

YOUNG FOLKS.

A Pretty Rabbit Pen.

To encourage my boy in learning the use of tools, I designed and helped him make an ornamental rabbit pen (Fig. 1). A box of inch stuff two by four feet and sixteen inches deep was procured, the top taken off and the open part placed on the ground. Four strips each one by two inches and four feet long were nailed to the box, a cross strip of the same size two feet long being nailed in across the centre to complete the framework of the foundation (Fig. 2). A part of one side of the box was removed

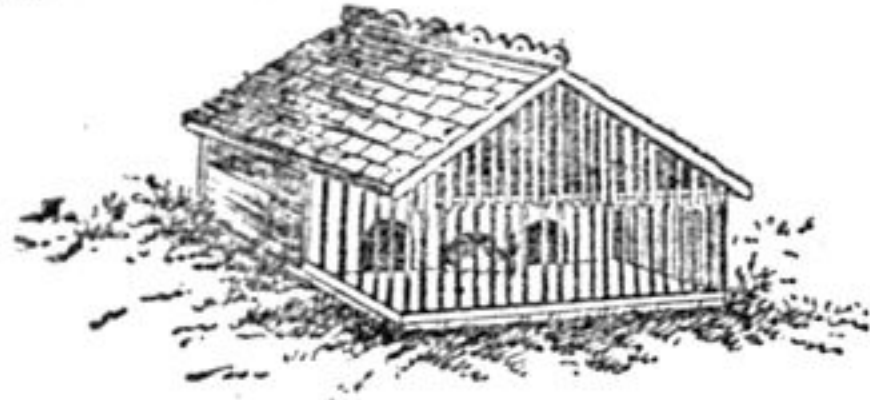


FIG. 1. PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF RABBIT PEN.

and fitted with hinges to be used as a flap door, and two round-topped holes were cut in the front part of the box for doors between the back and front of the pen. On the foundation in front, a floor of four-foot boards was nailed, projecting a little beyond the framework. Strips like those used for the foundation were nailed in the same manner about the top of the box and floored over. On this framework five pairs of one by two inch rafters, cut for one-fourth pitch, and projecting four inches, were securely nailed. Four strips of one and one-half by one inch stuff were bored at intervals of one and one-half inches with a one-fourth inch bit, and of these the front cage was constructed by inserting one-fourth inch round iron rods cut to fourteen-inch pieces, the strips being securely nailed at top, bottom and corners. The middle pair of rafters supported a partition in the roof with a hole between the compartments

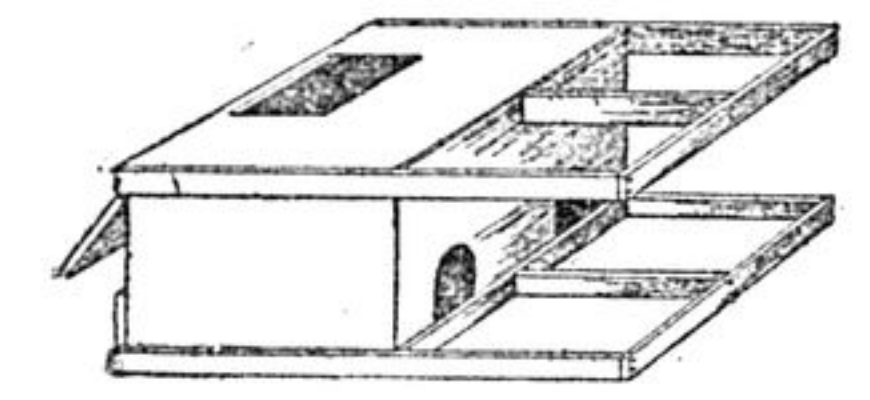


FIG. 2. FRAMEWORK OF RABBIT PEN.

Another hole for ingress to the attic was left in the floor in the back room. The roof was sheathed with three-fourths inch boards, and a cornice fitted on eaves and gable. It was then shingled, and a neat cresting added to the comb. The back gable was boarded up with vertical pieces, and fitted with a small hinged door. The front gable was finished by nailing on vertical slats with pointed bottom ends, made of one-half by three-fourths inch pine. A pit was dug one and one-half by three feet in size and two feet deep, and lined with boards around the sides. The back part of the pen was placed directly over the pit. Grown rabbits could jump easily from the pit into the front cage, and the little ones remained in the pit until too large to get out through the wires. Rabbits dig down in the pit and construct their own breeding places in burrows beneath the pen. The pen proved to be warm in winter, cool in summer and well adapted for keeping rabbits. With a long-handled shovel all refuse could be easily removed from the pit through the trap door, and the pen never became offensive. With a pair of white rabbits and their young, the pen was a pretty sight at the back of the lawn, and was always attractive to visitors. It was painted with dark red mineral paint and trimmed with white, which harmonized well with the bright green lawn and the dark green foliage of the shrubbery.

