

MISCELLANEOUS.

Benefit of Going Barefooted.

I consider the following, taken from the London *Lancet*, very sensible and worthy the respectful attention of parents. I have ever found the writer's view confirmed by personal experience with my own children.

"Children who are allowed to go barefooted enjoy almost perfect immunity from the danger of 'cold' by accidental chilling of the feet, and they are altogether healthier and happier than those who, in obedience to the usages of social life, have their lower extremities permanently invalidated and, so to say, carefully swathed and put away in rigid cases. As regards the lower classes of children, there can be no sort of doubt in the mind of any one that it is incomparably better they should go barefooted than wear boots that let in the wet, and stockings that are nearly always damp and foul."

There could be added to the above the testimony of many eminent physicians, who give as an additional reason the impossibility of a child's foot growing naturally shod, as it has to be, with the conventional shoe.—*Ec.*

Wildcats in a Fight.

Levi Smalling, a Spring Brook hunter, recently witnessed a remarkable fight between two male wildcats in the woods of that section. "I was still hunting for squirrels and rabbits," said Mr. Smalling, "when I heard a terrific yowling and snarling down in the ravine from where I was tramping through the woods. I knew at once that the noise was made by wildcats, for I had heard them scream at night many a time, and my first thought was that a ducat had been caught in a trap and was yelling from pain. I listened for a minute, and then I heard two distinct voices. I hurried to the brink of a ledge to look down into the ravine, and on my way it seemed as though I could hear three wildcats, and I was not mistaken in this, as I soon found out.

"When I got where I could look down I saw what all the fuss was about. In an open space two wildcats were making the hair fly from each other's bodies, yelling, scratching and biting, and every now and then tumbling over each other and tearing up the leaves. On a limb close by to them sat a she wild cat with her back humped up, and she was spitting and sissing and urging the he ones on. I made up my mind right away that the two toms were fighting over her, and I enjoyed the row more than anything I had ever seen in the woods. When the toms got tired of clawing one another they crouched on the ground a few feet apart and lashed their tails and howled, while the she one on the limb kept up a continual noise and lashed her tail, too.

"After each resting spell the toms rushed at one another again, and while they were ripping and tearing, and making the blood fly I clam-

bored down the ledge, stopping every time they stopped for fear they might hear me and either run away or make for me. It seemed to be nip and tuck between them, for they were both big and strong, and each appeared bent on killing the other before he would give up. I wanted to kill them both and get their hides and the bounty money, and so I waited for a good shot at them. I had a charge of buckshot in my right barrel and a bullet in the left, and my intention was to send the buckshot at them when mixed up in the next bout.

"Then they flew at one another again, but before I could reach the spot that I wanted to get to before I blazed away the toms separated once more. By this time they were pretty well fought out, and for a few minutes all they did was to glare at one another, swing their tails back and forth and howl. The she cat then sprang from her limb to another branch, giving a scream as she leaped, and in less than ten seconds the he ones dashed at each other and fought more furiously than ever, filling the woods with their yowls.

"Then I banged away at the heap with the charge of buckshot. One of the wildcats leaped into the air and fell down dead, and the other went howling into the bushes out of my sight. I saw that there was no use of trying to get another shot at him, and I sent the bullet at the she one and knocked her off the limb. I didn't stir from the spot until I had chucked a charge into each barrel, and then I hurried down to see if I had killed the she one. She was dead enough, I was glad enough to find out, and then I thought I would search for the live tom, thinking that he might have been wounded by one of the buckshot. I found him after a little, and I guess he would have given me a pretty lively time of it if two of his legs hadn't been broken. As it was he showed fight and tried to tear my bootleg off, but I had the advantage of him and I shot him through the head."—*Scranton (Pa.) Letter.*

Happiness in Doing Good.

A big man walked down Fourteenth Street about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. He was faultlessly dressed, with a flower in his coat lapel and a gold-headed cane in his hand. His moustache was gray and his face a little flushed. He looked to be about 50 years old and has been taken for a prosperous New Yorker. He was extremely dignified. Nobody would have suspected from his walk that he was drunk. His inebriety was of the sort which does not extend below the neck. His legs were perfectly sober, but he removed his hat and made a stately bow to an old darkey who was passing in a coal cart. A red handkerchief about the colored man's neck had apparently led him to believe that an elegantly attired lady was going by in a landau.

Just above G Street a poor, measly cur dog lay on the pavement in the sun. The big man stopped and looked at him. The dog feebly

wagged his tail, but was either too poor or too lazy to get up. A sympathetic and benevolent look came into the big man's face. Out from his trousers pocket he pulled a roll of bills. It was three inches thick. There were tens and twenties, and there must have been hundreds of dollars in the roll. Carefully picking out a dollar bill he laid it on the pavement just by the dog's nose.

"Here, poor doggie," said he, "go buy yourself a bone," and as he passed on down the street his face was radiant with the consciousness of a good deed done.—*Washington Post.*

The Three-Year-Old King.

The exceedingly blue-blooded little gentleman who was born king of Spain rejoices in a vast variety of baptismal names in addition to the Alfonso by which he is to be known in history. He is, moreover, the "well beloved son" of the Roman pontiff, the "brother" of all wearers of crowns, the cousin of the Spanish grandees; his mother, the queen regent, speaks of him simply, yet tenderly, as "the child." Alfonso XIII. is an exceedingly handsome little fellow, with blond hair, which falls in beautiful curls upon his shoulders. He is all gaiety, light-heartedness and smiles. His joyous little majesty gives no thought to his exalted position or his future destinies. He reigns, but does not govern, leaving to his mother the care of signing every day great bundles of decrees and appointments. And when a uniformed minister comes from the queen's chamber, carrying under his arm a portfolio stuffed with papers which have caused discussions, intrigues, and great political debates, his majesty, from his nurse's arms, smiles upon him as though to say, "What has all that to do with me?"

King Baby already enjoys the glories of a military and civil household. The generals and aides-de-camp of the late King Alfonso are attached to the service of the queen; but technically they form his majesty's military household. The civil establishment consists of the governess, Mme. Tacon, who held the same position towards the late king; the doctors who are attached exclusively to the royal person, two or three major domos, a lady of honor, and several pages, footmen and servants. The famous monteras of Espinosa watch over the king's sleep in an apartment adjoining the royal bedchamber. The little monarch's life is simple. He rises at an early hour; is bathed, dressed, and handed over to the wet nurse, who, in addition to the semi-maternal duties which there is no longer any necessity that she should fulfil, takes him out for airings and bears him in her arms at State ceremonies. The nurse, Raymunda, at night occupies a bed by the side of the royal crib. Directly the king is dressed he is taken to his mother, who impatiently awaits his arrival. He is sometimes present at the early morning audiences to ministers and members of the royal family. His favorite amusement while Queen Christina is thus occupied, is to