THE EUPEPTIC OSTRICH.

He Eats Nails, Screws, and Knife Blades, and Lives to a Green Old Age.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Americans in general must be in possession of a vast fund of varied, accurate, and well authenticated ignorance about ostriches. This is the conclusion reached by a reporter after an hour's conversation with a professional ostrich farmer. The gentleman is Mr. H. G. Reid, who paid $12,000 and gave five years' hard work to acquire what he knows. He is a Scotchman of education and intelligence, and has a rare faculty of making people take an interest in what interests him. He has spent several months in teaching Californians how to get a little profit out of ostrich farming, and it was his experience in California that led him to give the data for this article.

After paying his respects to the unscientific practices of the California ostrich fanciers, Mr. Reid gave some interesting data about the habits of the birds. He has small respect for the intellectual endowments of the ostrich. "The ratio of the marquess's brain to his entire bulk is as 1 to 48, that of the eagle as 1 to 60, and that of the ostrich as 1 to 1,200," said Mr. Reid; "so one doesn't expect him to attain to any sublime heights of culture. And yet to watch the male and female ostrich about the nest is to conceive the greatest respect for their propagative instinct. The ostrich egg, from the time it is laid until incubation is complete, requires daily attention. The idea that it is hatched in the sand by the heat of the sun is nonsense. That notion comes of the fact that the bird, being very timid, runs away on the approach of any creature it conceives to be a foe, and before going usually rakes the sand up around and over the nest to retain the heat which the eggs have received from its body, and the discovery of such deserted nests nearly hatched out has further strengthened the fallacy. But the fact is that the ostrich egg requires turning daily during incubation, which lasts forty-two days; requires slight moisture, which it receives from contact with the bird's body, and requires ventilation, which the bird provides for by standing over the nest and turning its body about to shade the eggs from the sun. A gradual decrease in the temperature of the eggs is also imperative. For the first two weeks it is 104° Fahrenheit; for the third week, 102°; fourth, 100°; fifth, 98°; sixth, 96°. This is provided by nature in the steadily falling temperature of the bird's body, due to the receipt of less nourishment than at other times, and in the incubator it must be looked after by careful attendants. Now, does anybody suppose that all these conditions can be met by simply heaping the eggs with sand? Yet the ostrich watches all these points.

"The male, by the way, does most of the hatching—sitting on the nest sixteen hours out of the twenty-four—and I have seen him hold his post for twenty hours, when the hen refused to come and relieve him. And when the hen leaves the nest before her turn comes to seek food, the male will at once take her place, although she does not show the same solicitude when by any chance he deserts the eggs. And, strangely enough, though the ostrich often resents the invasion of his corral by strangers at other times than during incubation, he will allow any one to approach the nest while he is on guard without taking the slightest offence.

"It is a curiosity to watch him assist the hatching-out process. As soon as he sees the beak or toe sticking through the shell he will take the egg up by the protruding bill or foot, lift it two or three feet, and drop it on the ground until it breaks. He then picks out the two chicks at once by dropping one egg upon the other in this way."

Mr. Reid does not gainsay any of the extraordinary stories that are told of the ostrich's wonderful powers of digestion. On the contrary, he believes that there is no limit too hard to be ground up between the small stones with which its stomach is always partially filled. When handling ostriches on exhibition Mr. Reid has been in the habit of allowing the people to give them nails, screws, and even knife blades to swallow. He says these ungodly indigestible substances are disposed of within the stomach of the bird he relates the following incident:

"While I had charge of the Hopkins farm, among many visitors one day there came two young men who assumed the swagger style. One of them was smoking, and the other bantered him to feed his cigar to the ostrich—a hen. He took his knife from his pocket to cut the cigar in two, but before he could do so the ostrich, which was over the fence, bolted the knife from his fingers and swallowed it. The two young men then ran away, thinking they had killed her. Noticing the commotion, I approached the others in the crowd of visitors and inquired the cause. They told me in an excited manner that such a great injury had been done. I told them that the bird was all right, and, to prove it, offered to let her swallow another knife. One was quickly handed out, and she disposed of that also. Then, to establish the wonderful gastric vitality of the ostrich, I gave a few small screws in the palm of my hand, and she gobbled them up like corn. Afterward, during the following fortnight I permitted her to swallow screws, as instead I had often done before, nails—how, I know not, but the bird would eat anything that took her eye.

