OVERAMIABLE.

He never makes no kick at all,
No matter how things are.
Life's botherations, great and small,
He banishes afar.
The slight injustices of life
Don't move him to distress,
Says he, "I won't have any strife,
it ain't wuth while, I guess."

His patience some reward should bring,
I wish that I could say
That all his earthly cares took wing,
But things don't work that way,
His hopes grow week by week, more slim,
His goods more light in heft.
The man who never kicks is him
That's allus gettin' left.

Mr. Carter's Calorics.

I.

"John," said Mrs. Carter, "I want to have a talk with you."

"All right, my dear," responded Mr. Carter.

"I want to begin our housekeeping right," continued the lady. "From a hygienic standpoint, I mean. Of course, at the hotels we could not help ourselves, but in our own house we can live as we please."

"Well, we will," answered Mr. Carter. "The plumbing is exposed, the ventilation is all right, and everything in the house is according to the most hygienic standard. There is no reason why we should not live right."

"Yes, I know; but I was not thinking of the house. I was thinking of the diet."

"Oh, you'll arrange that all right, I'm sure," said Mr. Carter, cheerfully.

"I am going to try to, but you must help, too. You see, John, that most people waste a large part of what they spend by injudicious purchases."

"I believe that," agreed Mr. Carter, heartily.

"Yes," went on Mrs. Carter, waxing eloquent, for this was her particular hobby. "Not only by injudicious purchases," but by almost an entire absent knowledge of the relative nutritive qualities of various food products, and by processes of cooking and serving which very much reduce the value of the food. I want us to live well, enjoy some luxuries, and save money on the same amount that most people practically throw away."

"You're a sensible little woman," and Mr. Carter kissed her. "But how is all this to be done?"

"Well, you see, John," said Mrs. Carter, "after we became engaged I took a regular course at the cooking school, so now, in making out my dietary for the week, I know that a man's rations are scientifically enough when they contain 3500 calorics a day. Therefore, it is a simple arithmetical calculation to compute how many calorics are necessary for the week."

"But what in the world is a caloric?"

"A caloric is the unit of heat estimated necessary to raise the temperature of a pound of water four degrees Fahrenheit, and the unit of energy adopted in estimating the full value of food."

Mr. Carter drew a long breath and looked bewildered.

"All right, my dear, you go ahead and attend to the calorics. I'll eat them if they are good."

"And you won't go to any of these horrid places down town for lunch, will you? I don't want your digestion ruined, so promise me that you will eat only my home cooking."

And the misguided man promised. So the Carters began their housekeeping.

II.

"Nellie," said Mr. Carter some few weeks after this, "do you know we have not had fried potatoes since we have been keeping house? I am very fond of fried potatoes for breakfast."

"Fried potatoes!" ejaculated Mrs. Carter. "Well, I should say not. They are one of the most indigestible things that one can take into the stomach."

Mr. Carter felt an inward protest rising, but stifled it.

"You are not taking any of that olive oil, John," continued the wife. "It is necessary to the system to eat half a pound of butter and an equal quantity of olive oil a week. You don't do either."

"I don't like olive oil at all, and I never did eat much butter," returned Mr. Carter, patiently.

"I am afraid that you are a little inclined to self-indulgence, John."

Mr. Carter laid down his knife and fork and opened his lips to reply. One look at the pretty face of his wife, however, made him change the sarcastic remark to the good-humored one of:

"Well, perhaps I am. I will be a different man, I expect, after I have you to guide me for awhile."

"Mrs. Carter nodded acquiescently.

"John," she cried, some hours later, what are you doing?"

"Getting a drink, my love," returned John mildly.

"But you must not drink that water. Don't you know that it is full of bacteria?"

"Then, what am I to drink, Nellie? I can't go without water?"

"Of course not. Here is some that I have boiled."

"Phew!" he exclaimed in disgust. "How flat it tastes! I'll just take a good drink fresh from the well."

"Oh, John, dear!" cried Mrs. Carter, tearfully, "you mustn't. It is all full of bacteria."

"I guess they won't hurt me," laughed John. "I've always drank it so."

