

BIRDS.

Eric-a-Brae—How to Keep Canaries and Turtles—How they Dive and How they Thrive.

While the canary is perhaps the most popular domestic favorite, very few are properly cared for. A Hartz canary, which is the very best singer, will retain his voice for ten or fifteen years with the right kind of care. In the first place, the cage should be of steel or brass wire and kept perfectly clean. Painted cages are bad, for the reason that the bird is apt to peel off, and may be injured by the bird. Papering the bottom of the cage is equally pernicious, and the perches and swing should be cleaned off every other day, and a protection against soot feet. The cage in a tempered sun, protected from drafts, sprinkled with floor with sand. Any kind will do, and is considered more beneficial than turtle-bone. Many succeed well by having the sand mixed with the seed. Let the food consist chiefly of rape and canary, two parts of the letter with one-third of the former. Sugar is a bad thing, and if used at all should be in very small quantities. Food with a bit of hard-boiled egg once a week; not oftener, as it is too fattening and will injure the bird.

Birds, like featherless bipeds, require an occasional laxative, for which a small piece of ripe apple, one berry of small lettuce, parsley or celery leaf may be given twice a week. When used more frequently, or when the fruit is unripe or decayed, the result is a light form of cholera and general derangement. In such a case the bird will sing less than usual, and should be fed on seed alone, and should be kept in a warm place. It may be mentioned here that ice-cold water can never be given with impunity. Never try to bathe the canary in the moulting season, which usually occurs from June to September, and lasts about two months, during which time the singing is very indifferent. The other ten months will find the bird in good voice unless allowed to catch cold, or, as before-mentioned, his food disagrees with him.

Canaries cost from \$2 to \$4. The best singers come from Germany, though fine warblers are found in every variety. The females are seldom possessed of good voice. There is no way of telling a fine singer from appearances; the only test is to buy on probation, and "give the bird a chance."

The best fish for an aquarium are gold, silver, pearl, sun, bull heads and minnows, with a turtle, a couple of tadpoles and a snail for variety. Buy the smallest fish always, if economy is any consideration. In summer the water should be changed every other day, but once a week is sufficient in winter. Never remove more than three-fourths of the water, and then discharge with a siphon, draining the bottom water. Globe fish are like hot-house plants, and require delicate handling, which precludes a plunge bath into water five or ten degrees lower temperature.

When it is necessary to clean out the basin remove the fish in a bowl of the same water, and, when restored, pour them back, water and all, and fill up the aquarium gradually, in order that the fish may become accustomed to the temperature. Fish food should be given in small quantities, and not oftener than once a week.

Never throw bread in the bowl, as the chemicals spoil the water. It is well to keep a piece of water weed, moss, wandering jew or any aquatic plant in the water. The growth will be slight, but the animalcules generated will be consumed by the fish. Feed your turtle and bullheads with flies and small worms occasionally, and two or three times a week attach a small piece of raw beef to a string and throw it into the water. This should be removed in an hour, and the water slightly agitated.

If there is no projecting rock or castle in the aquarium, float a small piece of cork for the use of the turtle. If minnows are used the water will have to be changed every day. They may be caught at any of the city parks by the dozen; they are lively little fellows, very tame, and would be most desirable were it not for the difficulty of keeping them. Gold, silver, pearl and sunfish do not live over three years.—[Chicago Herald.]

THE KIND OF HUSBAND.

It took the ladies of the Michigan Women's Christian Temperance Union a little while to get acquainted, but when the acquaintance was once formed it ripened fast.

"How do you give your name?" asked one lady of another, as they removed their wraps at the door one morning.

"I have usually written it Mrs. James P. Jones."

"Did your mother name you 'James P.?' inquired the first speaker, with considerable emphasis. "I will never call myself by my husband's name."

"Nor I," "Nor I," "Nor I," came from a number of bystanders.

The little woman appeared surprised to find herself so largely in the minority, but she finally found breath and courage to say:

"Well, I suppose it does make a difference what kind of man the husband is."

And then the President rang to order, the knot of ladies dispersed, and there was a sort of a look upon their faces as if the little woman had come out ahead.

A girl has been born out West with three tongues. Good Lord! If this should get to be a fashion.

ABOUT ANIMALS.

BETTER THAN A FISH STORY.