"Two weeks later she escaped the corral and by the herding while the attendants were trying to recapture her. Of course she had to be killed, and in opening her stomach I found a coil spring which I had first shaped so that I could see how seven parts of the screws, but not the shafts of them, had been ground off by the stones and gravel in the stomach. I found no traces of the knives whatever, and I am satisfied that they, as well as the screws, had been assimilated, have been digested—or partly eaten away by the powerful gastric juice, and partly ground up by the stones and gravel. In another ostrich's stomach I found what had been a small coil of wire, which had been twisted through its fatty places. When I took the ostriches to the fair I allowed a crowd to gather about on the first day, and then threw in a few watermelon rinds, potatoes, carrots, and other vegetables. After that I had no more bother about food for the birds—the fear of the ostrich is a quality that the foolish capitalists. On this point Mr. Reid made the following statement. "Arthur Douglass, a poor sheep farmer near Graham's Town, South Africa, in 1866 was the pioneer ostrich farmer. He started in a little way, first by bird chicks, and he started in to supply the market with domestic feathers. He has raised and sold thousands of chicks and stocked many of the surrounding farms. The growth of feathers, raised in captivity, has grown from original wild birds and still has the elements of good marketable breeding, and yielding a good marketable feather."

SINGING SANDS.

Kansas People Mystified Until the Music was Traced to Its Source.

From the Philadelphia Press.

PITTSBURG, Kan., Sept. 8.—One of the most remarkable natural curiosities ever in evidence in this section has just been discovered in Flint Hills, about five miles northwest of this city. A long reach of country in that section is composed of sand beds and hills covered with small patches of flint pebbles, green, white, red, and yellow. It is utterly barren. A road passes through the desolate tract, but it is travelled only when the people are in a hurry, or it is hard on man and beast.

About two months ago the people were surprised by several slight earthquake shocks. The tremblings continued for several days, and few nights after the earthquake people at the farm of Jasper Newton, on the edge of Flint Hills, thought they heard the sound of music, and got up to see who was playing at that time of night. The sound rose and fell in regular cadence, but they could distinguish no tune. It had more of the sound of an Indian harp than of any other instrument. They listened for some time, but as the music neither advanced nor receded they concluded that it must be the work of some neighbors, and the matter was carried by a peculiar condition of the atmosphere.

The next night the music came again, only it seemed to be louder and nearer. So loud was it that Mr. Newton could distinguish the fact that it came from the direction of the sand hills. The next night there was a heavy rainstorm, and the music did not sound for several nights afterward. Then came a dry spell of a week, and one evening as the family was sitting in front of the house the sweet strains were heard again, only they were not so loud as formerly and appeared to be at a much greater distance. As the dry weather continued the sounds became louder and nearer every night.

At last it was determined to solve the mystery if possible, and a party of young people set out for the Flint Hills, determined to camp out all night and see what it was that caused the sounds. The first night they camped about the centre of the waste and waited. After darkness came they listened and waited, and soon the sweet sounds were heard faintly in the direction of Newton's house. They thought at first that a trick was being played upon them by some one at Newton's, but the same strain continued with no variation, or strength all night long. When they moved their camp nearer to the edge of the barren place, and that night the music appeared to come from a spot about a hundred yards from them. The sound did not seem any louder than when heard at the house of Newton, but it was clearer and more distinct.

One of the party went out to investigate, and as he was walking about the music suddenly stopped. He stood still for some time, but not a sound came. Then he walked away, and had gone but a short distance when he heard the music behind him. Retracing his steps, it stopped again, but as he walked on it started up. He then marked the sand with a stick and went back to the tent. Next morning they investigated the place where the stick had been placed and found that it was almost gone. At the spot where it had been placed the sand was working as if something underneath was boiling. It bubbled and worked in concentric circles and evidently caused the music by the rubbing together of the particles during the curious phenomena. When it raised the wet sand would emit no sound.

Killed the Son and Wounded the Father.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 12.—Near Richmond this morning John Rowan and his son Joe quarrelled with Shelby Jett over the payment of a debt. They got their guns and shot Jett. He returned the fire, killing his son Joe instantly, by wounding the father. Jett was arrested.

IN THE NICK OF TIME.

Moments of Intense Anxiety in an Engineer's Night Run.

From the Philadelphia Times.

Bill Jones, the driver of the big express engine 1,789, wiped his hands on a bunch of waste and leaned back in his cab contentedly smoking. Suddenly the signal of the conductor to start. In front the green light below the headlight, indicating that another section of the same train would follow, shone brightly, while behind a long line of baggage day and sleeping cars stretched out into the darkness beyond the station.

At last the signal came. With alert senses the engineman opened the throttle, and the train slowly started through the maze of tracks in Harrisburg yard on its long run to Philadelphia. Little by little more steam was put on, and faster and faster the express rattled along. Then the deafening noise and roar ceased, and then the steady click, clickity, click of the wheels as they passed over the rail joints indicated that the long siding filled with freight cars had been left behind. Gathering momentum, the train dashed into the quiet night. Far off in the distance a light shone from a farm house, but the nearer dwellings lay white and silent in the moonlight. Suddenly dazzling lights flared all around. Big, half-naked men, looking all the more gigantic in the radiance, ran hither and thither upon tasks which could only be surmised, and then the picture was blotted out. It was a group of iron mills. On dashed the train, its course now lying between the old canal and the broad Susquehanna. A slight mist was rising from the river, but far across twinkled the dim light of another train, emphasized by a clearer light as the furnace was opened by the fireman. Bill Jones saw it and smiled to himself. It was the Baltimore connection which had left Harrisburg five minutes before his train. He jerked the cord and a shrill whistle sounded through the night. Two minutes later an answering blast floated sleepily across the water.

