump" that showed how good was their intention at least to defend their home. It was always so. A squad of workers, free and ready for aggressive duty, seemed to be lurking near the gate, prompt to sally forth upon alarm. Even at night a few kept near by, and, although their port had lost its vicious swing and they moved about with sluggish pace, like sleepy watchmen, as doubtless they were, they left upon the observer the impression that they were on sentinel service, in which the community was never lacking.-Dr. H. C. McCook in Harper's Magazine.

Repartee of the Shop. "I never was so insulted in my life." said the girl with the brown eyes indignantly.

"Explain further," was the request. "Why, you know Fido chewed up the must to that set of gray furs of mine. and so I went into a shop today to see if I could find a muff that would replace it. I told the clerk what I wanted. He couldn't find anything that would suit, so he called another clerk. This one hunted high and low, he dragged out muffs till they heaped the counter, but he couldn't find one that would match. Finally he called the proprietor, a fat, stuffy man, who came waddling down the aisle and said, 'What is the trouble?

"'I can't make a match,' I said almost tearfully.

"'Why, that's funny,' he said in a hatefully patronizing manner. 'What's the matter with the men? "-New York

Michelangelo. Michelangelo stood in the front rank both as painter and sculptor. In both arts he was worthy of the highest praise. The fresco of the "Last Judgment" in the Sistine chapel is considered the most wonderful picture in the world, showing the omnipotence of artistic science and the flery daring of conception that but few other paintings can even approximate. In sculpture the "Moses" and the "Slaves," not to mention other pieces, rang among the finest creations of the art and proclaim Michelangelo to have been as masterful with his chisel as he was with his brush.-New York American.

A Surprise. Teacher-Freddy Fangle, you may give the German rame of the river Danube

Freddy-Dunno. Teacher-Donau! That is right. I am glad you have studied your lesson

so well. Freddy is surprised, but keeps still.

Exchange.

Jolting the Grandad.

A fond grandfather and father were admiring the new baby. Fond Grandfather-I declare! That youngster is a great deal more intelligent than you were at his age. Insulted Father-Naturally; he has a great deal brighter father!-Life.

More Painting. She-Why, no. The stolen Gainsborough was not a hat-it was a picfure. Her Husband-Ob, I thought from the value that it was a hat.-Town and Country.

Strike from mankind the principle of faith and men would have no more history than a flock of sheep.-Lytton.

Never was good work done without much trouble.-Chinese Proverb.

RILEY'S FIRST HIT.

Wrote a Poem "by Poe" and Palmed It on the Public.

James Whitcomb Riley began his career in a newspaper office in Anderson, Ind., by writing humorous rhymes as "advertising locals" - "doggerel" be called them. At the same time he wrote many rhymes with the serious intention of having them, if possible, recognized as poems. But he could not get them published. Even compositions whose worth he had tested-those that "would please people when I'd stand up and read 'em to them"-would be returned promptly by every magazine to which he offered them for publication. The Hoosier dialect was too "low down" for the average magazine editor.

Finally in a freek of boyish indignation, to prove that what editors really wanted was not originality, but imitation, he devised the scheme of writing a poem in imitation of Poe and of palming it off on the public as a real poem of Poe's recently discovered. The scheme was very skillfully planned and very deftly executed and successful beyond anything the clever deviser of it had ever dreamed. From one end of the country to the other "Leonainie" was hailed as a veritable "find," a bit of genius' most genuine ore. Riley had his revenge. He had some trouble, however, in proving that he was not an intentional forger.

He lost his newspaper position, but he immediately got another and better one on the Indianapolis Journal. "Come and get pay for your work," said Judge Martindale, the editor. The turn in the tide had come.

A BORN SOLDIER.

Major General Stuart, the Dashing Cavalry Leader.

