SONG TO THE SEA.

wave-song of Beauty be sung to the curve to her bosom its rhythm shall tings her white arms with a passion len, th of the shore-that no feeling can free

er us sea-born the swell of thy sway, igs that we sing are the perfume

of play. onant breezes, like music astray, afting our spirits forever away.

we us a passion-flower opens the sky, arth in its languor half closes its eye; surs are but cloud-drifts that silently fly.

e is a vision, and life is a lie. PETROLEUM OHEWING GUM.

Industry that Is Eating into

Spruce and Tamarack Gum de.

[New York Sun. hid you know that nearly three-quarters the chewing gum that tires the jaws of ising generation in the United States is made from petroleum?' said a manufac-

her to a Sun reporter the nfectio reporter did not know it. h, yes," said the confectioner.

"Petrofirst knocked the spots off the whale ess of New England, and now it is ing into its spruce and tamarack gum in y at a fearful rate. Here's a lump of jeum we have just received." The con-oner slapped his hand on a large oblong k that resembled a piece of marble. "A days ago," said he, "that came out of

nd in Pennsylvania, a dirty, greenwn fluid, with a smell that could k an ox down. The oil refiners took it

ut it through a lot of chemical prothat I don't know anything about, and aking out a large percentage of keroa good share of naphtha, considerable , a cart-load or so of tar, and a numof other things with names longer than alphabet, left us this mass of nice clean There isn't any taste to it, and no

ell than there is to a china plate. We will take this lump, cut it up, and it in boilers. This piece will weigh 200 ds. We add thirty pounds of cheap rtoit, and flavor it with vanilla, winterpeppermint, or any other essential we turn it out on a marble table at it into all sorts of shapes with dies. rit is wrapped in oil tissue paper and ed in boxes it is ready for the market. an imagine that somebody is chewing in this country when I tell you that a like this one will make 10,000 penny and we use one up every week. There ns of manufacturers using almost as of the wax as we do.

elieve this petroleum chewing gum, if tly made, is perfectly harmless, and is more than can be said of some of the made from the juices of trees, esally the imported article.

The Guillotine To-Day in France.

IAN

M,

IL,

Haynie in San Francisco Coronicle.] this time it was broad daylight. Hou ed quite unconcerned and walked ly toward the guillotine. The priest other attemp), but in vain. The asits quickly seized him by the arms and w him on a long pine board. He offered ta particle of registance. They fastened a tightly to this board with straps—one s his breast, a second across his thighs. third at his ankles. They then put ak in place, pushing it so far forward that fellow's neck reached the lower semi-ular notch of the guillotine. The exener stepped down from the platform, going around to the front, seized Houy he hair and pulled with all bis might. I

d the fellow cry out with pain. I saw ler touch a spring, and then like a flash sharp knife fell. It cut the neck in two. lead rolled into a basket half filled with st, and the eyes were wide open. was then unstrapped and thrown in the tet. The execution took precisely two utes and a half. When the knife fell the wd rushed in and it was with great diffiy they were driven back again.

utioner's assistants fell to work to exe the instrument. The basket with its dust and the bloody remains was placed be wagon behind the old white horse driven to the cemetery. After a pre-ed interment the body was transferred indertaker's wagon and taken to the d. The head was taken to the dis-

LODGING FOR TEN CENTS.

The Stiffing Basements Where Chicage's "ramps Find Nightly Repose at a Dime a Head.

[Chicago News.] On Clark street, less than two blocks outh of the Grand Pacific hotel, are a dozen stifling basements before which gleam after dark transparent signs annonneing that lodgers will be accommodated there for 10 cents a head. Below each sign a series of crazy steps leads down into a shabby door with a broken

Passing through this door one latch. enters directly into the mysteries of the cheap lodging house. First of all there is an immense stove

whose rundy 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. In the early evening a dense group of strangelooking beings clusters around the rag ing fire. They are hopelessly dilapi dated as to clothing. They are supplied with indescribable head-coverings and impossible foot-gear. They smoke poisonous tobacco in pestilential pipes. They converse little, being either sober and stupid or drunk and dismal. But

they glory in the heat. Though their oking garments are almost ready to burst into a blaze from its intensity, they crowd still closer to the source of their enjoyment.

