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Lives in a Tree.

Washington is the paradise of cranks, and all the curious characters in the country seem to have congregated here. My latest discovery is a man who lives in a tree. He is an \$1,800 clerk in the Pension Office, and his name is A. B. Hayward. He is a black-whiskered, pleasant-looking, one-armed bachelor of about forty years. His aerial habitation is situated just outside of the boundary limits, between the Fourteenth and Sixteenth street roads, within a quarter of a mile of Joaquin Miller's cabin. It consists of a tent-like house built upon a pine platform fastened between two big oak trees. This platform is perhaps twenty-five feet square, and it is fastened to the trees as far up from the ground as the first story of a business building. It is certainly higher than any ceiling in America. Upon this platform a wall of pine boards about eight feet high is built in the form of a hollow square, and from the top of this a tent roof of two thicknesses of canvas rises in wedge shape. The canvas is of the best quality, and I notice the Government stamp is on one of the sides of the roof. The entrance is on the west, and before it is a wide platform where its owner can come out and sit in the warm summer evenings, and on which are now sitting a rocking-chair and a water-bucket. This platform is reached by a ladder twenty feet long, but very light. Mr. Hayward takes it off to a farm-house near by when he goes to work, and returning he brings it again to his tent, and in the tent he entertains his friends. Its interior is comfortably furnished, and it is heated with little oil stove. There is a carpet on the floor, rocking-chairs are scattered about the room, and there is a book-shelf and a writing-table. Pictures are fastened upon the walls, and the whole makes very comfortable quarters.—*Washington Cor., Cleveland Leader.*

A Group of Queens.

The queens in Southern Europe are a remarkably interesting group of women. The Queen of Roumania, or Carmen Sylva, is not only a poetess, and full of picturesque romance, but she lately underwent examination for a diploma that might give her a right to do certain teaching in the schools. Everybody knows of the skillful manner in which Christina, the Queen of Spain, performs her unwonted duties. And now Margaret of Savoy, the Queen of Italy, is to appear as an author, with her stories founded on the legends of the middle ages. Among the various languages spoken fluently by this queen is English, in which she reads every new book of importance, keeping herself posted on English politics and gossip. In religious matters she is neither too liberal nor too devout, and she is a passionate patriot. In person she is lovely, fair, and bright, more graceful than majestic, with a feminine sweetness very attractive in a royal personage. Her family relations are perfect; she is the intimate friend of her young son, the Prince of Naples; and, often seen on the streets and among the shops, she is idolized by the Roman people.—*Harpers Bazaar.*

Spiritualism to Be Investigated.

By the terms of the will of the late Henry Seybert, a rich and eccentric citizen of Philadelphia, the later years of whose life were absorbed in the vain effort to get at the truth of what is known as Spiritualism, a considerable legacy (\$50,000) has been bequeathed to the university to found a professorship of intellectual and moral philosophy, with the proviso that the authorities shall undertake to make a thorough investigation of the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, and publish the evidence and the conclusions to which it leads. The university has accepted the bequest, and has appointed a committee of five members of its faculty to conduct the investigation. This committee comprises among its members the provost (an M. D.), and the professors of chemistry, social science, and anatomy, and a tutor, who is a clergyman.—*Parapsychological Journal.*

A Letter of the Poet Keats.

In one of his letters to his sister he says, expressing a momentary high feeling: "Oh, there is nothing like fine weather, and health, and books, and a contented mind, and diligent habits of reading and thinking, and an amulet against the enemies, and please heaven, a little claret wine out of a cellar a mile deep—with a few, or a good many, ratafia cakes—a rocky basin to bathe in;" and he enunciates much else, tapering off into a series of rollicking whims, and ending with about thirty-six lines of doggerel rhyme. But Keats always had a breezy way of rattling off his wishes and feelings in his correspondence, of which we will give but one more sample. It is from one of the letters to his sister written from Winchester. He says: "I should like now to promenade round your gardens?—apple-tasting, pear-tasting, plum-judging, apricot-nibbling, peach-armchairing, nectarine-sucking, and melon-eating. I have also a great feeling for an antiquated cherry, full of sugar-cracks—and a white currant tree, kept for company. I admire lolling on a lawn by a water-lily pond, to eat white currants and see gold-fish, and go to the fair in the evening, if I'm good. There is no hope for that—one is sure to get in some mess before the evening."—*Joel Benton, in the Manhattan.*

A Good Opportunity.

