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VOLUME I.

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FROM NATURE TO MAN.

Poured round my heart a flood of eager lost our way."

joy; When pageantry of sunsets moved the boy More than high ventures of the great and

good; When trellised shadows in the vernal wood And little peeping flowers, so sweet and

coy, Were simple happiness without alloy, And whispered to me things I understood. But new the strange sad weight of human

And all the bitterness of human wrong, Press on my saddened spirit as I go, And stir the pulsings of a graver song: tread mysteries of life and death I scan. As.' all my soul is only full of man. -W. Walsham Bedford.

A LEAP FOR LIFE

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

I was spending the summer in the White mountains, and was lucky enough farm-house; no imitation establishment, no cruel mockeries regarding fresh eggs, no dismal delusions in respect to milk from the cow !

neas-from the tender sirloin to the toothsome squash.

My bedroom was neat enough for a Rosiere, and my wants were as eagerly Her French was pure Parisian, her Gerattended to by a good-humored Irish girl as though I had been Mr. Charles Stew- solutely charming. I am gazing at one art Parnell himself. In fact, I was literally, as well as metaphorically, in clover.

I am an enthusiastic "walkist." Twenty-ay, thirty !- miles do not give me she never pounded one with her accoma muscle ache.

I am six feet, built in proportion, and the possessor of a pair of legs-well they are my only vanity-and like to wear knickerbockers and Scotch heather stockings.

My tramps in and out of the valleys, and up and down the sides of the White mountains, were a source of exquisite de-Girls who could and would talk on one of the hottest days that

"We are," answered Miss Kathleen, clinging to a bough and leaning outthe elder-mine was Gladys-"if we ward, peering up the road, which at this Time was when nature's every mystic mood can, but we greatly fear that we have point gave a sharp turn. Suddenly she commenced to scream and wave her disengaged hand.

"Will you permit me to have the honor of guiding you?" "Oh, good heaven!" cried Gladys. "We shall be awfully obliged." This "Kathleen's hurt!" Ere the words came from her now from Kathleen, while her sister never white lips a thundering sound was heard

vouchsafed a word. "Did you walk up here?" I demanded. "Oh, yes, we are splendid walkers. terrible danger a pair of horses attached We have been miles further on. By the time we reached Farm Lodge turn, tearing down in the wildest, mad-

we were on almost intimate terms. You dest fright. see, up in the mountains one is not con-Death-a horrible death--stared us is ventional. It was like shipboard, and I the face! found that I knew some of their friends What did I do? in Boston, and they discovered that they I am very strong-nay, powerful. I may say so much without being accused

knew some of mine in New York. More than that, their mother was actually ac- of blowing. My strength is my pride, quainted with my maiden aunt, with whom I resided in West Forty-fifth street.

Late in the evening I was presented to "mamma" and we sat far into the moonlight gossiping to our heart's content, the very instant preceding the awful while to the old lady I was as attentive as though I had been wooing her.

burden in my arms, with a tenacity be-From that date commenced our walking trips, mamma doing a sort of "she- gotten of despair! to secure bed and board at a genuine dragon" business by joining us in a two horse break at some given distant place. At a given distant hour. And, George Fiby, my best man elect, as J oh! what walks! How gracious everytold him the story last Friday night.

thing looked! How blue the sky; how At Farm Lodge everything was of the beautiful the mountains; how exquisite best-from Mrs. Rosetint, my buxom the foliage; how delicious the flowers! widow landlady, to the succulent green 1 gathered my rosebuds while I might. Gladys La Fanu was a very superior sort of girl. She knew so much and yet

was so humble in producing her wares. hero: Some years ago Mr. Elkins was man Austrian. Her sketches were abof them of the mountain facing the Pro- Stephen was anxious to conciliate. The file house as I write. She was up in old fellow had odd notions, and among botany, and a "dab," to use a slang them was one that no man was worth word, in a number of the ologies, but

plishments, or discouraged by her su- in a hay field. Steve went down to visit perior attainments. It was not until his ancient friend in blissful ignorance very recently that I became aware of the of his host's scale of judging ability. He fact that she had gone through a course had not been long at the farm when he the higher mathematics.

Bless me! what blue stockings we young and confident, and he boldly met rambling the White mountains sallied out with the haymakers My seven o'clock breakfast over Girls who could and would talk our ever sizzled over lowlands. It was some-

BLOODED HORSES.

What Kentucky Men, Women and Children Think of Them.