In the corner by a little desk stands the proprietor with his book of accounts, in which he is writing with the stump of a lead pencil. He has none of the gaudy garments and gleaming jewelry of the aristocratic hotel clerk, but he looks clean and comfortable enough The long rows of figures on every page indicate that the house is doing a rushing business. By the proprietor's side are displayed a wooden pail filled with water, a tin basin, a rubber comb, and a broken blacking-brush. These com-pose the lavatory and toilet outfits of

the establishment. On the other side of the proprietor are several tiers of pigeon-holes constructed out of rough ards and containing various articles of wearing apparel which have been left there by the lodgers for safe-keeping. A kerosene lamp burns by the proprie tor's book. At the back of the room another lamp of the same description is suspended from the ceiling. Their light reveals two long aisles with several rows of bunks, formed of heavy planks nailed together, rising on either side. The bedding of each bunk consists of

an old quilt made double by a fold down the middle. On one of these sumptuous couches a weary tramp may purchase for a dime the privilege of reposing

over night. 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 discarded clothing in a ball and swings it from the ceiling above his couch by a piece of twine. This is a wise precaution against the danger of its being invaded by small stragglers of the night. If he has any article of value, such as money or a whole coat, he leaves it in the care of his landlord. He would not trust it in reach of his fellow lodgers for less than its full value, rightly classing most of them in the ranks of the pickers and stealers.

Having disposed of his garments, the lodger consigns himself to the protection of the folded quilt. Around him dozens of his kind. The narrow lie basement being below the surface of the ground, and having only one entrance, almost air tight. The huge stove belches forth its heat at all hours. The smoke of many tobacco pipes has defiled the imprisoned air, and the breathing of the hundred lodgers adds its horrors to the tainted atmosphere. The heat and foul air of the room would make it an intolerable sleeping place to any one not accustomed to such surroundings. But the lodgers sleep, and sleep soundly.

Mary Anderson and the Poet Long-fellow.

[New York News.] Among other distinguished men of etters who gave her their suffrages was the poet Longfellow. He greatly al

mired her acting, and he would try at times to give her good advice and direct her tastes in a proper channel. But infusing culture into Mary Anderson was an Herculean task, indeed. On the stage she was easily a queen; off, she was nothing but a wild coot of a girl, who rolled her handkerchief over er finger, and who shifted restlessly from one chair to another till she had circumnavigated the whole room. She was frank, though-honest-no snobperfectly at her ease with any one.

I remember being much struck with this latter characteristic. It was after her first Boston engagement. Longellow was spending the evening with her in her box at the opera. ·*I1 Trovatore" was being sung. "Don't you like 'Trovatore?" " she

asked, ruthlessly, of the man who had heard the music of half a century, and represented the culture of cycles. Well, yes: but then," said the poet, you should see 'Don Giovanni' and the

Nozze of Figaro. "Oh. I like 'Trovatore.'" The poet looked somewhat amused, I thought, but nothing more, and then relapsed into silence. Next she turned to him and said :

"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!" And the next And the next day, I afterward learned, he sent her a complete edition of his works, with his autograph on the fly-leaf. Verily, it is a mistake to be fastidious. "Ask and it shall be given, seek and ye shall find

As I was leaving the box Longfellow sked me to share his cab with him, offering to drop me at my rooms. cepted 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. The Continent.

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. That made wholly of rve straw is preferable. The boards are cut into disks, and holes in the centre are punched large enough to fit the iron axle shoulder that constitutes the hub of the wheel. Thus shaped, the straw boards are placed one upon another with ordinary flour paste between the layers, till a pile of them about five inches high is attained. Then they are put under a hydraulic press and squeezed together as tightly is it is practicable to compress matter of the consistency of straw board. The pressure is so great as to produce high degree of heat in the compressed 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. In short, the paper of a paper car-wheel is simply a core or filling in a shell of steel, outer rim or tire that runs on the track being nearly two inches thick. The virtue of the paper consists in the fact If a fire should start in the basement durability of a paper wheel, on account from any cause, as from a breaking of this elasticity, is computed to be that it gives elasticity to the wheel. The

OSTRICHES IN FLORIDA.

