The Columbus Journal.

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THE BIRDS OF INDIA.

A HINDOO TELLS OF CURIOUS SUPERSTITIONS CONCERNING THEM.

The Owl a Bird of Ill Omen—Stories of the Peacock—The "Adjutant," the Crane and the Cuckoo—Legend of the Chakwa—Lost Money.

The very interesting quotations from the "Folk Lore of British Birds" tempt me tell of some curious superstitions current in India about birds. I can only mention a few of them—those that come to my mind at the moment. It may be mentioned, however, that some Indian legends and sayings about birds will be found in the pages of the "Hindustani-English Dictionary," by Dr. Fallon, the only man, European or native, who, so far as I am aware, ever attempted to collect these stories and sayings.

In India as elsewhere the common owl is a bird of ill omen; but a white species is held in high esteem by the Hindoos. The white owl is always supposed to bring good luck; hence it is held sacred to the goddess of prosperity, and the people are pleased when it builds its nest in their houses. In the country these birds often establish their quarters in the darkest nooks and corners of old houses, breeding there generally twice a year and producing five or six young ones at a time; and all their screeching and shrieking is endured for luck's sake. It is considered great good fortune to get a glimpse of a white owl in the daytime. The crow bears the same evil reputation in India as in other countries; its cry thrice repeated being thought a sure token of death. But in some parts a crow or raven cawing only once on the left of a young woman is held as a sign that her lover is coming to meet her. The name of the bat is never uttered at night by the common people, the belief being that the utterer would soon lose all his property.

A curious legend about the chakwa, or Brahmini duck, is found all over India. For some indiscretion two lovers were turned into Brahmini ducks and condemned to pass the night apart from each other on the opposite banks of a river. All night long each asks in its turn if it shall join its mate, and the answer is always No. "Chakwa, shall I come?" "No, chakwi." "Chakwi, shall I come?" "No, chakwa." The chakor, or Indian red legged partridge, which is found all over the Himalayas (the hen lays from ten to fifteen eggs), is said to be enamored of the moon and to eat fire at the full moon—possibly from the fact of its seeming to hover about the moon. The appearance of the chatak, a small bird, is held to presage a good shower of rain; the bird living only on rain drops and always crying for them.

The peacock is said to scream and dance with joy at the sound of thunder, and he "dances, dances on; when he looks down he weeps anon" (at the sight of his ugly feet, they say). The peacock is credited with a strong thievish propensity, as appears from this saying: "The deer, the monkey, the patridge, and the peacock rob the field of its store." Anything that betrays itself is likened to "a peacock in the thief's house"—a saying founded on the story of a peacock which swallowed a gold necklace brought home by a thief. This bird is sacred to the Hindu god of beauty, who is represented as riding on it.

The kite, the hawk and the vulture are all regarded as very unlucky birds. The screeching of the first brings serious misfortune, the sight of the second famine and oppression, and the approach of the third death. By whirling a kite round the head of a Moslem child on a Tuesday or Saturday and then letting it go great blessings are insured to the little one. Fowlers trade on this superstition. Kites sometimes carry off gold ornaments; and Mohammedan women say the reason is because the young kites will not open their eyes till some gold is placed in the nest; hence the saying, "The philosopher's stone is in the kite's nest." The half mythical garuda, a kind of eagle sometimes called "adjutant," is the mortal enemy of snakes. The legend goes that the mother of garuda quarreled with her sister, who was the mother of the snakes, respecting the color of the hole that was produced at the churning of the ocean; and since that time there has been constant enmity between their descendants. On the occasion of garuda's marriage, the serpents, alarmed at the thought of his having children who might destroy them, made a fierce attack on him; but he slew them all save one, which he has since worn as an ornament around his neck. To this day superstitious Hindoos repeat the name of garuda three times when walking in the fields and going to sleep at night, as a safeguard against snakes.

The crane is considered to be the most cunning of all birds. It stations itself quietly by a pool, apparently absorbed in meditation till it sees a fish to dart upon. So the word "crane" has become synonymous with the "hypocrite, traitor, etc." in Sanskrit and the languages derived from it. A crane is said to have betrayed the hiding place of one of the Pandaya brothers, whose adventures are described in the Sanskrit epic Mahabharata. The pigeon is thought to be auspicious. Pigeons are carefully reared in houses, which they are believed to preserve from decay. The dove is looked upon as a harbinger of good luck. The sight of a pair of doves by a young married lady whose husband is away from home means that he will come back to her soon.