Major General J. E. B. Stuart of the Confederate cavalry was a soldier by nature. Dashing and during, cool in the face of danger, he was one of the brave and picturesque figures of the civil war. H. B. McClellan quotes in "Life and Campaigns of Major General Stuart" from General Fitz Hugh Lee's impression of the future cavalry leader while he was still at West Point:

"I recall his distinguishing characteristics, which were strict attention to military duty; erect, soldierly bearing; immediate and almost thankful acceptance of a challenge to fight from any cadet who might feel himself in any way aggrieved and a clear, ringing

Stuart was a most cheerful soldier. That "clear" voice of his was often used in singing his favorite war song: If you want to have a good time,

Jine the cavalry. His courageous attitude was held until the very end. He was wounded by a pistol on the battlefield. As he was being carried away he noticed the disorganized ranks of his retreating

"Go back!" he called out. "Go back! Do your duty as I have done mine: Go back! I'd rather die than be whip-

Those were his last words on the field of battle. Later he said, with the same courage:

"I'm going fast now. God's will be

Bungle's Bad Break.

done."

Mr. Bungle always takes a deep and sympathetic interest in the welfare of his fellow man. While out/for a stroll one day he met a friend, who seemed in a great burry.

"Hold on, Jones," said Bungle, grabbing his friend's arm. "Why this rush?" "Bungle." said Jones, removing his hat and wiping his brow, "I'm hot footing it to a specialist. I believe my brain is affected."

Mr. Bungle, to allay the fears of his friend and show the customary commiseration, said jovially: "Pshaw, Jones, you shouldn't worry

about such a little thing as that!" "Wh-hat?" "I mean you shouldu't let such a little thing as your brain-that is, Mr.

Jones, you shouldn't get so excited over nothing-of course-ah, good day, Mr. Jones!"-Bohemian,

Teaching the Drummer.

It was the custom in the days of our old navy for the men to bring to the mast all the wornout articles which were to be inspected, handed in and exchanged for new. The drummer had applied for so many drum heads that the commodore felt sure he was being imposed upon and one day set himself to watch while the band was playing. As one rattling martial air folited another his anger increased perceptibly until he burst forth in uncontrollable rage:

"There, now, confound you! I see why you use so many drum heads. Don't drum in the middle of it all the time. Drum all over that drum, I tell

Plants That Hate One Another. Fancy two plants being so unfriendly that the mere neighborhood of one is death to the other. Yet this is the case with two well known English plants. These are the thistie and the rape. If a field is infested with thisties which come up year after year and ruin the crops, all you have to do is to sow it with rape. The thistie will be absolutely annihilated.

The Judge's Advantage. "There is one advantage which a judge always has in his profession." "What is that?"

"Whether he succeeds in a given case

or not, he can always try it."-Kansas City Independent. Many a man too late remembers that the unspoken word never starts a quar-

rel.-Washington Star.

A JUBILEE JOKE.

Lady Churchill's Bustle That Played

"God Save the Queen." Everything that year (Queen Victoria's jubilee year) was dubbed "jubilee," from knights and bables to hats and coats. "God Save the Queen" was heard ad nauseam on every conceivable occasion until the tune became an obsession. This led to a practical joke at the castle which caused much amusement. One morning, speaking of the jubilee craze, I pretended that I had received as an advertisement a "jubilee bustle," which would play "God Save the Queen" when the wearer sat down. This, of course, created much curiosity and laughter. Having promised to put it on, I took my hosts into my confidence. An aid-de-camp was pressed into the service and armed with a small musical box was made to hide under a particular armchair. While the company was at luncheon i retired to don the so called "jubilee wonder," and when they were all assembled I marched in solemnly and slowly sat down on the armchair where the poor aid-de-camp was hiding his cramped limbs. To the delight and astonishment of every one the national anthem was heard gently tinkling forth. Every time I rose it stopped; every time I sat sown it began again. I still laugh when I think of it and of the astonished faces about me .- "Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill" in Century.

A GREAT STATESMAN.

Humorous Incident of Gladstone's Rivalry With Dierzeli.