A Louisville (Ky.) letter to the Chica-go Tribune says: With all due deference to Mr. Emerson, who says, "It is not a compliment, but a disparagement, to consult a man only on horses, or on up the hill, and ere 1 could realize the books, or on steam, and, whenever he appears, considerately to turn the conversation to the bantling he is known to fondle." I like to hear people talk about that which they best understand, and, naturally, that is apt to be the subject which they have nearest at heart and have most thoroughly studied. So when you want to ta'k "horse" look up

Kentuckian and you will find your time will not be wasted. Almost every child you meet in the

Blue Grass country can tell you about Longfellow, Ten Broeck or Tom Bowling In a half second I seized Gladys round while a great many of them do not know the waist, sprang to the cushion, and at the name of the governor of Kentucky. They know that Ten Broeck at four years crash, leaped for the roots of the oak old ran three miles in 5:261, and four tree, to which I clung, my beautcous miles in 7:15%, and at five years old ran two miles in 3:274, far better than they know the church catechism. They can even tell you the very year and day of "Yes, it was a narrow escape," said the month when the great feats were accomplished.

Few are the Kentuckians who can describe to you the sad death of the lamented McWhirter, who ran his two miles in 3:30, without a touching lowering of the voice and a suspicious moisture about the eyes.

After a visit to one of the great stock farms one can appreciate this enthusiasm.

younger and less famous than he is now. but he was ambitious. As the story goes, Indian Hill, the beautiful stock farm there was an influential old farmer whom of Mr. T. Veech, is quite near Louisville, and very numerous are the visitors to it during a year. The celebrated trotter Trinket hailed from here, you know. Last year, at his spring sale, Mr. Veech sold a beautiful little three year filly, anything morally, mentally, or physically who was unable to do a full day's labor Femme Sole, for \$5,000. Even Richard III., who offered "a kingdom for a horse," would be surprised, I think, at the prices that are paid for some of them of Latin and Greek, to say nothing about discovered the old gentleman's theory in these days. The colts at Indian hill practically applied. Stephen was are looking none the worse for the long, cold winter, except one poor little fellow who slipped on the ice as he came out of his stable one morning. Even should be recover entirely from his lameness, you of nothing but pre-something or meerschaum pipe in my jaw, my Irish blackthorn-Biddy's especial care-in my fist, I was off, rain or shine, never my fist, I was off, rain or shine, never up and sold while Mr. Vecch was engaged elsewhere. He arrived just as the horse was knocked down to the highest bidder. He stopped the auctioneer and told him to state that the horse had been huri while a colt, and although in his opinion it did not injure the horse, still he wished attention called to the scar, and the horse could be resold. This was done, and Mr. Veech lost \$100 by his candor. Some time ago Mr. Thorpe, a Louisville merchant, bought a colt from Indian Hill, and afterward laughingly told Mr. Veech that the horse had disappointed him greatly. Whereupon Mr. Veech gave him the best colt he had that year. This colt is now the promising horse Greenlander, that trotted in Chicago last year. These horsemen seem to know and love their horses as a man does his children. One morning one of them missed a fine young mare which had been grazing in a field with eighty others. Search was made far and near for days, but she was nowhere to be found. At last a noise was heard in a stable that had not been used for some time, and on examination she was found in between the floor and the ground. What she went in for and how she ever got in have remained a mystery to this day. The space was so small that the floor, had to be taken up to get her out. One of the most beautiful sights I ever saw was the show of fine horses at the Louisville fair grounds several years ago. I was very much amused by a little six year-old girl who sat near me. Her mother was telling her about the horses, their names, etc.. "That is Harold," she said, pointing to a group standing near, "the father of Maud S; that ugly white mare is Miss Russel!; the mother of Maud S; and the little colt is Lord Russell, Maud S's little brother." The child was deeply interested, being Ken tucky born, and after thinking for some time she asked her mother in the most puzzled way: "If Miss Russell is the mother of Maud S. why is she called Miss Russell-why don't they call her Mrs. S.?" Last year they had a number of the great stallions at the Louisville Exposition. They were in stalls in an annex attended by a crowd of adoring trainers and stable-boys, but Mr. Harper was himself n Longfellow's stall, you may be sure. Some luckless man had brought a splendid Louisiana horse, Louis Napoleon, to show, and great scemed his chagrin that the partisan Kentuckians could scarcely spare a glance as they hurried by his stall to reach those of their beloved Longfellow, Ten Broeck, King Alfonso and Springbok. As we stood by King Alfonso the old colored man in charge invited us to come nearer, assuring us he was "as gentle as a lamb." One man, deceived by the man's words and the horse's looks, walked forward to pat him, whereupon his majesty bit at him, and almost caught his hand. I reproached the man for telling such stories, when he said, "La, he would not hurt anybody, he was only nipping at him in play." I, however, kept at a safe distance, as I made up my mind, if I was killed, it would not make any difference to me whether I had been maliciously bitten or playfully nipped to death. These stable-boys have the most wonderful memories for the names, etc., of all the horses on the places. I asked one of Mr. Harper's boys what had become of a little mare, Sallie M., that