"Don't do it! Please don't, John. For my sake," pleaded the wife. "It is so dangerous."

"Well, put some ice in this, then, and I won't."

"Ice! Why, what would be the use of boiling it if we're to put ice in it? Ice is full of microbes."

Mr. Carter drank the boiled water in silence, and read the paper until dinner was ready.

"What cut of beef is this?" he asked as he prepared to carve the meat. "It doesn't look like a roast."

"It isn't. It's the neck. I find I can get more food value for less money from the neck than from the rib. For instance 10 cents' worth of the neck of the beef will give me .36 of a pound of protein and 1.825 calorics."

Mr. Carter groaned.

"Then," went on Mrs. Carter, not noticing the groan, "I add potatoes, bread and fruit for the carbo-hydrates and we have a meal perfect in food value, containing protein, fat, starch and sugar. All for the same money that a roast would have cost us," she wound up triumphantly.

"Well, for tomorrow," said Carter, "let's have a roast pork with potatoes and cherry pie."

Mrs. Carter stared at him a moment, and then said pityingly: "John, you are as ignorant as most people concerning food values. It won't do, my dear. This is as much for your good as mine. Roast pork and potatoes contain five times as much carbon as you need. As for cherry pie"—she made an expressive gesture as if it were not worth mentioning, and continued—"you will soon get over these yearnings of a falsely educated appetite, and then you will be all right. I am afraid that you have been very improperly brought up, John."

Mr. Carter glared at her angrily, and threw down his knife and fork with a bang.

"If you mean in regard to calorics, proteins and all the rest of it, yes; I was."

"Oh, John!" Mrs. Carter rose from the table with her handkerchief to her eyes. "You are cruel, when you know I'm doing the best I can."

What could he do? He had not been married long, and was not proof against her tears. He arose from the table, took her in his arms, begged forgiveness and promised to eat anything and everything she would give him, if only she would smile. They made up, of course, and Carter bore himself heroically for six months through a dietary that tabooed pie, and was arranged according to food values.

III.

"See here, Carter," said a friend, meeting him one day on the street, "what's the matter? You look like a shadow. Come in and have something."

"I don't care if I do," said Carter, suddenly feeling the need of something stimulating. "I'm afraid I don't feel up to much lately."

He lifted the glass to his lips and then set it down suddenly.

"What is it? Isn't it all right?" asked his friend.

"It isn't boiled," answered Carter, faintly, who thought he saw microbes bubbing up through the effervescence.

"Boiled!" ejaculated the other in disgust. "Well, I should say not! You'd better take a stimulant, Carter."

"No, thank you, I don't believe that I will take anything. You will excuse me, old fellow, won't you? I—I don't feel well."

"It's all right," answered his friend. "What made you think of the drink being boiled?"

"I don't know. Just a fancy," returned Carter, too loyal to his wife to tell the cause.

Carter went home feverish. Much to his wife's alarm he did not eat a mouthful of supper. Finally he went to bed and fell asleep. While he slept he dreamed.

He was in an immense dining room. Great roasts of beef and pork, flanked by steaming vegetables, loaded the tables. Pies of mince and cherry were on the buffets; fruits, salads, water with huge chunks of ice floating in it, milk cooled also by ice.

Carter's mouth watered; but alas! when he approached the meats, protein and calorics appeared to raise from them. Carbo-hydrates reared great heads from fruits and vegetables; bacilli jeered at him in the ice water; microbes looked out from the milk.

A feeling of fierce anger seized hold of him. Was he to starve because of these creatures? Well, let them do their worst! A drink he would have in spite of them. Catching up a cup, he started to the water. Instantly bacilli, microbes and bacteria of all kinds surrounded him.

Suddenly an enormous bacillus that he had not seen before darted toward him and was upon him before he could take a step. Carter gave a shriek and sprang wildly from his bed.

"Why John! What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Carter, sitting up.

"Matter," growled Carter, picking himself up from the floor, where he had landed. "Matter enough, I tell you. Tomorrow begins a new state of things at this house. I'm going to live decently if I eat all the bacteria in the world. Calorics and all the rest of them have to go. They have had their innings. Now comes mine. Do you here, Nellie?"

