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SOUTH AMERICAN WONDERS

Dr. Rosby's Experience with the Natives and the Native Animals.

There is a big room or two up at Columbia College in which are spread abroad more wonders than were ever dreamt of in Horatio's philosophy. Birds, beasts, fishes, plants of strange nature, Indian relics, and all manner of South American wonders are here, the prizes captured in a two years' struggle with danger and suffering by an American scientific investigator. The owner of these treasures is Dr. Henry H. Rosby of Detroit, who, representing Parke, Davis & Co. of that city, Jan. 10, 1885, left New York for a tour through Chili and Bolivia in the hope of discovering amid the fauna and flora of the Andes and the Amazon some valuable additions to the medicinal riches of the American pharmacopœia.

Dr. Rosby's adventures were many and interesting, and in due time will be given to the world in a book. He met the sorocho in his native lair, did battle with the Caripuna Indians and the man-eating fish and alligators of the Beni River, broiled in the stenches of La Paz, the filthiest city this side of Constantinople, took his daily dose of quinine like a little man, and saw the place where 5,000,000 cinchona trees are growing, the source from which all the calisaya cocktails of the future must come. From all this he came out much the worse for wear, but still full of enthusiasm.

Dr. Rosby intended to land at Mallendo and go direct to Bolivia, but the Peruvian war prevented. Gen. Caceras was making things lively for the authorities. So he was obliged to travel by mule from Tacma to La Paz, a seven days' journey, going from Arica to Tacma by rail, a tough journey across a desert, without the shade of a spear of grass to relieve the monotony.

"The whole country of Arica and Tacma has been captured by the Chilians," said the doctor. "It is to be kept for ten years. At the end of that time the inhabitants will vote whether to remain in Chili or go back to Peru. The country which gets them must pay $10,000,000 for the prize. Meanwhile Chili is doing everything possible to make things pleasant for the people with music and games. The Chilians' present purpose is to have a United States of South America, capturing the other countries little by little, and gradually adding to their strength and wealth. They are a bloodthirsty people, loving war, and extremely brutal in carrying it on. They murder men, women, and children with impartial cruelty, ripping them open with big knives.

"Our journey from Tacma was one of terrible suffering. It was upon a high tableland, reaching an elevation of 16,500 feet, and for five days we journeyed at an average elevation of 14,500 feet. The air was so rarefied that we suffered much from sorocho, the chief symptoms of which were difficulty in breathing, prostrating muscular weakness, and bleeding at the nose and ears. We passed the beautiful volcano of Tacoso, which discharges across the road a river, the water of which is fatal to human life. Men often commit suicide on the tableland, they suffer so much from sorocho. There is also great danger from lightning, which is frequent and violent."

Dr. Rosby crossed the Andes with much tribulation, and went to work among the valleys of the eastern slope. He advises investors to keep away from the old Spanish silver mines, and says that any belief that they were crudely worked is a mistake. The Spaniards did not leave much mineral richness behind in their mines. "In Bolivia," he said, "half the silver is counterfeit. A Consul who had grown tired of making coin sold his counterfeiting machine to one of our party. And I wish to say right here that up to the present Administration the diplomatic service sent to Bolivia from our country has been scandalous. Drunkenness, bribery, and the counterfeiting of money have made America's agents a byword among the Bolivians. I wish to except Mr. Gibbs and one other, who were honest men and much liked by the natives."

The doctor proposes to stir up these scandals in his book and claims to have some very lively evidence to offer. The liveliest part of his journey was on the Beni River, where it was worth a man's life to take a bath and where he lost his boat, his provisions, and the Waterbury watches with which he was purchasing all sorts of valuable things from the natives. But he got through in spite of insects and monsters, and having only one day of fever in a land where fever grows on every bush he satisfied himself that a scientific use of quinine makes a man impervious to it.