Two years ago the 12-year-old son of J. B. Hopkins, of Ellsworth, Kan., killed a wild goose whose claw was found to contain a tiny gold ring inscribed "Pet." A newspaper note was made of the matter, which brought out the fact that the ring was lost last summer by a child of Mr. Dell Cobb, foreman of the Silver City Southwest, N. M., while traveling through Kansas.

THE VALUABLE DOGS OF A DUCHESS.
The Duchesse d'Uzes, who is probably the only lady in Western Europe who is the actual mistress of a pack of hounds, sent thirty-six of the animals with which she hunted last winter in the Forest of Rambouillet to the French bench show, and these hounds have been awarded a prize. The Duchesse d'Uzes can boast of having killed every stag she has hunted—for in the Forest of Rambouillet, as everywhere else in France, they hunt the wild deer.—[Paris Dispatch to London Times.]

A KANGAROO HUNT IN VIENNA.
A novel pastime is in preparation for the Viennese public. Mr. Henri Burkhardt has brought from the colony of Victoria thirty kangaroos for the purpose of a royal hunt. The Prater is the locality selected, and dogs and horsemen will be engaged in the sport. Some of the kangaroos are of great height and proportionate strength, and will give the Austrian hounds that may be courageous enough to tackle them considerable trouble. The hunt is to come off in the course of a month.—[St. James' Gazette.]

AN ADVENTURE WITH A DEER.
The mail-carrier from Newberry to Grand Marais, Chippewa county, reports an adventure with a buck deer. One day while going through the woods, he saw the buck at a little distance in the woods, and shot, wounding him. The buck immediately started at the man with his head to the ground. The man started to get over a big log, but before he was on the log the buck struck at him, running his horns into and pinning the man tight to the somewhat rotten log, and as the buck could not loosen his horns, the man was obliged to wait a few hours for the buck to die and then cut off the horns.—[Detroit Free Press.]

A CAT'S REASONING POWER.
When a paraffine lamp was being trimmed some of the oil fell upon the back of the cat and was afterwards ignited by a cinder falling upon it from the fire. The cat, with her back in a blaze, in an instant made for the door (which happened to be open) and sped up the street about 100 yards, where she plunged into the village watering-trough and extinguished the flames. The trough had eight or nine inches of water and the fire put out with water every night. The latter point is important, as it shows the data of observation on which the animal reasoned.—[From Nature.]

A CAT STORY.
An old white cat belonging to a family residing on Milwaukee street, died recently, and an interesting story is now related about it. One fine morning, after having received a saucer of milk fresh from the family cow—the milk wagon—left the kitchen and walked toward the barn. It was soon attracted to a rubbish pile at the side of the barn, and began to gnaw at some small pieces of meat which lay strewn around the place. An old rat soon made its appearance, and also began to gnaw at the meat. Not being satisfied with the piece at which it was gnawing, the rat walked over to the cat and commenced to eat the piece of meat at which the cat labored. The cat allowed him to share her meal undisturbed, and when he had finished he picked up a small piece of meat and quietly walked away. On being watched, subsequently, she was found in the same place in the company of several rats, although she had often caught and killed rats in other parts of the yard. It is said that this story is entirely true, although it seemed to have been slightly colored.—[Milwaukee Wisconsin.]

CANINE CURIOSITIES.

The education of dogs was a common diversion in early times. In an engraving of 1344, to be seen in the Bodleian Library, a dog is represented sitting on its haunches, and in Ben Johnson's play of "Bartholomew Fayre," acted in 1614, he mentions "doggies that dance the morrice." In the last century a theatrical troupe composed entirely of dogs appeared in England. The exhibition was called "The Ball of Little Dogs." The showman states that they performed by their cunning tricks wondrous in the world of dancing, and adds, "You shall see one of them, named Marquis of Gillerdian, whose dexterity is not to be compared; he dances with his mistress, and the rest of their company at the sound of instruments, all of them observing so well the cadence that they amaze everybody." At the close of the bill he declares that the dogs had danced before the Queen (Anne) and most of the nobility of England. But many other "cunning tricks," and greatly superior to those practised by Crawley's company, have been performed by dogs some few years ago, at Sadler's Wells, and afterward at Astley's to the great amusement and disport of the polite spectators. One of the dogs acted the part of a lady, and was carried by two other dogs; some of them were seated at a table and waited on by others, and the whole concluded with the attack and storming of a fort, entirely performed by dogs.—[New York Post.]