There is a woman's saying that the cuckoo's note heard on the right is an excellent omen; and yet the cuckoo is held to be an unlucky bird in most parts of India. The bird papiya of the parrot species, is said to cry "My eye is going"—from the legend that once a man seeing many wicked deeds done before his eyes, died uttering these words, and was transformed into the bird. Superstitious people are afraid to do anything wrong before a papiya, lest it should betray them. One little bird bears the curious designation of "the bird of the lost money"; because it seems to utter in a low voice something that means "Oh! have you kept, or have I kept it?" There is a tradition that its first ancestors were a man and wife who, having lost all their wealth, died heart broken and were transformed into these birds. The country folk believe that if you jingle money before them they will curse you, believing it to be their own.—St. James' Gazette.

THE REWARDS OF LITERATURE.

Publishers Who Drive Hard Bargains. Fabulous Sums for Special Work.

It has recently been made public that Richard Henry Dana, Jr., received only $250 for his popular book, "Two Years Before the Mast," while his publisher made a fortune of $50,000 by it. Dana was anxious to sell his manuscript, and, he being at that time entirely unknown, the publisher drove a hard bargain with him. Very different are the prices which have been paid to some writers after they have become famous. Mr. Gladstone has just received $1,250, or about twelve cents a word, for his article in the current number of a magazine. Even this amount seems small when compared with the fabulous sums given for special work. Dickens was paid $5,000 each for two stories for Boston magazines, while The New York Ledger gave him a like sum for his rather inferior tale of "Hunted Down." In this little story there are 1,000 lines, with an average of eight and a half words, or thirty-eight letters to a line; so that it was paid for at the rate of fifty-seven cents a word, or nearly thirteen cents a letter. The manuscript was literally worth its weight in gold, for Mr. Bonner afterward had it bound, and it was sold for $500 for the benefit of a fair.

A larger sum proportionately was given Tennyson for his poem on "England and America in 1782," for in this there are only twenty lines, for which he got $350 a line. Some one mathematically inclined has figured out that the laureate received on that occasion nearly half a dollar for each stroke of his pen. These are exceptional figures, but all literary work is better paid now than ever before. Take Goldsmith, for example, who sold his ever delightful "Vicar of Wakefield" for £60, and who, after the success of "The Traveler," refused the £100 offered by his publisher, as he found on computation that this would be at the rate of a crown a couplet, and he could not conceive of a poem being worth that sum. What would he have said had he been offered, like the modern poet, £50 a line.

Of our own writers, Longfellow has, perhaps, been the most generously paid. His "Hanging of the Crane" brought him $3,000, while the friend who conducted the negotiation was given $1,000—a suggestive contrast to the manner in which genius was rewarded two centuries ago, when Milton sold the greatest poem in the language for £5.—J. B. Clapp in Boston Globe.

Yet the Picture is There.

It is a curious fact, perhaps not known to the general reader, that the exposure of a photographic plate makes no appreciable change in its appearance. It is a creamy white, semi-transparent piece of glass when it goes into the camera. It presents precisely the same appearance after the sun has stamped the picture upon it. The most powerful microscope would not detect any change. The most expert photographer in the world would be unable to decide whether or no a plate has been exposed.

Yet the picture is there. It only requires "development" to bring it out. And that is what this "dark room" is for. The least ray of natural light would spoil the plate. But light strained through ruby or yellow-colored screens of translucent paper or glass is deprived of those rays which are so essential and at the same time so fatal to photographic success.

The operator places his plate in one of the "developing pans;" pours over it a certain combination of chemicals, and, lo! a marvelous metamorphosis begins. The white surface darkens, and as the chemical continues its action, the picture grows on the plate before his eyes, until the scene or object on which the lens was turned is as accurately reproduced as though caught and held in a magic mirror.—Boston Transcript.

For a Million and for a Cent.

It has recently been stated that two of the largest checks for money ever drawn in New York have just been framed; the first for $1,000,000, signed by C. Vanderbilt, and the second for $6,000,000, signed by W. H. Vanderbilt.

When I was a clerk in the banking house of Jay Cooke & Co., $1,000,000 checks were not so uncommon as to be thought worthy of framing. At that time, about 1868, the government was converting the 7-30 notes into new 5-20s. Jay Cooke & Co. used frequently to deliver $1,000,000 in 7-30s at a time to the sub-treasury, and we thought nothing of it. I remember going over with $2,000,000 and getting a check for that sum and interest added.

I carried in one lot to Fish & Hatch $1,000,000 new 5-20s. They were just off the government presses and were numbered consecutively. For these I got a check for a million and some odd thousands. The smallest check that I ever saw was for one cent. It was drawn by a western official in the treasury of the United States. That check excited more remark by the clerks who saw it than any of the $1,000,000 ones.—Cor. New York Tribune.