Among the wonders which the doctor met was a half-pound fish, so sensitive that it attacked anything which caused a commotion in the water and so fierce that it would kill horse or man in crossing a stream 100 feet wide. He found a tribe of Indians so virtuous that they tied the unfaithful to anttrees and the little insects would eat them alive, stripping the bones in less than twenty-four hours. In brief, he had a great time.—*N. Y. World.*

Interviewing Dickens.

In a musty little dressing room just off the stage of St. James' Hall, in Buffalo, Charles Dickens gave an ambitious young newspaper reporter his first lesson in interviewing. That was more than twenty years ago and during Mr. Dickens's last visit to this country. The great novelist gave two public readings in Buffalo, and on the day after his reading in that city he went to the Niagara Falls with a party of friends. It was to obtain his "impressions" of the Falls that the ambitious young reporter sought Mr. Dickens a few minutes before the rising of the curtain on his second night's entertainment. As luck would have it the distinguished author was alone in the dressing room. He was sitting at a rude pine table reading a newspaper by the light of a spluttering candle.

"What is it, young man?" he said, somewhat gruffly, as soon as he became aware of the reporter's presence.

"I am a reporter for the Buffalo *Express*," said the intruder with forced calmness.

"Yes, yes! well, what is it?" exclaimed Mr. Dickens in a tone so freezing that the reporter shivered and instinctively turned toward the door in expectation of an admonition to "Get out!"

"Well, what do you want?" repeated the great Boz.

"Wh-wh-what do you think of Niagara Falls?" stammered the reporter.

"None of your—" began the famous novelist with rising asperity.

"I beg your pardon, excuse me, I thought—" nervously interjected the reporter, as he edged towards the door.

"Wait a moment. Come here!" Mr. Dickens' demeanor and tone had changed completely. The reporter looked up in surprise. The expression of annoyance in the face of the novelist had given way to one of amused interest. "So you were sent to interview me, were you?" said he pleasantly. "Well, I hope you will excuse my candor in saying that your paper could not have sent a person less likely to succeed, even if I were willing to be interviewed, which I am not. My young friend, let me give you a word of advice. When you want to interview a man don't act as if you were afraid of him, and don't throw a net at him as though you were seeking fish in invisible depths. No man whose opinions are worth publishing will respond to a wholesale invitation to unbosom himself. Don't ask weak or frivolous questions. You must have an intelligent plan of campaign when you go interviewing. First of all you must know just what you want to say and your questions must be sufficiently incisive to awaken the interest of the person to whom they are addressed. Once you get a man interested in a subject it will require only a little ingenuity to keep him talking. After what I have seen to day I can not help feeling an interest in Niagara Falls, but if you will excuse me for saying so, you lack the ingenuity to set me talking on the subject. I wish you well, however. Good night."

Mr. Dickens's "impressions" of Niagara Falls were not printed in any Buffalo newspaper the next day, but his pithy remarks on the subject of interviewing were printed on the tablets of that young reporter's memory—in red ink, as it were.

Silly, Romantic Maidens.

"You common folk know nothing about adoration," cried a popular actress the other day. "If you want to be incumbered, swathed about, as it were, with undying devotion, you must go upon the stage. The adoration will come mostly from young girls under 18, it is true, but then what matter where one gets one's sweets so that they are an assured quality?

"Baltimore is particularly notable for lovelorn maidens of this type, and I have had as many as a dozen letters a day from them.

"What do they want? To see me, to kiss me, to look at me! They send me fruit and flowers, bon-bons and books, and they come up here and positively walk into my room. I very naturally say, 'I don't know you. Who are you? What do you want? For heaven's sake go away.' I positively turn them out. Then, after a time, there comes another knock at the door. I look out cautiously.