The express rumbled on now at full speed, whizzing by a coal train which had crossed over to the west-bound track to let it pass, and rattled through Middletown past long lines of other freights held back by the angry red of the semaphore so that the express might not be delayed at the intersection. Far ahead the signal governing the east-bound track shone crimson. Suddenly it turned into a white light and Jones released the air he had just put on, the train dashed forward, and with a jolt a rumble and a twist sped across the main line tracks, disappearing down the Mount Joy branch, the single track line used for passenger service between Lancaster and Harrisburg.

Just twenty-two minutes from the time the express passed the intersection it drew up at Mount Joy, fourteen miles distant, and took the siding to clear the Pacific express going west. The silence of night was almost oppressive and the only sound which broke the stillness was the steady working of the injector resembling nothing so much as a person panting for a long run. From time to time the valley echoed a faint whistle then a rumble, a roar, the flash of a headlight and the rush of a heavy train dashing by at full speed, with scarcely a light visible in the long line of sleepers. As it passed Bill roused himself and pulled the whistle cord in response to the warning from the other engineer of the section following and then he started his train again for Lancaster.

Meanwhile, the rear brakeman was standing half dozing on the platform of the last sleeper. He heard Jones give the signal to the engineer of the west-bound train, saw the red tail lamp of the other train vanish in the direction of Harrisburg as he felt his own train in motion. Then there floated back another signal. Toot, toot, toot. The brakeman's heart leaped. That meant there was another section of the Pacific, also close behind, and the engineer had neglected to call Jones's attention to the green lamps on his own engine until aroused by Bill's whistle. The brakeman was in a quandary. Should he pull the bell cord and stop the train on his own hook? Know of the following section of Pacific running that night and was supplied with orders, he would invite a reprimand for his officiousness.

On the other hand, if his fears were well founded and the express was running on the single track and so opposite a section train—he resolved to run the risk of leaving his post and go forward. It is no easy task to thread one's way through three or four sleepers around staterooms and smoking apartments, and it is still more difficult to pass through an ordinary crowd in a dark car at night, when the passengers sprawl into easy attitudes and extend their limbs into the aisles. Like an age it seemed to the brakeman ere he gained the platform of the front car, clambered over the rocking tank of the engine and stood beside the engineer. "Bill did you notice Pacific carried signals for a second section?" he yelled into the engineer's ear. "My God, no."

Then the man accustomed to dangers made a lightning calculation. There would be at least twenty minutes between the two sections caused by the stop at Lancaster. Fully five minutes had already expired, and he knew by the surroundings Mount Joy was four miles behind. Within the next five minutes the second section if on time would leave Lancaster and run slowly to the switch, the junction of the branch and the main line. Could he with eight cars run the seven miles and get there ahead of the west bound train? Aye if it were in the wood.

He threw the lever as far as they would go and the iron horse responded to the call. "Go back, Jim," he shouted to the flagman, "this is no place for you if we meet her," and the trainman obeyed. Three, five, seven, eight minutes passed, and the heavy train was shooting forward at a mad pace. Nine minutes, but each second brought the crisis nearer. He held down the whistle cord, and a long uninterrupted blast sounded, but to the fevered senses of the engineer it made no noise. He could see a portion of the main line now, but not where the switch connected with it. Then the engine swung around, and directly in front was Bill's red tender, giving him the clear signal, while lying motionless just beyond was the second section of the Pacific express. The tower man had heard the wild cry of Jones's engine and stopped the west train in the nick of time.

That happened ten year ago this month.

JOE ENGLISH'S DANCING BALL ACT.

The Adventures of a Man Who Sat Down Over an Oil Well to Be Some Figuring.

From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

ST. MARY'S, O., Sept. 6.—At the Fountain House yesterday a large number of prominent oil men from the various fields of Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia were telling their experiences in the oil fields. The one that mostly attracted attention was a thrilling one by Joe English, a well-known contractor. His story was as follows:

"I was about 20 years old when the oil excitement broke out in our country, and was leading a lonely life of a farmer's boy. We lived on a farm of 140 acres, within two miles of a prosperous town in Pennsylvania, and there was little excitement for any of us until some of the oilmen from Oil City came down and built a rig on the Davis farm, about a quarter of a mile from our place. The gusher hold was struck in paying quantities. I believe we drilled four wells, and all very good producers. No. 3 acted strangely. The day it came in it filled two 250-barrel tanks in four hours, and was a tremendous flow, but because of a lack of tankage. The well settled down, however, to about 300 barrels a day, and kept towing at that rate for about five days, when it pattered out altogether. Just twelve days after that well quit flowing I had the strangest experience that falls to the lot of man.