A Plasterer's Platform.

To facilitate the operation of plastering a device has lately been invented, termed a plasterer's platform, which is set on casters and may be elevated or lowered to wall or ceiling as the convenience of the workman may require. Accompanying this arrangement is an improved two hand trowel, and the platform is capable of extension in a horizontal as well as in a vertical direction. Thus, by the combined use of the two, all cumbersome staging and the old time hod and short single handed trowel are dispensed with. The mortar is placed in an extensible trough, which is suspended on the platform at a point and in a manner convenient to workmen; the apparatus can readily be moved endwise from room to room, and the cost of laying on either plaster or hard finish is said to be thus much reduced.—New York Sun.

Spontaneous Combustion.

A little experience of my own may be suggestive. Having occasion to stain some wood work in my store after business hours, I mixed the stain in boiled linseed oil and wiped the work off with large rags. These oily rags I rolled up in a tight ball some five inches in diameter and threw them on the floor at the rear end of the store. Fortunately I stopped to do some writing, for at the end of half an hour I began to smell burning paint. I hunted for the cause out doors and in, upstairs and down, and finally, stumbling over the rags, the ball broke open and revealed a mass of fire. The inside of the bunch was all a live coal. The next day, to convince doubting Thomases, I tried the experiment over again, and in three-quarters of an hour had a brisk fire started by spontaneous combustion.—Cor. Chicago Tribune.

At the Villain's Throat.

One of the most admired performers in a sensational drama recently produced in Cincinnati was a big bulldog, that at a critical point in the play came bounding out, and, seizing the villain by the throat, or thereabouts, hung on like grim death, amid uproarious applause. The other night he grabbed the man as usual, but something gave way, and the dog fell near the footlights, and then he stood there and calmly ate a big piece of liver, which had been fastened under the villain's throat, and had hitherto been the incentive for the dog's exertion.—New York Sun.

A "Boomerang" Shell.

Another new shell, which is called the Mitrailleuse, after the celebrated fieldpiece of that name, has been invented by a mechanical engineer named Thimon, who has served in the artillery. This terrible engine is productive of four different results. It shatters the object at which it is aimed, and, continuing its course, sends twelve bullets forward and the same number backward, finally exploding and discharging 144 bullets. Experiments will be made with the new engine at Perigueux in a few days.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

Ice of a Glacier.

With regard to glacier ice, a curious speculation has recently been made, according to which the Aletsch glacier, situated between the Jungfrau and the valley of the Haute Rhone, if it were cut into blocks of the size of the Paris Bourse, and these blocks were put side by side, would furnish sufficient ice to form a double ring round the earth along the equator. Most of the Swiss glaciers are far too difficult of access to make it probable that they should ever be utilized for industrial purposes.—New York Sun.

Ignorant of the Country.

"I have been conductor on a Pullman car running between Chicago and Hornellsville for the past five years," said a young red headed man in a suit of blue clothes, "but I must confess that I never saw a single station on the line between Chicago and Youngstown, O., and I pass them all three times a week. No, I am neither blind or deaf; but you see the run between Chicago and Youngstown is made at night, and I have no opportunity to see the towns west of Ohio.—Chicago Herald.

An Illuminated Cathedral.

The great Glasgow cathedral was lighted throughout with gas for the first time a fortnight ago, and the effect is said to have been exceedingly fine, as the brilliant light fully reveals all the interior beauties of the building, which have hitherto been concealed; while from the outside nothing can be finer than the view of the long line of stained glass windows.—Chicago Times.

THE CITY'S BREAD.

MACHINERY THAT EXCELS THE HAND IN TURNING OUT LOAVES.

The Men, Teams and Capital Employed. Difference Between Hand Made Loaves and Those Made by Machinery. Loaves in the Oven.

A loaf of bread—the most ingenious machinery has been devised to make it; machinery that will beat the hand all to pieces in purity, quickness, and the quality of the article turned out. In the large establishments a machine mixes the sponge, makes and kneads the dough, and dry heat in brick conduits bakes it, while steam in coils of pipe gives the delicious gloss to the upper crust. To the average consumer a loaf of bread seems to be just what its name implies; but, then, one of the leading concerns in the city turns out seventeen varieties of bread—Eureka, home made, Vienna, hotel, Pullman, brick, pan, American cream, Canada, Jumbo, new process, corn, Graham, all rye, half rye, and Hamburg. This does not include pumpernickel and schwarzbrod of the sturdy Teuton, nor the savory horn bread of the French gourmand.