"'Ah,' they say, 'my dear Mrs.——, just let us see you a minute. O, do, do, do!' Then I say 'No!' very flatly. 'Well, then, let us just kiss your hand. Please put your hand through the door, and we'll kiss it and go right away.' As I'm not particular about being a party to such idiocy I persist in my refusal. I'm sure I can't imagine what they mean by it. It makes me blush for womankind. I wonder why their mothers don't give them something to keep them busy and prevent them from making such horrible fools of themselves. They become positively maudlin for want of something to do or some reasonable object to centre their surplus ardency upon. And then the impudence of them!

"The other night I came out of my dressing-room after the evening's performance, and found a pale-faced girl standing there, as lynx-eyed as a Sheriff. As soon as she saw me she ran up and caught hold of me and said: 'O, please, Mrs. ——, can't I ride home with you in your carriage?'

"'Why, certainly not,' I replied. She didn't seem at all abashed, but looked at me patronizingly and said:

"'I just wanted to tell you I felt a sort of pity for you.'

"'Pity for me,' I gasped, 'my poor little child there is $2,000 in the house. I think you had better go home and pray to be like me.' I suppose the ridiculous infant had conjured up the idea that her artless sympathy would be a great beneficence.

"Another annoyance which every actress is subjected to is the treatment of the mob which waits about the theatre doors. English mobs have some features which are more terrible than American mobs. They are really more dangerous but not so impudent as American crowds.

"Once, when I got out of my carriage in London to go into the theater there was a very ill-natured mob about the doors, and one hideous old woman hit me violently across the back with her umbrella and leered a frightful face up at me.

"'Do you think you're a lovely woman,' she shrieked.

"'No,' said I, 'I don't. Do you?' The crowd stopped grumbling and began laughing. It's easy enough to deal with an English mob if one only knows the way to do it.

"Here the crowds are mostly made up of young boys, and they are incorrigible and shout the most dreadful things after one. There seems to be no effort to stop them at all. It is like encountering shot and shell to go from the theater to the carriage."

A Modern Xantippe.

Jim Akers was a small, tow-headed, knock-kneed man, with irregular teeth, which made his mouth look like a steel trap twisted out of plumb, says the *Southern Bivouac*. His wife was a large, raw-boned woman, fully a head taller and fifty pounds heavier than Jim. She had the temper of a half-famished wildcat, and no darky just "gittin' religion" was ever half as much afraid of the devil as Jim was of her; he had reason to be. When she was fairly on the warpath she breathed chain lightning and flung cyclones from the tip of her tongue. Nor did she content herself with words only, however bitter and furious. She very often brushed the poor little wretch with a hickory until he felt as if he had borrowed his back of a saint fresh from the gridiron.

One bright, golden, delicious afternoon in the latter part of May, Jim left the patch where he had been hard at work all day and "snuck een" to his cabin by the back way. He proceeded hastily to doff his every-day clothes and don his Sunday garments, casting furtive glances all the while at the black-browed, terrible dame sitting in the front doorway knitting. With trembling haste he completed his preparations and was shambling out again, when his wife, previously apparently oblivious of his presence, shot a fierce glance at him, which made him jump almost out of his shoes and brought the perspiration out from every pore.

"Whar you boun' fur?" she asked.

"I 'lowed I wuz gwine down to the fish-fry fur a hour or two. Them boys is a hevin'——"

"Well, you 'lowed wrong. You jest histe off them close, and go back inter that patch and finish hoein' them pertaters. Don't you distress yerself 'bout no fish-fries."

"But I done tole the boys I wuz gwine to be thar."

"Well, you tole 'em a lie."

"But Ed Sykes and Hank Evans is a waitin' fur me now at the crossroads, and I'd ruther not disappint 'em."

"Well, I'd ruther you would. Shet up, now, and do ez you're told."

Jim gasped and quaked with fear; but, for the first time in many years, he thoroughly realized the tyranny under which he was crushed. His heart was set on going to a fish-fry, and in that feeble, fluttering little organ a faint shadow, a dim eidolon of spirit became suddenly aroused. He hesitated a moment, ventured even to return the gaze of those glowing, wrathful eyes, and then started, saying:

"Well, I'm a-gwine."

