

AGRIERIE MENU.

BILLS OF FARE FOR ANIMALS IN CAPTIVITY.
The Neck the Most Popular—Fast One Day in Seven—Small Bones the Os-trich's Tid-bits.

There is one class of inhabit-ants of New York, says the News of that city, that is gazed at curiously that is fa-gazeted every one. And yet people think of ever inquiring in-to the private lives of or looking up the daily bills of fare. This dispo-ses them that their food—take it al-together—the queerest eaten in New York is the Central Park Zoo. These inhabitants are the ani-mals, whose dens, inclosures, pa-riels and paddocks are at a few cost-ly miles from some of the finest and best in America.

These respect these savage beasts, and birds are much like the folk who live so near them. They are "snicky" about the food that is set before them, not to say gaur-dians and gourmands. The keeper, whose business it is to see that the meat each day for these fellows, knows precisely just what each animal wants. He—this manager for twenty years, and who chops up each afternoon the 250 bullocks' necks, which is a vary-ing diet of the "meat cat" and in year and out, he has every animal's heart in his mind, and he each chunk of flesh on his wheel to correspond with his round.

Only there is enacted near by a scene with the leopard and the two cubs as the chief performers. The mother's meal is put in the cage she drags it over into the corner where the cubs may be, and she at once bests herself to the corner of her prison, and pre-tending to pay no attention to the young ones, rubs her against the side of the cage, frolics and quietly down. It is a piece of self-denial, for every other ani-mal in the "house" is eating voraciously. Not until the cubs have finished, however, and have moved away, will she go over to that piece of meat. All the carnivorous animals are fed alone, and 250 pounds of bul-locks' necks a day are bought for this part of the bullock is because of its bones, it being a well-established principle of zoolo-gy to give these ani-mals bones to chew upon. It is purely health measure. The science of anatomy of this class says that one day of seven their digestive organs will be given a thorough rest.

Of the male sex, James Brown, of Bennington, W. Va., seems to have as long hair as any one. For thirty years his beard and mustache were untrimmed, and consequently, though with his arms extended he stretched fully six feet from the tips of the fingers of one hand to the same extremities of the other, yet the ends of his mustache, when held horizontally, extended beyond his fingers. He braided his wonderful beard and mustache, and tucked them under his vest.—New York Journal.

Duel With Pills.
An extraordinary duel, which at the time created an immense sensation, was one in which the decision was ar-rived at, not by swords or pistols, but by means of a deadly poison. The men—who, it is hardly necessary to say, had fallen out over a lady—had left the arrangement of details to their seconds, and until they faced each other they did not know by what method they were to settle their differ-ences. One of the seconds was a doctor, and he had made up for the occasion four black pellets, all identi-cal in size and shape. "In one of these," he said, "I have placed a suf-ficient quantity of prussic acid to cause the almost instantaneous death of any one who swallows it. We will decide by the toss of a coin which of you is to have first choice, and you will alternately draw and swallow a pill until the poison shows its effects." Two of the pellets were then taken as the toss had decided, but without effect in either case. "This time," said the doctor, speaking of the two pellets yet remaining, "you must both swallow the pill at the same instant." The choice was made, and in a few seconds one of the men lay dead on the grass.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Kashmir Sheep.
A traveler through Kashmir recently found in practice there a novel method of putting fodder up for winter use. The country lies in a valley among the Himalayas. The chief industry of the people consists in raising fine wool and in making this into fabrics which have carried the name of the country all over the world. "A curious custom in some places," he says, "is that of hanging quanti-ties of hay up among the branches of trees. Why it was done was more than I could guess, till my guide in-formed me that in winter the snow lies five or six yards in depth, and that the supplies of hay, which now look only as if they were meant for giraffes, are then easily reached by the flocks of sheep which abound there."

Winking.
Dr. Fick has shown that winking is more frequent as the retina becomes more fatigued, and it has been found that in reading at a distance the num-ber of winks per minute is 1.8 with electrical illumination, 2.8 with gas-light, while with weak illumination, which barely permits reading, the number is 6.8 per minute.—Science.

