

SONG TO THE SEA.

The wave-song of Beauty be sung to the sea,
The curve to her bosom its rhythm shall be.

LODGING FOR TEN CENTS.

The Stiffing Basements Where Chicago's Tramps Find Nightly Rest at a Dime a Head.

On Clark street, less than two blocks south of the Grand Pacific hotel, are a dozen stifling basements before which announcing dark transparent signs announce that lodgers will be accommodated there for 10 cents a head.

First of all there is an immense store whose ruddy sides send out volumes of heat which give the gloomy basement a tropical atmosphere. The apartment is long and narrow, and the ceiling is low and draped with dusty cobwebs.

Slowly the circle around the stove contributes its dimes to the watchful proprietor and stumbles off to bed. Each man, when he has undressed, ties his discarded clothing in a ball and swings it from the ceiling above his couch by a piece of twine.

Having disposed of his garments, the lodger consigns himself to the protection of the folded quilt. Around him lie dozens of his kind. The narrow basement being below the surface of the ground, and having only one entrance, is almost air tight.

Nothing to be Ashamed of. [San Francisco Chronicle.] "At the first production of my new play the other night," remarked Mrs. Biggs, the alleged dramatist, "I saw several of the critics go out between the acts."

The Harvard Gait. [Boston Budget.] Takes the whole caravan of Harvard exquisites and trot them out on the race track, our word for it, the best judge on the stand will not be able to detect the slightest difference in their gait.

Sheep for Australia. [Chicago News.] The Australians are largely purchasing the best breeds of American sheep. The latest arrival to this end is Mr. James Winter, who has a ranch of 35,000 acres, with 45,000 sheep, 6,000 head of cattle, and 500 horses.

Less Offensive. [Exchange.] A temperance man crating at a soldier's banquet out west had occasion to repeat the couplet: "Their bones are mouldering in the dust, their spirits are in heaven, we trust."

Mary Anderson and the Poet Longfellow.

Among other distinguished men of letters who gave her their suffrages was the poet Longfellow. He greatly admired her acting, and he would try at times to give her good advice and direct her tastes in a proper channel.

"Well, yes; but then," said the poet, you should see 'Don Giovanni' and the 'Nozze di Figaro.' " "Oh, I like 'Trovatore.'" The poet looked somewhat amused, I thought, but nothing more, and then relapsed into silence.

"Won't you give me a copy of your poems with your name in it?" I fairly shuddered at the indelicacy of the request, but the poet smiled pleasantly, and said, seemingly pleased: "Of course I will!"

As I was leaving the box Longfellow asked me to share his cab with him, offering to drop me at my rooms. I accepted of course. As we rattled along over the cobbles we very naturally discussed the Anderson. I hazarded the remark that she was the nearest approach to the tragedy queen that we had on the stage.

"She is a paradox," said Longfellow; "she is at once classical and crude. She has everything to learn in her profession, and she has a spark of the divine afflatus—a look of fatalism in her eyes, a plastic spirit in her gestures."

The Rye-Straw Car-Wheel.

Paper wheels may be larger than the ordinary iron wheels or they may be the same size. Their surface is never corrugated nor irregular like that of the iron wheel. The paper of a paper car-wheel is nothing more nor less than ordinary brown straw board.

After being thoroughly dried, the paper wheel is turned on a lathe to fit the heavy steel tire and shell into which it is inserted to form the core of the wheel. It is held firmly in its place by an iron plate the size of the inner surface of the wheel and by bolts.

Thomas Tracey's Tailman.

He was a little old man and very dirty. When he stood before Justice Foose yesterday it looked as though he would fall heir to a well-developed fine. But he held a talisman in his left hand. It was a plug hat—one of those which seem to say on every 17th day of March "positively my last appearance."

The Motion Was Not Seconded. [Doughville (Ga.) Star.] Some years ago, when the Hon. Hugh Buchanan was judge of the Coweta circuit, there lived in the county a gentleman who had once been a justice of the peace and judge of the inferior court, whom we shall call Judge S.

THE RESULTS. Whenever contending princes fight, For private pique or public right, Armies are raised, the fleets are manned, They combat both by sea and land.

OSTRICHES IN FLORIDA.

An Attempt to Raise the Giant Feathers for Their Feathers in this Country.

A few days ago Mr. Charlton Jones of Sylvan lake, Florida, left this city with three pairs of fine ostriches, which he recently received from Nubia. Mr. Jones intends to raise ostriches for their feathers. Although the climate of Florida is not quite like that of Nubia, yet he thinks it is very probable that the giant birds will thrive and multiply in their new dwelling place.

The ostriches yielding the best feathers are found in North Africa, but their number is rather insignificant. Since 1862 the ostrich farms have greatly multiplied in Cape Colony, Natal and the Transvaal, countries lying at the same distance from the equator as Florida.

The hatching of ostrich chicks takes forty-two days. The eggs are about six inches long and five inches wide, and are equal in bulk to twenty-four hen's eggs. The ostrich chick in a few days reaches the size of an ordinary hen. It is covered with light brown down, through which, on the back and wings, project black needles like those of the hedgehog.

