

CURIOS BLUNDERS.

The Anachronisms That Crowded a Once Famous Poem.

The medieval romances are full of blunders, making contemporaries of men who were separated sometimes by hundreds, sometimes by thousands of years, but as historical criticism had not then a being and the general information of the age was not superior in any particular to that of the novelists, their plans do not amount to much from a literary point of view.

In this poem Charlemagne and his peers are joined by Edward I. of England, Richard, Earl of Warwick, Clarence, and the Dukes of York and Gloucester. Cannon are employed hundreds of years before the time of Monk Schwartz, and the Moors are represented as established in Spain; in spite of the historic fact that 800 years elapsed after the death of Charlemagne before they crossed from Africa.

Wet Weather and Camels.

Camels are very sensitive to moisture. In the region of tropical rains they are usually absent, and if they come into such with caravans the results of the rainy season are greatly feared. The great humidity of the air explains the absence of the camel from the northern slopes of the Atlas and from well wooded Abyssinia. This sensitiveness expresses itself in the character of diurnal races.

The finest, most noble looking camels, with short, silky hair, are found in the interior of deserts, as in the Tuarek region, in north Africa, and they cannot be used for journeys to moist regions. Even in Fezzan, south of Tripoli, the animals are shorter and fatter, with long, coarse hair, and in Nile lands and on coasts it is the same. These animals, too, are less serviceable as regards speed and endurance.

Birds Plant Trees.

An old time Arizona woodchopper says the bluejays have planted thousands of the trees now growing all over Arizona. He says these birds have a habit of burying small seeds in the ground with their beaks and that they frequent many of the small pine nuts in the ground, many of which sprout and grow. He was walking through the pines with an eastern gentleman a short time ago when one of these birds flew from a tree to the ground, stuck his bill into the earth and quickly flew away. When told what had happened, the eastern man was skeptical, but the two went to the spot and with a knife blade dug out a sound pine nut from a depth of about an inch and a half. Thus it will be seen that nature has her own plan for forest perpetuation.

How He Lost \$1,000,000.

Colonel Ochiltree used to tell a story of how he once lost \$1,000,000. "It was at a banquet," he would say, "and Senator Hearst of California sat beside me. Hearst told how years before he and his party had once been helped across the Platte by a brave red haired boy. The boy to do this deed had risked his life. Senator Hearst said he talked on got enthusiastic in his gratitude to the lad. 'Why,' he said, 'if I could only find that boy tonight, I'd make him a present of \$1,000,000.' 'I could restrain myself no longer at this point. I burst into tears. 'Senator,' I said, 'I am that red haired boy. Behold the boy in me.' 'But Hearst said, 'Ochiltree, you lie! 'And thus I lost a million.'"

The Pale Yellow Kind.

There is a double joke in this story which the New York Mail and Express relates. A little girl, riding with her mother in a street car, was much attracted by an amber necklace worn by a lady who sat opposite. "Mamma," she exclaimed, "are those beans that the lady has on a string around her neck?" "No, no, my dear," said her mother in confusion. "They are very pretty beads." "But, mamma," persisted the child, "they look just like those beans papa wouldn't eat last night!"

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M. THIERS AT HOME.

The Peculiar Habits of the Historian's Daily Life.

The daily life of Thiers was very peculiar. He rose always at a very early hour, about 5 o'clock in the morning, seldom later. After a cup of coffee and a light repast he would work steadily for many hours. Then he usually took a walk or would perhaps play a game of tennis before breakfast, which meal was served at the usual French hour. Then he would speak to his friends and go out for a drive, sometimes paying visits and returning a little after 4, when he went regularly to bed and slept till it was time to get ready for dinner. For some extraordinary reason his dinner hour was 7:50, and he was very punctual. After dinner he always slept for twenty minutes or half an hour and then would remain up chatting and talking to a late hour. His brightest moment was always subsequent to his after dinner sleep. No one could be more agreeable in conversation, more easy or natural or more ready to impart information without being prolix. He was a true Provencal in all his tastes and habits. He loved the bright sun of his native Provence. He thoroughly appreciated the peculiar charm of the coast near Marseilles, the beauty of the gray olive groves and the smile of the Mediterranean. He preferred the dishes of Provence to almost any others. He used to mix oil liberally with his food, and I remember at a dinner at the Duchesse Galliera's a fair sized bottle of oil was specially placed next his plate and he consumed it all.