An Attempt to Raise the Giant Birds for Their Feathers in this Country. [New York Sun.]

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. In different places in North and South Africa there are many ostrich farms, where the birds are raised specially for their feathers. The feathers are usually cut off only once a but ostriches which special care yield vear, eive vield annually two and even three crops of feathers. When it is considered that ostriches live from forty to fifty years, and that yearling birds yield remarkable feathers, it is clear that an ostrich farm ought to be profitable. The artificial breeding of ostriches is perhaps the best paying branch of agriculture. About three years ago chicks just out

of the egg were sold at \$20 to \$25 apiece; at 1 month of age they brought \$30 to \$35; at 6 months, \$65 to \$100; at a year, \$100 to \$150, and at 2 years about \$250. A pair of ostriches of full age-that is, 5 years old-then commanded \$300 to \$450. But now, as the number of ostrich farms has been greatly increased, a pair of good os triches can be bought at \$200.

The ostriches yielding the best feath-ers 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. During the last twenty years the number of domestic ostriches in those countries has increased up to 100.000, and their yield of feathers amounts to about \$4,500,000 worth Egypt raises only about \$1,000,000 worth of feathers, and Algeria, Tunis and Tripoli altogether hardly \$100,000 worth. True, the ostrich feathers raised in the latter countries are superior to those raised in South Africa, but difference is not very great, and the feathers of Cape Colony are often sold for those of Egypt.

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 The estrich chick in a few days eggs 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 hedge hog. The chick of 1 month is of the size of a turkey, and its down has begun to change into minute feathers. The body of an ostrich half a year old is about the size of that of an average man. Its feathers reach a good size, but they are not cast off before it becomes a yearling.

Young ostriches are usually kept eparate 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 sur-rounded by a ditch or a 8 fence of creeping plants. How-ever insecure the fence may be, the ostriches never attempt to pass it. It often happens that domestic ostriches attack men, and particularly strangers, although in the wild state they usually shun man. When attacking a man an ostrich strives to strike him with its feet. Such blows are very dangerous. There have been cases in which the spine of a horse has been broken by them. If a man has no arms to defend himself, and no way to escape, the best for him to do is to throw thing himself on the ground, for then the ostrich cannot strike him a hard blow. When enraged, however, the ostrich does not leave its victim, but

Some Facts About Peanuts. [Cor. Philadelphia Press.

The preparation of pennuts for the is an interesting operation. market They are first put in an immense cyl from which they enter the brushes, where each nutreceives fifteen or sixteen feet of brushing before it beomes free. After this cleansing process the nuts drop on an endless belt, which revolves very slowly. On each side of the bell 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

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 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 picked over again; the best are singled out and braaded, 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.

There is also an oil made from some of the nuts, and in this specialty, I am told, a large trade is done by wholesale druggists. Of the peanuts there is nothing wasted, for even the shells are made useful, being put in immense sacks and sold to livery men for horse bedding, and a very comfortable, health ful bed they make.

A Chinese Funeral Procession.

[Hong Kong Cor. London Telegraph.] There is this unfortunate fact lected with the death of a Chinaman n Hong Kong-he can never be buried there with the eclat which is obtaina ble 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 bearing bearing 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 imme-diately 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. [Chicago Herald.

"I believe," said Mr. Sullivan, of Bosevery chap should know h many thousands of miles greater than furiously renews the attack. Under the up his props" (meaning, no doubt, his circumstances a man has only one maulers, or, in plain English, his fists). "It is a great deal straighter and betsome place of safety, such as a tree, a ter than drawing a gun" (meaning, it is presumed, the using of a pistol). short, Professor Sullivan plants himself on the platform of the manly 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 But there are great physical inequalities between men. Even the profession of which Dr. Sullivan is one of the most conspicuous, indeed, the most conspicuous exponent, divide mankind in into classes of weights, by which divis-ion we get heavy weights and feather weights, or men of larger bone and stature, and others of slight develop-ment. Every man might know how to but the light put up his 'props, weight would employ them in vain against the heavy weight. What then to be done to equalize the combat if are near cousins of the crocodiles of the Nile. Why, then, may not ostriches plan only? The professor should give this branch of the subject anxious thought and stand prepared properly to advise an anxious world.

