

MISCELLANEOUS.

In Europe it is customary to leave visiting cards on the graves of poets. This seems strange, when it is known that the occupants of the graves are always at home.—N. O. Paganus.

It may be doubted whether the practice of chewing gum has an injurious effect on the eyes of the gum chewer, but it hurts the eyes of other people.—Somerville Journal.

Lincoln County, Georgia, requires on the average only a day and a half of court. At the last session the only prisoner who has been in jail in the county for several years was let go on his own recognizance, the prosecutor failing to appear.

Statistics lately published in England show that the world has 700 Croesus worth \$5,000,000 or over, of whom 200 reside in England, 100 in the United States, 100 in Germany, 75 in France, 50 in Russia, 50 in India and 125 in other countries.

There is a new high-wire act. Two men starting from different ends of a slack wire meet and pass each other going by on a walk step. A woman actually dances on the wire, and a man trots across it with a companion upright on his shoulders.

A lady saw a driver, angry with his horses for some fancied offense, about to lash them severely. She interrupted him by inquiring the way to a certain street, to a certain man's house, both of which she knew very well. But the driver, too gallant not to answer the lady's question, had opportunity for his temper to cool, and restored the whip to its socket without striking a blow.

Time, twentieth century. Place, at the polls. First Female Voter—"How do you vote for who?" Second Female Voter—"O, I have not decided yet. The Republicans have put up Mr. A. They say he's very popular, and sure to be elected. But Mr. B, his opponent, he doesn't seem to have any friends at all, poor fellow; guess I'll vote for him." First Female Voter—"So will I."—Yankee Blade.

"What will it cost me, Uncle Rastus, to have my coop whitewashed?" "I kain't tell yet, sah, till I makes an estimate ob de size and dimenshuns." That night the owner was disturbed by a loud noise in the hen-coop. "Hi, there!" he shouted from an upper window, "what are you doing there?" "It's Uncle Rastus," was the reply, "and he's feggerin' on de size an' dimenshuns ob de coop."—Harper's Bazar.

"This is the darndest place I ever was in," exclaimed the bucolic gentleman at the theatre. "I've been looking around for the last half-hour and can't find the door." "Don't you see the sign on that door?" asked the gentlemanly usher. "Exit, that's Latin, and means the place where you go out." "Then why in time don't I say so?" "I don't know nothing about Latin languages." "Cause a feller can't read Latin, he's got to burn to death in case of fire, eh?"—Boston Transcript.

"Men," said the captain of the steamer to the frightened passengers huddled about him, "it is true we are not gaining on the leak, but we are only fifteen miles from land, and if necessary we can throw overboard 2,000 tons of freight to lighten ship. There is no occasion for alarm. We have several hundred casks of rum in the hold that we can—" "No occasion for alarm!" exclaimed a tall Kentuckian, turning pale with apprehension. "Captain, do you intend to throw that rum overboard?"—Chicago Tribune.

The average age of locomotives is about twelve years, yet many, through proper habits of living, taking their meals regular and avoiding all intoxicating beverages attain quite a respectable old age. The oldest running engine in Germany has been on the road since 1845, and is consequently forty-three years old; quite a Methuselah, in fact. With regard to its habits it has always confined itself strictly to water, though it has been addicted to smoking all its life. It is said to see a locomotive grow prematurely old by getting on trains and running in collisions.—Texas Siftings.

Flagstaff, Mass. Is an interesting town for two reasons. It always has a Miles Standish among its citizens, and the Standish farm covers the ground where Benedict Arnold encamped on his Quebec expedition, and where he erected a flagstaff, from which the place received its name. G. W. Standish, one of the leading men of the town, is the only remaining son of Miles Standish, who was the eighth direct descent from Miles Standish, the captain of Plymouth. G. W. Standish's only brother, Miles, died seven years ago, but he left a son Miles, now twenty-two years old, and G. W. has a son Miles, who is four years old.