Fuzzled the Professors.

An amusing joke was practiced upon the examiners at Cambridge, says a London paper. It had been said that the examination in mathematics had been becoming far too difficult, and very real complaints had arisen from tutors. To the astonishment of so solutions appeared on the day before the examination in the Granta. "worked out, we believe, by our office boy." How the miracle was performed remained a secret until it had been sufficiently wondered at. The editor of the Granta had secured the services of a number of recent senior wranglers, who in privacy had deliberately set to work to master the problems which the university dons had been concocting for months past. The task had to be accomplished within twenty-four hours, and the printers were up all night setting the solutions in type. Naturally the Granta sold by the thousand that week.

How He Got It.

A good story is told about a former member of the Missouri legislature. Before his election he was chronically "broke." When he returned from Jefferson City, he exhibited \$500 in good, crisp greenbacks. Some of his friends "jollied" him about his prosperity. "You didn't have a cent when you went to the legislature, did you, Jones?" said one of them. "Not a blamed cent," said Jones. "As a matter of fact I lent you half your railroad fare, didn't I?" "Well, you were down in Jefferson City about forty days. You got \$5 a day. Now, what the gang wants to know is how you managed to save \$500 out of a total income of \$200." "Come closer," whispered Jones, "and I'll tell you how I did it. I had my washing done at home."

Secret Secrets.

The monks of Santa Maria Novella, at Florence, have been famous for more than four centuries for the precious secret recipes of perfumes and healing balms handed down to them, which they prepare entirely from herbs and flowers grown in the convent garden.

Lawsuits in Siam.

They have sometimes a curious way of deciding lawsuits in north Siam. Both parties are put under cold water, and the one staying under the longer wins the suit.

Fatherly Criticism.

Rhoda Broughton's first work, published before she was thirty, created a great sensation on account of its vigorous unconventionality. She asked her father his opinion of the work, and he, ignorant of his daughter's authorship, replied that it was an unfit book for her to read.

Heart Failure.

"Terrible thing happened to Bill in the poker game last night." "What was it?" "Heart failure." "You don't mean it." "Yes; he held four hearts and drew one card; got a spade."

Successful Experiment.

"Mabel married that awfully dissipated young Flutterby to reform him." "And is she satisfied with her choice?" "I should say she is! His uncle died last week and left him half a million."

Diamonds.

When Lord Randolph Churchill visited the diamond fields of South Africa, while looking at a huge parcel of diamonds he remarked, "All for the vanity of woman." A lady who heard the remark added, "And the depravity of man."

Not Forgotten.

Dr. Man Salters—And so you still remember that lecture I delivered in your town fifteen years ago. Well, I'm very glad indeed to meet you. Hi Titledist—Yep. I paid a dollar for two tickets to that show and didn't get to use 'em. I didn't know but as how you must take 'em off my hands. Here they be.

SPRING'S UNFOLDING.

All Nature Throbs and Responds to the Mysterious Influence—Flowers and Trees an Interesting Study.

Every lengthening day of spring brings a new awakening. The pulsations of renewing life are in the air, and all nature feels their inspiring force. Even in city streets, where they try with pitiful helplessness to restore or make apologetic amendments for the denudation of the earth, there is response to the joy of living. The soft maples are first to hear the call, and their opening flowers proclaim the refreshing news. The little, modest, unassuming tufts of yellow or red, that give the masses of branches and twigs a more compact aspect at a distance, may not seem worthy to be classed as flowers. They lack the beautiful hues and rich variations associated with the world. But they hold the vital spark of reproduction manifested in all flowers as a part of nature's harmonious purpose. The round buds that came in the fall and remained inert through the winter have already opened, and the flowers are fulfilling their mission, but the longer buds holding in embryo the summer foliage have not yet begun to show signs of growth. The yellowish tufts are casting fertilizing pollen on the air and will soon be littering the pavements and boulevards. By the time the leaves are ready to unfold, the fertile buds will have their early-maturing seeds almost formed.