BICYCLING.

A Lightning Bicycle Ride—Down a Mountain Grade Which Fell Three Hundred Feet to the Mile.

Our mine, the Spondulix of Colorado, was the highest on the range. It was 2,570 feet above Silver Brick station, and nine miles distant from the village. From the works up to the mines there was a broad, hard, smooth road, used for carting ore down from the mines and hauling supplies up. The average grade down the mountain was 300 feet to the mile; in some places it was steeper, and at intervals almost level.

By constant practice I managed at last to ride my fifty-two-inch University roadster up the whole slope to the Spondulix, of course resting at levels, but my chief delight was the coasting down again; it required skill, a good deal of nerve, and a firm grasp of the brake.

One evening an accident occurred to one of the men engaged in the mine. I instantly got out my bicycle, explaining that I could go swifter than a horse down the slope. In a few minutes I had on my riding suit and was off.

The night air was clear and crisp; the full moon, except in a few curves, shone directly into the gulch, lighting up the road. Leaning well back, with my legs over the handles and a firm finger on the brake, I allowed the wheel to glide down the first long slope at a speed which I had never dared to venture before. Finding the motion safe, I allowed the machine to run still faster. Over the first level I shot like an arrow. Down the next slope I seemed to glide with the rushing wind. Then I turned a curve and ran into the shadow of the mountain upon the next level. Knowing every inch of the road, however, I did not slacken my speed, except very slightly.

As I flew over the top of the next slope, a steep plunge of nearly half a mile, another curve completely shut out the moon, making the road almost as dark as a pocket. Here I put down the brake hard, and checked my speed materially. Still I knew the road so well that I had no fear. But just as I was on the steepest plunge of the slope—

Clunk!
Something flew from the machine like a bullet. Instantly the wheel darted forward like the rush of a frightened bird, while the brake lever came home to the steering bar under my finger.

The brake had broken short off the elbow!
There was nothing to check the machine, which was running away with me, with over five miles of mountain grade before me, and the chance of meeting a team at any moment in the dark. I might have leaped backward off the machine at the instant of the break, but five seconds afterward it was too late. To attempt a dismount would be certain death. There was nothing to do but stick to the saddle and take my chances.

When the accident happened to the brake I was just entering a dark curve in the shadow of the mountain. The wall on my right appeared a dark, almost invisible brown, while the chasm on my left was of an inky blackness. As I rounded the hollow of the curve I could see the moonlight shining far ahead on the point of the elbow which I must turn where the road was channelled into the wall. As I approached it I had the sense and nerve to run on the outer side of the road, close to the edge of the canyon, thus giving myself as broad a turn as possible. I found by the track of the wheel afterward that at the sharpest turn I had actually ridden within three inches of the extreme edge for several rods, where, if I had been going at a less fearful speed, the wheel would certainly have slipped over the edge and carried me down a fall of 1,000 feet.

Safely past this, the worst point, the remaining curves were easy. Thus far there had been no time to think. My actions were more instinctive than reasoning. My mind was a wild, confused whirl of sensations and fears.

But now as I shot down the last steep incline, suddenly I experienced a terrible mental shock. It was caused by hearing the tinkle of a bell far below and seeing the spark of a lantern such as the mine teamsters carry in front of their wagons. There was a team, perhaps a train of teams, coming up the road! In a few seconds I should be upon them. The shock made me think, and that clearly. If the teamster was walking beside his team he would be on the inside, next to the mountain wall, and the team would be in the middle of the road. If he was riding, the team would be kept near the mountain wall, and at a safe distance from the outer edge of the track. Either way my best chance was to pass on the outside. As I approached, therefore, I ran close to the outside edge of the track, and flew by in safety, hearing the teamster shout as I did so. Here it was lucky that I was going at such speed, for the teamster saw the red light of my lantern when I was nearly a mile distant, and, recognizing it, he started his team toward the outer edge of the road, so as to give me the safest passage on the inside; but I passed him before the team could be driven over, otherwise I should surely have run into them.