"One day I was walking about the farm when a some delayed figure work occurred to me, and I resolved to do it then and there. The abandoned well was near by. Knowing I would be secure from intrusion there, I walked into the derrick. A stool and a dry box then I placed over the casing head, furnished a good seat. Producing pencil and paper, I proceeded in my own way to solve the problem of petroleum production. In just about two minutes the well began spurting salt water at a furious rate, and with such tremendous force that I was hurled high into the air, box and all. There is no use trying to describe my feelings. I was too thoroughly frightened to have any. All I know, a man of 175 pounds was lifted violently heavenward.

"The column of water evidently struck the box exactly in the centre, for we went up as straight as a plumb line. What is more, I never changed my seat, and in the very nature of things it was impossible to do so. The spurting of water was of sufficient volume to entirely fill the box and send a pretty heavy aqueous wave over every side into the bargain. The box was not large, and, of course, my feet would naturally hang over under ordinary circumstances, but in this case the water threw my legs up and back. There I sat in a perfectly uncomfortable, yet singularly safe, position. I sat there, head and legs inclined, so that I resembled the letter V, and was firmly held in that position by the outpouring torrent.

"I must have gone up fully forty-five feet, but the initial force to carry me higher than it could hold me, and I settled back about fifteen feet, all the while maintaining the same position. When I reached that point where the attraction of gravity exactly counters the force of the water I stopped. The point was fully thirty feet from the ground. It was impossible for me to fall to either side, and equally impossible to fall straight down, for the spraying water played into that box with terrific force. The only movement I felt was the alternative rising and falling of the box as seasoned by the action of gravity, which counters the attraction of gravity and propulsive force of gas and water. The only pain I experienced was in my legs, which soon became numb from the constant pounding of the water.

"The roar and the spurting water soon attracted the attention of the folks at the house, and after them came the neighbors, oil operators and others, until there was a crowd of several hundred people standing around within safe distance of the descending water. I could see much of them, and, of course, could hear a word they said. Gradually the pain seemed to grow less, and the next I knew I was in bed, and in a dreamy way saw the folks standing around.

"They told me how my final rescue came about. The well ceased flowing gradually, and finally became out altogether. As the column of water dropped the box with its now insensate burden came down with it and rested exactly over the mouth of the well whence it started. I fell over on the derrick floor and was picked up and carried out, and then into the house."

THE FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

It was Revealed by Dr. John Rae, Five Years Before McClintock's Trip.

From the London Echo.

In "News in a Nutshell," the *Echo* of to-day, Aug. 20, says: "This is the 72d birthday of Admiral Sir Francis Leopold McClintock, the Arctic navigator who ascertained the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions." I hope you will favor me with space enough to refresh people's memory as to a five years' prior claim of mine to the above discovery, which poised out to Sir Leopold the exact line of route where he would obtain fresh traces of the missing expedition, derived through my excellent interpreter from the Eskimos, whom the greatest and noblest of Arctic navigators, Parry, after a two years' experience of them, calls in his journal the most truthful people he had ever known.

The story told me by about fifty or more Eskimos in the spring of 1854 at Repulse Bay was that at least four winters before, when the natives were killing seals in the early spring to the west of King William's Island, a number (white men we seen travelling southward on the ice hauling one or two boats, making their way toward Backs Fish River. After their seal killing was done, they were on their way to the "Great River" to catch salmon, as soon as the ice broke up, when they came to a cairn built by some dead men lying close to the edge of the sea, a long sledge journey with dogs—about forty miles—from the true mouth of the Fish River, and with them was a boat. Sly informants said that gunshots had been heard, and the large wing bones and feathers of geese seen where the lead were indicated that some of the poor fellows must have lived until about the 1st of June, that being the time at which these birds, with wonderful regularity, arrive at these latitudes.

I brought from the natives many relics, on which were found initials and crests indicating that they had been the property of twelve of the officers, including Sir J. Franklin's crest of knighthood. First, large rewards were offered if they could tell of even one living white. They all gave the same answer, "They are all dead." There was no attempt at a lie to gain a reward. The reply was somewhat similar when books were asked for, "We saw ten or twelve books" such as was shown to them, but they said they had no use for these, and they were given to the children to play with, and were torn up. Not one of the journals, nor the fragment of one, has been found up to the present time, after a lapse of thirty-seven years. Sir Leopold in 1859 most generously sent his first officer, Hobson, to the most likely place to get further information, namely, the west shore of King William's Island, and there, sure enough, the first information was obtained, both in cairn and by the boat, the latter clearing up the puzzle about the one and two foot report. Some of the Eskimos had seen the party when they had two boats, and with one afterward, after having left the other behind. At p. 234 of "The Fate of Franklin," Capt. McClintock says: "The information we obtained bears out the principal statements of Dr. Rae, and also accounts for the disappearance of one of the ships."

