

EL MAHDI TO THE TRIBES.

[Edna Dean Proctor in The Manhattan.] I have heard the Voice of the Lord, As the Prophet heard of old; For me have the blessed angels The book of Fate unrolled; Gabriel, holiest, highest, Flashed to my cave from the sky, And cried, as the dawn illumed the east, "Wake! for the end is nigh!" Speed! for 'tis thine to save the saints, And their proud oppressors slay, And to fill the earth with righteousness Before the Judgment Day.

Then he was gone as the lightning goes; And my heart leaped up as flame; And forth I rushed to the Holy War For the glory of Allah's name; And rippling river, and rustling reeds, And the wind of the desert sighing, Echoed his cry as I passed them by, "Speed! for the hours are flying!" The sunbeams shone, like lances keen, Across the Mecca plain; The roar of the hosts was in my ears, Their fury in my brain; And I vowed to the God of the Faithful His Prophet alone should reign!

The Wonderful Electric Disk.

[Boston Budget.] It is rumored that a syndicate representing over \$100,000,000 has been formed for the purpose of developing and introducing an invention which is said to combine the usefulness of the telegraph and the telephone with that of the electric light. The plans of the company, for some unexplained reason, are kept very dark, and the possibilities of the invention are somewhat indefinite; enough so to challenge doubt of the reality of the whole thing, if the claims put forward by those who talk about it were not so positive and evidently serious. One gentleman, who said he was not at liberty to state the names of the inventors or to go into particulars at present, said: "The electric light will soon be a thing of the past. The disk is an electric apparatus, and by it we, in the night time, can receive sunlight from any point of the earth where the sun is shining. Don't be incredulous, my friend; sunlight has already been transmitted to a dark room over a wire; I have seen it myself." Then, too, scenes of any kind, in action or in repose, however distant, which can be focused on the disk at the transmitting end of the wire, are registered with photographic accuracy on the disk at the delivery end.

These particulars are all given, with more or less positiveness, by other persons, who seemed able and willing to talk about the invention. None of the parties interviewed, however, would give the inventor's name or localize the invention in any way, except by saying that "it originated in Boston."

Bob Toombs Ready to Die.

[Philadelphia Times.] The house of Gen. Robert Toombs, in Washington, Ga., is a typical southern home; a beautiful flower garden of an acre, flanked by barley lots, fronts a three-story wooden home with large chambers, wide halls and roomy piazzas. The general's office is in his dwelling, but he generally receives his company in the cosy sitting-room of the second story. He is always cordial, and gives all friends or strangers, a kindly welcome. Sitting in a large arm-chair, with his books within easy reach and the well-used Bible among them, he sat the last of the old line. He is 74, and he is broken considerably since the death of his wife, but is still a vigorous old man. The general has long been a Methodist in conviction, but only recently has he become a communicant of the church. His determination to connect himself with the church was expressed in his usual style. Meeting his old friend, Bishop Pierce, one day, he said: "George, I want you to baptize me. I have no religion, but I am afraid some of these young fools who prate about infidelity will say when I am dead I did not believe in Jesus Christ, and I wish to avow my faith." He is much beloved by his neighbors, and especially by the children, to whom he is especially tender. He says life is too short for animosities, and that he has no foes and cherishes no resentments. He has made all things ready for both worlds and it matters little with him how soon he leaves this.

The Paris Club Scandal.

[London Daily Telegraph.] It appears that complaints have been made of robberies at the club in the Rue Royale for two years past, and this may to some extent account for so large a sum as \$4,000 being found in the possession of the footman, who has been arrested. No letters or papers were found in his lodgings of later date than 1878, when he entered the service of the club. If, therefore, he had any accomplices, special care has been taken to avoid compromising them. Some stock brokers' accounts have, however, been found, which may give a clue to the police. The next affirms that the securities found upon him belonged to his friends, but he will not give the names of the owners. Two bottles of prepared gun have been discovered, together with several packets of needles, with which the cards were pricked. On a careful investigation of the marked cards it appears that the system adopted was to raise a slight scratch on the face of the cards, and to apply a small quantity of the solution of gum arabic to it, drying the spot at once, and thus enabling the player to ascertain the nature of the card by the slightest touch.