And now the wheel ran along the level to the bottom of the mountain; still my frightful velocity did not perceptibly diminish. I ran on past

the works, and into and along the village street. Luckily the street was covered thinly with sand—not enough to make it bad riding, but sufficient to gradually stop a coasting wheel. My speed slackened perceptibly. Still I ran nearly through the village, and then managed to turn a broad corner and up the slope of a side street, which finally checked my speed so that I ventured to drop my feet cautiously and take the pedals, after touching them as they came up for a number of revolutions, to help to check the machine.

And so I finally stopped and leaped to the ground exactly in front of Dr. Cameron's house.

On mounting at the mine house I had looked at my watch, after a habit I had, and now, from the same habit, I looked at it again. I was not astonished to find that I had made the nine miles from the mine to the Doctor's in a few seconds less than thirteen minutes. Allowing six and a quarter for the first two miles, before the brake gave way, and I must have made the last seven miles in less than six and three-quarters minutes. I firmly believe that I covered seven miles in less than six and a half minutes, incredible as such speed seems.

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION.

One of the young printers attending the I. T. U. Meeting in this city was quite gone on a Cincinnati girl, and one evening when he went down to see her, he met the girl's father for the first time alone.

"I believe you have called before," said the old gentleman, inquisitively.

"Yes, sir, it has been my pleasure to do so."

"And you admire my daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is your business?"

"I'm a printer."

"What is your religion?"

"I'm a Typographical Union man," said the young fellow, wishing to be facetious.

"Oh, you are? And you believe in that kind of Union, do you?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Well, you want to get out of here pretty quick. You might have married the girl in the old-fashioned way, but I don't believe in this free love business affinity trash, union of souls, typographical unions, nor none of the new-fangled notions you young sprigs are trying to get up to improve on the plan designed by our ancestors, and which I think plenty good enough. Good evening, sir, and when you have changed your religion, call around again, and if this girl is married, I've got two or three more coming on."—[Cincinnati Drummer.]

A PUZZLED JURY.—Gen. R. W. Judson tells a good story. It was of a case in the United States District Court at Albany many years ago. A patent-right suit was on before Judge Nelson. William H. Seward was counsel on one side. In summing up he occupied a whole day. Peter Cagger came in while he was talking, and after listening an hour turned to a learned lawyer and inquired: "What the devil is Seward talking about?" The counsel on the other side made a long speech and the Judge charged. After the jury had been out about two hours they came into court, and the foreman said: "Your Honor, the jury would like to ask a question." Judge—"You can proceed." Foreman—"Well, your Honor, we would like to know what this suit is about?"

The peculiar desideratum, especially in a large class of city buildings, of deadening sounds in floors, is now realized, it is stated, by a recently devised arrangement, consisting simply in the assertion, between each joint, of a three by six inch plank, two inches from the bottom of the joists, and projecting four inches beneath them; to these intermediate planks are nailed the ceiling boards, and the space between is filled with sawdust to within one inch of the joists. According to the representations made as to the effects of this method of construction, the sound is so effectually deadened, that the most vigorous hammering carried on above cannot be heard at all in the story beneath.

There is in the British army a total of all ranks on the home establishment of the regular forces of 101,468, on the colonial of 26,010, and on the Indian establishment of 61,591, making a grand total of 165,386 of rank and file, and 189,069 of all ranks. The artillery militia number 19,854 of all ranks, the engineer militia, 1,249; infantry militia, 117,575, and Channel Islands militia, 3,996. The yeomanry cavalry is 14,404. The total of the volunteer force amounts to 247,922.

WHY POSTMASTERS ARE CONTENTED.—When the wife of the first or second class postmaster officially requests him to beat the carpet, or weed the onion bed, or whitewash the back fence, he can draw out and read Postmaster General Gresham's order forbidding first or second class postmasters to absent themselves from the offices. Then he can go out from the sheltering roof of his domicile absorbed in the beautiful thought that "there is no cloud without a silver lining."

"Is Mrs. Sammelson in?" asked Mrs. Beezumbee of the servant at the house of the former on Austin avenue. "No, mum, she told me herself to tell you she wasn't in." "That's very kind in her. Please tell Mrs. Sammelson that I didn't call this afternoon."

The creter of Kilanea is reported to be unusually active. Another of the "Invincible" gang, who reckon

MUCH-MARRIED.