But I had information from a different band of Eskimos which I believe Sir Leopold did not obtain. It was from these thirty-five or forty men that got within about forty miles of the mouth of the Fish River. When I reached London in the autumn of 1854 I found the government had given up as lost and had been abandoned lying safe and sound among the icefloes, home before me, and the chief object of my coming home was wasted. On going to the Admiralty with the news I had obtained, I learned for the first time from his First Lord, Sir James Graham himself, that a reward had been offered for obtaining first information of the fate of the missing expedition, and a few days after a letter from the secretary of the Admiralty to the Secretary of the Hudson's Bay Company (see page 8 of the Blue Book, 1855, session 1, mentioned following paragraph) "You will inform Dr. Rae of their lordships' high approval of the services of Dr. Rae, who has set at rest the unfortunate fate of Sir J. Franklin and his party."

In obtaining the reward for myself and my seven companions, no serious difficulties having been thrown in the way by interested persons, I determined to go again to the North, and ordered a handy little schooner to be built at my own expense in Canada. Unfortunately, the contract was not sufficiently binding, although the work was paid for as it went on. The vessel was not ready at the time appointed, so the season was lost. The little vessel was put on the great lakes so as to test her qualities, and also to earn freight. She was caught in a storm, foundered, and never again seen, having been heavily laden at the time. In confirmation of the above intention I am committing no breach of trust in publishing the following letter from Capt. McClintock (now Sir Leopold), date 1 March 3, 1857.

"MY DEAR RAE. You now have the field to yourself for this summer at least, and after such a mild winter, I think the season will be a most favorable one. I cannot let you go without offering you my sincere good wishes for your success, and my thanks for the greater pleasure than hearing of your safe transit through the unexplored area and your arrival at San Francisco, nor do I think it at all improbable." Here comes some excellent advice about taking blasting powder, etc. "I hope you are quite well, and enjoying good health after all that you have undergone in the last ten years, and able to maintain your hardly earned reputation. With every good wish for your health, happiness, and success, believe me, ever yours very sincerely,

"Capt. F. L. McCLINTOCK."

You would greatly oblige me by allowing the publication of this very long letter, which I have tried to make as short as I could.

Your obedient servant, JOHN RAE.

GOV. FIFER'S CAR SICKNESS.

A Mountain Journey by Rail Which Had the Effect of a Rough Sea Voyage.

From the Chicago Daily Tribune.

A tall man, with a decidedly pale face, walked into the Sherman House yesterday and requested the clerk to place his name on the register. The tall traveller was followed by twenty other men, who also looked as if life were a burden to them.

"We want adjoining rooms as soon as possible," was the request made of the clerk by each one of the guests.

"For heaven's sake, Governor, what is the matter with you?" inquired the clerk.

"Oh, but I'm glad to be here," remarked the tall man.

The man whom the clerk addressed as Governor was Joseph W. Fifer of Springfield, Ill. And the men with him were his aids and other state officials who recently took part in the ceremonies relative to the honoring of the memory of Illinois soldiers killed at Gettysburg, Pa. The occasion for the travellers' woe was the ride from Washington to Cumberland, Md. J. C. Hyde said:

"It was the wildest and fastest ride I ever had in all my life, and every one in the party, the Governor especially, became carsick. I have been out on the Atlantic when the waves were rolling pretty high, but I was never affected as I was during my railroad ride from the capital to Cumberland. During the trips up the mountains there were two and sometimes three engines attached to the train, and the way the engineers made them fly around the mountains was a caution. I believe the engineers knew they had Illinois' Governor behind them and were trying to give him as exciting a ride as possible. If they had that object in view they succeeded, for Gov. Fifer said everything he ever heard were so sick they kept their heads out of the car windows during the greater part of the trip.

"Every man with the Governor's party when the train rolled into Chicago this morning had a severe headache, a bad taste in his mouth, and a general feeling of depression. The ride over the Allegheny Mountains is most delightful one when the engineer does not have to make up lost time. The scenery is grand, and can be enjoyed under ordinary circumstances, but when the engineer has to make up lost time, as was the case yesterday, the scenery is not thought of."

Gov. Fifer, Treasurer Wilson, Secretary Pearson, and others who were with the party, after securing a much-needed rest and some medical attention, summed up strength enough to be driven to the Polk street depot in the afternoon train, and they left for Springfield over the Wabash road.

FROM THE GRAVE TO THE ALTAR.

Disappointed by One Lover, a Girl Sends to the Cemetery for Another.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

LOS ANGELES, Sept. 3.—On Sunday Miss Billie Lee, a daughter of wealthy parents, who lives on First street, Boyle Heights, expected to be Mrs. Billie Vaughn the next morning. The wedding was set for 11 o'clock Monday. But after the appointed hour the bridegroom had failed to appear. The bride, a very pretty brunette, looked very sweet in her wedding gown.

The minutes sped rapidly by and still no groom. The wedding was postponed one hour.

It appears that there were two young men who had aspired to marry Miss Lee. Dick Vaughn was rich and managed to win the consent of Miss Lee, while Dick Elliott was poor and followed the unlovely occupation of a gravedigger at Evergreen Cemetery. It is possible that Elliott stood best in Miss Lee's heart, but circumstances decided in favor of Vaughn.