Foreign Wheat Supply.

[Chicago Tribune.] Ten years ago India did not send a bushel of wheat to Europe; five years ago only a few cargoes; this year it is estimated that its exports will be not less than 50,000,000 of bushels, or one-half as much as was exported by the United States last year. Australia is a late-comer in the breadstuffs market of the world, but will this year supply probably 25,000,000 bushels, one-fourth as much as our exports in 1883. Russia is increasing her capabilities by the spread of railways and the adoption of American elevators and machinery. The average exports from the United States to Europe for the last six years have been less than 150,000,000 bushels a year. These facts exhibit at a glance the serious character of the competition to which the American farmer is being subjected and what he has to encounter in the future.

Louisville's "Bad Boy."

[Courier-Journal.] The most pestiferous small boy in Louisville, who respects persons and property least, and who does all the wickedest and most sneaking things that can occur to a young imagination, is not a rough, tough, square-jawed, freckled, bullet-headed, dirty little wretch, as might be supposed, but a sweet, pale boy, with a delicate frame and eyes of "heaven's own blue." Those who look upon him for the first time wonder if he is not a little stray angel, or at least the best boy in all the Sabbath-school. They wonder why so peaceful a child has not long since climbed the golden stair and left his parents here. No, he does not look bad; but all the neighbors are anxious that he shall grow up soon, because they know there is going to be a hanging.

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph: A preacher who vents criticism as an outrage to his "cloth" mistakes the century he lives in and the land.

THE CHILD VOCALIST.

[Malcolm Douglas in The Continent.] "He's a splendid card," exclaimed the manager, enthusiastically. "Is he, indeed?" said Vance Raymond, rather abstractedly, as he gazed at the jacked auditorium. They were standing in the lobby of the Varieties. Raymond had dropped in for a few minutes while making his nightly round of the theatres. The manager, eager for a good notice in the daily upon which his companion served as a dramatic critic, was himself almost offensively agreeable. "The hit of the show!" he emphatically affirmed. "You'll wait for him, won't you? He comes on next." "I don't know whether I can spare the time," said Raymond, smoothing out the play-bill that had been crumpled up in his hand. And, in type which stood out bolder than the rest, he read:

LITTLE DOT!

"The phenomenal child artist, in his wonderful character changes"—followed by more terms of a laudatory character, similarly extravagant. Raymond carefully cast his programme aside and watched the two upon the stage. They were going through what figured on the bills as an "acrobatic song and dance." Presently they executed a remarkable somersault that brought forth a cloud of dust and made their exit, followed by the deafening applause of the gallery. In response, they came out and bowed, and the stamping of feet and clapping of hands gradually ceased.

The quiet that fell upon the house was broken by the tinkle of the prompter's bell. The eyes of the audience expectantly sought the wings. The musicians raised their instruments and began to play one of the popular airs in vogue. "Watch him," whispered the manager. "A born actor and no mistake."

As he spoke, a little figure, clad in a black velvet suit with delicately striped pink stockings, appeared on the stage. A crimson handkerchief protruded slightly from his pocket and an eye-glass dangled at his side. In his hand he held a light cane, which he twirled foppishly at intervals.

Such a pinched, wan face he turned toward the audience, as he began his song in the yellow glare of the footlights! A feverish flush was on his cheeks and his eyes sparkled with unnatural brilliancy. Raymond felt his heart grow soft with pity as he listened to the rare, sweet voice that to his experienced ear already showed signs of breaking.