The deacon had been threatening to repair that well-curb for the last thirteen years, but something had always occurred to prevent. He was not, therefore, greatly surprised one day when the boards gave way as he was hauling up the bucket, and he found himself going for the bottom. He bumped around a spell, dodged the bucket as it followed after, and finally brought up in good shape with his feet under him, and the water up to his chin. The well was forty feet deep, and the house five rods away; but nevertheless, the deacon called his wife by name about 6,000 times before he got tired of playing on that string, and began abusing her relatives clear back for seven generations. He had dropped this and was threatening to mortgage the farm and run away with the Widow Taylor, when his wife appeared at the well and called out: "Deacon, are you down there?" "Of course I am, and have been for the last three hours!" he yelled. "Well I thought so, but I was busy and couldn't look. Say, deacon, being as you are down there, you'd better stir around and look for that table-spoon which slipped out of my hand the day Joel Skinner's barn got afire!"

Mistakes of Shakespeare.

The mole has eyes, but he does not use them very much. Shakespeare speaks repeatedly of the blind mole, but the sweet bard of Avon was incorrect. The mole is not blind, but his eyes are exceedingly small. If any person wants to find out this for himself he must first hold his mole, which is no joke, for they bite like fiends and scratch with their forepaws like wildcats. Then by blowing away the fur a small black speck appears, which is the eye. But the best way is to put the mole in water, when the eye immediately appears, showing that he has the power of projecting the eye beyond the fur. The same proverbial wisdom that made the mole blind gives it credit for a sense of hearing singularly delicate; yet the fact is that the ears are not specially acute. The delicacy of hearing is due to the singular manner in which the earth carries wave sounds, a circumstance well known to hunters and military men. The sense of smell is the pre-eminent quality in this creature, and upon which he depends chiefly to procure food. Moles are fiery to the last degree, and quarrelsome. Whenever two meet they fight, and the vanquished is devoured by the victor.—*Exchange.*

Japan Tea.

"Japan tea is not a favorite in these days," said a grocer. "Ten years ago a rage in its favor set in, and the Japanese tea was called for on all sides. But it fell out of public favor as rapidly as it came in. Why? It had not enough of merit to keep it in. The first lots we got from Japan were choice in quality, because the growth was small and great attention was paid to its culture, with hopes for the future. But the demand increased in a few jumps, care was abandoned by the growers and the only object sought was to fill the orders. Consequently the Japanese tea that found its way to the American market was a sorry lot. Tea lovers soon found it out, and the Chinese stimulant was taken again and found much better. Not only were the old and tough leaves of the tea plant picked at all times of the year, instead of the young green ones of the spring season, but wisteria leaves were mixed in with them. When the Japan tea first came here the dried leaves had a delicate olive tint and were long and wiry. Now they are broken and range in color from black to yellow, the result of artificial colorings with various blues, gypsum, and soapstone.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Died of a Fit.

Byron's good sayings have been in all men's mouths—in the mouths of some who have claimed them as their own. Many were admirable puns, others had a better claim to remembrance. The last time I met him—a long time ago—I sat next him at dinner. "So Poole, the tailor, is dead!" remarked our host. "Indeed! What did he die of?" "Of a fit," said Byron, at once; "what else could a tailor die of?"—*London World.*

Official Encouragement of Talent.

A fact noticed in the Belgian correspondence of one of the Parisian papers affords another illustration of the inefficacy of the official encouragement of talent by the state. The King of the Belgians has regularly offered every year, for the last ten years, a prize of £1,000 for the best work on some subject of general interest, the greatest latitude of choice being allowed the candidates, provided the work came within the sufficiently comprehensive category of "œuvres d'intelligence." During the whole ten years the prize has only been awarded once. Year after year the jury appointed to decide on the merits of the different essays sent in have had to make the melancholy return that not one of them came up to a decent standard. Macaulay (himself a writer of prize poems) has somewhere said that prize sheep are only fit to make candles of, and prize poems to light them with. Young Oxford would probably object to the dictum; but in Belgium, if prize essays and prize poems may be placed on the same footing, it would seem to be in part true.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Old Clocks.

The old brass clocks went only thirty hours, and were set in motion by a weight attached to a chain which passed over a sheave having spikes in the groove, which caught in the links of the chain and required to be drawn up every day. On the introduction of the long pendulum, clocks seemed to have assumed a different character. Catgut was substituted for the chain, and barrels were introduced on which the catgut was wound up, and a greater length of time being employed, clocks were made to go for eight days instead of thirty hours, and a chime of bells playing every quarter of an hour was often added; the weights and long pendulum being down, and, as there was danger of their action being interfere with, tall wooden cases were made to protect them. This was the origin of the tall, upright clock cases, which were often made of ornamental woods and enriched with fine marquetry. The earlier cases were made of oak and walnut, the malacca cases being of the following century, when that word was introduced.