"Yes, John," replied Mrs. Carter, meekly. She had been married long enough to know that when Carter used that tone things must go his way.

The next day at dinner the following was the bill of fare:

Soup.

Rost pork with potatoes. Apple sauce
Onions, beans, tomatoes, peas, corn.
Cherry, mince, apple pie.
Ice water.

And Carter was happy.

—From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

BRITISH STATE PRISONERS.

Treatment of Rulers Who Have Been Conquered in the Last Fifty Years.

In 1849, when the state of Maharaja Dhuleep Singh was finally annexed to the Indian empire, that potentate was requested to take up his residence in England—the inducement to a ready compliance being given by the promise of a yearly income of $240,000 with nothing at all as an alternative. Dhuleep Singh wisely acquiesced, purchasing the fine estate of Brandon in Norfolk, upon which he resided for many years as a wealthy English country gentleman. Though during this period the Maharaja frequently expressed the desire to revisit his native country, professing the utmost loyalty to the Empress-Queen, yet he was never permitted to travel east of the Isthmus of Suez. In this case the bond seems to have descended upon the heads of his children, for while his sons have entered the British army and one of them, Prince Victor, recently married the daughter of the Earl of Coventry, yet they have never been allowed to set eyes on the land over which their ancestors ruled.

Approaching Calcutta on the left bank of the Hujli river at Garden Beach, the visitor will have pointed out the fine palace of the late Wajid Ali, King of Oudh. There from 1856 until a recent date, this prince was held in semi-captivity upon an annual allowance of $600,000, the only proviso as to his freedom of action being that he should not leave the vicinity of Calcutta. The king of Oudh, true to those prodigal instincts which brought about his downfall, not only managed to expend this large sum, but in the keeping of snake mounds, menageries and other costly forms of amusement dear to the Oriental mind, was obliged to draw frequently upon the imperial treasury for further amounts. The leniency with which he was thus treated was probably due to the fact that he offered no armed resistance to his own deposition. Blazing with jewels and seated in a smart equipage with servants in royal liveries, the King of Oudh was often a conspicuous figure in the Calcutta park, where the society of the Indian capital takes an outing after the heat of the day has passed.

Far different was the fate of the poor old Bahadur Shah, last of the Great Moguls. After the fall of Delhi in 1857, he was tried for high treason and sent as a state prisoner to Rangoon. There, in a small hut, the only lineal descendant of Shah Jehan and Aurangzeb passed the remainder of his days, unnoticed and upon a mere pittance. As, however, both his sons were slaughtered and a less culpable rebel leader, Tautia Topi, was executed, he may have thought himself fortunate to escape with his life.

Near Colombo, in Ceylon, England still holds in light durance Arabi Pacha and his colleagues of the Egyptian rebellion of 1882. While Arabi has not ceased to bemoan his fate and uselessly petition the British government for permission to return to Egypt, yet, considering the nature of his offence, and that he was sentenced to death, his lot cannot be considered burdensome. Provided with an income sufficient for his wants, a pleasant residence, permission accorded him to receive visitors and a considerable measure of freedom within the district, he would undoubtedly have been worse off had his successful enemies been of his own race and religion.

For several years Cetewayo, king of the Zulus, was held an unresigned prisoner at Ghowe, near the scene of the present military operations in Natal, where he died before the promise of restoration to his throne was carried into effect.—New York Sun.

The Ox-Pecker.

These starlings not only rid the animals they frequent of ticks and other vermin, but they often peck at sores on oxen and donkeys until they form cavities, which measure sometimes two inches or more in diameter, and as much in depth; they actually do eat the flesh and drink the blood of these animals. Oxen submit quite placidly to this process of being eaten alive and seem none the worse for it afterward, but donkeys show their objections by trying to rid themselves of the birds by rolling on the ground and rushing under bushes. — From "The Birds of South Africa," by Arthur C. Stark.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Runaways.