"Poor little chap," he murmured; "he's scarcely 7, I should judge." And somehow a tender thought of his two little chicks, dreaming perhaps of their childish heroes at the time came to him. He watched Little Dot through the mist that had gathered in his eyes.

The song soon came to an end, and the child disappeared, followed by the enthusiastic approval of the audience. The manager joined in the applause and turned to Raymond, his face beaming with pleasure. "Eh! eh!" he said, delightedly. "Doesn't he bring down the house! An infant prodigy, and all that, you know. 'Pon my word, it's worth the price of admission to see him alone."

"Rather a fit subject for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, I should say," remarked Raymond, dryly. "For my part I hate your infant prodigies. They ought to be in their beds at this hour enjoying the sleep of healthful children."

The manager eyed him sharply. "Stuff and nonsense!" he grunted. Then, in a more cheerful tone: "Just watch him this next turn. His drunken man is something wonderful. I'm capable of criticizing that, you know." And he hustled the chuckle on his lips as Little Dot—a complete metamorphosis—staggered in with a high silk hat crushed over his eyes and a white handkerchief hanging from his coat-tail pocket. The drunken hicough and thick utterance with which he rendered the song fairly convulsed the audience. When he was through, he was greeted with a terrific storm of applause.

"True to life, wasn't it?" laughed the manager. "Well, it ought to be. He's had plenty of chances to get points, goodness knows. His father's Whitley of the 'Stars,' who are playing at the Globe this week. Good actor, but bores too much. That is why he and his wife separated. It's lucky she's got the boy. He's worth a cool \$75 to her every week."

Raymond listened with his eyes intent upon the stage. Little Dot was responding to his second encore. When he finished he was vociferously re-demanded. Again he came out and delivered a pathetic little recitation that evoked fresh applause. Raymond grew indignant.

"What a shame!" he muttered angrily. "They'd keep the poor little fellow before them the whole night if they could."

At that moment Little Dot appeared from the wings and raised his hand to his lips. The pink glow on his cheeks had died out, and in its place was a look of utter weariness. The audience must have noticed it for the house grew still and the performance proceeded with the next act.

Raymond buttoned up his overcoat closely and left the theatre. It was a bitter night, and the snow lay deep upon the ground, and a raw, bleak wind blew the still-falling flakes remorselessly into his face. In spite of all his efforts he could not dismiss the peaked, wan face from his thoughts. A picture rose before him of Little Dot, trudging his way back to the hotel in all the snow at an hour when other children were cozily tucked away in bed, and his heart was filled with pity at the contrast.

"Poor little chap!" he said again, with a sigh. "I'll give him a good notice."

The next night found him at the Varieties behind the scenes. At his request he was taken by the manager to the dressing-room that Little Dot occupied, and introduced to him. The child was with his mother waiting to "go on."

"It's the gentleman who was kind enough to write the notice about you," she said to him. "You must thank him for it." "Oh, it was you, was it?" he said, turning his big blue eyes up at Raymond. "You're an editor, ain't you?" The awe with which he asked this question brought a smile to Raymond's face.

"Not exactly," he replied. "I write for the newspapers."

"Do you?" said the child, eagerly. "How clever you must be! And it was you who wrote that about me. Thank you ever so much. You are very, very good."

He placed his hand to his forehead and held it there a moment. Raymond noticed it and looked grave.

his cue. His mother stationed herself near by to assist him in making his changes. Raymond and the manager sought the front of the house.

"That youngster is going to be sick," said the journalist, with conviction, when they passed. "He looked half ill now. It's too bad that such a weak, delicate child should have to be out nights in such bitter weather."

"Eh, what was that? Sick did you say?" cried the manager with alarm. "I hope not—I hope not. It might affect his business, you know, if he didn't appear. He is the strongest card on the bill this week."

Raymond curled his lip slightly at the other's heartlessness, and walked off. Somehow Little Dot interested him strangely. It might have been that he regarded the tiny favorite of the footlights with pitying tenderness, for the sake of his own children.