Great Jehosaphat! Houp-la!

She swooped on him like an owl on a mouse. The air was filled and darkened with dust and sandy hair and agonizing shrieks.

Ed Sykes and Hank Evans, at the "crossroads," became convinced that Jim's cabin had caught fire, and that he was perishing in the flames. They rushed in all haste to his assistance, but as they neared the spot the clatter subsided, and they heard a stern, feminine voice, which caused them to halt and keep out of sight, say:

"Now I reckon you'll do ez yer tole."

Then they recognized Jim's piping voice, protesting between convulsive sobs:

"I'd sorter giv out gwine befo' you spoke."

Stole No More Fur.

The crowd had congregated in our village store, says a writer in the Detroit *Free Press*. The grocer had lighted a cigar and was sitting on a convenient shelf with his feet upon the counter. The conversation, which ranged all the way from the breaking of steers to the forecasting of the weather for the ensuing week, had slackened; so when Uncle Dave Bagley walked in every one looked pleased.

"Hello! Uncle Dave," yelled somebody, for the old fellow is so deaf that he can hardly hear the fall of the year.

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Powerful cold," answered the old man. "Wust I've seen this eighteen year. Mos'es bad es the fust winter I trapped Intermejit. (Intermediate Lake)."

"When was that, Uncle Dave?"

"Sixty-four'n five. Bad time that. Yes, siree. Powerful bad. I've seen it so's't'd freeze the bullets 'n my old rifull till 'e couldn't blow 'em out 'ith powder. Had t' pull er trigger 'n then hold 'er gun over the fire t'l she went off. She wuz cold that winter, yes, siree. Dang me!" and Uncle Dave shivered at the recollection.

"Fur plenty then?"

"Yes, sir; lots of it. Hows'ever, I didn't get much the fust fortni't."

"Couldn't catch it, eh?"

"Huh! Ketch it? Ef I c'dn't 'a' ketched more'n a minute 'n 'e can 'n a hull week I'd go hide," and the fellow began growling and muttering until the unfortunate interlocutor subsided and was replaced by another.

"What became of it, Uncle Dave?"

"Stole."

"Who stole it?"

"'N Injun."

"Did you catch him?"

"Un hun!"

"Tell us about it."

"Tain't much to tell," said Uncle Dave, as he borrowed a chew of finecut from his questioner. "Fur wa'n't so high er it 'd be'n two er three years afore, but it paid some better'n sawloggin' it. I backed a hundred mink 'h mushrat traps 'n five fer beaver 'n otter clar f'm Travis City, 'n built er camp on Intermejit. Soon's I got fixed fer livin' I put out my traps. Fust trip around I shot a big buck 'n took in forty rats 'n two mink. Er fisher 'd be'n to one trap 'n stole er bait. Next time er round the' wa'n't nothin' now'rs. Next time er round ther' wuz two rats. Next time er round ther' wa'n't nothin' now'rs. I wuz mad. Purty soon I thort somebody'd be'n stealin'. Arter a bit I found er mogasin track, en I took arter it. I kep' er follerin' on, 'n follerin' on, 'n purty soon I come onter a pile er dead rats 'n mink, 'n every dang one 'd be'n skun. So I kep' er follerin' on, 'n follerin' on, 'n follerin' on, 'n purty soon I see Mr. Injun a walkin' er long erhead, 'n he had er pile o' fur on his shoulder 'n one er my otter in his hand."

And then Uncle Dave settled himself in his chair and said it would snow tomorrow.

"What became of the Indian, Uncle Dave?"

"Yes, sir! 'T's er goin' ter snow like blazes."

"Indian, *Injun*, Injun. What became of the Indian?" shrieked somebody.

Oh, yes. T-h-a-t t-h-e-r-e I-n-j-u-n," he repeated slowly and meditatively. "That there Injun. Wa'al, boys, I never rightly knowed what did become of that there Injun."