Of leading firms who have made the production of bread an object of big investments there are five in the city. One of them employs sixty teams, 160 people, a capital of $100,000, and turns out 14,000 loaves of bread every day. The five firms, together with a dozen wholesalers, have not less than 800 teams, 1,500 men and $1,250,000 employed, while the estimate for the 342 retailers is 1,000 teams, 2,000 men and $750,000 capital, making a total of 1,800 teams, 3,500 men and $2,000,000. All these agencies are busy from morn till night, and part of the latter, to turn out the 300,000 loaves of bread which, an expert's estimate says, are daily consumed in Chicago, not to speak of rolls, buns, twists, cakes and crackers.

WHAT A DIFFERENCE!

A loaf of bread—an everyday occurrence, yet what a difference between the small baker who "sets" his own sponge, kneads his own dough with big, red knuckles not overclean, and then goes to rest for a nap with a piece of underdone dough for a pillow, waiting till the "rise" comes, and the steam bakery. It's worth one's while to make a trip through one of the big establishments, especially at this time of the year, when the streets are cold and the sidewalks slippery. The spongers, mealy all over, make the sponge—the yeast and just enough flour to give the mass consistency—on huge, flat tables, which are rolled into a warm room, the temperature of which is kept to a certain degree with great nicety.

Then the sponge, after it has fermented, together with the necessary flour for the bake, is turned into a hopper, where "conductors" with eccentric arms knead the dough until it is perfectly "even" and "done." The same hopper brings the dough to huge troughs in the basement, where the mass is allowed to rest for another "rise," timed with almost absolute certainty. Then the benchmen mold the loaf, after the piece of dough has been weighed. This, of course, has to be done by hand, and so experienced is a first class benchman that he has but rarely to add to or take from the lump of dough which is to make the loaf of a certain weight. Twice the dough is "worked over," two lumps being handled at the same time by the benchman, whose left hand must be trained as well as his right. Then the oven man does the baking, either in separate pans or on long trays, according to the quality of the crust desired.

REGULATING THE HEAT.

In the ovens the heat is so well regulated that the oven man knows to a second when his bread is done, it scarcely requiring a look during the baking. Dry air ducts do the baking for common bread, while steam coils at the ceiling of the oven permits moist heat to be turned on at any moment for a fine finishing of the crust. Boys do the dumping of the bread from the ovens into the baskets, and then it is ready for the last two handlers, the driver and the grocer. In the bakery visited the common five-cent loaf of bread weighed seventeen ounces; Eureka bread, costing six cents, and one day old, weighed eighteen ounces; home made bread, also six cents, had the same weight—one day producing a shrinkage from one-half to one ounce, and a six cent loaf of Vienna bread weighing between sixteen and seventeen ounces.

"There is a common belief," said the baker, "that when flour goes down 50 per cent., which, of course, it never does, bread ought to go down 50 per cent. too, but, you see, a loaf of bread requires just the same handling, machinery and capital invested whether flour is $1 or $3 a barrel." Big concerns purchase the flour in large quantities and keep it a certain length of time before it is used. Old flour makes better bread and permits of exact calculations for rising of the dough and the bake.

White-hooded sisters of charity do not a little driving in the bread line, gathering in valuable loaves for the poor in their care, and, as to stale wheat bread, paper hangers use not a few loaves to clean wall paper and smoky ceilings. Lincrusta-Walton, the new ornamental composition for wainscoting and plafonds, is almost exclusively renovated by being rubbed with stale bread.—Chicago Herald.

DRESSER TO ADELAIDE NEILSON.

Hannah Leone's Occult Influence Over the Great Actress—Modjeska's Notion.

Hannah Leone's history has never been told, and as it gives an interesting page in theatrical history it is worth relating. Hannah many years ago married a worthless fellow named Leone, and after enduring with him for a few years she finally left him and accepted the position of a dresser to Adelaide Neilson. Hannah is a short, hump-backed woman, but she has pleasing features and some call her pretty. From the time she first accepted the position with Neilson, up to the time of that talented actress' sad death, Hannah performed her duties without ever making a mistake. Her duties as a dresser consisted in packing and unpacking her mistress' wardrobe and in dressing Neilson for the stage. As Hannah was obliged to know where every article was and at a minute's notice be able to place her hand upon it, it may readily be seen that her duties were not only onerous, but that they also required a great deal of headwork to successfully perform.

Hannah exercised some strange occult influence over Neilson, and it is said that that most beautiful but most wayward woman feared and loved no one but her, and that one look from Hannah's clear eyes had more influence over her than the prayers and entreaties of a hundred friends. Certain it is that Neilson loved the quiet little woman, for after her (Neilson's) will was read it was found that she had bequeathed to Hannah Leone the most beautiful and valuable set of jewels of her priceless collection.