The next night he returned to the Varieties to find the fears he had entertained realized. The manager met him with a note in his hand.

"Read it," he said, with a scowl upon his face. Thus adjured, Raymond took it, and glanced hurriedly at the contents. It was to the effect that Little Dot was dangerously low with the scarlet fever, and, as a consequence, could not perform the rest of the week.

The words he read brought up a vivid recollection of the two babes who had lain in the terrible grasp of the scarlet fever until only the great mother-love had won them back to life. A lump took possession of his throat.

"Poor Little Dot," he murmured. "I wouldn't have had it happen for \$100," grumbled the manager. "It places me in a deuce of a fix. It's almost impossible to put any one on in his place at such a short notice."

"You're in hard lines," said Raymond, coldly. Something impelled him before he went to the newspaper office that night to seek the second-class hotel where the child and his mother were stopping. Passing a florist's on his way, he purchased a bunch of the creamy, full-blown roses that were temptingly displayed in the widow. These he sent up to the sick room with his card and a request to know how the little fellow was.

Presently the answer came—no better. Would he go up? Mr. Whitley would like to see him.

Raymond followed the boy up-stairs and softly entered the darkened room. The mother, with the marks of weariness about her eyes, came from the window where she had been standing and led the way to the bed.

He was taken ill last night on his way back from the theatre," she whispered, in a hoarse, strained tone. "I thought it was nothing but a cold and—and did not call in a doctor. But he grew so much worse in the night that I had to send for one, and he says it's scarlet fever in its most malignant form. He has been delirious nearly all the time. The doctor did not tell me so, and yet—I'm sure he'll never get well again. She gave a bitter sob but her eyes were dry—her tears had been exhausted long ago. "Oh, why doesn't he come, why doesn't he come?"

"She resumed her place by the window, looking vacantly out at the wild, black night. Raymond remained by the bedside and gazed compassionately down upon the small face marked with livid spots. Near him stood a stand upon which his fragrant offering and several vials of medicine were placed.

Suddenly the little sufferer opened his eyes with a faint moan. For a moment they rested upon Raymond and then wearily closed again.

"Dad!" the parched lips formed. His mother approached the bed noiselessly and bent anxiously over him.

"Yes, Dot," she said, soothingly, "he will soon be here—soon be here. You won't have long to wait now, darling," and looking up at Raymond, she continued, in a choking voice, "he wants to see his father. I have sent for him, but—but I don't know whether he will come. He drank and—and we parted. God forgive me, I have been to blame, too. Oh, do you think that he will come?"

Raymond looked at his watch. The time lacked a few minutes of 11.

"Yes, I am sure he will," he said pityingly. "He is at the Globe, I think. The performance is scarcely over. No matter how heavy an actor's grief may be, he is obliged to disguise it sometimes and play his part. Yes, he will come without doubt."

Slowly the minutes dragged by. Finally a faint knock was heard at the door. She went and softly opened it. A man entered on tiptoe.

"Thank heaven, you are here at last!" she said. "I could not come before," he uttered, hoarsely. "How is he—better?" She mournfully shook her head. He went and looked down at his child. His haggard face told of the violent grief that was raging in his breast.

Raymond turned to go. He deemed the scene too sacred for his presence. But the mother grasped him by the arm, giving him a wild, imploring look.

"Stay," she said. "He liked you." While the father stood there, the child opened his eyes and recognized him.

"Dad!" he cried, stretching forth his little, hot hand, affectionately. His father caught it, and held it in his cool palm.

"Yes, my boy," he said, his strong voice trembling. "Give me a drink, dad," he whispered, with difficulty. "Oh, dad," with a pathetic moan, "I'm all burning up!" His father moistened his lips with water.

THE CHROMO AN EDUCATOR.

Believing in the Influence of Lithographs, a Vendor is Eloquent.