An anecdote of Gladstone at the time of his greatest rivalry with Disraeli is often retold. At a dinner party the subject of Judatsm cropped up.

"Admitted," said Gladstone, "that the Hebrews have given the world a philosopher in Spinoza, musicians in Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, a poet in Heine, the fact remains that they have not produced a single statesman." There was silence for a moment Every one knew of course that this was a direct allusion to Disraeli. Then one of the company stepped into the breach.

"Mr. Gladstone," he said, "as a matter of fact the Hebrews have produced a'statesman and one of the greatest

the world has seen." The fighting instinct of Mr. Gladstone surged up at once. "May I ask, sir," he said pointedly, "who was this Hebrew statesman?'

Every one, anticipating a more than lively scene, waited in tense expectation for the answer. It came in the quietest tones, "Moses, sir." Every one smiled, and Mr. Gladstone joined in the laugh.-Vienna Welt.

---- A Jewel Beyond Price.

Many years ago a Norwegian was taken to a big London hospital suffering from an illness which prevented him from earning his living. Sir Frederick Treves operated upon completely cured him of his trouble. Some weeks afterward the man called upon Sir Frederick at his private house, and, much to his surprise, presented him with a coin. At first Sir Frederick refused to take it, but the man would not be put off.

"It is now three years since I left my native land," he said, "and before I came away my wife gave me this coin and told me never to part with it unless I was starving. It is not worth anything, but the value to me I cannot express. When I was in the hospital I made up my mind that you should have it. Since you cured me I have been starving, but I would not part with the coin because I wanted you to have it as a small return for saving my

"What magnificent plece of jewelry." said Sir Frederick when he told the story, "could equal the value of that coin?"-Landon M. A. P.

The Attraction of Chess Problems. The mere player who has never experienced the magnetic attraction of problems cannot fully realize the feeling of joy and satisfaction from solving some masterpiece, the work of a famous composer. There can be no doubt that solving problems, especially from diagrams, is an intellectual amusement and that the study of problems tends to accuracy of analysis. quickens the perception and strengthens the chess faculties generally and may occasionally impart some of those sparkling ideas which are so sadly needed in ordinary play.-Strand Magazine.

Riot of Joy Proffered. A tramp applied for help at a house in the country. The kind hearted mistress made it a rule never to turn any away empty handed.

"Here's a dime for you, my man," she said. "I'm not giving it to you for charity's sake, but merely because it pleases me."

"Thankee." said the man, "but couldn't you make it a quarter and enjoy yourself thoroughly, mum?"-Philadelphia Ledger.

Gloomy Hamlet. "I went to the theater last night." "What did you see?" "A play called 'Humlet.'"

"How was it?"

"Fair, only fair. A good, lively sextet would do it a world of good."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Easy Trick. "My wife can tell what time it is in the middle of the night when it is nitch dark."

"How does she do it?" #8he makes me get up and look at the clock."-London Fun.

Evely one desires to live long, but no one would be old.-Swift.

ANIMAL TAILS.

The Functions of Those of Cats, Lions

and Jaguars. A cat never actually wage its tail. Why should it when it can pur? But nevertheless it seems to serve the same purpose in permitting a temporary expenditure of excess nervous energy when the animal is under great strain. For instance, when carefully stalking a bird or a man, as in the case of a kitten or a lion, the tip of the tail is never still for a moment-ever curling and uncurling. We may compare this to the nervous tapping of the foot or fingers in a man. When an angry lion is roaring his loudest, his tail will frequently lash from side to side, giving rise among the ancients to the belief that he scourged his body with a hook or thorn which grew from the end of the tall.

When a jaguar walks along a siender bough or a house cat perambulates the top of a board fence, we perceive another important function of the tail, that of an aid in balancing. As a tight rope performer sways his pole, so the feline shifts its tail to preserve the center of gravity.