After Neilson's sad death in Paris Hannah returned to this country, and for some time remained in privacy; but in 1882 or 1883 she became Modjeska's dresser, and she was with the latter until last fall.

Modjeska, like other great actresses, has her pet superstitions. First among them is that if she goes on the stage at the first production of a new piece without rubbing her hand over a humpbacked person's back the play will be a dismal failure. Hannah, on account of her hump, was invaluable to Modjeska, but owing to some disagreement she was finally discharged.

At the production of "Daniela" in New York a short time since, after everything was ready, Modjeska refused to allow the piece to go on unless she could rub her hand over a humpbacked person's back. The stage manager was in agony until he happened to espy a humpbacked man in the audience. The manager quietly had him called upon the stage, and after Modjeska had daintily caressed his hump with the tips of her fingers she consented to make her entrance upon the stage, and the play moved smoothly on.

Hannah Leone is a finely educated woman, speaking three or four different languages, and it is owing alone to the great love she bore Neilson that she has never risen to a higher place in the world. She is living at present in New York, quietly, on one of the up town streets. She has had many offers from great actresses to enter their service, but has not considered any of them favorably.—New York Star.

DUCK HUNTING IN THE BAYOUS.

Disappearance of Mallards and Teal. How Professionals Hunt.

The only explanation of the disappearance of the ducks from their former haunts near the city is the destruction of the feed—wild celery, water cress, wild rice, etc. During the past month these plants have died in such quantities that the ducks have fled to other feeding places, and those that remain behind are remarkably thin and have a fishy flavor. The unusually low water in the river and in the swamps, in consequence of which most of the lagoons are dry, may have something to do with the disappearance of these swamp plants and the flight of the ducks.

The ducks have retired deeper into the swamps, and Lake Leray and Bayou des Allemands have become the hunting grounds for mallards and teal. The latter is one of the oldest hunting grounds in the Union, and the supply of game is apparently as inexhaustible to-day as it was a century and a half ago, when the Dutch hunters from whom the bayou is named supplied the town of New Orleans with ducks. There are over 400 professional hunters on Bayou des Allemands alone, and from the single station of Bayou des Allemands, on the Southern Pacific road, no less than 1,000,000 ducks were shipped to New Orleans last year, and as many as 12,000 in a single day. The average number killed each year by a good professional hunter is 7,000.

The professionals hunt in parties of from ten to thirty, and have regularly organized camps in the center of the swamp. They have their rude huts built in the higher patches of ground, and running from their houses for miles back in the prairie are ditches that they have cut, and which they keep always open. It is through these miniature canals that they push their pirogues when searching for ducks. Both sides of the bayou are complete networks of these ditches, running in all directions. The most rigid observance is maintained of the rights of ownership of these canals. It is this that prevents amateur hunters from accomplishing much in the way of shooting ducks, as they have no use of these canals and are unable to force their pirogues, or dug outs, through the thick matted grass everywhere covering the swamp. Even the professionals find this grass very troublesome, and more than half the ducks killed are lost in it. Nearly all the best hunting grounds in the bayou have thus been taken up, and the amateurs are left only the outlying districts, where ducks are few and the hunting bad.

Just west of the duck fields are the snipe and woodcock grounds, in St. Mary parish, where a good hunter will pick off 350 snipe and 150 woodcock a day. Both snipe and woodcock are abundant just now, and there are some prairie chickens to be found also. The supply of these, of wild turkeys, deer, rabbits, and other game, is making good some of the deficiency due to the lack of ducks.—New Orleans Cor. New York Sun.

The Market for Sassafras.

"It's twelve years now since I began to supply the Chicago market with sassafras," said Thomas Sapp, the other day. Mr. Sapp is a tall and portly gentleman from Indiana; his hair is gray and he wears on his chin a tuft of whiskers of the same shade. "Yes, sir, I've been in this line twelve years and I have some customers now that I had at the first. When I started out I didn't have much of a trade, but I have built it up until now I get rid of about $900 worth a year. Oh, yes, it's a pretty fair business. You see the sassafras that I sell and that which is sold in the stores are two different things. I cut mine when the sap is in the root, the stores get theirs when the sap is in the boughs making leaves. I calculate that sassafras is good for everybody. Now I come from the Terre Haute region and I know what I am talking about.