Said Billy-boy to Bobby-boy, one wild and windy day,
"There's wood to pile and lots of things—I say, let's run away."
So hand in hand they scampered, and the blustering March Wind heard,
It whistled round the corner, but it never said a word.
It chased along behind them and it caught them by the gate,
It raced them down the driveway at a great and furious rate.
It searched for Billy's fingers and it found poor Bobby's toes,
It flung a cap high in the air—it tweaked a little nose.
It swept down like a whirlwind, it twirled them round and round,
'Till Billy-boy and Bobby-boy fell flat upon the ground.
It tossed and teased, it tore about, it turned them o'er and o'er,
And then it laughed and left them, and dashed back to town once more.
And Billy-boy and Bobby-boy they stood upon their feet,
Their cheeks were almost frozen and their tears were almost sleet.
Said Billy-boy to Bobby-boy "Whatever shall we do?
We're miles and miles away from home?" Sobbed both, "Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!"
Said Billy-boy to Bobby-boy, "I see a house Oh! Oh!"
Cried both, "'Tis home!" Then home they ran as fast as they could go.

—A. H. Allen, in Primary Education.

A Good English Custom.

Last March I landed in England, and remained there until late in July. I visited several pleasant English homes, and, of course, noticed many things to which I was unaccustomed. I do not know that anything struck me more pleasantly than the absence of the "nervous," "all-tired-to-death," "all-out-of-sorts" person. At first I accepted it merely as a welcome fact, one of the "customs of the country." Later I began to cast about for a reason.

Then, of a sudden, what seemed to me to be the true solution of the "nervous" problem flashed upon me. There was a large blister on my heel at the time, and I was literally footsore, beautifully and comfortably tired, but in no wise exhausted.

"It is the walking," I murmured. The more I thought of it, the more I became convinced that it must be the universal English habit of "taking a walk" which contributes so much to the health and well-being of the people.

They seemed to regard the daily walk as much of a matter of course as the breakfast. Not a listless, dawdling stroll, but a brisk, business-like, and to the heroic stranger, who forbore from patriotic reasons to complain, often all-too-long tramp.

Bits of time, which no definite occupation filled, were eagerly utilized.

"Let's go for a walk before dinner!"

"We've time to go to the spinney, and see the hyacinths before tea." And so on.

The children had their appointed hours for the national exercise, upon which nothing was allowed to trespass. I remember one walk in which I was "personally conducted" by two English schoolboys. We went, I suppose, about six miles, through lanes shaded by high hedges, across fields, by foot paths and stiles, and home through a park famous for centuries for its giant trees.

My companions made friendly calls at numerous birds' nests—"just to see how the families are getting along," they said. They turned aside to a little pond, to show me an immense frog, an ancient acquaintance. They knew every wild flower, and just where to look for newcomers. They recognized by name every bird that started from hedgerow, ditch or field.

"Young England," then, grows up thoroughly imbued with the principle that walking is a duty, a necessity and a pleasure. I believe that this is largely the secret of the national sturdiness and strength, and it might be well for us to take a leaf from the lesson book of the mother country.—Mary E. Fletcher, in Youth's Companion.

A Little Knight.

Not to look at. No. He looked rather funny as he laboriously climbed the cars, for his legs were very short, and he could get no help from his hands, for one carried his dinner bucket and the other held something squeezed up tight.

But the conductor knew him well, and helped him up, and he appeared in the doorway, smiling broadly at the passengers, who all smiled back into the round, freckled face with such a mere button of a nose that it looked as if it had been pounded in.

A little friend of his, who had evidently been crying, was sitting in the other end of the car, and the little knight made his way up to where she was sitting. "Hullo, Jenny?" he said in his cheerful voice.

"O John," said Jenny, with a little catch in her voice, "I've lost my dime, I think, down here on the floor! And now I can't go to the show. I've looked and looked for it."

"Can't you get another?" asked John, anxiously, looking sharply at the floor.

"No. We are such a big family, you see, and I am in the middle of it. And people in the middle of families, I don't think, ever get any extras. They always take what's left."

"Yes. I've noticed that," said John. "I'm in the middle, too, and things are always too big or too little for me. I got my dime running an errand for grandma," he added, opening his squeezed-up hand, and showing the moist bit of silver, which meant so much to him. "I say," Jenny," he added, heroically, "you take mine. Girls care more about things than—than—boys."