[New York Sun.] "These things are a nuisance, and should be abated," a gentleman remarked emphatically after stumbling against a street vendor's cart loaded with many bright lithographs.

"Is that true?" a bystander asked, addressing the vendor. "No. We are public benefactors—at least I am. Chromos are not in so good repute as they were years ago, but not every one knows what good chromos have done for the city."

"For instance?" "They have cultivated a taste for better things. They are bright, and generally cheerful. Hood's 'Song of the Shirt' is no longer a true picture in detail. The seamstress gets a chromo at the tea store to take the place of the shadow she used to thank for falling on the bare wall. A chromo is much more exhilarating than a shadow. People who go into the rooms occupied by the very poor find the walls less repulsive than formerly. Especially is this true in rooms occupied by the thousands who have known better days."

"But how can an unreal picture cultivate taste?" "Let us see. Are chromos less true to nature than paintings? Are they not frequently copies of famous paintings? Suppose they are unreal! They are bits of bright color. The housewife and the children arrange them on the wall. Pretty soon some one notices that the color of one does not match well with the neighbor. A rearranging follows with an improved effect. That has been a lesson in art to the wife or daughter or son, or all three, of a household, perhaps. Cultivation has begun at the roots. You will see the result in the next generation. From free store advertisements the housekeeper comes to me. For 25 or 50 cents I furnish her with enough to adorn a wall beautifully. You may not call it adorning, but chromos that I sell for 25 cents retailed for \$3 twelve years ago. From my cart the woman will go to my neighbor there and buy, for 5 or 10 or 25 cents each, plaster of Paris plaques and figures. I'll wager now that she had never heard the word plaque ten years ago. At that time plaster of Paris was used for making angels and saints, and gaudily painted dogs, cats, and awkward figures. Now we have copies in plaster, some of them bronzed at that, of very famous works of art. You can find them on the mantels of men of considerable property. Their chief mission is among the poor. The wife having a copy of a work of art reads certain things in her newspaper that she formerly skipped. The man, even if he is an art critic, who decries low-priced copies, and even imitations of works of art, succeeds in showing that frail humanity is liable to err."

Farming Down South.

[Huntsville Cor. Detroit Free Press.] In this section of Alabama a farmer can raise anything which will grow in the north, and in much greater abundance. Wheat matures splendidly. One field of 100 acres last year yielded an average of twenty-two and one-half bushels to the acre. Oats will run from sixty to seventy-five bushels, and are very heavy. Clover makes an excellent crop. A farmer told me that he last year cut 100 tons from fifty acres, selling it readily at \$15 per ton, and the second crop brought him five bushels of seed per acre, and the seed sold at \$6 per bushel. That 100 acres brought in the gross sum of \$4,500 in one season, or at least \$3,000 above all expenses. Do we do any better in the north? Is not the southern farmer getting his eyes open very wide? If you doubt it let me add that there are over 500 mowers and reapers in the county in which Huntsville is situated.

Corn will yield forty bushels to the acre without much care. Irish potatoes yield an average of 400 bushels to the acre, and sweet potatoes, flung into the earth and the field scarcely looked at again, pour out 500 bushels to the acre as a reward. Apples, peaches, plums and all other fruits do splendidly here, and if any of the figures above seem exaggerated, I ask that at least 10 per cent be added to them in case a northern farmer were to work the ground with white labor.

Spring opens here from four to six weeks earlier than in the north, and white men can work in the fields the year round. Taxes are low, school privileges abundant, and law and order everywhere prevail. I have not heard a dispute, seen one drunken man, nor read of a serious crime in the state. There are drinking places in plenty, but men rarely get drunk. There is enough to quarrel about, but everybody seems good-natured.

The Story of an Artist.