Habits of the Cstrich-A Glance at an

That ostriches are no simpletons, and have ways and fashions distinctively their own, may not be questioned.

Catrich Farm.

Just as well as would human folk, do they know when intruders have invaded their premises; even more, they discover at a glance whether the newly laid treasures have been touched, and alack-a-day should but one egg be missing, or per-chance the shell of one be cracked, never more will the insulted bird of the descri

brood and watch over that outraged nursery. Devotion turns to fury, and scorning to raise a broken-up family circle, with anger that knows no bounds, these mammoth feathered folk smash every egg left and hop frantically over the desolated "remains."

The nest of an ostrich is not by any means an elegant affair; it is not even pretty, yet in accordance with their ideas and needs, "the hollow of ample propor-tions, scooped in the sandy soil," offers every possibility of comfort; all the better should the selected home place be shielded by heather or protecting shrubs; then, "with the patience of love, wisps of grass and tender bits of herbage" are deftly woven in and out, forming a com-pact and comfortable bed for expected guests. This snuggery, seven or eight feet in diameter, is sufficient for family accommodation, and here for a time the mammoth guardians rest content, frequently turning the eggs, that each side may have its due share of warmth.

After a time Madame Ostrich asser. her right to the f:eedom of the plain, leaving to her partner all charge of household matters, and, to his credit be it told, paterfamilias accepts the care with a ferver and faithfulness quite wonderful; with patriarchal dignity the ample wings are stead protectingly over the nest, containing sometimes two score of eggs, sharing the vigils with a calm content, though it is a very uncertain matter whether "rations" come regularly or not; his powers of endurance admit of long fasts, and he is often put to the test.

Madame, roaming at will, utterly ignores domestic courtesies; she is off for undisturbed recreation, and only when evenings are fine, and marauders not lurking near, does her liege lord stroll out to catch a savory bite, and stretch

The Zulu Indians have smoked cigarrettes for 700 years.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Of the 176 varieties of snakes in the United States twenty-two are venom-

In weaving, as well as a great many other arts, the Egyptians seem to have excelled even the progress of the present dav.

In a New York jewelry store window s exhibited a large knot, out from a tree, which is the exact counterpart of human ear.

Travelers in Africa frequently see floating islands of grass and reeds, some of which are large enough to support cattle which graze upon them.

The grape cure practiced in Germany cars. s paralleled by the treatment now in vogue at Oakland, Cal., in which the patient, for food and drink, is given Bartlett pears. An invalid is said to grow thin upon the dict, but in a few weeks usually grows stronger.

The oldest relics found in Egypt in the oldest tombs are wooden coffins and idols not the least decayed, embalmed mummics, the linen wrappings not the least soiled, rolls of papyri as legible as if written but yesterday, eggs looking fresh, garden seeds, loaves of bread, honey in the comb, etc.

A French statistician has discovered that up to the present, 2,510 emperors and kings have governed sixty four nations. Out of this number 300 have been driven from their thrones, sixty-four have abdicated, twenty-four have committed suicide, twelve have become insane, 100 fell in battle, 123 were captured, twentyfive died martyrs, 151 have been assassi nated, and 108 have been condemned to death and executed according to law.

Birds are without lips or teeth, the aws being covered with horn, forming a beak. This varies greatly in shape, being extremely wide in the whippoorwill, remarkably long in the pelican, stout in the cagle and slender in the hummer. It is hardest in those that tear or bruise their food, and softest in water a horny sheath, its chief function being to secure the food when in the mouth. It is proportionately largest and most I did not care about getting into close fleshy in the parrots. .

Although three, four, five or six cents car. eem very little for the use of one dollar

A BRAKEMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

NUMBER 22.

Discharged Because a Tramp Who Fell off the Train Wasn't Killed.