Mrs. Vaughn, however, did not approve of her son's marriage, and detained him at home when she learned the day and hour had been set, and sent a letter to the bride, waiting in her rooms, that her son would not be there.

The sister of the bride did not waste any time thinking about the fickle bridegroom, but took the next car for Evergreen Cemetery. She found Dick Elliott digging a grave. The young lady told him that the field was clear. The digging of the grave was intrusted to another man, and Dick went home and soon emerged dressed in his best suit of clothes.

When he called at the home of Miss Lee there were cries of "Dick," "Billie," and the next minute the two lovers were locked in each others arms.

"I nearly made an awful mistake," sobbed the bride.

Dick kissed away the tears, and it was arranged that the gravedigger and heiress should be married at 4 o'clock. The ceremony took place at this time, and there was a great jollification.

THE JAP AS A GAMBLER.

His Favorite Game is Hanna, and He is in it for All He is Worth.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

Up in Chinatown, where both sides of a certain alley are lined for a full block with little cubby holes wherein the fascinating "fan" is played, there is plenty of evidence that gaming is one of the Oriental vices. If more proof were required, it could be found in the records of the police courts, where Chinese figure by the score as "players" or "keepers," in the phraseology of the courts, and in the large amounts that flow into the city treasury in the way of fines and forfeited bail from almond-eyed gamesters caught in the act.

As yet, however, little has been said of the Japanese in this respect. The other day a San Franciscan, who is familiar with the language and wars of the little people from over the sea, commented on this fact. "The Japs are the gamiest gamblers on earth," he said. "Not one of them who is addicted to play—and they are nearly all of that kind—but would stake the shirt on his back rather than draw out of a good game. There are several big tesoris in the city where 'hanna,' as their favorite game is called, furnishes nightly attractions for Japanese students, servants, storekeepers, and so on, by the score. Their play runs high sometimes, for they are naturally a thrifty people, and in times of excitement, such as occur in a stiff game of 'hanna,' they go down into their wallets without hesitation."

The Japanese word "hanna," by which the national game is designated, means, in English, flower. The game is as old as the race, and is, apparently, a combination of poker, casino, and euchre. The cards are of thin pasteboard, about three inches wide and an inch and a half long. Forty-eight of them make up the deck. The full pack contains twelve combinations of four cards, each series but two representing a month, and each card bearing in bright colors the picture of some flower which blooms only once a year. The first combination is "ichi gatsu," or first month, and the flower is the "bud of the sugar pine tree." On two of the cards of this month the flowers are not quite full blown. These are only valuable for pairing. The third and fourth are counted as five points, and the fourth, on which is pictured a flower in full bloom, is worth twenty points.

The "nee gatsu," or February series, is denoted by the apricot blossom, and the highest card is worth 10 points. The cherry blossom, for March, the wisteria for April, the lily for May, the pamisa grass for June, and the tulip for July, September is denoted by the chrysanthemum, and October has for its emblem the leaf of the Japanese tree called momiji-gee, the yellow of which turns from green to a bright red in October. The flower of December is the Loxwood blossom.

The two months not represented by flowers are August and November. The four cards of the August series denote rain, the first two representing a cloudy day and the others a heavy rain shower. Onukesan, or the moon in English, is the sign of the November series, the best in the deck. One of the cards shows the moon in the first quarter, and is of little value, while all the others are high cards, ranging from 5 to 20 points each.

Six players generally make up a "hanna" party. The table usually stands out of doors, and in well ordered "joints" is of polished wood. The players cut for deal, the handling of the cards going to the holder of the highest picture. Four cards are dealt to each and three to the table, face upward. The composition of the deck is such that at least two blanks or six are valueless, and their holders pass out, leaving the game four-handed. Then three more cards are added to each hand and a like number to the board.

From this on the play is much like ordinary casino. The dealer starts the ball rolling, trotting up a blind on the strength of his hand, while the others may "see" or not, as they please. Then the player matches from his hand to the table, at each trick turning up the top card of the remainder of the deck. If he should expose a card of which he has a mate in his hand, he may match it with anything on the board as if from his own hand. When he has exhausted his pairs, he retires, and the player to his right repeats the matching process, and so on until the cards are all out. All open bets must be of the amount set by the first player, but the wagers on the side are permissible, to make the game more interesting. The total number of points in the game is 730, and when the cards are all out the count is made, and the player holding the highest number of points takes the pool, turning over 10 per cent. of the whole amount to the house.

The game is simple and rapidly played, and the "drop" is so heavy that the profits of a deal are sometimes quite large. There is also an unwritten law among gamblers and the keepers of the dens that players who loses his all shall have a good meal at the expense of the house, so that a restaurant is one of the features of every first-class establishment.

Japan Francisco beer is the beverage most popular among Japanese while at play, and is consumed in large quantities. The "little men" are nervy players, and the games usually run out all the money is in one man's hands.