[Curt's in Inter Ocean.] Six years ago the residents of Washington were invited by neatly printed circulars to visit Old Fellows' hall on Seventh street, and witness a test of the endurance of the champion female pedestrian, who was attempting to walk 100 miles in 100 consecutive hours. The walking mania was then at its height, and the hall was crowded with distinguished gentlemen and ladies who paid 25 cents a head to see a little woman tread a circle of sawdust. She was the first of her sex to accomplish the feat, and when the finishing hour came, and she won the match against time and fatigue, bouquets were showered upon her from fair and jeweled hands. This week the residents of Washington are requested by a similar circular to visit an art gallery where a number of beautiful landscapes are on exhibition, and the fashionable people are flocking there in large numbers. The artist is the "champion female pedestrian," Miss Bortha Von Hillera, and her triumphs are as great upon the canvas as upon the sawdust. The money she gained by her pedestrian exhibition was spent in cultivating a natural taste for art, and her genius is recognized by the best critics of the country.

What Literary Workers Are Doing.

[Chicago Current.] Among the interesting literary news afloat are the statements that Robert Browning's new poem will appear in April; that Justin McCarthy is at work on a political novel; that Victor Hugo is about to publish a new volume of poems; that the author of "Ginx's Baby," is giving the finishing touches to a novel; that Susan B. Anthony is writing a book on the condition of her sex in Europe; that Crawford's novel "To Leeward," has reached a sale of 25,000 copies; that the empress of Austria is printing herself the sonnets which she has written; that Julian Hawthorne is writing a novel for The Boston Sunday Globe; that the Blackwoods will soon publish Anthony Trollope's last completed novel, "An Old Man's Love"; that Prof. Whitney will contribute the article on philology to the forthcoming volume of the Encyclopedia Britannica; that Walter Besant is writing a story to be called "Julia"; that the new edition of Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia," will be so sumptuous that copies will cost several hundred pounds; that Bancroft, the historian, is at work in Mexico; that the Brazilian emperor has just headed a subscription to the Longfellow memorial fund.

A Circulating Museum.

[Chicago Current.] An English educator has submitted a plan for a circulating museum, containing groups in natural history, to be used for subject-matter in the schools. It certainly is worthy the consideration of educators everywhere.

A Portrait of Dickens.

[George M. Towse.] From behind the plain, broad writing-table a brisk, active figure came forward to greet me with a bright twinkle of the eye, a sunny smile and a hearty grasp of the hand. A remarkably youthful figure, as it first appeared to me, and most jauntily arrayed. The apparel was conspicuous and even foppish. There seemed to be a pervading effect of gold and jewelry rather too lavishly displayed. Coat, vest and trousers were cut in the top of the day's fashion. The cravat was brilliant in color and obtrusive in size. The general impression was that of a dainty and airily dressed man, to whom a good looking-glass was a very necessary article of domestic furniture.

But I was soon drawn from this rapid contemplation of attire to observe the features and manner of the man himself. Never, I thought, had the art of photography more completely failed to catch the true lineaments and expressions of its subject than in this instance. Here before me was a face aglow with a bright, healthy, pink-and-white bloom; a face which, while furrowed with heavy lines when in repose, was yet youthful in its expressive and changeful vivacity; a large mouth, about whose corners there seemed always playing a quizzical smile, and hair and beard slightly tinged, indeed, with streaks of gray, yet fine and tawny and curly and arranged with studious care about the broad white forehead, the retreating chin and the delicately tinted cheeks.

But of all the striking features the great beauty of the eyes first attracted and held the visitor. Eyes of the bluest blue; eyes which danced and sparkled with sunniest merriment and yet which quickly softened into serious sympathy; eyes which were brilliant and searching and seemed always to be kindly, though keenly, reading the person to whom he was talking, yet which never hardened into sternness; eyes in which, especially, you could discern all the humanity and humor, the noble intellectual possibilities and the manly tenderness of their possessor.

German Invaders of Poland.