Horrors of Modern Prisons.

The official belief is that there is lit-tle or no prison-made insanity. Pris-on doctors are keenly alive to the possibility of shamming, and they hesitate to admit that there is any flaw in the system for the administration of which they are so largely responsi-ble. Still the fact remains that the ratio of insanity in prisons has ex-actly doubled since 1877.

The admitted general increase of insanity is not sufficient to account for this startling fact. Prison disci-pline is now more mechanical, and therefore more depressing. Its very improvements in this respect "take the heart out of a man." It is proba-ble that prisoners were far happier in the old unreformed prisons, when they herded together and had compani-on-ship of a kind.

An expert witness who had passed four and twenty years in jail told the Prison Committee some startling things from the convict's point of view. The rules, he said, are too minute for hu-man observance, and some minds are totally unable to bear the strain of them. A man may be reported for knocking something over in his cell, though it may be by pure accident. The name for this offence is "unneces-sary noise." As the poor wretches walk their weary round in the exercise yard, one may fall out of step and thus throw the others out. The first offender or the last—any one, in fact, on whom the warden's eye happens to fall—is liable to punishment for this mischance.

In this way the convict gradually acquires an expression that never leaves him—the round-the-corner glance of a being who dreads a tyrant on the pounce. We want new How-ard if the system is only half as bad as it is said to be by those who have best reason to know.—London News.

Long Hair.
Eleven feet is the length of the hair of Nancy Garsson, a colored woman, who lives near Holly Springs, Miss. No other colored woman in the world who has ever been heard of has such hair. Until 1878 Nancy had the usual hair of her race. But in that year, after having suffered severely from yellow fever, as soon as she became conva-lescent, her hair began to grow rapidly.

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QUITE DIFFERENT.
"I say, do you think that Wiggins is a man to be trusted?"
"Trusted? Yes; rather. Why, I'd trust him with my life!"
"Yes; but with anything of value, I mean!"—Boston Globe.

COMPULSORY ADMIRATION.
"Queer the authorities won't let you go to sleep in the park."
"Not at all. When flower beds cost the city thousands of dollars people are expected to stay awake and look at them."—Chicago Record.

HIS NAME FOR THEM.
Friendleigh—"How old are you, old man? I hear you are writing for the papers now. Do you get many checks?"
Litterleigh—"Checks! I call them throwdowns."—Baltimore News.

LOVE'S BLINDNESS.
Bingo—"I think I will take a trip to Niagara next week. Every Ameri-can ought to see it."
Witherby—"Haven't you been there?"
Bingo—"Yes; on my honeymoon!"
—Puck.

NATURAL ANXIETY.
"Gracious! What was that dread-ful crash?"
"Wall of that old house fell in and killed a man."
"My, I was scared. I thought my swinging shelf of jellies and preserves had given away."—Chicago Record.

CHEAPER.
Clerk—"Excuse me, sir, but guests without baggage must pay in ad-vance."
The Guest—"All right. I'll be back in a moment."
"Where are you going?"
"I am going out to buy a trunk."—Life.

WISER NOW.
"How did you get in there, in the first place?" asked the rescuers, who had pulled Mr. Kerrigan from the canal.
"Be way av the top," said Mr. Ker-rigan. However it was too late to throw him in again.—Cincinnati En-quirer.

A SUGGESTION.
Old Richfeller (desperately)—"If you refuse me what is there left for me to do?"
Sweet Girl—"Well, I read the other day about a rich man who made his will in favor of the woman who re-fused him, and then went out and hung himself."—New York Weekly.