KING PATRICK THE FIRST.

A Savannah Sailor Who Became an Oriental Potentate.

From the Savannah Morning News.

Twenty years ago Patrick O'Keeffe was a comparatively poor man, making his living as a sailor on small vessels coasting between Savannah and neighboring ports. To-day he is a man of means and a benevolent ruler of the island of Nyoh, in the Australian archipelago of the Pacific, almost in the heart of the tropics. He would probably be still a resident of Savannah and a poor man, but for two tragedies in which he figured as one of the principals. In 1867, when O'Keeffe was about twenty-five, he was mate of the schooner Annie Sims, which plied between this city and Darien. On the schooner was a young Irish sailor named Sullivan. He and O'Keeffe were apparently good friends. While near Darien loading lumber the mate was injured one day by the schooner and he asked Sullivan what he thought of it. The sailor made a joking reply, which angered O'Keeffe and a fight resulted. Sullivan got the best of it, and O'Keeffe went to his quarters, and seizing a pistol, returned and began firing at the sailor. The latter dodged behind the new cabin several times, and finally got up and remarked to O'Keeffe that he couldn't shoot anybody. But he was mistaken, for the next bullet struck him and he died in a short while. The mate was brought to Savannah, after a long confinement in jail, was tried and acquitted in the United States Court. Afterward, while an officer of a small steamer, he had trouble with one of the deck hands and ran him into the river, where he was drowned.

These troubles seemed to worry O'Keeffe, and he determined to leave the "States," as he termed it. He sailed away from Savannah as second mate of an American vessel bound for Liverpool, and when he bade his friends good-by on the wharf he told them that he would never return to Savannah unless he came in his own ship.

He went to Liverpool, shipped to the East Indies, and from there to Hong Kong. He had saved a little money by this time, and began a small fruit and lumber business between the Pacific islands and Hong Kong. He was successful, and after a few years secured the island of Nyoh from the natives by a trade of some sort. The island abounds in teakwood, and fruit, and O'Keeffe bought a schooner and brig and started business on a big scale. His vessels ran to Hong Kong and he soon built up a extensive trade, which has steadily increased until now he is reckoned as a very wealthy man.

O'Keeffe left behind him when he sailed away from Savannah a wife and a baby daughter, who is now a young woman. For years nothing was heard of his whereabouts. After he began to prosper in his far-away home, however, he wrote a letter and sent money to his wife. He tried to persuade her and his daughter to go to him, but they wouldn't do it. Regularly twice a year since he sends remittances for their support and keeps up a correspondence with them. Mrs. O'Keeffe and her daughter live on Liberty street, near East Broad, and have an oil painting of the brig of King O'Keeffe's flag hanging in their parlor. Capt. Keane of the American brig J. W. Parker, which is now here loading lumber for Pernambuco, told a reporter that he saw King O'Keeffe in Hong Kong several months ago. He was boarding at the finest hotel in the city, and was living in the height of elegance, having a fine driving turnout and every luxury which money could obtain. He spends a great portion of his time in Hong Kong, where he deposits his money, and is favorably known to all residents of that city. He said he intended coming to America to attend the World's Fair. Besides being a wealthy and well educated O'Keeffe is the ruler of a large colony, made up mostly of Malays who swear by him. This story will be a revelation to many of Savannah's old residents, who had long forgotten "Capt." Pat O'Keeffe and thought him dead.

Weather and Political Prospects.

From the Daily Kennebec Journal.

A reporter ran across a very disconsolate man standing on a Water street corner yesterday. He is Highway Commissioner for one of our large towns. He watched the rain and at last broke forth:

"I tell you what, this is not right; there is too much rain. It's ruining my chances of getting along any further in politics. I thought I might get into the Legislature some day, but guess not now. You see I am Commissioner of Roads and Highways in my town. This spring they gave me an appropriation that was larger than usual after a bitter fight. I was put in to make a reform in the department. I've honestly tried to. I'd get the roads in good, very good, condition, and then along would come a winter-long old storm, and all my money was spent for nothing.

"But all the appropriation is gone now and here is another blankety blank old storm that is sure to ruin all that's left and then I'm in the soup. People know about it now, but next year, when I'm up for Chairman of the selectmen, they'll only remember that I didn't do any better for all they gave me than any of the others. They'll say the roads've never been worse, and that it's all my fault, but it ain't; it is this dashed, dash, blankety blank rain," and he walked off.

New York Central—only route offering three great "limited" trains to the West every day in the year.—ADV.

LINKVILLE LIKES SNAKES.

And According to This Account Linkville Has 'Em.

From Forest and Stream.