The tail of a sheep seems to be of little use to its owner, although in the breed which is found in Asia Minor and on the tablelands of Tartary, this organ functions as a storehouse of fat and sometimes reaches a weight of fifty pounds. When viewed from behind, the animal seems all tail, and when this appendage reaches its full size it is either fastened between two sticks which drag on the ground or it is suspended on two small wheels.-C. William Beche in Outing Magazine.

BUSHRANGERS.

The Most Noted of the Later Day Outlaws in Australia.

Bushrangers were originally runaway convicts who took to the "bush." as Australians call the backwoods. and became holdup men. About the year 1830 the bushrangers became so numerous that they fought regular engagements with posses and soldiers sent out to capture them, and this form of crime continued sporadically until within recent years. The most famous of later rangers were the Kelly brothers. After many daring crimes and hairbreadth escapes the Kellys actually held up the entire village of Jerilderie, N. S. W., which had a population of 200. Ned Kelly looted the bank of \$10,000, while his three pals held the men of the village cooped up in their homes. Although there was a special bushranging act in force at the time authorizing the detention of persons supposed to be in communication with the outlaws, the Kellys were not heard of again for nearly a year, when they "stuck up" the small town of Glenrowan, in Victoria. Here they were brought to bay, and three of the desperadoes were shot dead in a house they had barricaded, while the leader, Ned Kelly, was brought to the ground with a bullet through the legs. was hanged in 1880. All four of the men were in the habit of wearing an. armor made of plowshares and weighing almost a hundred pounds.-New York American.

An Outrageous Slandering. The public may not know the good story, which has been a joy for many a long day among musicians, which tells how a celebrated conductor, admired and beloved by every one who knows him, accused his wife in broken English of conduct the reverse of admirable, to put it mildiy. He was refusing an invitation to an afternoon party for her on the plea of her delicate health, but he evidently got a little mixed during his explanations, for he made the following astounding statement, which was news indeed to the world in general: "My wife lies in the afternoon. If she does not lie, then she swindles:"

N. B .- "Schwindeln" is the equivalent in German for "feeling giddy."-Cornhill Magazine.

Thoughtful.

There is an elderly business man of Cleveland of whom friends tell a story amusingly illustrating his excessively methodical manner of conducting both his business and his domestic affairs. The Clevelander married a young woman living in a town not far away. On the evening of the ceremony the prospective bridegroom, being detained by an unexpected and important matter of business, missed the train he had intended to take in order that he might reach the abode of his bride at 7 g'clock, the hour set for the wedding. True to his instincts, the careful Clevefander immediately repaired to the telegraph office, from which to dispatch a message to the lady. It read: "Don't marry till I come. Howard."-Harper's Weekly.

Acting Like a Man. The curtain had just gone down on the second act, leaving the heroine in the villato's clutches. Up in the balcony a sentimental woman burst into

tears. "Don't cry, dear," said her husband. "Remember, it's only a play. Act like a man!"

"Very well, John," said the lady. smiling through her tears. "You'll excuse me for a moment, won't you? I must run out and send a telegram."---

The Trouble With Carr.

"I rather like your friend," Mrs. Page said graciously after Carr had gone home. "He is good looking and agreeable, but you can't call him a brilliant conversationalist. The Lawton girls talked all round him." "Unfortunately," replied Mr. Page. "Carr cannot talk on a subject unless

he knows something about it"

LINCOLN'S JOKE.

Fixing the Responsibility For the Loss

of Harpers Ferry. *President Lincoln's jokes, especially when perpetrated in connection with grave matters, usually had a purpose in them. After Lee had taken Barpers Ferry the president, realizing how great a calamity it was to the northern arms, determined if possible to fix the responsibility for the loss of the important position.