It was a damp, foggy night in early spring, and I was one of the crew which had in charge a "wild" freight, which we had been most of the night-for it. was nearly morning now-in getting an insignificant distance toward our destination. We had been side-tracked several times for trains to pass us, the last time for several hours, so that when we got under way and thought everything was clear for a good run, it was only about an hour before daylight-the very darkest time in a very dark night, however. I think I never saw a blacker, thicker atmosphere than we had that night; even the lanterns could not be seen more than the length of half a dozen

When we got under headway I started to go up to the engine for something, and was groping my way over the tops of the cars very cautiously-for it was dangerous work, on account of the darkness, for even an experienced brakeman, while I was green and awkward-when happening to throw the light of my lantern down between two cars, I saw a dark mass of something against the end of one of them. I stopped to look closer, and swinging my lantern between the cars saw it was some poor fellow stealing a ride. He had his hat pulled down over his face and, more asleep than awake, was keeping in an upright position by clinging to the steps used for getting up on the car. The light I had thrown about him and the noise I had made roused him up. When he saw he had been discovered he put the best possible face on the matter and expressed his determination to stav on the train until we reached the end of the route. I told him that he could not do this and we soon got into an angry dispute. He then climbed up on the car, and as he did so I moved to the other end. In this position we continued our war of words, he meanwhile standing very close to the end of the car. I soon concluded to leave him and find out of the conductor what should be done. I did not like his impudence and knew birds. The tongue is also covered with that somehow we would have to get him off the train; but with the indications of brawn and muscle which he possessed.

As I was about to move away the train for a year, it is surprising what a large gave a lurch as she struck an imperfect rail, which almost threw me off my feet. At the same time I saw my unwelcome necticut man who in 1838 commenced passenger make a wild grasp in the air, making deposits in a savings bank. His as his body swayed backward with the total deposits from that date until 1885 shock through which it had been so hard amounted to \$1,962.25. Between 1838 for me to keep my position on the car, and 1858 he drew from the bank \$1,270.- | and as dimly as I could see his face the expression of horror and fright was one of the most painful sights I ever saw; then he uttered a wild shrick, and half swinging around on one foot upon which he was trying to balance himself, he fell headlong out of sight between the cars. One more piercing wail reached my ears, and then all was drowned in the roar of the on-speeding train.

quarters alone on the top of a freight

THE BIRD OF THE DESERT.

putting in an appearance at Farm Lodge until rosy eve; a hard biscuit and some cold tea carried with me being my supporters until a seven o'clock dinner. One evening after I had "tubbed."

and fresh as a Dublin bay herring, I deseended to the dining-room, I found myself stumbling over not one, but half a ing his entire stay. dozen, Saratoga trunks, blocking the hall, and cutting off the stairs.

What the deuce is the matter, Eddy?" I asked, as I staked a roasted fewl on a two pronged fork. "The new boarders is come, Misther

Saltash." "New boarders! Mrs. Rosetint never

mentioned them." "That's quare, sir. We've been roldyin' the place for them the last tin

days, no less, "They won't interfere with mc, I hope, Biddy."

"Sorra a fear o' that, if I can help it. s'r; but I'm thinkin' that if yer not bespoke, there's wan of the young leddies that will spoil yer long walks if ye don't so lovely, so bewitching! But did she take her along."

whole at six-and-twenty. Tough !-deuced tough ! as Major Bagstock has itand the worry of having to be conventoo utterly provoking.

"Never mind," I half-muttered, as I worried the drunstick of the succulent chicken, "I need not bother. I am up before these people will dream of stir-ring, and as I shall be away all day, it don't make much difference. I shall give them a tolerably wide berth.

The next morning, as I thrust my body half-out of my bedroom window, to see what the day promised, my eyes encountered a girl of exquisite figure, attired in a tailor-made blue flannel, a soft felt hat on her head, and looking as fresh as Aurora herself. Her face was open and honest, and if apple-blossems and roses were on her checks, cherries were on the deliciously carven lips, while in the startled eyes that for a second encountered mine, there was a light that actualy electrified me. She had a bunch of

beautiful rosebuds in her hand, plucked from my favorite tree, a Gloire de Dijon. One of these buds had fallen. I "spotted" it, and before I attacked the buckwheat cakes, it was in my posses-

"Who are these new boarders?" asked of my fair Land Leaguer.

"They're from Boston, sir. La Fanu be name. The father is a counselor. Mrs. Rosetint was their cook wanst, and they never lost sight of her. The young leddies is sweet crayturs, and the old lady was down on Mrs. Rosetint for having any strangers in the house, but the misthress made her quite aisy, in regard to you, sayin' ye was a decent say-notha to-nobody, harmless young man." This was a stupid description of char-Acter enough. I wondered did my girl hear Mrs. Rosetint's description of me. The two sisters were in the garden as I passed through. My girl blushed the rosiest of reds as I doffed my hat en pas-

I felt inclined to blush, too, recollectng the abominable appearance I must have presented at the little window that morning.