JEFF DAVIS IN IRONS.

An Indignity Offered the Southern Leader While in Fortress Monroe. [Ben: Perley Poore in Boston Budget.]

"Was Jeff Davis ever manacled?" asks "a constant reader" of the "Rem-iniscences." He was, at Fortress Monroe, on the ground that he had refused to eat some of the food prepared for him, and had shied 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 ap partment 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 state ment-was accordingly ordered by the commandant of the fort to place his prisoner in irons. Summoning a bla ksmith, 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 situation, he exclaimed : "My God! this indignity to be put on me! Not while 1 have life!" At first he pleaded for an opportunity to inquire of Secretary Stanton. Then his excite-ment 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 oppor-tunity 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 writh ings 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 over-come; the tears burst out in a flood. When he became calm he apole ogized in a manly way to the captain for the need less 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 re-

luctantly 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.

ing table, where, by means of electric-all the muscles of the face were excited after the other. At first it was convulsed a frightful grimace. The eyes opene shut, and the evebrows contracted. The at first assumed the expression of grief then of rage, so that the jaws dropped ther and the teeth were gnashed in fury. muscles of the body were next operated The arms rose and fell, the legs mately drawn up and thrown out vio ly, the breast moved up and down as th was still in the body. We could inly hear the air whistling through the ing neck. When the corpse was cold stiff these experiments were discentin-; it was then taken back to the cometery buried.

A Peculiar System of Marriage. [Pall Mall Gazette.

Life in the Siberian mines is not such an gether unmitigated curse as popular ation pictures it. From some of the itest evils which men elsewhere have to ffer, the convicts in eastern Siberia are ppily delivered. There is indeed marriage giving in marriage, but there is no court nor need any man complain that he is ted to a savage" or a shrew. When a oner wishes to get married, all he has to is to send in an application to the overwho straightway affots him a wife. e days' probation is then allowed, and if npatibility of temper seems likely rise the man receives twenty-five lashes d another wife, and so on until he is con-

Jay Gonid's Tomb [Philadelphia Tim

Initiadelphia Times. J Jay Gould's tomb is almost finished. It is mple size, being constructed to hold ty bodies. It is elaborate in its workip and finish and perfect in all its ap The illustrious millionaire bio nents. her of himself is now prepared for any-that fate may bring. If he wants to home he has houses, lands and money If he wants to sail the seas he has a cht ready to leave at a moment's notice. now if he wants to die at any time or crazy person should blow him up with mite or powder he is ready with a tomb ranted to hold the most restless million-and to outwit the shrewdest and most intrious ghouls which New York can possibly

Less Offensive.

[Exchange.] A temperance man crating at a soldiers' iet out west had occasion to repeat the et: "Their bones are mouldering in the their spirits are in heaven, we trust; instead of "spirits" he used the word ulants," as being less offensive to some d church members whom he saw present.

lamp or a bazing match, the inmates would have small chance of escaping. They would most likely be smothered or roasted to death in their uneasy beds. A few of the basements are better

kept than those which have been described. The bunks of at least one of them are clean and supplied with pil-In several the price of beds ranges from a dime to 25 cents, the dearer ones being of a fair quality. Many of the lodgers in the more respectable basements are honest laborers, but in nearly all of them the tramp element is largely represented.

Nothing to Be Ashamed of. San Francisco Chronich

"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. Now, don't you think they ought to be ashamed of themselves?" "Am not sure about that," responded an editor. "Not sure?" "No. Going out between the acts is often necessary." "How can it be?" "Well, I was a critic once, and at the presentation of new plays I often had to leave between the acts." "What for?" "To breathe the "To breathe the fresh air of heaven, look up at the silent stars, reflect on the immensity of the revolving universe-and pray for patience."