"Sassafras has different effects upon different people. The best way to take it is to eat a little of it every day. Some folks will take a whole bunch and chew it down at once. That's no way. Some others will boil it down, get the strength out of it and drink it all at once. That's no way, neither. The way to do is to eat it a little at a time. It relaxes the system and opens the pores, letting the impurities pass out in that way. Now there's one man in this town that I have sold to for twelve years, and from the fact that during all that time he has been in one place and at one desk I suspect that he's a pretty steady man. He says it does him good and I guess it does. What does the sassafras tree look like? Well, well, now, the sassafras tree looks like—it looks like—I should say that it resembles—well, it looks more like the black gum than anything else that I know of. It's a great tree."—Chicago Herald.

The Culinary Artist's Despair.

The French delegation sent over to the inauguration of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty was entertained at dinner by the Union League club. And what a supper! A supper such as only the wedding feasts of Gamache could give an idea. The dishes served were of the most exquisite and costly description; the confectionery was of the most learned and artistic sort; dish after dish came on selected from a bill of fare which covered no less than an enormous page of closely printed text. Nothing, in fact, was wanting except the appetite to do honor to a banquet worthy of Sardanapalus. At midnight the first course was still in progress. The chairman thereupon took a decisive step. He summarily put a stop to endless pageant, and ordered champagne to be served.

I have since learned that this firm resolve on the part of the chairman proved almost a death blow to the cook of the club, an Italian, whose amour propre was at stake. He had dreamed of out rivaling his most formidable competitors of New York by setting before real connoiseurs a repast which, from first to last, should prove a gastronomic crescendo of the highest order. In his despair, the cook was with difficulty prevented from thrusting, not a sword like Vatel, for he had none—but a kitchen knife through his body. Kind words, however, brought him round to a calmer mood. Take consolation, O grand culinary artist! for the French delegation, despite its poor appetite, has retained a lasting sense of your merits.—M. Charles Bigot in Paris Revue-Bleue.

Take Sufficient Drink.

Medical authorities now declare that it is of vital importance to health that the system should receive daily a sufficient quantity of water to amount to what sailors would call a "flushing;" that is, sufficient to wash away the waste. Most of the matter which should be excreted is solid, and requires a comparatively large volume of fluid to dissolve it so that it may be cast off, an example of which may be seen in the case of uric acid, which needs several thousand times its weight in water to dissolve, or else it crystallizes in the shape of calculi, or produces other disease. Three and a half pints of water or other clear fluid, not obstructed by semi-solid contents, should be taken daily by every adult, and by large people as much as four and a half or five pints, in order to keep the cells of the kidneys well washed out, the effete waste matter from the possibility of depositing itself where it may do harm, and the system in health generally.—Harper's Bazar.

A NEW PARLOR GAME.

WHOEVER FIRST COMES ALONG WITH IT WILL GET RICH.

Any Trivial Little Thing Easily Becomes a Craze—Fun With Bean Bags—Paraphernalia of the Game—Drawing a Pig.

"The man who will invent a new parlor game that will catch the fancy of society needn't trouble himself about the little cares of this life," said a society man. "All the circles high and low are thirsting for something new, and whoever gets in with it first is sure to make a fortune. Now, to show you how easily a trivial little thing becomes a craze, I have only to call your attention to the bean bag game. It isn't the old bean bag that you toss from one row or line of persons to another, but a game that requires a little skill in throwing. That's the secret of the whole thing—the throwing. You want a number of bean bags of different sizes, a piece of painted canvas, with a hole in it, and appliances to stretch the canvas between the folding doors dividing two parlors, and when you've got them you've got the new craze complete. I've seen twenty married men and women throwing bags at the hole in the canvas for two hours, and they seemed to enjoy it so much that they were reluctant to stop and go home. If you hear a business man complain of a sore shoulder you can truthfully suspect him of bean throwing. There is a sort of excitement about the game that makes it popular, but it wont run very long. Men like it because they want to demonstrate to their wives that they can throw straighter than women; also because it makes them think of the days when a shining silk hat was a mark for a snowball or a brick.

TEN SIZES OF BEAN BAGS.

"Of course there are prizes for the best throwers as there are for the best players of progressive euchre, and once the things gets in motion everybody does his best to get the best prize. There are ten sizes of bags, and they count from 10 to 100, the latter of course being the largest bag. A thrower begins with the ten, and if he succeeds in putting it through the hole in the canvas he tries to send the twenty bag after it, and continues to throw until he scores a miss, when he has to give way to the next person on the list. The paraphernalia of the game, as you can see, is simple, yet it can be made to cost a good deal of money if any anybody has a notion for costly things. I am credibly informed that the genius who invented it has already made $20,000 from the manufacture and sale of bags and canvas, and that his profits are increasing every day.