Somehow or other, I could not banish her eyes from my thoughts, and as I tramped over the mountains, the elec-

quietly gave her opinion! week. He didn't seem to take to me. Off came the amateur's garments one by He regarded me suspiciously, and was as one, but this did little good. As his if on his guard. It was a sorrowful clothing grew lighter his temperature week to me, for he was no walker, and steadily grew higher and higher. Mr. as a consequence absorbed the girls dur- Elkins perspired as he never perspired

"If I was you, sir, I'd go stravagin about the mountains while th' ould chap is here," suggested the Land Leaguer, a hint that I took, for he was rather an oppresssive sort of person-in fact, too learned by half for me.

Well, I was madly in love with Gladys La Fanu. Yes, from the very moment I laid eyes upon her that morning in the

garden. Cupid came to me like a prizefighter; the more I fought against him the more punishment he gave meknock downs and facers every time. I was simply nowhere. Gladys was my

adoration, the perpetual subject of my perpetual thoughts. Without her life was a black mist. She was so radiant, care for me?

Here was misery! The very thing of When this question propounded itself, all others that rendered Farm Lodge so a sickening sensation through delightful to me was the absence of the me. She had given me no definite en-"young lady" element. I was heart couragement, and yet-yes, there was a nameless something in her eyes that told me to hope with all my might and main. The day came at length when the retional, and polite, and shirt collary dur- turn to Boston was announced. A letter ing my summer holiday was quite too had arrived from Mr. La Fanu, who was tal weakness for midsummer hay fields pining for his doves to return to Beacon street ark.

Ah, what a duli thud my poor heart gave when I thought of the ending of our walks, of our companionship, of our freedom; when I thought of the stern conventionalities of Hub life, when, indeed, of seeing my precious pet every day, and all day, and in the most glorious and romantic surroundings, that a stray glimpse of her, while passing up the street, a peep at her in the public gardens, where, thank heaven! she walked every day, and a few words before others when I called, perhaps, once

a week! I resolved upon risking all, by placing all on the hazard of the die; to declare my love, and be happy or desperate, as she determined.

A last picnic was proposed, and we started in the two-horse break for an almost inacessible place called the Diamond Gorge.

Mrs. La Fanu was so busily engaged in making quince jelly that she allowed us to start without her; so I drove the two girls, Gladys beside me.

I am a good whip, and know a good deal about horses. The two brutes this morning, as if to spite me, were so fresh that it took me "all I knew how" to manage them, and, instead of gentle converse with Gladys, I was uttering full flavored language to the horses between my set teeth. We came to a steep hill, the roadway cut deep like a ditch or trough, and so narrow as to ad-

mit of the passage of but one vehicle. -Kathleen asked me to pull up. "I prefer to walk this gorge," she said. Need I say how gladly I stopped? With the agility of a hind she leaped from the back seat to the fern covered bank that was on a dead level with the cushion.

See strode on ahead, picking her way ers, and over the tangled roots of the grand old trees by which the cutting cents for a large sheet, which is used as was jealously guarded.

water and molasses which served for re-Mr. La Fanu came to us to spend a freshments began to lose its cooling effect. before. He endured it until he could

to a huge farm-wagon appeared at the

Took an Ammonia Bath.

in the New York Times tells the follow-

ing story, in which Stephen B. Elkins,

the well known politician, figured as the

"Halston" in his "Hit and Miss Chat"

* * *

stand no more, and in a moment of weakness acknowledged himself beaten by the weather. Ambition or no ambition, he wanted to get cool. The farmer heard his confession and suggested an ammonia sponge bath; that was cool-

ing if anything in the world was. His visitor eagerly adopted the suggestion, and dragging his par-boiled length to the house and securing ammonia in abundance, he proceeded in the solitude of his room to take his bath. It worked beautifully at firs', and he was charmed, so charmed, in fact, that he kept it up until he began to experience very strange sensations, sensations that kept growing more and more peculiar until he was enduring a well-developed case of palpitation of the heart. He was a sad and frightened man, but good

nursing and prompt medical treatment saved him to ornament the political world. The old farmer had failed to tell him that a very little ammonia with a good deal of water was the proper thing: Mr. Elkins had ignored water entirely. But even unto this day Stephen is accredited with no sentimenand the joys that come afterward.