"Did you lose any more fur?"

"No, siree. He never stole no more fur. Not him."

The ex-Empress Eugenie at last sees the hopelessness of the Napoleonic outlook in France, and has withdrawn the pensions which she has paid regularly to the supporters of the Bonaparte dynasty ever since the fall of the empire.

WIT AND HUMOR.

THE FASHIONABLE FEEDER.

At a banquet one night a hungry crowd rushed,
Yelling "Wallow, hog wallow, hog wallow."
And the pigs in the alley with one accord blushed,
Squealing: "Wallow, hog wallow, hog wallow."
"No wonder we're left in the alley and street,
Shut out from the banquet and those who there meet,
With that style of manners we cannot compete,
Oh, wallow, hog wallow, hog wallow."
—Washington Critic.

The umbrella with the solid silver handle stays "borrowed" as well as any other.

The "glass of fashion" during cold weather—"Four of Scotch, hot!"—*Funny Folks.*

The cost of the cigars and whisky of the average man would buy his wife a $300 sealskin sacque, but it doesn't.—*Burlington Free Press.*

The rack was one of the instruments of torture in the olden time. The music rack is usually used for the same purpose to-day.—*Boston Manufacturers' Gazette.*

Tramp—"I am in need of a little money." Gent—"Why don't you shovel show?" "I haven't time." "How so?" "All my time is taken up in begging."—*Texas Siftings.*

There was once a time when we wondered what the difference was between an alderman-at-large and a plain, every-day alderman. We think we perceive a difference now.—*Life.*

Little boy pulls a reveler in a saloon by the coat-tail. "What do you want, Tommy?" "Come home, pa. Ma has been waiting with the poker for you for the last two hours."—*Texas Siftings.*

An inventor at Stuttgart is said to have perfected a machine for deadening the sound of a piano. It will not be a success. The only sure way to keep a piano quiet is to deaden the pianist.—*Utica Observer.*

A Massachusetts soldier who was a prisoner in Libby advertises for some one "who can remember whether he had Boston baked beans served him or not." If not, he will apply for a pension.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"If there is anything I like better than classical music," said Maj. Brannigan in a high voice, as he moved with the throng out of the concert-room, "it's lemons. They both set my teeth on edge."—*San Francisco Post.*

First Knight of Labor—"What do you suppose Smith said the first time he saw that baby of his?" Second Knight—"Give it up. What did he say?" First Knght—"Let's make a knight of it."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Western highwayman (to supposed merchant)—Halt, and throw up your hands! Traveler (shaking his sleeves)—There they are, eight aces and eight kings. Highwayman—Say, pard, can you gimme a chew?—*New Haven News.*

Father (to daughter)—"Have you accepted the addresses of Mr. Moneybags?" Daughter—"Yes, papa." Father—"Well, isn't he very 'old my dear?" Daughter—"Yes, papa; but he isn't nearly as old as I wish he were."—*New York Sun.*

"Well, I declare," exclaimed Mrs. McSwilligan, "if one of those Chicago Anarchists isn't going to be married. I think it's a rank shame." "So do I," replied her husband. "I think hanging is punishment enough for him."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Connoisseur (looking at the picture of a female head)—"Ah! Here's something worth looking at. One of the old masters; no doubt of it." His daughter—"Why, pa, how blind you are getting! Can't you see it's a woman?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Mother—"Good night, Robbie; don't forget to say your prayers." Robbie—"But mamma, I don't have to say my prayers any more." Mother—"What do you mean?" Robbie—"Why I forgot to say them last night and I was all right this morning."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

First worshipper—"Why are you wearing those big thick ear-muffs, Smith, it isn't cold?" Second worshipper—"I am going to church." "So am I; but what of that?" "We have discharged our choir and are going to have congregational singing to-day."—*Tid-Bits.*