Young lady (at dinner, sadly, to partner)—"I was forebly reminded yesterday, Mr. Larkins, of the opening words of the poem, 'I never loved a dear gazelle.'" Mr. Larkins (with interest)—"Yes!" Young Lady—"Yes! I was presented with a lovely little lamb which I tenderly nursed and cared for through the summer and of which I grew very fond. Yesterday the poor little creature broke its leg and it became necessary to kill it. I felt so distressed over the matter." Mr. Larkins—"It is indeed, Miss Brown, truly sad." Young Lady—"Ah, yes, Mr. Larkins, and the piece of resistance of to-day's dinner is all that is left of my poor little lamb. It nearly breaks my heart. Won't you have a small piece of the crisp fat, Mr. Larkins? It is simply delicious."—Epoch.

When you see a man carrying a book bearing on the cover the title, "Great Expectations," or "Our Mutual Friend," don't rush to the conclusion that he is going to read Dickens. Many of the dainty volumes so labelled are hollow, except that they contain a half-pint whisky flask. By touching a spring the mouth of the flask springs into view, all ready for a "nip." So popular are these flasks that a Chamber street firm offers them for sale under the name of "Temperance Book Flasks."—N. Y. Tribune.

A VERY CURIOUS BIRD.

Habits of the Maloe, a Queer Creature Found in the Eastern States.

The Maloe is about the size of a small turkey, and not unlike one in appearance, and belongs to the family of megapodes, or "big-foot," which are also called "mound-builders."

These latter are gallinaceous birds (as are our common fowls or pheasants), which are found in Australia and Papua, or New Guinea, and which lay their eggs, and then scratch up and carry immense quantities of sticks, leaves and earth over them, so that the heat of fermentation under a hot sun, hatches them. These birds have all immense feet, well adapted for such a purpose, two or three times as large in proportion as those of our turkeys.

Instead of using leaves and sticks and sand, the Maloe of Celebes uses the gravel of the sea-beach alone to hatch its eggs, and these eggs are extremely large in proportion to the size of the bird.

They do not make regular mounds, like their cousins, the megapodes of Australia, but the whole beach shows a series of elevations and depressions, like a rough, confused sea. Contrary to what we should imagine, the very large eggs are not found at the very bottom of the depressions, nor on the summit of the mound of gravel, but in shallow trenches, and on the slopes of the irregular hummocks.

The natives of the island understand perfectly how to find them, by probing in the gravel with a flexible, delicate stick. If the egg has been lately laid, and just covered, the gravel is very little packed, and easy to penetrate with the stick. Then the gravel is scraped away—the stick used again—and so the egg is reached at last.

It is often three or four feet below the surface of the mound. The heat of the sun is ever shining, hatches the eggs at this depth; for, after they are once deposited and covered up, the parent birds take no more notice of them.

The male birds, as well as the hens, dig up the gravel to form the mounds, and throw up the material in perfect showers; and they do this in an odd way, and not scratching alternately, with both feet, like common fowls. The male bird, however, on which the tropical sun is ever shining, hatches the eggs at this depth; for, after they are once deposited and covered up, the parent birds take no more notice of them.

Although the explorers from the Marches found the curious birds in great numbers upon the seashore, they could only get them by creeping up quite close, and then running in and shouting; when, instead of running off, they took to their wings and perched upon the forest trees which formed a belt along the beach. Here they seemed to think themselves perfectly safe, and one can be shot at a time, without putting to flight the others. They were found to be delicious eating, and their skins, being unique, most valuable for stuffing, for museums and collections.

The Maloe's egg is huge, in proportion to the size of the body, and some days elapse between the laying; and the question is, why should the egg be so disproportionate to the size of the bird?

The theory of Doctor Guillemand, the naturalist who describes them, is that the eggs of these birds would be exposed to much risk if in an open nest, while buried as they are they are comparatively safe. He says that the weight of such a mass of gravel must be taken into consideration, when it will be seen that no chick of ordinary size could force its way through it to the surface. Hence the necessity of a large egg and a powerful chick; or, in other words, the curious habit has been adopted for the preservation of the species.—Golden Days.