[New York Times.] Numerous noblemen of Russian Poland have joined in publishing an interesting address to their countrymen in the Polish journals of the city of Posen. They call upon the Poles of every station and of both sexes to abstain from all extravagant expenditure at the coming cardinal festivities, especially in costly dinners and balls, and above all to avoid the ruinous games of hazard to which they are so strongly addicted. They also urge the practice of self-denial and economy in the future on all occasions, and assert that reckless and prodigal habits, indifference to money, and lavish and extravagant display, are turned to advantage by greedy foreigners, who absorb the wealth that the natives of the country so foolishly throw away, and thereby gradually become possessed of the estates of the nobility and crowd them out of their ancestral homes.

The Kurier Posenki, in urging this address upon the attention of the readers, states that the amount of land in the province of Posen that is now in the possession and ownership of the German invaders exceeds that held by the native Poles by nearly 50 per cent. German landowners have acquired title to 3,988,400 acres, while in the lands of the former masters of the country there remain only 2,872,600 acres. The struggle of the Poles, however, for the mastery of their native land is a hopeless one. They are unable to resist the steady habits, perseverance, industry, and energy of the Germans. They have been losing the control of their family estates year by year, and the entire province is rapidly slipping out of their possession.

A Strange Institution.

[Chambers Journal.] Among the oral traditions of the past in Cambridge, there is handed down to the modern undergraduate an account of a secret society which was established in the university at a remote period of time, and which was called the Lie society. At the weekly meetings of the members, an ingenious falsehood was fabricated, which frequently referred to some person locally known, and which was probably not altogether free from scandal. It was the duties of all the members to propagate this invented story as much as possible by relating it to every one they met. Each member had to make a note of the altered form in which the lie thus circulated came round to him individually, and these were read out at the next meeting with all the copious additions and changes the story had received passing from one to the other, often to such an extent as to leave but little of the original fabric left. After a time the society began to languish, and soon after disappeared altogether.

Henry Clay's Oratory.

[Ben. Perley Poore.] Henry Clay was a natural born republican orator. In a despotism he would have been beheaded for his impudence before he was 30 years of age. No such voice was ever heard elsewhere. It was equally distinct and clear, whether at its highest key or lowest whisper; rich, musical, captivating. His action was the spontaneous offspring of the passing thought. He gesticulated all over. The nodding of his head, hung on a long neck, his arms, hands, fingers, feet and even his spectacles, his snuff-box and his pocket-handkerchief, aided him in debate. He stepped forward and backward, and from the right to the left with effect. Every thought spoke; the whole body had its story to tell.

Profits of Ostrich Farming.

[Exchange.] Some interesting results of the experiments in ostrich farming now going on in southern California, are contained in the following report: The ostriches on the Anaheim farm laid 305 eggs during the season from the 1st of May last until the 1st of October. The birds have been plucked twice since their arrival on the farm. The first clip, in May last, yielded \$500. The clip in December yielded 2,500 quills of all kinds from eighteen birds, and is valued at \$1,000.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S CABIN.

The Poet of the Sierras Settled in His New Home.

[Washington Correspondent.] Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, has just got into his log cabin. I called upon him in it and found a tall, well-made, blue-eyed man of 45, with long, tawny hair flowing out from under his slouch hat, with pantaloons tucked into a pair of fine boots, and a good-natured air of western wildness, which well accorded with his picturesque surroundings. He received me cordially, and kindly showed me over the cabin, saying that for fifteen years he had been wandering about over the face of the earth, and that he was glad to feel that he had at last a place he could call his home.

The cabin is on the heights at the head of Sixteenth street, the great street of the Washington of the future. As Waukeen says, "The president's house is at one end of it and his hut at the other, but that while he has a cabin the president has only a cabin." Sixteenth is a great wide street with asphalt and lined alternately with \$50,000 mansions and \$50 negro huts. The White House, almost bathed by the Potomac and faced by Lafayette park, is its starting point, and half way up toward Mr. Miller's cabin is a green plat in which a bronze equestrian statue of Gen. Scott looks at the executive mansion. The street steadily rises, carrying with it old St. John's Episcopal church, George B. Pendleton's mansion, negro laborers' cabins, Senator Cameron's great palace, and like mixture, till it reaches the boundary of the town, where there is a jump upward in the shape of a fifty-foot hill or plateau, running back into the country. On this plateau Joaquin Miller has bought a lot and put up one of the prettiest of log cabins.