An "impressionist" sent in a "Sunset" picture to the Royal Academy. He carefully marked on the back of the frame which was the right side up, but he added, in a polite note, "Should my work be placed on your wall upside down, please catalogue it as a sunrise."—*London Telegraph.*

Sweet girl—"And so you have been on the plains for ten years?" Handsome cowboy—"Yes, this is the first time I've been back into real civilization." "Now, please tell me, in that lonely life, so far removed from the refining influences of—civilization, you know—what did you miss most?" "Oysters."—*The Judge.*

There is a young business-man in this city who is suffering from the curious epistolary freak of some crank. Every day this month he has received a letter in his morning mail consisting simply of a card on which are printed these words: "Did You Ever See a Man Who had a Hare Lip? If so, Serve the Lord; for He Alone Can Save."—*New York Tribune.*

A few months ago the newspapers announced that a girl had been born in Indiana without any mouth. It was at first regarded as a serious calamity, but as every man in Indiana seems to be born with two or three, with the power of acquiring as many more as soon as he goes into politics, the girl herself will be the only sufferer. There are mouths enough in Indiana to go round.—*Burdette.*

He—The movement against the high-hat nuisance is getting quite a boom, isn't it? She—They are making a lot of talk about it in the newspapers, but they will never make me take off my hat in a public hall—never. He—I think I might bring it about my dear, if I were to cut off your allowance. If you didn't have a new hat every six weeks you might not object so much to its removal.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A negro in Alabama was brought up for stealing a pair of chickens, but declared solemnly that he "didn't steal dem ar fowls," declaring, on the other hand, that the complainant had beaten him brutally with a club. "But," said the judge, "you are twice as large and strong as he is; why didn't you defend yourself?" "Why, jedge, see hyar; I had a chicken in each hand, an' what's two raw chickens agin' a club?"—*Life.*

Manager (to supernumerary)—"I am going to give you a small part in the new play; do you wish your real name on the bill, or will you use an assumed name?" Supe—"I guess I will use an assumed name." M.—"Very good: what shall it be?" S—"Sig. Vermicelli." M.—"That's a high-sounding name; why do you use Vermicelli? Got it out of a cook-book, did you?" S.—"Yes, and I use it because I am a supe, you know."—*Boston Courier.*

A 5-year-old friend of ours, starting out for a children's party the other afternoon, remarks to the maid who is taking him to the place of entertainment: "Well, I've made up my mind to be a perfect gentleman to-day; I don't mean to kick a single girl." Upon his return home he was questioned as to his behavior by his mamma. "Well," he said, "the only thing I did was to yell 'Chestnuts' when they played the 'Mikado' on the piano."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Genevieve Ward's Dog.

Miss Genevieve Ward has a famous dog, and thereby hangs a tale. A tail hangs by most dogs, except bull dogs and Scotch terriers, which have their tails cut off, probably to keep them from being chewed off. What kind of a dog Miss Ward's is, the reporter does not know; but as it has a tail, it is neither a bull dog nor a Scotch terrier. As its name is Thekla, and as Miss Ward has been all over the world, it is probably a Russian dog. It has grown old in her affections, and she clings to it with unswerving devotion. It gives her sympathy and consolation when business is bad, and in these degenerate days of dime museums and "farce-comedies," its services are frequently needed.

A gentleman who once journeyed from India to Australia with Thekla and Miss Ward tells the following amusing story of their devotion to each other. It appears that in Australia there is a ridiculously large import duty on dogs, and they are also required to go into a quarantine for a certain length of time, in order to make sure that they will not introduce the mange or other low diseases among the high-bred dogs of Australia, which, like other colonists, are particularly careful of their aristocratic belongings.