Halleck was summoned, but did not know where the blame lay. "Very well," said Lincoln, "I'll ask General Schenck." The latter could throw no light upon the question, further than to say that he was not to blame. Milroy was the next to be called to the presence of the commander in chief and to enter a plea of "not guilty." Hooker was next given a hearing, and "Fighting Joe" made a very emphatic disclaimer of all responsibility. Then the president assembled the

four generals in his room and said to them: "Gentlemen, Harpers Ferry was surrendered and none of you, it seems. is responsible. I am very anxious to discover the man who is." After striding across the room several times the president suddenly threw up his bowed head and exclaimed: "I have it! I know who is responsible."

"Who, Mr. President; who is it?" asked the distinguished quartet as they looked anxious, if not troubled.

"Gentlemen." said the president, with a meaning twinkle in his eye.

"General Lee is the man." There was a lack of mirth in the laugh created, and the four generals took their departure with a determination that they would not again be placed under suspicion.

SLEEP MYSTERIES.

Tasks Often Performed While the Worker Slumbers.

A psychologist was discussing the miracion et sheep.

"One can become so accustomed," he said, "to a monotonous task that one can fall asleep and still keep on working. Thus in India there are punkacoolles, men who turn a fan all night long in the hot weather while their English masters rest, and it is not uncommon for a punka cooly to acquire the knack of sleeping at his task. On and on he sleeps through the hot, perfurned hours of the Indian night, but his hand mechanically and steadily

turns the punks pulley. "Men have composed great literary works in their sleep. Coleridge's 'Kubla Khan' is the most famous example of this; but, then. Coleridge was a morphinomaniac, and his sleep was scarcely natural. But R. L. Stevenson. Coreili and Longfellow have also done good work while sleeping:

"Divers sometimes fail asleep deep down in the sea, but some unknown part of their brain keeps watch, and at the proper moment, though asleep, they give the order to be hauled up. This is a good deal like the miracle that happens to all of us-the miracle whereby if we tell ourselves on retiring that we must wake at 7 we invariably do wake at that hour how or why it is impossible to say. Some part of us watches, works, keeps awake all night, so that at 7 it may call us."-New Orleans Times-Demo-

Penny For a Priceless Book. A workingman ence purchased for a penny an aged looking volume bearing date of 1540. The man tried to read it, but threw up the attempt apparently in disgust, and the volume was relegated to the cuphoard. A friend of his happened to see the book and took it. the British museum authorities, who promptly made an offer of 190, the highest sum the librarian is allowed to expend without a special vote of the trustees. Had the man known what he was about he would have stood out for more, as the authorities would have paid almost any price rather than allow the volume to slip through their flugers. It was, in fact, the first book printed by Gutenberg and was therefore almost priceless --Loudon Tit-Bits.

Improved on Solomon. In a certain Sunday school a little girl told the story of Solomon and the disputing mothers in this wise: "Solomon was a very wise man. One day two women went to him, quarreling about a baby. One woman said, 'This is my child,' and the other woman said, 'No, 'tain't; it's mine.' But Solomon spoke up and said; 'No, no, ladies; don't quarrel. Give me my sword, and I'll make twins of him, so you can both have one."

At a Disadvantage. Bacon-Would you call him a good

talker? Eghert-No, I would not. 300 "How many times have you heard him tack?" "Only once."

"And when was that?" "When he was trying to open a car window."-Yookers Statesman.

. Had a Woman to Blame. 34I have had dreadful luck. This morning I dropped my spectacles, and my wife stepped on them." "That's what I call good luck. If I

had dropped mine, I should have stepped on them myself."-Chicago Record-Herald. The Post Answered. "Do you know that I was born on

The same day Emerson died?" - -----

"Both events being a cruel misfortune to literature."-Bohemian, appearance of a survey specific and a second specific and He hurts the good who spares the

bad. -- Pone.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS "" offentale es Levisiane el fant tone les Binte du Brot. Pr auniform elle cons les fonumeros des avantages exceptionness. Prix de ffentales es l'appendent les fauts du Brot. Pr auniform elle cons les fonumeros des avantages exceptionness. Prix de ffentales es fauts de ffentales es fau

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