A Surprise Party.

The wolves had decided on a jolly party and were even now ready to start. Not a tame affair in their own neighborhood, but a grand old-fashioned surprise party at Farmer Brown's, some miles distant. The baby wolves were no doubt snugly tucked in bed, and their parents, these self-invited guests, scampered over the snow diamonds and under the sky diamonds. But of the beauties of nature it is likely they took little, if any, notice, for it was bitter cold, and they were all very hungry. They took no baskets, no bundles, no mysterious packages—for was not Mr. Brown abundantly able to furnish plenty of refreshments for them all?

Of what these refreshments would consist was a theme for animated discussion for a long time, but finally all agreed that there was really nothing quite equal to fresh mutton. While chatting in this friendly, pleasant manner they had traversed many miles, and now the commodious farm house was in full view, but, strange to relate, the lights were all out—it must certainly be quite late. Well, all the better; they would at once repair to the sheep house, and immediately enter on the joys of the evening. So thither they hastened only to find the door quite securely fastened and the windows even barred in a most inhospitable manner.

Again and again they tried the door, singly and together, pushing with all their strength. Then they scratched and howled at the windows without avail. After this they grew disagreeable to each other they were so hungry, and said and did disagreeable things—those in the rear said that in front would only half push the door might be opened in no time, and if those at the windows used any judgment whatever the bars would be easily broken—then those in front and at the windows answered back and all began to snarl and snap at each other, and were altogether a very disagreeable set of visitors, not such as we would want to invite to our homes. Meantime, one fellow more enterprising than the rest, had found an opening between the logs near the door, into which he immediately inserted his head. What he saw inside was something like this: In the back-ground, standing with wide open eyes, were the sheep with the little lambs in front of them, with every nerve alert and eyes riveted on the approaching enemy, like the brave protector he was, stood Spartacus.

Old Spart, as he was affectionately called by the boys, except when they returned from some of the aerial tours on which he often sent them, then with returning breath, he usually pronounced the last syllable of his name with great emphasis. However, this has got nothing to do with the story at all, farther than it goes to

show that Spartacus in associating with the boys had learned ever to be on the defensive, and to let no indignity offered him go unpunished, and this will in some measure explain his conduct on this eventful night. Now, when he saw the head of this intruder he at once said to himself, "those tormenting boys are up to some of their old tricks again, but I'll fix 'em."

Outside the wolves were growling and scratching, each anxious to put his head through the crack. "Why don't you go on in and not keep us all waiting outside?" they snapped to their more lucky companion who was now violently struggling at the opening and could neither get in nor out.

"What are you shaking your head at me for?" questioned Spartacus inside. "What are you shaking your head at me for?" as he slowly backed into his favorite corner and then ran full tilt at the unfortunate wolf, striking him with terrific force, for a time stunning him so he could only mutter something about getting out. "Well, get out, then," bellowed this now thoroughly enraged battering ram, as he swiftly returned from one of his retrograde tours.

Spartacus kept up this pleasant little gymnastic exercise till the head of the wolf was a shapeless mass, muttering to himself the while, "I guess those boys won't try that game on me again."

The snarling snapping, disappointed guests, seeing no chance for an appetizing supper of fresh mutton, slunk away as daylight appeared, gaunt and hungry as ever, leaving behind a handsome gray wolf skin for Farmer Brown—a souvenir of the surprise party.

The Coyote or Barking Wolf.

The scent of the Coyote is not nearly so sharp as his eyesight, else how could any sage grouse or broad-bill duck nest in Coyote land without being promptly found and eaten? As to game, he kills all kinds of small ground game, young deer, and antelope. His specialty, however, is feeding upon dead carcasses of large animals, either wild or tame. This being the case, when on our buffalo-hunt in Montana, in 1886, we got many fine Coyotes for our collection by putting around the buffalo carcasses numerous bits of lean meat duly charged with strychnine. The ranchmen and cow-boys of the West have slaughtered tens of thousands of Coyotes in this way, to protect their young calves and sheep, and also to make money from pelts and bounties.