Miss Ward learned of this state of affairs as the ship approached its destination. See immediately took alarm, and her demonstrations of affection for Thekla increased at the rate of seven knots an hour, the average speed of the ship. A Mr. Basisto, a member of the Victorian parliament, telegraphed from Adelaide to Melbourne, trying to have Miss Ward's dog admitted free and at once upon the landing of the ship. Other high political influence was brought to bear; but when the party got into the harbor of Melbourne, the purser, who had been particularly objectionable during the voyage, said that a reply had been received to the effect that Thekla must submit to the usual indignities. Miss Ward rushed up to the captain and, pointing to the purser, said:

"This kangaroo says I can't get my dog in. Now, if the dog doesn't go in neither will I. I'll just stay with the ship."

This was rather startling. Miss Ward's arrival was awaited with eager expectancy by a public that had heard of her great charm and talent as an actress. Her engagement was to be the event of the Melbourne season, and to have the whole of Australia disappointed because of a dog, however expert the latter might be in standing on his hind legs, turning somersaults, and other canine accomplishments, was too much for the captain. He said:

"Miss Ward, you just wrap that dog up in your shawl, put a shawl-strap around him to keep him quiet, and carry him ashore without saying anything about it."

And that is how Thekla entered Melbourne. Whether or not Miss Ward told the fore-warned and expectant custom officers that Thekla had died of sea-sickness the reporter's informant did not say. He did say, however, that the passengers effected the discharge of the disagreeable purser, whom Miss Ward called a kangaroo.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Bewildered Geese.

Beetles and moths flutter fatally into the flames of our lamps; and storm-driven swallows and sea-birds dash blindly against the lighthouses on the coast, and fall dead upon the rocks below. A sparrow has been seen to fly into a room in the evening, and persistently and painfully scorch its wings by repeatedly flying into the blazing gas; and a ruffled grouse one winter evening was known to fly headlong through a pane of glass into the hall of a house in a thickly-settled village. Doubtless records of innumerable similar instances could be collected but it is not often that a whole flock of wild geese startle a man so strangely as the flock thus described in the Hartford *Times*:

Among the many 'folk-lore' weather theories—the goose-bones, the muskrat-houses, and the husks on the corn—there is one, directly connected with the flight of the wild geese, in which some observers seem inclined to believe. If the geese generally come down from their hyperborean solitudes very early, say before the end of October, it is held to indicate an early setting-in of winter, and a hard and long one, too. If, on the other hand, they make their southward emigration late, toward the close of November, and come scattering along at irregular intervals, the fact is regarded as indicating a more 'open' winter. If this idea has any foundation in fact, this winter ought to be a good one to test it. Never have the geese acted so unreasonably or so strangely. Beginning their migration with a few flocks at the close of October, they seem to have kept it up in a scattering, irregular way, until the present time, about the middle of December. During the driving snow-storm of Tuesday, Dec. 7, a large flock of these migrating birds was reported as coming down, blinded and confused by the snow, into a farmer's orchard in Litchfield county, between New Hartford and Winsted. Attracted by the din they made, the owner went out and found a flock of wild geese blindly flapping and flopping about in the thickly-falling snow, and one, which was knocked down by flying against the limb of an apple-tree, he succeeded in capturing, while the rest got up and off again. But the flock had evidently lost their bearings in the thick, driving storm. The queer thing seemed to be that any flock of geese should be such geese as to tarry in the far north so late in December. Usually they come, the great body of them, a full mouth earlier, flying over Connecticut before the middle of November.—*Swiss Cross.*

Handsome Ben Le Fevre.