THE ARAB AND HIS HORSE.—The Arabians never beat their horses; they never cut their tails; they treat them gently; they speak to them and seem to hold a discourse; they use them as friends; they never attempt to increase their speed by the whip, or spur them, but in cases of great necessity. They never fix them to a stake in the fields, but suffer them to pasture at large around their habitations; and they come running the moment they hear the sound of their master's voice. In consequence of such treatment these animals become docile and tractable in the highest degree. They resort at night to their tents, and lie down in the midst of the children, without even hurting them in the slightest manner. The little boys and girls are often seen upon the body or neck of the mare, while the beasts continue inoffensive and harmless, permitting them to play with and caress them without injury.

Just Looked at Him.

Sometimes an impudent ruffian gets his due at the hands of a woman. Not long ago a modest, well-bred girl paused for a moment on a street corner to await the coming of a friend whom she had left indoors. A man saw the stationary feminine figure, and, approaching, began with confidence to talk about the weather, and inquire the young woman's destination. He was met with a stony stare. He braved it for a moment and talked on, but presently his words began to fail, he repeated himself, he stammered, he stammered, he even blushed under the cool, surprised eyes, and in the end he turned and almost ran away from the woman he was insulting.—*Chicago Herald.*

Begin Aright.

A frowning face or unkind word may shroud a whole household in gloom the entire day, while cheery smiles, like brilliant sun rays, fill the atmosphere with glowing warmth and happiness. Let us cultivate the habit of good-humor and sing with the poet:

Dark clouds away and welcome day;
With night we banish sorrow.
Sweet air, blow soft; mount, lark, aloft,
To give my love good-morrow.

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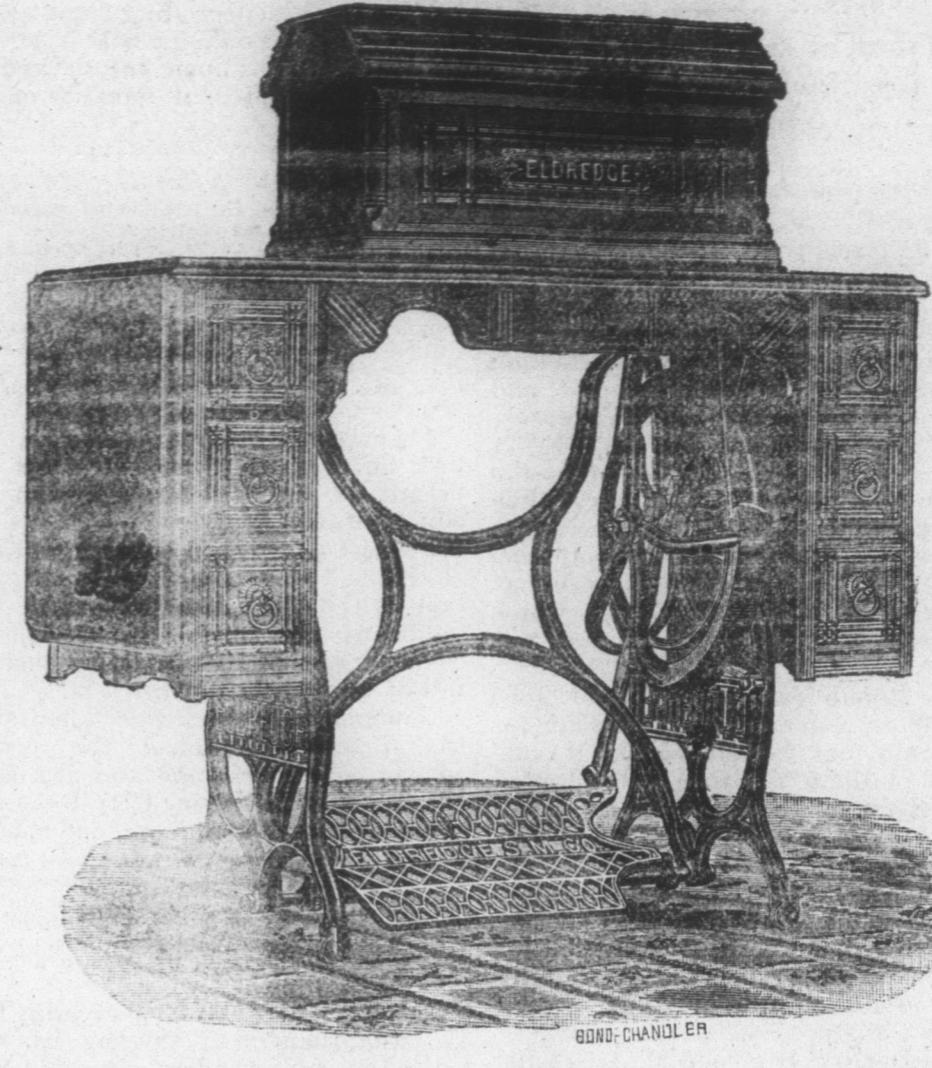
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