The barking habit of the Coyote is very dog-like, and his old name of Barking Wolf is very appropriate. When collecting mammals in Wyoming, it was a very common thing for us to hear the Coyotes around our camp set up a great barking in chorus at the first sign of daybreak, just when the roosters begin to crow on the farm. It is a wild and uncultivated kind of a bark, ending in a whistle now, and resembling the cry of the jackal of India more nearly than any other sound I ever heard.

But Sir Coyote is cute. He knows exactly the distance that one touts fair rifle-range, and he knows just as well whether the stranger is armed as does the stranger himself. When hunting in the Snow-horn Mountains in 1889, I wanted to kill a Coyote for a special purpose, but never once succeeded in getting a fair shot, even at 200 yards. For ten days we banded away industriously at every one we saw, but never touched a hair. Finally, at Corbett's ranch, I left the expedition, and started north by stage, leaving behind me rifle, revolver, knife, and even scissors. Just two hours after I had said good-by to my shooting-irons, and taken the buckboard "stage," we saw a Coyote ahead of us, close to the trail. Seeing us coming, he selected a soft spot, sat down within thirty yards of the trail, and waited for us.

We drove up, stopped as we got opposite him, and still he did not run. That villain sat there coolly and looked us over without moving a muscle, but with a leer that plainly said, "Now, don't you wish you had your old gun?" When we got through making faces at him, and wishing for a gun, a revolver, or even a common stone to fire at him, we drove on; and then he got up and went on hunting for jackrabbits. To this day I have been puzzling over the question, "How did that gray rascal find out so quickly that both the driver and I were totally unarmed?" That he did know it perfectly well I have no doubt whatever, for no Coyote ever waited like that for a man with a gun.

Bathing in the Ganges.

The ceremonial bathing in the Ganges forms the great morning act of worship, and the bathing ghats belong to different races, so that each pilgrim band possesses an accredited status in the holy city. Long flights of crumbling steps descend from the towering shrines to the water's edge.

The river is already full of bathers, throwing the sacred water over each other from brazen lotus, with the symbolical rites of their intricate creed. Some stand absorbed in prayer, with thin, brown arms raised toward heaven, and careworn faces bathed in tears. Groups of high-caste girls in filmy white veils step daintily into the river, their slaves waiting on the bank. Gray-bearded men and bright-faced boys descend the steps of a neighbouring ghat, chanting a wild mantra, and crowds of sick or infirm worshippers are carried or assisted down the steep stairways, and supported by friendly hands as they dip themselves in the healing flood.

A ghat where Brahma is supposed to have sacrificed ten horses sanctifies the most unclean, and at an eclipse—always a sacred phenomenon in India—the vanguard of pilgrims generally get pushed into the water unless volens by the dense throng behind them. The stately observatory above this ghat was built by a Rajah of Benares, who reformed the calendar, and the instruments of brass and iron with which he worked out as geological problems are still contained within the walls.

President Carnot has no desire to serve a second term in France, as the strain of official life has been severe on himself and Mme. Carnot. Both have suffered in health from overwork, and Mme. Carnot has become quite deaf. It is an old story, but a true one, that M. Carnot's election was most unexpected to himself and his family. After the ballot he sent his wife a despatch, but she took it for a hoax until she saw M. Carnot come home surrounded by the guard of cavalry which always attends the President.

THE WILLIAMS' MURDER.

A Toronto Paper Moralizes on the Case and Questions MacWherrell's Guilt—What the Accused Should Have Done.

There are serious doubts as to whether MacWherrell is really guilty of the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Williams; and the Crown ought to scrutinize all the facts very closely through some well qualified and independent functionary. The jury, by acquitting his alleged confederate, Walker, showed their disbelief in the theory of the prosecution, and have practically increased the doubts as to the guilt of MacWherrell, for all agree that the evidence showed that the crime was committed by two persons. It should be borne in mind that the leading detective in this case engineered the evidence in the Hancock murder case, but in that instance mistaken zeal providentially resulted in proving that the outraged father—a man fond of his children—was innocent of the murder of his favourite daughter. Yet he was kept in prison for months after he was practically shown to be innocent, bail being persistently refused. Such conduct would not have happened with impunity in England. The Crown must look at MacWherrell's case as a question concerning the life of a human being, and not as a question of proving the

INFALLIBILITY OF DETECTIVES.

The latter sometimes disregard the emphatic instructions of Alleyrand, when, as the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, he sent young diplomatists on foreign missions, "Above all things avoid too much zeal."

