BIRDS LOVE COLORS.

THEY HAVE A COLLECTION OF VARIEGATED CURIOSITIES.

Instances Which Go to Prove That Wild Birds Delight in Ornament Their Nests and Surroundings—Stories of the Kites, Ravens, Jays and Jackdaws.

That sense of beauty to which the gorgeous plumage of the mail birds in many species is so obvious and direct appeal is by no means limited to the hues that so actively strike by replacing loud calls and adorning wives that the feathers make fine books. Be common and raised to the pleasure derived from their use, that many birds is extensive to the extension search for our appliance of beautiful objects in the decoration of nests, of pinnacles, spouse and the entertainment of subscribers.

The rule for amusement is by no means limited to birds kept in captivity, as they often learn tricks and habits foreign to their nature from sound and blessed.

In the freedom of English woods or Persian jungles they show the same pleasure in the strange or beautiful shapes and colors of flowers, of feathers, of fruits, of gay shells and insects, of warm fabrics, of metal, glass and gems, and similar tokens which in captivity are often but the survival and natural reproduction of their instincts, but in a restricted sphere they are with what pleases the eye. It appears in species where it might be less expected, and is developed to a point at which it becomes an artistic passion. Instances of it are and the means taken to gratify it with the most taste and its expression by civilized man.

It is not without reason that the Papuan, who lives naked under a tree, calls the gardner bird "the master," which one build and sets out to have a beautiful house bower bedded, and adorns "its with a lots dead beautiful objects to gratify mathers wants which the savage is not developed enough to feel or understand.

THE SENSE OF BEAUTY.

But these tastes appear in birds which are quite low in the scale of mental development, even among the hawks, which are among the least keen sifted of the birds. The kite, for instance, has a great liking for sewing things, or what are called stuck. In round the rare instances in which the kite's nest has been recently found in the country the sack bird had carried them in long, leafless spray of woodbine in flower and left it by the side of its mate.

In a kite's nest found not long ago in this country the "bedmaker" was certified by pieces of newspaper and leaves of "Bradshaw's Railway Guide," and on the few occasions in England where these birds are still protected the keepers are said to be quite aware of their wants for collecting them when laid out to dry, and carrying off some odd bright cotton handkerchiefs as the nest.

The sense of beauty is equally apparent in the rudest and most elementary form in such Bosnian robins as the kite. In the far clearer climate, however, the robin sits miles further on. I arrived at this hot fishing ground about noon. Then my troubles really begin. With my first cast I lost my balance and plunged head first into about four feet of icy cold water, my pole snapped, and in scrambling back through the bushes I got all scratched up. I didn't give up, though, even then. After splicing my pole I again started in. After about three hours of hard fishing I managed to hook a trout. And how it is," said Bob, holding up the trophy.

"There," said Bob, "I started for the farmhouse. It was nearly dark when I got there, and I was pretty well played out too. I was going through the gate when my coat got caught on a nail and torn, and then I jammed my finger on the hinge. And while I was swearing at everything in creation in general and that villain Trout in particular a yellow mongrel dog rushed out of the house and bit me on the leg.

"I couldn't eat any supper that night. I just went to bed. I didn't get up next day. I was too sore. The following morning as I was dressing I saw that yellow dog in the yard and went to the fireplace and got a brick. I threw it, but it didn't hit the dog. It smashed through a pane of glass in a stand and struck the farmer, who happened to pass by at that moment, on the arm. That scrape cost me a five dollar bill.

"Well, I had had all the fishing I wanted, so I got the horse and—with a flourish of the fish—have I an.

"Colonel," and the unfortunate salesman, turning to the proprietor, "I want this trout served to me at breakfast in the morning. It cost me just fifty dollars, and I'm going to eat him, bones and all."—New York Herald.

False Teeth Which Will Grow.

A dentist of Moscow is reported to have discovered a method of supplying the human mouth with false teeth which will grow into the gums as firmly as natural ones. Dr. Zoumessky has performed several successful operations on dogs as well as human beings. The teeth are made of gutta percha, porcelain or metal. Holes are made at the root of the false tooth and also upward into the jaw. The tooth is then placed into the cavity. In a short time a soft granulated growth finds its way from the patient's jaw into the hole in the tooth. This growth gradually hardens and holds the tooth in position.

A Fascinating Chair.

A firm of stonecutters in Berlin have introduced a pneumatic chair into their establishment. The workman holds the chair upright with his hands with both hands, and so he slides it over the surface of the stone or metal the chair, making ten or twelve thousand revolutions a minute, chips off particles.—New York Telegram.