The most unique locality to be found by the sportsman is undoubtedly that surrounding the town of Linkville, in Klamath county, Or. The town nestles at the foot of a large mountain, and lies right on the bank of what is locally known as Link River. This stream—which is quite large—connects the Upper and Lower Klamath lakes, is alive with thousands, and probably millions, of large fish, which are constantly passing to and fro between the two lakes, and are as constantly jumping out of water in sight of the town. They are of all sorts and sizes. Some of them appear to be cutting up the-e antics for the fun of the thing, and some to shake some kind of an eel-look-ing creature which attacks them in the water and becomes attached to their sides, causing the fish apparently much suffering. It is no uncommon thing for large fish to be taken there whose sides are all scarred up in consequence of these attacks.

It would not be surprising if many fish were thus destroyed. Probably there are not in the world two lakes more numerously stocked with trout than the Upper and Lower Klamath lakes. Adding to this fact that nearer, the water is better and the fish healthy and solid—features which do not prevail on the western side of the mountains, where an almanac has to be consulted to ascertain accurately the season of the year.

But to revert to Link River. There is another and very peculiar feature about its banks; they are a snake paradise. The blue ribbon—though it may have been consistently won by the sportsman in the last decade of his life—will not prevent the sending of tens of thousands of snakes in a week or a mile from the town. They are of a harmless variety, and of all colors and sizes, six inches to six feet in length. On warm sunny days they lie twisted together in heaps of hundreds, and it is not uncommon to see a dozen of them in fifteen minutes walk. In disturbed white sinking their tails in their efforts to get away they become twisted into the form of a cable as large as a man's body, and cannot move. According to an estimate made by one of the oldest and most intelligent inhabitants on that vicinity, there are snakes enough in that country to build a wall four feet wide and four feet high at least a mile long. Some of the farms there are fenced with walls laid up with round water-worn stones. These walls constitute the home of thousands of these reptiles. Each one has a hole which they hide in, and, however, afforded but little support, and, seeing his terrible enemy return, he made for the deeper water, swimming as rapidly as possible. His object was to reach the pile of the wharf, and to climb one of the beams, but before he could get hold of the timbers the shark was upon him. An expert swimmer, the sailor dived to the bottom, followed by the ocean wolf, which was at the disadvantage of being in water so shallow as to greatly impede his movements. It is to this alone that Christeson owed his life. Doubling the shark's rush, he struck out for the shore, but seeing that the animal was close upon him, again dived. By this time a large crowd had gathered on the wharf and shore, watching the scene with breathless interest, and suggesting various impossible schemes of rescue for the imperiled man. But no one dared trespass on the shark for fear of hitting the Swede instead, and the only aid that could be given was to throw ropes to Christeson, who was beginning to show signs of great exhaustion.

A stain of blood soon horrified the beholders, and on Christeson's next appearance on the surface of the water it was seen that his right foot had been completely severed close to the ankle. He was bleeding profusely and swimming with difficulty, while the shark followed only a few feet behind. He succeeded, however, in reaching the end of the rope thrown to him, and having hold of this, was quickly drawn to land, where he fainted. The shark, seeing his prey escape, turned about and was making for the gulf, when a dozen shots struck the water about him. It was kept there, however, whether or not he was struck, for, sinking instantly, he was seen no more, but early on the following morning his carcass was found stranded on the beach a mile or two below the city. He measured nearly 12 feet in length, and was of the species known as the white-nosed "dusky" shark, a variety rarely found outside the Indian Ocean, but which sometimes migrate in large numbers.

Christeson's wound was considered a very dangerous one, and serious fears were entertained for his life, but he is recovering slowly.

SHE LIVED ALONE AMID SKELETONS.

The Only Inhabitant of an Island Where 3,000 Indians Had Been Buried.

From the Vancouver Free Press.

Two prospectors recently visited the Island of San Nicholas, off the Ventura coast, with the purpose of taking some timber. They found the island on the island, which is four miles wide by twelve long, utterly barren. On the western side sand is about the only thing seen, and this has been blown from the beach clear to the top of the island, 700 or 800 feet high.

On the other side of the island they found burial zones for a distance of five miles along the beach. They were very thick, and it looked as if it had been a graveyard. They also discovered the remains of human bodies on this ridge, which runs lengthwise through the island. In some places two skeletons were seen close together, as if they had been buried in the same grave. The wind had blown off what covering of soil had been thrown over them. Bones were thickly strewn along this ridge for upward of two miles. From appearances, upward of 4,000 Indians must have been buried there.

A shanty which had been built on the west side was found buried clear to the roof in sand. There are now about 2,000 sheep on the island, and there is a very rough grass they seem to keep fat. The party was visited by a native Indian woman, the sole occupant of the island, a home for seven years. It seems that when her party was leaving the island she jumped overboard and swam ashore in the night. Years went by before she was taken off.

Selling Whiskey by the Bubble.

From the Philadelphia Record.

There is a peculiar person living in "The Neck" who is called "Long Jack." He walks up and down the street on Sunday, never getting far from home, and usually has a few bottles of beer and a flask of whiskey in his pocket. Jack has a side pocket into which a customer drops a nickel if he wants whiskey, or ten cents if he wants a bottle of beer.

The drink of whiskey is measured in a peculiar manner. Jack, who is a