Congressman Ben Le Fevre of Ohio is a large and handsome bachelor, and has suave manners. He spends a good deal of his time entertaining the ladies who visit the Capitol, and is found in the ladies' gallery as often as in his seat. The waiters in the restaurant always expect him down with one of his lady friends about 12 o'clock, and usually save up something nice. He treats all his favorites impartially, but dislikes a crowd, and never invites more than one to lunch with him. Mr. Le Fevre has adopted a system of signals for communicating with his lady friends, and has given the key to quite a number of them, for he is not devoted to any particular one. When he wants a lady to lunch with him, for instance, he makes a sign toward the gallery where she is sitting and she, like Davy Crockett's coon, comes down, so that he, being a heavy-waisted man and short of breath, will not have to climb the stairs. Some of the members who sit alongside of Le Fevre in the House have tumbled to this signal business, having seen it going on for a year or more, and now watch the Ohio statesman to see what the effect is. One of them says when they saw Le Fevre signal the words "Come down to lunch with me," yesterday, they went out into the corridor to see who the lady was. To their surprise they found Le Fevre trying to dodge into a committee room. It so happened that the galleries were pretty well crowded with people, and Mr. Le Fevre's lady friends were well represented. When he gave the signal to a particular one the rest saw it, and, supposing that it was intended for them, each left her seat, and the six met in the corridor, all strangers to each other. As he had sworn upon his credentials as a Congressman that he loved each solely and alone, he did not know what might happen if he met the crowd in the corridor, and dodged into the committee room just in time to escape. When I repeated the story to Mr. Le Fevre he declared there was not a word of truth in it, and insisted that the six ladies were all soliciting subscriptions for benevolent purposes. He would have contributed to one or two of them, but did not like to give away money to charity by wholesale, and when he saw so many he dodged them, as any other Congressman would have done.—*Chicago News.*

A Mean Man.

Old Billy W. was one of the richest men who lived some fifteen years ago in that part of West Philadelphia called Mantua, and one of the meanest men who ever drew breath. One day he took a Lancaster avenue car for the city, carrying in his hand a basket of superb white grapes, raised in his own green-house. Old Billy W. sat in one corner of the car, and a poor mother with a sickly child in her lap sat in the corner opposite. The child looked at the grapes wistfully as the car rolled on square after square. At last the old man, in a tone of rasping curiosity, asked the child where she was going.

"To the park, sir, to see the grass and the birds."

"Do you like grapes?"

"Yes, sir," and the pale little face brightened up as the child half rose from her mother's lap.

The old man lifted up his basket of luscious fruit and, plucking one grape from a gigantic bunch, gave it to the child.

The rest of the passengers said nothing, but the way they looked at the old man would have split a stone post.—*Philadelphia News.*

Only Saved Ten Cents.

"Can you," he said, as he stopped a citizen who was entering the postoffice, "can you direct me to a first-class restaurant?"

"Yes, sir. There's a place right over there."

"First-class, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have quail on toast, fried chicken, stewed oysters, etc?"

"They do."

"Thanks. While you have been very kind to me I am forced to ask——"

"Excuse me," said the citizen as he hastily entered the postoffice by the Griswold street door and passed out on the Larned street side. The stranger waited for ten or twelve minutes, looked into the corridor to find the man gone, and then started up street muttering to himself:

"He isn't so awful smart as he thinks himself! He thinks he's saved 25 cents, while I was only going to ask him 10 cents!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I've heard all the stories of long telegraph circuits," said a postal telegraph operator at Buffalo, "and in my time I've worked some pretty long ones myself, but I never heard of anything that equalled one that we had this afternoon. Our people are building a line from the terminus of the Canadian Pacific to 'Frisco, and I heard Vice President Henry Rosener talking with President Chandler in his office, in New York city. Mr. Rosener was at New Westminster, which is on the Pacific coast just opposite Vancouver island, so they were talking across the continent. By that route it is about three thousand miles, for the wire was made up via Buffalo, Toronto, and the Canadian Pacific. Every few minutes I could hear Medicine Hat chip in, and all along the circuit the operators were 'on.' It is a wonder to everybody, and the instruments were working as clear as a bell on that long copper wire."

The story of a Michigan man having been devoured by wolves should be taken with many grains of allowance. His books haven't been examined yet and no one can say it isn't an improvement on the old-fashioned method of skipping to Canada. And, too, Michigan wolves have feelings which can be injured by such canards.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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