GROWING SMALLER.

Different Ways in Which Men Grow Fatter and Insatiable.

A young lad overheard a conversation which took place between his father and Mr. H., a neighbor, with reference to a well-known inhabitant of the place. The lad did not pay sufficient attention to understand much that was said. This remark, however, struck him. "He is," said Mr. H., referring to the person respecting whom they were conversing, "he is growing smaller every day."

The lad thought he would see if the remark were true. The next time he met the person, he eyed him narrowly, but could see no diminution of his portly dimensions. He went to his father for an explanation of the meaning of Mr. H.'s remark, and learned that there are other ways of growing small besides the lessening of the bodily form.

Men grow smaller when they grow penurious. Examples of this kind of growth are quite common. "There goes a man," said a princely merchant of New York to a friend from the country as he passed a man in the street. "There goes a man who was very liberal before he became rich, or very liberal before he became poor, and who was a prospect of his becoming rich."

When the man in question was doing a small business he was very liberal in proportion to his means. Some thought he gave away more than was proper and right. When he was worth an hundred thousand dollars he gave away less than when he began business on a capital of two or three thousand. When he was worth half a million, it was with great difficulty that he could be induced to give away anything at all. His wealth had grown larger; his soul had grown small.—N. Y. Ledger.

A woman with a patent button fastener, has been doing the towns in Eastern Washington, says the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. Walking quickly up to a staid old gentleman on the street she will dexterously clip a button from his coat before he lets loose of the idea that she is going to hug him, but she expostulates she produces her button fastener and instantly replaces the button, tight and solid. Of course he buys a box of the fasteners, and the lady seeks another victim to practice her arts upon.

POT-HOUSE POLITICS.

The Character of the Things Engaged in Exploring the Merits of a Bar-room Politician is not attractive personally. He rarely pays much attention to his clothing or his general make-up, because his time is completely absorbed with matters of great political import. He is kept so busy saving the country that he has no time or energy to waste in removing grease spots on his raiment or in manipulating a cravat brush. The bluish on his cheek is not caused by his glowing with heaven-born enthusiasm for the just cause of the people, nor by the ruddy hue of robust health, but may safely be attributed to an inferior brand of whisky. The average pot-house mogul of small caliber is the victim of many strange hallucinations. One of his pet delusions is that he is indispensable. He harkens to the opinion of the publican, and the continuance of the planetary system, somewhat or other, rests on him. As for the political party to which he claims to belong, or rather which he imagines belongs to him, he is perfectly sure that but for his sage counsel it would fall to pieces and resolve itself into chaos. It is almost impossible for the small-bore demagogue to believe that his party could survive a single campaign in case he should pay the debt of nature—the only debt, by the way, which he ever does pay.

Instead of being a modern Atlas with the whole world on his shoulders, he himself is a burden grievous to be borne. He wanders around, never allowing himself to stray far away from the saloons, like an evil spirit seeking rest and finding none, and allowing nobody else to find any, either. He will hunt gentlemen on the public highways, and unless they seek safety in flight, he will inflict on such victims, in a whisky-laden whisper, whole libraries of stale political lore and decayed campaign rubbish.

In regard to the actual services he renders his party there will always be an honest difference of opinion. There is good reason to believe that this postulant for pap does more to cause the respectable elements of his party to go over to the opposition than all the other causes put together. The shrewd politician and office-seeker perceive that the unsavory but enthusiastic demagogue is in reality a dangerous Jonah, who should be promptly inserted into the raging main if the ship is to be saved, and they often do throw him overboard; but he always bobs serenely up and swims to shore, or is picked up by the rival craft.