MacWherrell's case is very peculiar, and one well adapted for a moralist to preach upon. When, according to his own statement, he bought in the outskirts of the city the horse and cutter for \$10, he well knew that they must have been stolen, and consequently that he was liable to be punished for buying stolen property. Therefore we can understand why he kept himself in the background when he heard of the murder. Not one man in a hundred would have had the requisite moral courage to come forward and say "I (a man with shady antecedents) am guilty of buying property well knowing it to have been stolen, but nevertheless I had nothing to do with murdering the owner." Had he done so, all the same he would have been tried for murder, although probably have been acquitted. Very few men understand the wisdom of making a clean breast of their trouble when they are in a false position. Men guilty of manslaughter have been hanged through trying to cover up the lesser crime, thus leading to the natural inference that the case was one of murder and not manslaughter.

The following case, which happened in London, England, some years ago, shows the wisdom of people coming forward in such instances. Once in every half-dozen winters there is a panic in London about garrotters. During one of these panics two young men took a walk one dark night beyond the region of lamps. Having garrotters on the brain, one armed himself with a sword-stick. As they were passing a country side-road a man lurched

OUT OF THE DARKNESS.

and without saying a word staggered towards them. They naturally concluded that he was shamming drunkenness—although probably he was intoxicated—and that he had confederates, and they peremptorily bade him keep off and the one with the sword-stick hurriedly pointed it at him to fend him off. The drunken intruder then staggered back without speaking, and they naturally believed that they had a narrow escape. When the owner of the swordstick got home he drew it out, and to his astonishment there was a little blood at the end, and he then knew that in the excitement of the moment he had unconsciously drawn it, and that he must have pricked the man. But it turned out that he had mortally wounded him. In a day or two the papers were full of an account of a man who had been mysteriously murdered at the spot where this had occurred. Instead of foolishly keeping quiet the two travellers attended the inquest, and explained the circumstances, and the jury accordingly returned a verdict of death by misadventure, thus exonerating them. If they had stayed away they might ultimately have got into serious trouble.

It is quite certain from all the evidence that MacWherrell—who had been recently paid off by his employer, and who had some money left—never started for the Williams' house with the intention of robbery or murder. He took pains to inform sundry folks on the road, as well as neighbours of the murdered man, whither he was going. No intending thief or murderer would have acted thus. It is admitted that the evidence proves that two persons committed the crime. The jury rightly acquitted Walker; therefore, if MacWherrell is guilty, it comes to this, that he must have met some other person after he had left the last neighbour's house, and arranged with such person to commit the crime.

THIS IS NOT CREDIBLE.

MacWherrell's account of his actions on the Thursday reads consistently. If, as alleged, Williams told him that he had hired a man for his board only, a strict enquiry as to that should be instituted by the Crown. It might have been only a put off; but Williams being old he would need help; and the fact would tally with the statement of Cory, the former hired man. A minute and searching inquiry should also be instituted testing the truth of MacWherrell's account of how he passed the time on his return from the Williams' house. The strongest corroborative evidence against him is the statement of the policeman who swore that he saw two men driving the horse and buggy eastward on the Thursday night, and that "to the best of his belief" the prisoners were the men; but more than the best of a policeman's belief is required to justify taking away a man's life. The jury, by acquitting Walker, showed that they believed that the policeman was mistaken as to one of the men. Being mistaken as to one, he might have been mistaken as to the other. Why was this evidence kept back for months? Why was it not forthcoming when the prisoners were before the magistrates?

WAS IT FAIR?

to act so? It gave no opportunity for the accused to show that it was a mistake. Special enquiry should be made as to the date when the policeman first reported the fact. It must have been a secret known to many, yet unknown to the numerous lynx-eyed and ubiquitous reporters. As an of-

ficial, there was no fear of his being absent from the trial, or being unduly influenced. A trial for murder is not like a game of skill where all means are taken to overcome an opponent. Further, MacWherrell being intelligent, having been a great traveller, and a man well able to take care of himself, if he had done the deed he would immediately have crossed the lines, which he would know would have vastly increased his chance of escape. His returning to his old place is in his favour. The more the facts are examined the more unsatisfactory the verdict appears to be.

We do not go the length of saying that we are quite sure that MacWherrell is innocent of the murder; but we contend that, as the case now appears, there are very serious doubts as to his guilt; and that there is not sufficient evidence to justify taking life. The Crown should reinvestigate the whole of the facts. Bearing in mind the Hancock fiasco, this should be done by some impartial functionary, by some one gifted with a judicial mind, who is skilled in sifting and weighing evidence. —[Mail.]