The Harvard Gait. [Beston Budget.

Take the whole caravan of Harvard xquisites 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. They will each raise the foot just so high from the ground, carry it forward to just such a distance, and place it again on the ground at the same angle, and this, they will tell you, is the fashionable way of walking, and that no gentleman walks otherwise.

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

action.

acres, with 45,000 sheep, 6,000 head of cattle, and 500 horses. Last spring he shipped a large number of sheep from San Francisco, which have done so well that he proposes to repeat the trans-

is computed to be watches that of the common cast-iron wheel now in general use.

Thomas Tracey's Talisman.

Chicago News.] He was a little old man and very dirty. When he stood before Justice Foote 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 seem to say on every 17th day of March "positively my last appearance." But they always show up next year just the But

The prisoner held it so the court did not see it. "You were very drunk, Thomas Tracey," sternly remarked the justice. "Yez, sur: but, yer honor-"" and he slowly lifted that ancient national insignia into view.

A change came over the face of the magistrate, the hard lines about the mouth relaxed, and he looked like a man who felt the gnawing of the pangs of remorse or a piece of cold mince pie. 'Dismissed," he said, and a large, cold bead of perspiration shot down his nose and fell on the docket with a dull thud, forever blotting out the entry against the Lame of Thomas Tracey.

The Motion Was Not Seconded. (Doughsville (Ga.) Star.)

Some years ago, when the Hon. Hugh Buchanan was judge of the Coweta circnit, 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. This gen-

tleman had just been admitted to the bar. He was in his first case before Judge Buchanan. Col. A. was his opponent. Col. A. moved to dismiss the case of Judge S. for some defect in the pleadings. Judge Buchanan asked Judge S. what he had to say in reply Judge Buchanan asked to the motion of Col. A. "Why, if it pleases your honor," said Judge S. "you can't entertain the motion of Col. A. It has no second." Judge S. lost his

THE RESULTS.

Whenever contending princes fight, For private pique or public right, Armies are raised, the fleets are nano'd,

Both, tired of blows, make peace at last, What is it after all the people get? Why! taxes, widows, wooden less and debt.

him until he rises, means of escape, namely, creeping to river or ditch.

The fights among male ostriches are very savage and bloody. The males bravely defend their nests, and they sit on the eggs from 5 p.m. to 8 a. when the females take the post and remain on the nest until 5 p.m. While on the nest the ostrich lays its neck on the ground, so that an inexperienced person might mistake it for a heap of

earth. On leaving the nest even domestic ostriches make several jumps and curious motions calculated to mislead their enemies. In case of danger ostriches try to hide themselves bushes or behind stones. Wildcats, hyenas, jackals, wolves and tigers are the enemies of ostriches in their native land. The tricks to which these beasts

resort in order to break the ostrich eggs are well known. Ostrich farmers usually bait the beasts with poisoned meat to save their flocks. Florida abounds in alligators, which

thrive in Florida?

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 other country, and that, as a producer of quantities, it is fol-lowed 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. Parvenu, to a friend on the over-interesting subject gastronomy, "we always serve our broiled quail on real pound cake-real big slices, too; toast is so common you know-everybody serves quail on toast.

Inter Ocean: Advertising made fortune of a clear \$4,000,000 for J. C. Ayer, and his wife inherited it. This teaches that the wives of business 0.00 should persuade them to advertise largely.

Conkling's Early Manhood.

Hon. Hamilton Spencer, a prominent lawyer of Bloomington, Ill., the other "read law in my office in Utica, N. day, The firm was composed of my father, the late Joshna Spencer, Francis Kernan, 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 He was rather a good-natured, age. 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.'

Jack Falstaff: "Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying."

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 So long through the enemy's line. the battery remains the supports will Even when the order is given remain. to double-shot the guns, and the in-fantry 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.

Dinner of the Thirteen. (Chicago Herald.)

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. [Exchange.]

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

They combat both by sea and land, When, after many battles past,

[New York Tribune.] "Roscoe Conkling," remarked the