A CONTENTED CHILD.
Fond Mother—"How do you like your new governess, Johnny?"
Johnny—"Oh, I like her ever so much."
"I am so glad my little boy has a nice teacher at last."
"Oh, she's awful nice. She says

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

What It Has Come to—Two Phases—Floored Him—To Be Pitted—An Intelligent Animal—A Cute Boy, Etc., Etc.
Come, Johnny, bring your playthings and put them all away. And take your father's dinner. He can't come home to-day. He has too much on hand for that, for he has got to mix with other people on the street and argue politics.
—Chicago Record.

FLOORED HIM.
"I never saw a more perfect fit than that dress, Miss Flashley."
"I did, when papa got the bill for it!"—Detroit Free Press.

TO BE PITTED.
Miss Sere Yelloleaf—"I'd just like to see any man kiss me!"
Dolly Dimples—"What a hopeless ambition!"—Baltimore News.

OVERPLUS OF HILARITY.
"Scribbs and Stubbs don't seem to be as intimate as they once were."
"No; Scribbs angered Stubbs by making fun of his jokes."—Fueki.

TWO PHASES.
"Pop, what is inertia?"
"Well, if I have it it is pure laziness, but if your mother has it it is nervous prostration."—Chicago Record.

A USEFUL PASTIME.
"I understand that croquet is in style again, Miss Rose."
"Yes, we had to go back to it. It is the only way we girls can get young clergymen to propose."

AN INTELLIGENT ANIMAL.
Indignant Butcher—"That dog of yours has been getting into my sausages."
Pointer—"Well, he seems to know his place."—Yonkers Statesman.

A CUTE BOY.
Reignald—"There is one word in the English language that is spelled atrociously."
Reignald's Sister—"What is that?"
Reignald—"Why, atrociously."—Judge.

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she don't care whether I learn any-thing or not, so long as pop pays her salary."

THE RULING PASSION.
Wild-Eyed Lover—"This is your last chance. Cold Beauty. Speak quickly. Do you see that can? It's full of dynamite. Promise to marry me, or I will touch it off."
Cold Beauty—"Will you promise to keep me in better style than that horrid Miss Pert is going to live in when she marries Mr. De Rich?"
"Impossible!"
"Touch it off."

IT DIDN'T WORK.
Gus de Smith (who has been know into an ice cream fair by Jennie Chaf-fie)—"Do you know, Miss Chaffie, what ice cream is made of?"
"No, Gus, I do not."
"It is a mixture of skimmed milk, oleomargarine, corn starch, gelatine and glucose."
"What a delightful mixture it is!" said Jennie, enthusiastically. "Please order me another dish, Gus."—Texas Sifter.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.
An appeal to the methods of chance in any disagreement or perplexity is a very foolish thing. If one is sure of a point, he should stick to it no doubt; or, if he is willing—as one should al-ways be when no principle is involved—to give it up to another, it is far more graceful and satisfactory to give it up outright.

A story told by an orator who re-cently spoke on the currency question—it does not matter on which side—satirizes the arbitrament of chance, as invoked in that or any other dispute.

Two young men, it appears, were suitors for the hand of a young lady. One of them said to the other:
"Both of us wish to offer ourselves to this lady."
"That is evident."
"But we do not wish to fight a duel over her."
"I think not."
"Then I will tell you what we can do."
"What?"
"Let us toss up for her!"

The other looked for a moment at his rival, and then said:
"Very well; I will toss up a brick, and if it stays up in the air the young lady is yours. If it comes down she is mine."—Youth's Companion.

Increasing Value of Whalebone.
Whalebone promises to become one of the most valuable commodities of commerce, and before the next century is very old it may become as highly priced as gold. It may then be the means of settling forever the mono-metallist and bimettallist controversies by abolishing both, and making the substitution of a whalebone currency possible, for there is no chance of an oversupply of that article, and it is quite evident that it can not be imitated. Numerous attempts have been made to simulate it, but none has been successful. Not very many years ago whalebone could be purchased for \$2000 a ton. At the end of last season the price was \$10,000. To-day it is about \$11,000, and it may be higher still, for the Greenland fishing this summer has not proved an immense success. At this price an old family gingham, of which whalebone ribs were gener-ally about half an inch square, would prove a very handsome legacy, much more valuable than a gold-mounted but steelribbed umbrella of the pres-ent day. A collection of the old ar-ticles might form a small fortune.—London Telegraph.