A Venezuelan Summer Hotel.

A letter from Venezuela, South America, thus describes the peculiarities of a summer hotel: The bedrooms all open upon a large court and are nothing but dark cells or closets, with no ventilation except what comes in at the door. When the doors are shut-but they never shut them; they would suffocate if they did -they hang a piece of matting or a sheet on a cord that stretches across about two-thirds of the way from the ground. This doesn't add to the privacy of the apartment, but it promotes comfort immensely. If the night is so hot that you cannot stay in your room the alternative

is to swing a hammock in the patio, and when morning comes creep back into your cell so they can set the tables for breakfast.

There isn't a bed in the whole house: everybody sleeps on cots. The guests bring their own towels and soap, but wine is furnished without extra charge. The landlord gives you a couple of sheets and a lumpy little pillow of wool or fine hay. If you want a blanket you must bring it along, but there is very little danger of needing one.

The bathing arrangements are quite as odd. The sharks are so numerous that it is dangerous to bathe in the surf, and nobody cares to have his legs nipped off, so a semi-circular pen of piling has been erected, at government expense, reaching about 100 feet into the sea. Through this piling the surf beats quite fiercely. The pen is divided in the centre by a high wall, one side being for the ladies and the other for the gentlemen. At the shore end is a miniature castle of stone, likewise divided into two large rooms, with a row of benches around the wall and hooks to hang your clothes on over them. Everybody bathes through the golden-hued autumn creep- au nature; bathing dresses are unknown; you pay five cents for a ticket and ten

drapery and as a towel, and then un-This was my chance. Gladys and I dress. The attendant hands you a sheet his tired wings and cramped legs. Of all expeditions common with Sahara

sportsmen, "the capture of an ostrich ranks next to the plunder of a caravan;" so many, too, are the risks that often sev cral horses are sacrificed. When pursued, the wary bird "courses about in a circle," so as often to completely mystify its pursuers, and their fleetness of movement and long strides render strategy a neccssary study to hunters. If there be a large party, some of the horsemen set on deposit amounting to \$11,273.33. forth upon a gentle gallop, just to keep the prey in view, others move at right angles, and so, often coming upon their game unawares, but plucky to the last,

the feathered victim yields only when exhaustion overtakes him, then expressing his indignation and wrath by "kicking vigorously in a sideways fashion,' a most ungraceful movement, but "terribly effective," as hunters have experienced to their sorrow.

Very dear to the heart of a Bushman are ostrich eggs; on finding a nest, he will, if possible, crowd himself within it, and courageously await the return of its owners, "to fight it out." Sometimes he clothes himself in the skin of an ostrich, and cunningly imitating the gait and motions of the bird, allures a returning one, only to bring him low with the tiny bow and sma'l arrows commonly inuse among them; in this way are secured the finest ostrich plumes, so much in vogue.

An ostrich farmer using an "incubator" finds it no light task to raise the young; undivided attention does not always insure success. Ostrich babies thus reared "are plucked before they are a year old, and for years-no one can perhaps tell how long-they are annual ly subjected to this process; of some it is recorded that for over fifteen years they yielded this profit, and were still in high feather."

At plucking time the unsuspected creatures are enticed by unusual measures of maize, of which they are very fond, and penned snugly where struggling is out of their power; not a wing can they spread, aggressive or defensive warfare s denied them; the poor things are utterly at the mercy of their masters-men who know not the meaning of that gentle quality. The wings are unceremoniously lifted, and the delicate flossy plumage is pulled or cut out. If plucked, the weight in market is heavier, and the quill soon grows again. "Very slight is the pain," coolly remarks the skilful operator: but who can tell? for fashion's high behest is all this accomplished, and as one has written of it, "in voiceless dignity the sufferer endures." Plucking season over, the feathers are carefully sorted; the white primary outside rim, found just under the wing, is vice. deemed the most valuable, and these are sometimes sold for \$125 per pound. Sorting gives place to packing, and to market the beautiful treasures are sent. It is said that ostrich farming is, however, a most uncertain employment, being subject entirely to fashion's freaks.

In ancient times eggs and plumes were to crowned heads most acceptable tribute-money. Ostrich egg omelet is universally regarded as a dainty dish; extremely convenient are they also, as, owing to the thickness of the shells, they retain their freshness for weeks; for this travelers hold them in high esteem. In the Metropolitan museum, Central Park, is a singular curiosity. Standing in a glass case is an artificial ostrich, ap-

sum it amounts to when left for a number of years, as in the case of a Con-70; and yet, a short time since, on having his bank book written up and balanced he was found to have a balance

Cripples in Cougress.