An Ohio Woman who has had Nine Husbands—Fair Prospects of the Tenth—Hard to Beat.

Mrs. Dyer's residence is situated about three miles from Peninsula, a station on the Valley road. It is a matter of common report in the neighborhood that the lady has been a bride on nine separate and distinct occasions. The matrimonial reporter of the Herald started forth to seek out and interview this polyandrous wife. A few brief questions of a Peninsula citizen brought out the desired pointer concerning the habitation of Mrs. Dyer, and a drive of twenty-five minutes took the seeker for truth to her door. The house is a weather-beaten old structure built on the ancient plan, with the side toward the road and the door midway between the ends, opening into the "company" room. Mrs. Dyer, who responded to the rap, was not the vision of loveliness the young man had traveled twenty-five miles to see. She is apparently about sixty years of age—no exact data on this point were obtained—and looks as if she would comfortably survive her last annexation and acquire a tenth, the more especially as Mr. Dyer is not extremely stalwart, and liable to chip out of the game at any time. As was intimated, there is nothing surprisingly beautiful about Mrs. Dyer. She does not impress one as being possessed of sufficient attractiveness to beguile more than two men into committing matrimony, yet before the interview was ended she exhibited seven marriage licenses and two certificates, which serve much the same purpose as do abstracts of title where real estate is transferred, preserving the lady's identity. The presence of the two certificates she explained by informing her caller that she married two of the deceased in Pennsylvania, in which State no license is required. In the conversation the young man was given a brief biographical sketch of every one of the eight who had gone before, the recital being illustrated with the portraits of the gentlemen.

Cynthia Boardman was first led to the altar as a blushing bride thirty-five years ago. William Rawlings, skipper of a canal-boat, was the happy man. He did not live long enough to enjoy his good fortune, for one bright May day, just as a prosperous freight season had opened, Captain Rawlings' lead mule kicked him into the ditch, and he sank beneath the muddy waters of the "raging," not to rise again until elevated by means of a stone-derrick. The widow, after a proper season of mourning, was again wooed, and attached her fortunes to those of Henry Ladd, whom she had employed to run the boat, after Rawlings' fatal bath. One night Ladd was brushed off the hurricane deck, by a bridge north of the Boliver level, and the mules went into Navarre with no man at the helm. The boy, who slumbered as he rode, had not missed the commodore, and not until the ditch was dragged two days later was the question as to the mode of his departure settled. Mrs. Ladd shortly afterwards went to Western Pennsylvania to visit a relative, and while there was married to John Henderson, a cooper. The fated John made her but few barrels afterwards, and in two short months his grave was seeded down. The relict concluded her visit and returned to her Ohio home. William Johnson was the next candidate. He was accepted and survived for a period of nine years. He was buried at Hudson, and Mrs. Johnson, undismayed at the decay of her previous hopes, was united in marriage to one James Dixon, of Shalersville. He sold the canal-boat, which had become rather ancient, and with the proceeds and the personal estate of Johnson bought the farm which Mrs. Dyer now cultivates. James soon followed his predecessors, and became a member of the angelic choir. After following him to his grave the bereft wife made another journey to Pennsylvania, where she changed her name to the more euphonious Maybury. The happy pair moved to Indiana. Wabash ague shook the life out of Mr. Jacob Maybury in four years, and his wife returned to Summit county in time to console John Ladd, one of her first series of brothers-in-law, for the death of his second martial venture by marrying him herself. This, added to his grief, was too much for John, and he remained only six weeks. For four years Mrs. Ladd lamented, and then, her love for mariners returning, she became the wife of Andrew Tipton, who ran on the short trade between Cleveland and Bedford. The days of the doomed Tipton passed swiftly by, and in the year 1876 he went to that bourne whence toe and heel path likewise sluices and waste gates, are unknown. The widow Tipton went back to the farm and started a youthful crayon artist on the road to affluence by giving him an order for pictures of her husbands. The contract was taken at wholesale rates, and the money for which Tipton's boat was sold settled the bill. Surrounded by the counterfeit presentments of her beloved dead, the frequent widow, who had never been a mother, waited for the next candidate to come her way. Dyer was blown in by the heavy storm of 1880. He was not so popular as many of her former husbands. "But," said Mrs. D., "I was gettin' too old to be partickier, and I took him."