LAKE OF THE WOODS MINES.

The Rich Discoveries on Rainy River Will Help this Great Mineral Region.

It is certain that the Lake of the Woods mineral district will receive a great deal of attention during the present year. This district has been known as a mineral region for many years, but development, owing to various causes, has been slow, the greatest drawback having been the dispute between the federal and Ontario governments as to the ownership of the lands and minerals. Owing to the dispute capital was driven out and the development of the district was prevented at a time when considerable interest had been taken in it. When the dispute was finally settled, interest in the district had largely subsided, and progress has accordingly been slow since. Work, however, has been going quietly on, and some valuable properties are now in workable shape.

The recent reports of rich discoveries in the Rainy Lake district have drawn fresh attention to this region, and during the winter there has been quite a rush into the country, and when spring fairly opens a regular boom is expected. The Rainy Lake discoveries are on the United States side of the boundary, but by far the greater portion of the mineral belt, including the Rainy Lake, Rainy River and Lake of the Woods districts, are in Canadian territory. Moreover, the only easy mode of access to the districts on either side of the boundary is through Canadian territory. There are no railroads and no settlements to speak of on the United States side, and the only mode of reaching the country from that side is to tramp hundreds of miles through a dense pine forest.

On this side of the boundary it is different. From Winnipeg the Lake of the Woods can be reached in a few hours by railway, and as soon as navigation opens all points on the lake and Rainy River can be reached by steamers connecting with the railway at Rat Portage. Until the country is opened up by railway on the United States side, Rat Portage will remain the headquarters for the district on either side of the boundary. Development on the United States side will therefore contribute to Rat Portage, and to the whole territory on the Canadian side. Reduction works have been established at Rat Portage, which will receive the ores from the United States side as well as our own, if the present excitement leads to the opening of any mines in United States territory in this district.

PHONOGRAPH AMONG SAVAGES.

How The Wonderful Talking Machine Impressed The South Sea Islanders.

When one of the Australian Squadron was patrolling the South Seas lately, she came up with a sailing-vessel, and one of her officers boarded the stranger. She proved to be a colonial craft, engaged in recruiting Kanakas for the Queensland plantations. On board, the naval officer noticed a phonograph. He was told that before the vessel left Queensland, the captain visited some of the sugar-plantations where South Sea Islanders are employed. He took a camera and a phonograph; and then he went into business of photographing groups of natives on the plantations, also taking individual pictures of well-known natives from the New Hebrides, and others from the Solomon Group.

Edison's invention was then brought into service, the best known of the natives, especially those who have relatives and friends in the islands, being asked to speak into the phonograph anything they would like to tell their friends. Large numbers of these phonographed letters were procured, giving accounts of what sort of life the Kanakas were having on the plantations and any other news that would interest the "old folks at home" at Mallicollo, Ambrym, San Christoval, Malaita and other islands. After securing a good supply, the ingenious ship-master sailed for the islands, and when last seen, was astonishing the natives. Many of the photographs he had transferred to glass for use with the limelight, and with the phonograph he was in a position to give such an ocular exhibition of life on a plantation that fairly changed the native doubts into an enthusiastic desire to emigrate.

Nor was this all. At the limelight show he would produce a full-sized picture of an absent friend, a native who was well known in the island in which the ship-master happened to be, and to the amazement of his dusky audience, would make him speak words of greeting from his plantation-home in Bundaberg—a thousand miles away. If any misgivings were felt before the phonograph was produced, that bewitched machine dispelled them by making the limelight-figure of their friend address the natives in their own tongue, and in the same voice that they knew so well when he dwelt among them. Needless to say, the phonograph has proved a valuable recruiting accessory. —[The Mail, Sydney, Australia.]

An anti-tobaccoist in Middletown, N. Y., who went about the streets snatching pipes and cigars from the mouths of smokers, claimed when haled before a magistrate that he had a right to breathe a smokeless atmosphere. The magistrate, to insure this privilege to him, for a time at least, committed him to gaol.

HEALTH.

Sponging Out a Headache.

In case of an ordinary nervous headache from which women suffer so much, says an authority, remove the dress waist, knot the hair upon the head, out of the way, and, while leaning over the basin, place a sponge soaked in hot water, as hot as can be borne, on the back of the neck. Repeat this many times, also applying the sponge behind the ears, and if the assertion of the writer is not a mistaken one, in many cases the strained muscles and nerves that have caused so much misery will be felt to relax and soothe themselves out deliciously, and very frequently the pain promptly vanishes in consequence.