A Washington correspondent writes that there will be at least three one legged ex-Confederates in the next Cougress, to say nothing of Wade Hampton. who is one-legged and an ex-Confederate, but did not lose his leg in the war. The three in question are Senator Berry, of Arkansas, Senator Butler, of South Carolina, and Stone, of Kentucky, who succeeds Oscar Tnrner.

A one-legged man seems to be a better runner, on the whole, thin one with two legs. Mr. Oscar Turner on his arrival at Washington after the beginning of the last session of Congress, on being asked about his successor, remarked that he was a one-legged man, and an ex-Confederate. "They tried everything in the district with two legs," said he, with a grim smile, "and couldn't beat me, so they tried the one-legged fellow, and by George, they beat me.

There are a much larger number of wounded and crippled ex Confederates among Congressmen than there are wounded and crippled ex-Union soldiers. There will be a round dozen of them ip the next Congress, perhaps more.

Berry will find company in the Senate, for besides Butler, who lost his right leg at Brandy Station, there is Kenna, who enter d the service a mere child-he was but seventeen years old at the close of the war-and was wounded in the service. In the House there will be Mr. Stone, who outran Oscar Turner; Oates, of Alabama, who lost his right arm in front of Richmond in his twenty seventh battle, and after having been five times previously wounded. Herbert, of Alabama, who was disabled at the battle of the Wilderness; Davidson, of Florida. who was so badly wounded in '64 as to render him unfit for further service; Cox of North Carolina; Aiken, of South Carolina, who was shot through the lungs in '62, but served a year or two after his partial recovery; Gibson, of West Virginia, who was obliged to retire from service on account of his wounds; Cabell, of Virginia, who was wounded twice, and O'Ferral of the same State. who received no less than seven wounds during his career in the Confederate ser-

Oriental Loafers.

The Oriental has the art of loafing down to a very fine point, says a letter from Turkey. If I were asked to describe an Arab or a Turk of Damascus (for as we get nearer the Bosphorus, moving north, the Turkish element becomes more and more manifest over the Arabian), I should ask you to picture to yourself a cotton striped robe reaching to his heels, and a red fez or a turban, squat by the brink of running water. There, hour after hour, men sit and let the hours slip by; all days are the same. The women are frequently seen encamped by the water's edge, hidden behind their vails, and you do not at all know v hether

It was not a manly thing to do, I am aware; but I fainted on top of the car.

It must have been about half an hour afterward, for it was by this time daylight, when I came to and began to realize what had happened. As soon as possible I got back to the caboose and detailed to the conductor what had occurred. By this time we were ten or twelve miles from the scene of the accident. so he said.

"We're running wild, and if we go back and pick up the remains of that fellow it'll take an hour. Only thing I can see that we can do is to go on to the next station and send for orders." This we did and got permission from headquarters to run back.

The train had to back down, of course, and when we came within a couple of miles of the point near which we supposed we would find at least a portion of our man, the train slackened its speed and the conductor and myself began to kcep a careful watch along the track.

Presently, from a clump of blackberry bushes in a corner of the rail fence some one sang out:

"Gents, if you 'us cum clean back here fur me, I simply want to say thet I 'preciate it. 'Tisn't every road'd do it. I ain't no pressin' engagements at the end o' your line; but I 'preciate your kindness in comin' back fur me, anyhow!"

We peered in the direction indicated by the voice. There, upon the top rail of the fence with one leg thrown over the other, and calmly smoking a short pipe-a picture of impudence-sat the fellow we had expected to gather up in fragments, safe and sound, scarcely a scratch worse off than when I first saw him between the cars.

The conductor grasped the situation at once, and our train was soon again going forward. His feelings were so outraged to think the man hadn't been killed-hadn't even been hurt-that he did nothing but heap abuse upon me until we got our train in; and I believe he considered me as great a criminal because the accident didn't prove fatal to the fellow as though he had been killed and I was the direct cause of it.

It seemed to me that I was an entirely innocent participant in the incident; but every one appeared to think that by all laws of nature the man ought to have been killed, and that I, somehow, was the the cause of the thing missing fire, and was not to be trusted in consequence. So a few days later I got my discharge. - Detroit Free Press.

History of Life Insurance.