"He doesn't appear to be in good health," ventured the reporter as he arose to leave, casting a compassionate eye on the devoted Dyer, who was

wrestling with a scythe in the rank first growth.

"No, George ain't overly stout, and I reckon his picture'll soon go along with the rest of 'em," replied Mrs. Dyer, glancing proudly at the crayon which surrounded the room.—[Cleveland Herald.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A girl has been arrested while disguised as an old woman. The old woman disguised as a girl is still at large.

"In case I am recalled," announced a young vocalist to a Western audience, "I shall sing 'My Grandfather's Clock.' She was not recalled.

The question is asked us if there is anything that will bring youth to a woman? Yes, indeed. An income of \$20,000 will bring any number of them.

"I guess that girl must be the flour of the family," remarked the young man who had been waiting with her, as he essayed to brush off the white spot on his coat sleeve.

Mulcahy says the statement that John Roach's ship is the first iron vessel launched in America is a mistake, as Mrs. Mulcahy frequently launches iron vessels at him.

"No," said a New York belle, who had just returned from a tour of Europe and Egypt, "No," I didn't go to the Red Sea. Red, you know, does not agree with my complexion."

A precise father: He did not object to his daughter joining a musical society, but gently insisted that abbreviations were coarse—Philip Harmonic sounds much more genteely, my dear.

A young man married against the wishes of his parents, and, in telling a friend how to break the news to them, said: "Tell them first that I am dead, and gently work up to the climax."

A lady writer is out with an article entitled "How to Catch a Husband." But her theory is all wrong. Ask any married woman how to catch a husband, and she will reply, "By the hair."

Clara (looking at the bonnets, etc.): "Don't you think they are very handsome?" Amy (whose thoughts are on the other side of the street): "Very, specially the one with the black mustache."

The independent damsels of Athens, Ga., formed a "Spinners' Club," which no men were suffered to attend. Then a Bachelor's Club was organized in self-defense, and at last accounts they were holding joint sessions.

A young man at Tuskegee, Ala., went to see his lady-love the other night and staid so late that the girl's mother brought in a dozen eggs and asked him to hatch them for her. He left, and declares that he will never call again.

There are some girls so awfully nice that they will not dance with a fellow in a ball-room if his hairsticks up on the back of his head. The same girl may be seen at the age of 31 looking in seven different directions for a husband.

"I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Tid nice, "I never saw a girl like our Sary Jane. I worked almost two hull days on her bathin' dress, and don't you think she got it wringin' wet the first time she put it on!"

Somerville takes the first prize for a tender hearted man. He is so sensitive that he can't bear to see or hear his wife saw wood, and when she tackles the bucksaw in the cellar he puts on his hat and walks out of the house.

FEMALE FANCIES.

Motto for a female chiropodist: "She stoops to corn cure."

"Alas! alas! I loved amiss," cried an Olive-street bachelor. His friends advise him to marry her.

"Things have come to a pretty pass," remarked Fogg as a young lady walked by the window where Brown and Black were sitting. The boys said they saw the "pretty pass."

What is that—a circus acrobat? Oh, no, my son, that is a man who is kicking himself. What makes the man kick himself? He has been to a masquerade party and flirted with his wife all the evening.

An exchange tells in half a column "how to woo a woman." It is the appearance of articles such as this that gives people the idea that editors know a little of everything—and in some cases blamed little.

In India the wife cooks the dinner, the husband eats all he wants, and then, if anything is left, the wife eats. This looks bad, but it should be remembered that it gives the lady more time for conversation.

Lady Paget says that a person with a big nose should wear much hair at the back of the head, so as to re-establish the balance. She will please say what a bald headed man establishes by wearing a full beard.

"Did that lady take umbrage?" said the proprietor of a Harlem store to his clerk, who had just had a wordy dispute with a customer. "Oh, no. She took ten yards of turkey red calico, and wanted buttons to match."

A Pine street damsel recently remarked that her heart was so big and heavy that there actually wasn't room for it in her bosom. "I'm afraid," she concluded, "it'll drop into my shoes." "It won't be crowded, will it?" put in an admirer.

A celebrated circus manager is on the hunt for a new curiosity for his show. He is seeking to find a young married man whose wife can cook as well as his mother did. Twenty-six States have been explored thus far without success.