"There is another form of amusement that is coming into favor very rapidly, though it isn't nearly as popular as the bean bag. It is the drawing of objects on paper and slates blindfolded. I was at a party the other night when a contest of this kind was gotten up by some of the ladies, and it proved a source of genuine fun.

"'Now,' began one of the ladies who proposed the game, 'I will blindfold Mr. M—— and let him try to draw a pig.' Mr. M—— was accordingly blindfolded, a pencil was put in his hand, and he began to trace the outlines of a porker on a piece of drawing paper. It was funny, I tell you, to watch that pig as he developed it. When he got through and removed the handkerchief from his eyes to catch a glimpse at his work he just said, 'Rats, that ain't a pig. I can do better than that.'

"He was right. It wasn't a pig, and it would have taken a greater genius than any that saw it to have likened it to any object to be found above ground. There were two or three stock yards men in the party, men who buy and sell hogs every day, and not one of them came nearer a pig than a pig itself could if it had a pencil. All this may look trivial to persons who don't get a great deal of parlor entertainment, but I assure you it was good fun for everybody there. It doesn't take much to amuse people who are at all inclined to be domestic in their tastes, and the simpler the game the more popular it will become. That's why progressive euchre has stood so long."—Chicago Herald.

Georgia Dialects.

In former days Georgia—that is the great crackerdom of Georgia—was settled from little colonies of other states and countries. Thus, each section preserved traces of the local dialect spoken in the region whence the settlers emigrated. In the mountain countries people say "we'uns" and "you'uns," "kin you'uns tell we'uns the way," etc. In wire grass Georgia these expressions are not used except in rare instances. In the mountains they call it a "hunk o' bread," meaning a piece. In the wire grass it is a "chunk o' bread." So it goes. What is common in one section is strange in another.

What is said of the whites is especially true of the negroes. The negroes of the northern and middle counties speak a dialect that is in many ways different from the outlandish gibberish jabbered by the salt water darkies, whose gabble is about as intelligible as the chatter of rice birds that infest their own tide water plantations. And yet the guileless author will hear a conversation between two city hackmen and retire to his study and evolve a dialect sketch that is a cross between the tarwheel twaddle and the talk of the typical dude minstrel with formidable shirt front and burnt cork accompaniments.—Atlanta Constitution.

His Salary Didn't Go Up.

"I had been working for three years for one of our old time wholesale houses," said a Detroiter who was calling up reminiscences, "and I finally concluded that I ought to have a raise of salary. I began on $4 per week and was raised to $6, but there it had stuck for two years. The head man of the firm was a cold, stiff, austere man, who seldom recognized an employe and was known to be hard hearted. I hesitated a long time before daring to approach him on the subject nearest to my heart, but one day I slid into the private office when I knew he was alone.

"'Well, sir,' he snaps out, short as pie crust.

"'I—I came to—to'——

"'Came to what, sir!'

"'I—I came to ask you if you—you didn't think'——

"'See, here, William!' he said as he wheeled around on me, 'if my daughter loves you, and you love her, I've no objection to your marriage. Fix it up between you and don't bother me again.'

"The old reynard! He had a daughter, but I had never spoken to her in my life, and he knew it. He answered me the way he did to stop me from asking for a raise of salary. It was a year and a half after that before I was lifted to $8 per week."—Detroit Free Press.

GLIMPSE OF DETECTIVE LIFE.

Everday Side of a Very Commonplace Occupation—But Little Glory.

"There is one thing I never could understand," said one of the oldest of the central office detectives the other afternoon, "and that is why there should be such a fascination to most persons about the life of a detective. I think about half the youth of America must hold it their dearest ambition to be detectives some day. I suppose the great number of trashy books thrown on the public every week which portray the life of a detective as all excitement and glory are responsible for most of it—books like the lurid stuff published over the name of Allan Pinkerton, and which Allan Pinkerton had about as much to do with as you or I.

"The truth is that there is precious little that's exciting and still less of glory in a detective's life. We're not forever going about in disguises and tracking down express robbers and desperate murderers at the risk of our lives, I can tell you. There isn't one detective in ten thousand that ever has any experience remotely resembling the wild tales that are continually being told about us. If Fifth avenue millionaires should be continually described as habitually sawing cords of wood every morning before breakfast the public would think it very strange, wouldn't it? But that wouldn't be half as unnatural as constantly describing detectives as unearthing strange and mysterious crimes by means of clews of red, red hair or a broken toothpick. The average detective is really not much more than a watchman. He differs from an ordinary patrolman principally in that he wears no uniform, has no regular beat, and is supposed to have greater ability and discrimination. The larger part of his work is not a bit more interesting or exciting than that of the average patrolman. He may recognize some old offender on the street and run him in, watch some important building, hunt up somebody's stolen watch in a pawnshop, stay up all night in the rain or snow to keep an eye on a boodle alderman's back door, or go out to Chicago and bring back some criminal who is wanted here. If he is good looking and has a polished address he may be assigned to some big ball or party to see that the guests don't run off with the spoons, but ten chances to one if he's on the force twenty years he'll never do anything more exciting.