The Boston Globe publishes a history of life insurance since it was first introduced into this country in 1812. It shows that the companies have handled since that time nearly \$1,500,000,000 of friend of mine. He quickly answered: "Yes, I know the mare you speak of; and heantiful collection of Prince Darie

tricity of her glance seemed to light up	were alone.	when you are stripped, and concealing	she may be Longfallow dam Plating	deff The body of the bird is manager	Louise Amor How Darling	Up to date policy-holders have paid to
everthing and grance seemed to nght up	My heart began to throb great, great	your nakedness with that protection you	she was by Longfellow, dam Platina.	doit. The body of the bird is represen-	Laying Away Her Darling.	
everything around me.	throbs, taking my breath away.	limb down the stone stairway hang	She was considered very speedy, but			the companies in the aggregate \$1,282,-
Fate brought us together in the gloam-	through the later of the second second	chimo down the stone stan way, hang	she went lame, and now she has a very			563 000. The combanies have ball in
ing.	What should I say? How commence?	your sheet over the railing, and plunge	and went raile, and now one and a very	and the short and mead are one mass of ca-	A strange sight even for fuscon was presented on the streets yesterday after-	doath losses andowments and dividends
Îma - 1 - 1	Her little hand, ungloved, lay on her	in The water is glorious, warm and	promising cont by her side.			
I was speeding dinnerward, and was	lap. Would I-dare I take it?	salty, so dense that it will almost bear	test in the second s	sumput gutter ormantiv.	on hor shoulder followed by a lot of	poor, out, out. Then present accord and
still a good three miles from the mutton,	ISD. HOULA I GALL I	saity, so deuse that it will almost beat		This wonderful piece of Italian handi-	little girls. The coffin, judging from its	nearly \$500,000,000. What the compa-
	At this instant the horses simultane-	you on the surface, and deep enough to	The curious effect which the placing	This wonderful piece of Italian handr	little girls. The comin, judging from its	size have noid out with their present
when at a turn, not in the road, but in	1 1.1. I up their cars and plung	When you have had	at a tertilizer on one side of an orange	craft is set with gems, precious stones,	size, was evidently empty, otherwise	mes have paid out, with their present
T Cheodineered the misses ha	the second to close the		troot of Laga legun kig and none on	Dearba enamel and rich sliver-work, and	the sould not have marched elong with	assets, exceeds the amount received a set
f dill Hoth more lader with	ing forward, commenter	enough of it you chino up the stairs,	the other had on the fruit is noted by a	it is atimated that the jewels adorning	she could not have marched along with	policy-holders by \$138,084,161. Letters
flowers and bath must with mountain	1 til at a break nock DSCP	aning white aboot and throw it around	The other had on the fruit is noted by a	i to to optimistou anato the jeweis autorning	it as she did later along the scene i	post of the state
flowers, and both were proceeding in the	Londonvored to hold them in, but to	atting on the bench until you are	Southern Daber, which save that the side			
direction of Farm Lodge.		you, sitting on the ocnost alother	that was tertilized bore large, bright	be valued at \$17.000.		lawyers, physicians and ciergymen, and
Now to page them 17 1	no purpose.		the way for the athen small must anon	The set of Take bins of Dalamia	by four mule gans, fonowed by service	business men all over the country, which
Doorish people lines handle it	Higher up the hill a magnificent oak		oranges, and the other small, rusty ones	Inecrest of John, King of Bonemia,	women. It is no uncommon organ to bee	discuss life insurance, follow the history.
poorish, people living beneath the same	night up the mit waste in that	Ne Connecticut regiment ever lost a	and the second second second	is formed of three ostrich feathers; the	a coffin borne to the grave on the	discuss me insurance, fonow the motory.
with me, so with a little quivering	hung over the road, its roots in that	a during the simil was according to the		motto, "Ich dien." This was adopted		
av Ing board	- the second top of the st many billing -	Has duiting the ottal margaret		L Ed a the D L D'	Suburtiers of a man, but a woman with a	The total population ruled by the
loffed my have not parpitation-1	claws, that Dore loved to sketch. Be-	statement recently made by a public	1 isked her husband for some money with-	by Lurara, the mack Prince, -Harper's		
my beaver, and asked if they	claws, that Dole loved to thetest		out receiving a response, believe that	Bazar.	even here Tucson (Ari.) Citizen.	czar was in 1882 100,038,342.
were going homeward.	neath this tree stood Kathleen Le Fanu,	speaker.	silence is goldenBoston Post.	Distribution with the second state of the second state	tich noise thereit for all the second	
			Stichto IS Monthe About A very			