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NEWS IN GENERAL

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

The Station-House Lodgers.

Out of the black shadow of the alley, like a great bat's wing, came the head of the line of men across Oak Street to the basement gate of the station-house. The doorman now developed as much activity as the German had shown. He flew at the first man in the line, and catching his shoulders, flung him ten feet away along the pavement. "Get out of here," said he; "a-a ah, give me no talk. I know yer. You was here last night. Git, now, or I'll give yer my foot. And you too; git, now, and don't let me see yer any more."

As his eye rested on each familiar face he leaped at the bearer of it and gave him a knock or a twist that sent him spinning out of the line like a top. "Them's old soaks, that's been here before," said he in explanation, "and we don't take 'em if they're regulars. There's not room enough for them that deserves a lodging."

I suppose those poor devils were the most to be pitied of all the men I saw that day. What under heaven they were to do if the station house spurned them was indeed a question. But they were spun out of sight and out of mind. Down in the brightly lighted basement of the station-house the German and the doorman lined up the men in a crescent shaped file with many a curt order to "turn your face this way; let's see your face, man." The manner of the policeman was rough, his tones were sharp; but it was only a manner and a tone. The New York policeman is a pro-

fessional man. His business is adopted for life, and familiarity with the conditions in which he moves renders him decidedly businesslike. A for the men, those who were jerked out of the line like calves in a cattle yard, simply hung their head and shuffled away like calves. Those who were admitted to the station-house and ordered about moved dully and mechanically, as if they were rather helpless than stupid, and had made up their minds to pay that price for a lodging without complaint or resentment.

They were new to such a place. They were not tramps or professional lodgers. Seven in ten were such men as one is used to seeing about the wharves, or carrying dinner pails homeward in the uptown streets at supper-time. They were unskilled laborers, with here and there a man not so easy to place—a countryman, perhaps, or a man from a distant city. They stood with their heads up and their eyes moving, to take in everything around them. The German patrolman began at the head of the line and asked for recruits for the workhouse—a new departure in lodging room practice.

"Do you want to go 'way?" he asked of each. "Do you want to go 'way? Do you want to go 'way?" How these questions under stood him I don't know, for I had to have his meaning explained. The fact was that the Department of Charities and Correction has determined, in order to relieve the distress and the pressure for lodging room, to send to the workhouse, on Blackwell's Island all New-Yorkers of several years' residence who have no homes and are willing to leave town for the winter. The strangers are to be sent back to the places they hail from.

"Do you want to go 'way?" "No, sir." "Do you want to go 'way?" "I don't mind." It was a long-shoreman who spoke. "No, sir." "No, sir." "No, sir," said others in monotonous succession. Then a second man, who might have long been a truck driver, said he "didn't care." And a third one, a young fellow, answered, "Yes, if you please." There were boys in the line—at least two lads of seventeen or eighteen years—badly off, but yet better placed than if they had ten cents with which to get into the average lodging house, where thieves are made as if they were factories for turning discouragement and poverty into crime.

"What do you want to go to, the Island for?" I asked the man who had been a longshoreman.

"Well, sir, what else can I do?" he replied. "I have no work and no money and no home. I buried my wife five year ago, and I have no children. I've been here twenty-five years, and I understand I can be took care of for the winter—till times is better."

Some one shipped some silver in his hand—for tobacco on the Island.—Harper's Weekly.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

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A Python's Nest and Eggs.

A writer in the Scientific American, after describing a trio of enormous serpents, which he assisted in either killing or capturing while on a visit to the Philippine Islands, thus describes the eggs of one of the monsters:

"From the log in which the third specimen was caught 89 eggs were taken. They were white and nearly round, about the size of an ordinary baseball, and were covered with a soft, leathery shell or skin. They adhered to each other, forming a large mass, which had to be literally torn apart in separating them. So far as observed all were fertile, each specimen examined containing a living embryo, about 4 inches in length. When discovered the snake was coiled up and around its eggs, apparently incubat-

ing. Upon being removed from the log the eggs dried up very rapidly. As the temperature of the interior of the log was noticeably above that of the atmosphere, it is probable that it was the close coils of the snake's damp body that prevented evaporation and consequent drying up before removal."

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