"In order to get the precious privilege of leading his hum-drum and uncomfortable kind of a life, most of us have served hard apprenticeship in the ranks of the police and demonstrated the possession of sense and judgment in some emergency such as may never happen to more than one man in 10,000."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Running an Account.

It is a convenient thing to have a standing account at a store, where you can go at any time, order what you please, and have it charged, without the worry of having to consider whether you have money in your purse to pay for it or not, but it is also true that these items, small though they may be, mount up with appalling rapidity into a sum that always surpasses expectation. Besides, this, the very best calculators, and those who generally use a wise economy, buy things in this way which they could easily do without did they take the time for reflection which cash payments would often compel. It is so easy, when an article that seems at the time desirable is seen, to order it sent and charged for, the temptation overcomes the buyer before the strength which comes from looking at the matter on all sides enables her to resist the impulse to buy. Often purchases are made in this way and regretted, while something that was far more necessary must in consequence be gone without.

Merchants understand that a great deal more is likely to be bought where there is a running account than when cash is paid down, which explains their readiness to trust those whom they have reason to believe will pay what they honestly owe. The excess will in nine cases out of ten, more than compensate for the loss of interest upon the outstanding sums, though there is no question but that they sometimes lose large amounts by the failure of individuals through misfortune, sickness, death or deliberate rascality to discharge their debts.—Emily S. Bouton in Toledo Blade.

A Monument to Napoleon III.

A very violent controversy is going on in most of the papers on the proposal of Sig. Negri, syndic of Milan, to erect the monument executed in honor of Napoleon III, in 1873. The Milanese, remembering Napoleon's efforts for the liberation of Lombardy, and his triumphant entry into Milan by the side of Victor Emmanuel in 1859, opened a subscription to erect a monument to him. The well known sculptor Barzaghi was charged with its execution, and at the close of the Milan exhibition in 1881 it was to have been erected. But unexpected opposition arose from a strong faction of the advanced party. They rembered that in 1867 Louis Napoleon's troops opposed at Mentana the attempt of the Italian volunteers to liberate Rome, and protested loudly against the erection of this monument in a public square. Serious disturbances ensued, and it was decided to let the question stand over. It is now thought that the municipal council will insist upon the erection of the monument.—Rome Cor. London News.

The Effects of Malaria.

It does not matter at all whether the malaria springs from a rocky sub-stratum which keeps the surface water from passing off, as on Staten Island and much of the coast knolls, or from underground streams, as in the lower half of New York city, or low river flats, whether those of the Bronx or the Potomac, or a country barnyard, or a combination of sanitary blunders in an uptown mansion, seaside villa or princely schloss. Malaria is bad air, and wherever it comes means first ague, then rheumatism, then death, and the last not before it is wished for. As a clever doctor and inspector of the board of health told the writer in a charming, but unsanitary, house in one of the healthiest places around New York: "You must either have things put in order or die, or else you will wish you had died."—New York Mail and Express.

The Hot End of the Joke.

Here is a good story told of Roddy's cavalry. One day the troopers were about to go into battle, dismounted, leaving every fourth man to hold the horses. The men were drawn up to count from right to left. Of course, every fourth man felt jolly, and this is the way the count went on:

"One, two, three, bully!"

"One, two, three, bully!"

Gen. Roddy heard each fourth man call out "bully." His face flushed. When all had called off he said:

"Numbers 1, 2 and "bully" will go into the fight as dismounted cavalry. No. 3 will hold the horses."

There were a good many sick "bullies" that day.—Atlanta Constitution.

Seeking an Expert Opinion.

"Are you an actor?" asked a lanky looking man, addressing a Rialto habitue.

"I am, sir-r," was the reply; "ar-r-e you looking for talent?"

"Not exactly, but I want to ask you what kind of wood, in your opinion, makes the best railroad ties?"—New York Sun.

Stitches in an Overcoat.

A Vienna tailor, wagered recently that it took more than 40,000 stitches to make a winter overcoat. To decide the question a coat was ordered, and a committee of experts sat to superintend the work, as well as to see that no unnecessary stitches were made. The result was announced as follows: Body of the coat, 4,780 stitches; collar, 8,063; sewing coll