Occasionally the small-bore politician gets into power, and sticks with it, with the certainty of a postage stamp in a pocket-book on a damp day. The taxpayers discover that they are being robbed by a set of famished cormorants. Then it is that the man whose property is being sold for taxes lifts his voice and a rebellious hoof and rails at the small-bore demagogue. An independent tidal wave sweeps over the neighborhood, and the small-bore demagogue and his friends are left high and dry when the waters recede, and the truth of the author's statement. The peasants are frigid, ignorant, and their minds are in a certain extent, solid. These mires are village governments, each one independent of the other, and each peasant, while bound for life to his mir, has no ties connecting him with any other village. Nor have the mires any connecting links. To all intents and purposes the mires in Russia are independent States, with nothing in common but the Government tax gatherer. It is a fact that has been the envy of the Russian autocracy, for were a concerted movement to come the General Government of the country would go down before it as would a pile of sand before a breaking dam. In fact, the authority of the Czar to-day rests upon two things—the ignorance of the peasantry and their lack of organization.

It is a question, however, of great interest how long this state of things will last. If, as Stepanik says, the majority of these peasants are in want all the time, if they absolutely have not enough to eat for the larger part of the year, a time will come when they will move. They may be ignorant, but no man is so ignorant that he can not tell the difference between hunger and repletion. When the misery becomes widespread enough, when the tooth of starvation presses down hard enough, something will happen. The history of the world has shown often that under certain conditions in society a spark is only needed to set fire to the train. It might begin in Russia with knocking down a tax gatherer. And when it does begin the result will be fearful. The atrocities of the French revolution would cease to be talked of, for those in Russia will cast them into the shade. As the Russian Czar and nobility have sown so shall they reap. Of course there will be great wrongs done, of course the peasants who have brought it about will escape, for in the vengeance of races the innocent suffer for the guilty. The sins of the fathers will be visited upon the children. And who shall say, when those sins are considered, that this will be unjust.—Current Literature.

In order to appreciate success we must know failure, and our greatest successes consist not in never failing but in persistently conquering such failures.

We are prone to forget what we do know; whereas we should consider that whatever good thing we know is only so far good to us as it is remembered to purpose.—Richard Cecil.

No Suffer Remedy can be found for Cures Cuts, Scars, Salt Rheum, Bells Pimples, Felons, Skin Diseases, and all ailments for which a salve is suitable. For taking out soreness and healing it acts like magic. 25 cents a box. At druggists.

In this world full often our joys are only the tender shadows which our sorrow cast.—Recher.

No one so young that he may not live a year, no one so old that he may die to-day.—German Proverb.

Does the Earth Really Move? Science says that the earth really does revolve around the sun, but some people still believe that it is stationary. It is a common mistake to think that the earth is stationary, and that the sun moves around it. The truth is that the earth is revolving around the sun, and that the sun is the center of the solar system.

For Rickets, Marasmus, and Wasting Disorders of Children. Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is unequalled. The remedy with which children gain flesh and strength upon it is very wonderful. Read the following: "I have my second child, and in case of Rickets and Marasmus of long standing, and have been more than pleased with the results, as in every case the improvement was marked."—J. M. MAIN, M. D., New York.

The plot that does not give is ploty that does not "pay."—Hogregretionist.

"Purgatory Bullets." An excited Irishman lately rushed into a Boston saloon, and, after a few words, he said, "I'm all wrong entirely. I want some stuff to put me right. I've got a headache, and my stomach is all wrong. I want some purgatory bullets. I've got a headache, and my stomach is all wrong. I want some purgatory bullets. I've got a headache, and my stomach is all wrong. I want some purgatory bullets." The clerk, "Purgatory Bullets," said, "I'm sorry to hear that, but I can't help you. I've got a headache, and my stomach is all wrong. I want some purgatory bullets. I've got a headache, and my stomach is all wrong. I want some purgatory bullets." The man, "Purgatory Bullets," said, "I'm sorry to hear that, but I can't help you. I've got a headache, and my stomach is all wrong. I want some purgatory bullets. I've got a headache, and my stomach is all wrong. I want some purgatory bullets." The clerk, "Purgatory Bullets," said, "I'm sorry to hear that, but I can't help you. 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