Every woman knows the aching face and neck generally brought home from a hard day's shopping, and from a long round of calls and afternoon teas. She regards with intense dissatisfaction the heavy lines drawn around her eyes and mouth by the long strain on the facial muscles, and when she must carry that worn countenance to some dinner party or evening's amusement, it robs her of all the pleasure to be had in it. Cosmetics are not the cure, or bromides, or the many nerve sedatives to be had at the drug shop. Here again the sponge and hot water are advised by the writer quoted, bathing the face in water as hot as can be borne. Apply the sponge over and over again to the temples, throat and behind the ears, where most of the nerves and muscles of the head centre, and then bathe the face in water running cold from the faucet. Color and smoothness of outline return to the face, an astonishing freshness and comfort results, and, if followed by a nap of ten minutes, all trace of fatigue vanishes.

A Cinder in the Eye.

Nine persons out of every ten with a cinder or any foreign substance in the eye, will instantly begin to rub the eye with one hand while hunting for their handkerchief with the other. They may, and sometimes do, remove the offending cinder, but more frequently they rub till the eye becomes inflamed, bind a handkerchief around the head and go to bed. This is all wrong. The better way is not to rub the eye with a cinder in it at all, but rub the other eye as vigorously as you like. A few years since I was riding on an engine of a fast express. The engineer, an old schoolmate of mine, threw open the front window, and I caught a cinder that gave me the most excruciating pain. I began to rub my eye with both hands. "Let your eye alone and rub the other eye," (this from the engineer). I thought he was chaffing me and worked the harder. "I know you doctors think you know it all, but if you will let that eye alone and rub the other one the cinder will be out in two minutes," persisted the engineer. I began to rub the other eye, and soon I felt the cinder down near the inner canthus, and made ready to take it out. "Let it alone and keep at the well eye," shouted the doctor pro tem. I did so for a minute longer, and looking in a small glass he gave me, I found the offender on my cheek. Since then I have tried it many times and have advised many others, and have never known it to fail in one instance (unless it was as sharp as a piece of steel, or something that cut into the ball and required an operation to remove it). Why it is so I do not know; but that it is so I do know, and that one may be saved much suffering if one will let the injured eye alone and rub the well eye. Try it. —[The Medical Summary.]

The Virtues of Buttermilk.

Concerning the medical value of buttermilk, the Medical Adviser says that it is of so much worth that it has gained a distinct place in "materia medica," and is largely prescribed by the best physicians for the chest and lung ailments and in most forms of kidney troubles. An exclusive buttermilk diet has seemed to bring about a cure for Bright's disease. A proper and constant use of it will greatly reduce and sometimes cure, the craving for alcoholic liquors with which many persons are afflicted. The craving may be satisfied and the system benefited and strengthened instead of weakened. Buttermilk alone will often remedy acidity of the stomach. The lactic acid needed in many cases is supplied by it much more than by any other drink or food. It is said to alleviate the oppression about the heart that so many old people suffer from, and it should be constantly drunk by them. It is also to a certain extent a stimulant for the entire system; just what the aged need.

SUBMARINE GHOSTS.

A Diver's Thrilling Experience.

A diver who went down to work on the steamship Viscaya, which was in collision and sunk off Barnegat light, had a greswome experience. It was a difficult job, so two divers were sent down—one of them to remain on deck in sixty feet of water, to act as second tender to the other diver who went below. The latter had been below but a few minutes when three jerks came over the life-line. When he had been hauled up on to the deck he was so unnerved that he forgot he was still in sixty feet of water, and signalled to have his helmet removed. When both divers had been hauled to the surface, he said that while he was working through a gangway, he had seen two huge objects coming toward him; and nothing could dissuade him from the belief that he had seen two submarine ghosts—until the other diver went down and discovered that there was a mirror at the end of the gangway, and that the diver had seen the reflection of his own legs, vastly enlarged, coming toward him. —[From "Life Under Water," in the April Scribner.]

Origin of Gold Nuggets.

This has long been a matter of controversy. It was suggested many years ago by Dr. Selwyn that the nuggets grow in alluvial deposits by successive deposition of gold, and this theory has been supported by other authorities. Prof. A. Liversidge, in a recent investigation of the matter, however (Royal Society of New South Wales, September 6, 1893), concludes that although large nuggets may be produced artificially, those found in alluvium have been worn down from larger masses rather than grown from smaller ones, any addition that they may have received from meteoric matter being quite immaterial.