The lot runs almost to the edge of the hill and the view is certainly one of the fine in the United States. Mr. Miller says he has never seen anything to equal it, and that if man can write poetry anywhere he ought to be able to write it here. Stand in front of the large yard of the cabin, under one of the great oaks which shade it, all Washington lies before you surrounded by hills which make it look as though the nature around was a mammoth coliseum of the gods and the national capital the scene going on in the arena below. The great white, classic Capitol is plainly seen, the Potomac flows along the edge of the arena, and off on neighboring hills you can look into Alexandria and at the tombstones of Arlington.

Chicago's Butterine Production.

[Chicago Times.] Few imagine the vast production to which the manufacture of butterine or bogus butter has grown in this city. A witness, while testifying before a committee in the New York senate in reference to butter adulteration in that state, incidentally stated that some thirty or forty manufactories in Chicago were engaged in producing bogus butter, and his statement is perhaps not far astray. The state of New York bought and used last year 40,000,000 pounds of butterine, and the cities of New York and Brooklyn are credited with producing but 3,000,000 pounds of that amount. Chicago may safely father the bulk of the remainder, as well as the chief supply to other sections of the country.

The reason so much is produced here is because the supply of raw material is abundant. Chicago can find at her great pork-packing establishments and abattoirs a superabundance of material for butterine—cow and hog fat, principally the latter, for by odds the most profitable dairy cow nowadays is a dead hog. The business possesses two striking features. It has grown to such vast proportions that it seems likely to wreck the dairy interests of the whole country, but particularly of the west. The second alarming feature is a still weightier consideration—its sanitary phase. The raw material from which butterine is produced must be, from the cost to manufacture, an average of 14 cents per pound, of the cheaper grades of animal fats. These are reduced to a pulp, heated somewhat, and then treated with acids. Perhaps in most cases this raw material would not be generally regarded as wholesome. The neat supplied may not always be sufficient to de Troy any animal or diseased germs.

The First Duel in Kentucky.

[Exchange.] "Feller-citizens, them's my sentiments! It won't do for this fight to go on! The Bargrass people, whar 'Squire Thruston lives, will swar he fit for 124 cents; and them bad town boys, whar 'Squire Harrison lives, when he runs them out of his watermillon patch, will call him 'old fighter' 9 pence." I like a good fight better than a hot toddy of a cold night, but I hate a bad fight worse than a nest of yaller-jackets. There ain't no good in this fight, now. I don't like the weapons, nuther. Rifles is all right for Indians and bars, but are awful things agin friends. If you had painted yer eyes black with yer flax, or even doubled one another up by kicks, when you quarreled, it would have been reglar, but to go borin' holes through one another with rifle balls like augers through poplar logs, won't do at all. The commandment of the Scripser says, "Thou shalt not kill," but it don't say thou shalt not hit with the fist, and kick with the foot when a feller makes you mad. I propose, therefore that we wind up this fight with a shootin' match, fur a gallon of whisky. Our side agin your side, will shoot at a tree the size of a man, sixty yards, at the word, and the shot nearest the center wins."

So soon as Sullivan finished his speech, Thruston and Harrison who had both been compelled to laugh at its oddity, simultaneously extended to one another the right hand. A hearty shake followed, and the difficulty was all over.

Stanley has visited the Congo valley north of the equator, and finds a dense and enterprising population of probably 40,000,000.

Indianapolis Journal: An intelligent ballot is as necessary as an honest and free ballot.