Young ostriches are usually kept separate from the grown up ones. They feed upon grass, corn, and leaves. They are kept in small flocks of from twelve to fifteen birds, in a place surrounded by a ditch or a fence of creeping plants. However insecure the fence may be, the ostriches never attempt to pass it.

Mr. Sullivan on Fisticuffs. [Chicago Herald.] "Believe," said Mr. Sullivan, of Boston, "every chap should know how to put up his props" (meaning, no doubt, his maulers, or, in plain English, his fists).

Tobacco Production and Consumption. [Boston Advertiser.] Our own tobacco exports are at least ten times larger than are those of Turkey; but probably few people know that in the production, consumption and export of tobacco America exceeds every other country, and that, as a producer of quantities, it is followed immediately by Russia, Hungary, Germany, France—not by Cuba, which has but 4,500 tobacco farms, and exports less than does Turkey.

Toney Gastronomy. [Milwaukee Sentinel.] "Oh, yes," said Mrs. Parrenu, to a friend on the ever-interesting subject of gastronomy, "we always serve our broiled quail on real pound cake—real big slices, too; toasts is so common you know—everybody serves quail on toast."

Inter Ocean: Advertising made a fortune of a clear \$4,000,000 for J. C. Ayer, and his wife inherited it. This teaches that the wives of business men should persuade them to advertise largely.

Some Facts About Peanuts.

The preparation of peanuts for the market is an interesting operation. They are first put in an immense cylinder, from which they enter the brushes, where each nut receives fifteen or sixteen feet of brushing before it becomes free. After this cleansing process the nuts drop on an endless belt, which revolves very slowly. On each side of the belt is a row of girls—black, white, tan colored and crushed strawberry, some of them—whose duty it is to separate the poor nuts from the good ones.

Those of the nuts that "pass" go on to the next room, where more girls await their arrival and put them in bags which, when filled, are sewed up and branded as "cocks," with the figure of a rooster prominent on each sack. These are the "No. 1" peanuts. The poorer nuts, which were separated by the girls at the endless belt, are all picked over again; the best are singled out and branded, after being put in the sack, as "ships." The "ships" are not so large nor so fine in appearance as the "cocks," but are just as good for eating.

The third grade of nuts is known as "eagles" and the cullings that are left from the "eagles" are bagged and sent to a building where the little meat that is in them is extracted by a patent sheller. This "meat"—for by this name it is known to the dealers—is put up, clean and nice, in 200-pound bags and shipped for the use of confectioners and manufacturers of peanut candy.

A Chinese Funeral Procession.

There is this unfortunate fact connected with the death of a Chinaman in Hong Kong—he can never be buried there with the eclat which is obtainable in the interior. I saw one funeral procession up on the Tientang river, which was nearly a mile long. First came a posse of priests in white robes and shaven heads, and then a peculiarly holy man, who, I suppose, was a sort of bishop. Next was a lot of servants carrying paper money, clothes, and articles of furniture, to be burnt at the grave, and after them some men with gongs of tremendous power. Then followed a company of soldiers, and some more gongs; after which were banner-men in considerable numbers, and again gongs. Now came a huge white dragon borne aloft in the air, and another party of priests immediately after. The coffin followed, being borne by twenty men on long bamboo poles. It was covered with white, and on its top was the cap of the deceased mandarin. His chair was next, and after that many other sedan chairs, full of relatives and friends, some empty ones coming afterward. And lastly, there ran along a lot of women all habited in white.

This was really a fine procession. The defunct Chinaman at Hong Kong cannot expect to be ushered into the next world in such state as this. But he can have a nice coffin, and is to be blamed very little if he gets it in good time, so as to be assured of its quality. In one respect the European of Hong Kong has a certain advantage over the native, for he possesses what is generally allowed to be the prettiest cemetery in the world. Situated in what is called "the happy valley," it is for situation and ornamentation one of the most beautiful spots that art and nature combined have produced.

Mr. Sullivan on Fisticuffs.

"Believe," said Mr. Sullivan, of Boston, "every chap should know how to put up his props" (meaning, no doubt, his maulers, or, in plain English, his fists). "It is a great deal straighter and better than drawing a gun" (meaning, it is presumed, the using of a pistol). In short, Professor Sullivan plants himself on the platform of the many art of self-defense with his fists. The opinion of the distinguished professor is worthy of consideration, and there is little doubt that, on the whole, bloody noses, the result of fistic encounters, are less objectionable than bullet-perforated corpses.

Conkling's Early Manhood. [New York Tribune.] "Roscoe Conkling," remarked the Hon. Hamilton Spencer, a prominent lawyer of Bloomington, Ill., the other day, "read law in my office in Utica, N. Y." The firm was composed of my father, the late Joshua Spencer, Francis Korman, ex-United States senator from New York, and myself. Conkling entered our office in 1846, and was quite a young boy, but large and tall for his age. He was rather a good-natured, red-faced, wholesome-looking sort of a fellow, possessing a very fine specimen of physical manhood, while there was everything else about the young student to indicate good health and contentment with the world. Although quick to learn and possessing the finest talents, young Conkling was not regarded as being what is called a very close student, but still his mind was capable of grasping eagerly the principles of the law, and his eloquence at the bar won for him many important suits.