A Clever Correspondent.

"I think it is extraordinary the carriage does not come. Are you sure you ordered it?" said she.

"Yes; that is, I wrote for it," said he.

"What accounts for it," said she.

"Why do you say that?"

"You are so uncommonly unmarried when you write."—Horace's Baler.

The scolding of milk immediately after it is drawn from the cow is said to be of the greatest assistance in delaying fermentation, and it is thought to be the most practical method which can now be recommended.

Guy de Maupassant, the French author, is a man of forty, a cynic and a hypochondriac. In manner he is a recluse and a misogyn, even toward women. In his literary work he is a prodigy of industry.

BOB CLAYTON'S FISHING TRIP.

He Returns After Four Days of Hard Work with Only Fifty Dollar Trout.

"There!" exclaimed Bob Clayton, as he entered the office of a family hotel on West Nineteenth street, where he resides, the other evening. "There's the result of four days of hard fishing," he added, as he produced from his overcoat pocket a diminutive specimen of the trout family, which he held up for general inspection.

Bob had been on a trout fishing excursion into the wilds of Connecticut. Some "inferior result," he said, had induced him to take the trip under the pretense of rare sport to be had in that locality. He was a very spent as he stood in the office on his return. His hands and face was scratched, his clothes torn and dirty, and his general appearance seemed to indicate that he had been dragged home behind a freight train.

"Tell us all about it, Bob," all asked in chorus after the laughter occasioned by his appearance had subsided.

"What I principally want," said Bob, "is the scap of that shoveler hooked cheap that started me on this trip. Well," said he, "just take my advice. When any one talks trout to you hook him on the spot. I've caught the entire trout in Connecticut; here it is, and there are no more left.

"You see, I started from here Monday morning. I had previously spent some $20 or more in fishing tackle, and was thoroughly well equipped for a week's sport. That fellow, Arthur Frost, who I met up in this trip, was to have gone along, too, but he had the grip and turned out at the last minute, and so I had to go alone.

"When I arrived I had to walk about twenty miles to a place called Stake's pond, where they said I would find good fishing. It was a tough job getting there. I can tell you, and the worst of it was that when I did get there I found that there hadn't been a trout caught in that pond for more than five years. I then pushed on about three miles further until I came to a brook which looked as if it might contain trout, and then began to fish.

"Well, I hiked up and down that creek until dark without so much as a bite. I was too tired to hunt up a place to sleep, so I just camped out all night in an old shed. The next morning I was frozen so stiff I could hardly move.

"I found a farmhouse after an hour's walk, where I got breakfast, and then I started in another brook some six miles further on. I arrived at this hot fishing ground about noon. Then my troubles really begin. With my first cast I lost my balance and plunged head first into about four feet of icy cold water, my pole snapped, and in scrambling back through the bushes I got all scratched up. I didn't give up, though, even then. After splicing my pole I again started in. After about three hours of hard fishing I managed to hook a trout. And how it is," said Bob, holding up the trophy.

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The Dominant Race in Africa.

It was a bad day for eastern Africa when the Yakuts were crowded up to the Lena by the victorious Tungus, for they in turn dispossessed the weaker tribes which they found in possession of the country, and established themselves as far eastward as the Kolymsk river, on the frontier of Tchukotch, the most eastern tribe of Asia, whose ultimate boundary is the Amur sea and Behring sea. The Yakuts, or Jakuts, have always possessed a higher civilization than is found elsewhere in the same latitude, except in Iceland, Finland and Norway; and by their superior intelligence and force of character they have stamped their impress upon all with whom they have come in contact.

Twice in the dominant language from the banks of the Lena to the extreme eastern coast of Siberia. All the Tungusic speak Jakut. Russia is scarcely known in two-thirds of its Arctic possessions. For centuries the Jakuts have been the common carriers for all the peoples with whom they have had commercial intercourse. "Without the Jakut and his horse," says Middendorf, the eminent naturalist and Siberian explorer, "the Russians would never have been able to constitute to the sea of Ochotsk, and from thence to the Aleutian chain; and for this they never would have settled on the Kolymsk, nor have opened commercial intercourse with the Tchuktchi and the eastern Esquimaux. Before the possession of the Amoor had opened a new road to commerce (1840) thousands of pack horses used annually to go to Ochotsk."—Charles Hallock in New England Magazine.

A Familiar Experience.