The trees by the roadside show an interesting variety of habits and customs. The seeds of the soft maple fall to the ground in early summer, and if they have a fair fighting chance take root before resigning to the sleep of winter, but the sugar maple keeps its seeds till late in autumn for germination the following spring. The flower buds on the upper branches of the elm have already opened, but the tiny brown flowers are so inconspicuous that but for the discarded scales thrown to the pavement and the occasional depredations of the municipal pruners this interesting activity would pass unnoticed. In a little while, even the willow has opened, and the seeds will be scattered on the inhospitable streets. It is the way of our forest trees to flower before the leaves appear, but their unfoldings are so infinitely varied and their habits so elusively interesting that it is passing strange they do not receive more attention from those with abundant leisure to devote to the affairs of their fellows. The trees present so much that is more entertaining.

The buds swelling at the top of the tall, slender Normandy poplar will soon unfold their long brown catkins to waste their pollen on the air and fall to the earth. The female tree is so small and insignificant that it has never been brought to this continent. The poplars, the yellowish and reddish hues that distinguish the paternal and maternal trees. Where the suburban shrubbery has not been denuded the hazel catkins have awakened into life and hang like slender caterpillars, arresting attention by their fresh yellow coloring. On the alders the little catkins that have been so hard and inert all winter have suddenly softened and elongated, and are shaking out their pollen at the faintest stirring of the wind. The eye has but to open to see the manifold awakenings that show the all-pervading power of nature renewing her perpetual youth.

Veregin a Canadian Now.

Peter Veregin, the Doukhobor leader, is a Douk, no longer. He is a Canadian, that is, if the tailor and the barber can make the man. He arrived at Winnipeg the other day with a bundle of money, and purchased imported stallions and brood mares for the Yorkton colony. He was clad in a long blue coat with flaring tails, long boots, and the wind whistled through a fine bunch of whiskers as the Northwest can boast of.

He announced to Mr. J. Obed Smith, the Immigration Commissioner, that he and all his flock were now Canucks, and spirit pilgrimages were things of the past. "Well, if you are going to be a Canadian, why don't you wear Canadian clothes and set your people an example?"

Peter, from his six-foot elevation, looked down at the Commissioner a moment, and without a word headed for the door. Two hours later a two hundred pound man in a store suit and a soft hat re-entered. Mr. Smith had a chill when Peter Veregin's voice rumbled forth from over a clean-shaven chin. Peter had donned Canadian clothes, and had sacrificed his whiskers and hair for the good of his colony. With a fierce bristling moustache and closely cropped head he looks like a swashbuckler of the old days.

Water Drinking.

The average daily consumption of water per head of population in American cities is about 80 gallons. In Europe it varies from 3 in Brest and 11 in Venice to 202 in Marseilles and 204 in Rome.

Coal Dust.

Coal dust, which is generally to be found at the bottom of coal cellars when the chunks are getting low, may be utilized by being mixed with salt and water and then made into fair sized lumps, which will prove to be the best possible backing for keeping a good fire in.

Beaten Gold.

A single gram of gold, after having been converted into gold leaf, will cover forty-six square inches.

Fish as Loadstones.

The Indians say the catfish are good pathfinders in winter, for, if you catch ten of them through the ice and let them hop about as they like, when dead eight or nine will have their heads to the north.

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A SLEEP FANTASY.

The Confusion and Absurdities That Come to Us in Dreams. If you would know what stuff dreams are made of, read the following description of a sleep fantasy from F. Marion Crawford's novel, "Ocella." Sometimes in meandering through a maze of absurdities in which we feel as madmen must, believing ourselves to be others than ourselves. Conceiving the laws of nature to be reversed for our advantage or our ruin, seeing right as wrong and wrong as right in the pathetic innocence of the idiot or the senseless rage of the maniac, convinced beyond all argument that the absolutely impossible is happening before our eyes, yet never in the least astonished by any wonders, though subject to terrors we never feel when we are awake. Has no one even understood that confused dreaming must be exactly like the mental state of the insane? Inanimate things turn into living creatures, the chair we sit on becomes a horse, the armchair is turned into a wild beast, and we ride a-hunting through endless drawing rooms, which are full of trees and undergrowth, till the trees are suddenly turned into people, who dance and laugh at us because we have come to the ball in attire so exceedingly scanty that we wonder how the servants could have let us in.

Lennox Cross Appeal.

Toronto, May 12.—The cross petition against M. S. Madole, the defeated candidate in Lennox, in May, 1902, will formally be dismissed today, the petition against Mr. Carscallen, the sitting member, having

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