Dinner of the Thirties.

None of the thirteen men who sat down to dinner in New York city on Nov. 13, 1882, to defy superstition, died in the year following, and they dined together again Wednesday night at the Knickerbocker cottage. In front of each plate burned a black candle, on the left hand was a gravestone bearing the wine list, and upon the right hand a coffin with the dinner list on it.

The World Moves.

How the world has progressed within a century! George Washington, the first president of the United States, never saw a steamboat. John Adams, the second president of the United States, never saw a railroad. Andrew Jackson the seventh president, knew nothing about the telegraph. Abraham Lincoln the sixteenth president, never dreamed of such a thing as the telephone.

JEFF DAVIS IN IRONS.

An Indignity Offered the Southern Leader While in Fortress Monroe.

"Ben. Perley Davis in Boston Budget." "Was Jeff Davis ever manacled?" asks "a constant reader" of the "Reminiscences." He was, at Fortress Monroe, on the ground that he had refused to eat some of the food prepared for him, and had shield a tin plate at the head of the soldier who served him. This was "revolt," strictly speaking, but there was nothing to fear from the angry acts of an old man who was imprisoned in the inner apartment of a casemate, with a guard in the outer apartment and sentries posted on the outside, at the port-hole, and at the door. But orders had undoubtedly been sent by Secretary Stanton to put the fallen chief of the Confederacy in irons if he gave any provocation, and he gave it.

Capt. Titlow, who was especially charged with the custody of Mr. Davis—and who is authority for this statement—was accordingly ordered by the commandant of the fort to place his prisoner in irons. Summoning a blacksmith, who was in the habit of riveting irons on soldiers sentenced by courts-martial to wear them, the captain went to the casemate, accompanied by the blacksmith carrying the fetters and his tools. They found Mr. Davis seated on his cot, there being no other furniture besides but a stool, and a few articles of tinware. When he glanced at the blacksmith and comprehended the situation, he exclaimed: "My God! this indignity to be put on me! Not while I have life!" At first he pleaded for an opportunity to inquire of Secretary Stanton. Then his excitement rose to fury as he walked the cell, venting itself in almost incoherent ravings. The captain at length calmly reminded him that, as a soldier, he must be aware that, however disagreeable the duty assigned, it must be performed, and that, as in duty bound, he should perform it.

"None but a dog would obey such orders," replied Mr. Davis, emphasizing his determination never to be manacled alive by grasping the stool and aiming a very vicious blow. The sentries rushed forward to disarm him, but were ordered back into their places. Capt. Titlow explained that such demonstrations of self-defense were foolish and useless, and that it would be much better for Mr. Davis to submit to the inevitable necessity. But while receiving this advice, he took the opportunity of grasping the musket of one of the sentries, and in the furious endeavor to wrest it from him quite a scuffle ensued.

That ended, the captain took the precaution of clapping his hand on his sword-hilt, as he perceived Mr. Davis' eye was on it, and at once ordered the corporal of the guard to send into the casemate four of his strongest men without side arms, as he feared they might get into the wrong possession and cause damage. They were ordered to take the prisoner as gently as possible, and using no unnecessary force, to lay him upon the cot and there hold him down. It proved about as much as four men could do, the writhings and upheavings of the infuriated man developing the strength of a maniac, until it culminated in sheer exhaustion. When the unhappy task was done, Mr. Davis, after lying still awhile, raised himself and sat on the side of the bed.

As his feet touched the floor and the chain clanked, he was utterly overcome; the tears burst out in a flood. When he became calm he apologized in a manly way to the captain for the needless trouble he had caused him, and they afterward maintained mutual relations of personal esteem and friendliness. The indignity had, however, such an effect upon Mr. Davis that the physician called in insisted on the removal of the irons. Permission to do this was reluctantly obtained from Washington, and the same man who had put on the fetters took them off. This act did much to restore the deposed leader of the rebellion to the foremost place, which he had forfeited, in the hearts of those who had rebelled.

Faith in Grape and Canister.

[M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.] "Bring up the guns!" Let the order be heard by a regiment of infantry crowding to the rear in a panic, and it will halt the men in their tracks and make fighters of them again. There is something in the companionship of a field battery that makes a foot soldier braver than when his regiment fights alone. The guns may be wasting ammunition as they roar and crash, but it seems to the regiments on flank or in rear that every discharge is driving great gaps through the enemy's line. So long as the battery remains the supports will remain. Even when the order is given to double-see the guns, and the infantry can see that half the horses have been shot down, he still carries the feeling that grape and canister will win the victory. The loss of horses, wagons and small arms is lightly mentioned in official reports and the losers feel no degradation; but let a brigade lose a single gun from one of its batteries and every soldier feels the shame. It is next to losing the flag presented to the regiment as it marched from home.

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