Under a fine willow tree I caught a glimpse of a boy making a whistle. I wonder how many of my readers remember the willow whistles they have made? Perchance you recollect how well big brothers or visiting cousins could make them. You can call to mind the old willow tree by the gate, and the square topped post on which you sat, while the good natured boy was astride the fence, and cut, whittled and rubbed the bit of wood until a sharp, clear note answered that your treasure was completed. Then you slid the loose green bark off and on so often that by and by it cracked and wouldn't stay put.

You felt so weak to make one yourself, for it looked so easy, and you guided the big kitchen knife into the stick selected and tried to peel off the "rind." It always came off in two or more pieces and your fingers slid along the white wood, slippery with the sap. Then you gave up and vowed none could make you whistles. It's the same old story—the same old restless, fearless childhood that those who lived in the country can call to mind with half a smile and a little longing.—Toronto Globe.

Advantages of Seasoned Yellow Pine.

Workers in ornamental wood now assert that yellow pine, hard finished in oils, is the rival in beauty of any wood that grows, not excepting the mottled of the hard species, it being susceptible of receiving and maintaining an high a degree of polish as any known wood, while, when impregnated with oil, it is almost indestructible. In such a condition it is impervious to even hot grease and other substances that leave an ineffaceable stain upon white pine, maple and various other woods.

The yellow pine referred to is the long leaf pine—the Pinus australis of botanists—growing so abundantly in East Texas. Trees can be found in this species with a central grain a little on the plan of "crotty maple." The other wood can be made into some beautiful cabinet work. There are a few small mills in the long leaf pine regions farther east that cut this character of pine exclusively, shipping the product to northern cities.—New York Telegram.

Gifted.

"What does your husband do?" asked a traveler of a shutterly woman whom he found living in a little old cabin in the backwoods.

"Well," was the reply, "he's one o' those family, gifted sort o' persons, my son is. He kin jest turn his hand to anything.

"He's a blacksmith by perfession, but he resolved in a restwant in town most o' last winter, and he done kyrpenterin' and paintin' all spring, and then he hoisted on tempmance awhile mail he got a chance to run an engine for a month or two, and then he dug wells and hung wall paper until he got a chance to lay brick at three dollars a day."

"And what is he doing now?" asked the amused guest.

"Teachin' singin' school, but he allows to give it up pretty soon and go to preachin' workin'. He kin do anything he's a mind to turn his hand to."—Youth's Companion.

A Bird That Kills Tarantulas.

The deadly foe of a tarantula is the tarantula hawk. These giant ichneumon wasps are the most deadly foes to the tarantula and should be encouraged in every locality. They seem never to rest for a moment, and with tireless energy fly and walk rapidly along the ground, running into every crevice and hole, and examining every conceivable object, after the tarantula.

The fate of the giant spider when discovered by the hawk is certain and attended with fascinating horror.

The winged insect hovers over the victim until it finds a good opportunity to sting. The poison acts in a peculiar manner, the tarantula becoming paralyzed. In this state the eggs of the hawk are laid in the spider, who remains alive to be slowly devoured by the hungry larvæ.

A Cure for Cramps in the Stomach.

A Kent lady, editor of the Journal, Texas, Graphic, says: "For the cure of cramps in the stomach Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is the best and quick speedy I ever used." Many others who have tried it entertain the same opinion. 50c

"August Flower"

Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Seneca, Mo., during the past two years has been effected with Neuralgia of the Head, Stomach and Womb, and writes: "My food did not seem to strengthen me at all and my appetite was very variable. My face was yellow, my head dull, and I had such pains in my left side. In the morning when I got up I would have a few of mucus in the mouth, and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations around the heart. I took all day under the shoulder blade, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of Winter and Spring, and whenever the spells came on, my feet and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief from the doctors and August Flower. This is the change cure.

It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Mfr'r, Woodbury, N. J.

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NOTICE.

In the Probate Court in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of Theodore Alice Pugsley, deceased.

Order appointing time and place for settlement of final account and to hear petition for distribution.

ON READING AND FILING THE PETITION of Alice A. Pugsley, representative of the estate of Theodore A. Pugsley, deceased, praying for the settlement of said estate and the allowance of her administration upon said estate as a whole of said deceased, and for the distribution of said deceased's interest in said estate, and for a decree of distribution of said estate to the persons entitled to the same, and for a decree of distribution of said deceased, and for a decree of distribution of said deceased's interest in said estate, and for a decree of distribution of said deceased's interest in said estate, and for a decree of distribution of said deceased's interest in said estate