But Jenny was proof against this temptation. She shut her eyes and shook her head hard. "No, indeed, I won't take yours," she said firmly. I guess I know about boys and shows. I've saved this dime for the longest time, and I was so glad when the man said the school children could come for ten cents. Just suppose he'd said fifteen! But now"—

The tears were coming again, and John dropped down to look for the coin.

He hunted for some minutes, and a sharp-eyed woman saw him drop his dime down in the straw then pick it up. Then he rose up. "Here you are, Jenny!" he said.

"O John, thank you, thank you!" cried Jenny, beaming. "I never can find things."

When they got off at the schoolhouse, the sharp-eyed woman got off, too.

And that may have explained the fact that John's teacher at recess handed him a square envelope. In it was a ticket to the show, a bright silver dime, and a tiny slip of paper on which was written, "For the good knight, John." John did not understand that very well, the only knight he knew much about was a disagreeable time of day connected with bedtime. But he understood the dime and ticket very well; and he beamed like a small, freckled sun, as you do when you are young and in the middle of a family and delightful things happen.—Youth's Companion.

The Dreadful Thing Peri Did.

The minute the boys got home Aun Millicent knew something had happened, but of course she didn't dream Peri—innocent-eyed, gentle Peri—had been doing a dreadful thing! She saw Flynn unharnessing without once stopping to pat Peri, and she was sure she didn't hear the clink of the cover that meant Early was getting Peri his reward of merit—sugar plums. Neither of the boys petted the dainty little horse.

"What in the world!" said Auntie. Then they came into the house and she saw how sorrowful Early's face was and how stern Flynn's was.

"What in the world!"

"Aunt Milly," began Early slowly, "Peri's been doing a dreadful thing."

"A dreadful thing," echoed Flynn dismally.

"Has he run over anybody?" cried Aunt Millicent anxiously. "Tell me quick, boys."

"No'm—Oh, no'm, that isn't it, but I guess it's worse. He's pickpocketed."

"Yes'm, Peri's pickpocketed."

"Oh!"

Auntie couldn't any way help a little tone of relief. It would have been so dreadful if Peri had run over somebody! And this other dreadful thing, well, she would see. She folded her hands and waited.

"You tell, Early."

"No you—you're the tallest."

"You've had the most multiplication tables, anyway."

"Well, then, I'll tell. You see, Auntie, we were going past Mr. Smilie's blacksmithery an' Peri limped. So we went in to see 'bout it. Peri's offset front foot, an'——

"Oh," groaned Flynn.

Early's voice was shocked and solemn, as he went on. "An' Mr. Smilie's pocketbook was sticking out of his behind pocket an'—an' Peri pickpocketed it. That's the dreadful thing Peri did, Auntie."

"Dreadful!" murmured Aunt Millicent.

"We were so 'shamed, but of course we had to tell Mr. Smilie. You see, Peri just reached down his nose an' did it, just as e-asy, Auntie, d-do you s'pose he's been 'customed to pickpocketing things? Do you s'pose it's in his blood, same as we heard Uncle Rollin say lying was in Patsy O'Kane's?"

"Oh, Auntie, say you don't s'pose!" interposed Flynn eagerly.

"Well, I don't s'pose," said Auntie promptly. "Does Peri seem sorry a bit?"

"Oh, yes'm, he's sorry, but I'm 'fraid it's the sugar, we didn't give him any, you know we had to punish him."

"Yes'm, we had to, an' we didnt' pat him a single once, we igernored him."

"Poor little Peri!" cried Auntie. "Let's go out and see him. Early, bring two sugar plums. You see, boys, he hasn't any conscience voice, Peri hasn't, and how can he tell that pickpocketing's a dreadful thing? He thought it was fun. He'd have taken it out as quickly if it had been an old newspaper in Mr. Smilie's 'behind pocket.'"

"Why, Aunt Milly?"

"I see now," said Flynn thoughtfully. "An' that's just the difference between pony horses an' little boys. Boys know. Come on—get three lumps, Early—let's hurry like anything."—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in Primary Education.