Thick Moss Hides the Gold.
W. Sam Clark, an old resident of Alameda County, California, who went to Alaska several months ago in search of a fortune, made a tour of that coun-try, and has sent a report to his friends. He tells of the great suffer-ing among the men, and how they long to come home. "I would not encour-age any one to come to Alaska this year," says Mr. Clark. "This land of glaciers has its surface rubbed and scoured and its golden seed scattered until every stream and brook will show 'color'—hence the cry that all Alaska is gold, and the metal is to be found from the grass roots down, but not in quantities that will pay to work, except in a few localities. When the quartz veins of the country are found and the gold belt discovered and marked on the maps, then it will be time enough for men from civilized parts to come and locate their small twenty acres in this vast land. The moss blanket, in places several feet thick, will hide for years to come from the prying eye of the miner its golden color. There is room for all, but gold for few."—Los Angeles (Cal.) Herald.

Jay Gould's Messenger Kidnapped.
Jay Gould was fond of throwing watchers of the secret of his Wall street transactions by sending out his orders by different messenger boys. A group of shrewd fellows, whose names I might tell, but shall not at this writing, caught one of these boys on the way from the Western Union building to a certain broker's office in the Street, took him to a room in a secluded side street, just a block away, and removing his uniform, put it on another boy who resembled him. For three days he was kept under lock and key, a prisoner with all that his heart could wish—new clothes, new shoes, new hat and all the good things that he could eat and drink. In the mean-time the new boy came and went be-tween the Wizard and his brokers, always, however, on each trip pausing long enough at the headquarters of the conspirators to let them read the messages, reveal them and make what use of the contents they desired. In this way they learned of certain plans of Gould, which they knocked into a cocked hat.—New York Press.

A TOWN PROBLEM.

CENTRALIZING TENDENCIES ARE SAPPING COUNTRY LIFE.

How to Rescue Small Country Towns from Premature Decay—A Great Danger to Our National Life.

Writing about "The Problem of the Small Town," Paul S. Reinsch says in the New York Independent:

No traveler in the rural districts of our country can fail to notice the dreary desolation, the premature decay, of many of our smaller towns. A cheerless vista of ugly stores, tumble-down factories, lonely chimneys, empty, staring shop windows mark the stagnation and tediousness of ex-istence, the effects of over-centraliza-tion of industries and population in the large cities.

The people too often appear listless and drowsy, the groups of loungers in front of postoffice and drinking place look bored and dissatisfied. Gossip, small-beer politics, patent medicine shows and dances make up the round of existence, enlivened only by narrow jealousies of denominational and political cliques. The younger people, disgusted with the pettiness and mo-notony of this life, yearn for the whirl and excitement of the metro-polis. They leave their native towns in swarms to swell the clamoring, rushing multitude. The centralizing tendencies are given full sway to sap country life.

The result of this constantly in-creasing absorption of young blood by the cities is not far to seek. The strength of a Nation abides in its rural classes; their condition is the criterion of its civilization. Large cities are much the same the world over; St. Petersburg differs but little from Paris or Berlin. But who would compare the peasants of the Rhine, the children of Provence, with the dwellers on the Volga? England drew her greatness from the soil, and Englishmen always keep in touch with nature and rural life. Our own country districts have been the best repositories of true American ideas; any retrogression there may well fill us with alarm. Our city populations are swayed by forces they cannot command; not masters of self-government, bound hand and foot to monopolies, bribed politicians and machines, they are long-suffering and helpless in matters of the common-wealth. It is to the rural districts that we must look for social and polit-ical stability; thence must come the strength to preserve our institutions. The depopulation of our country towns to increase the already over-grown cities is therefore a great dan-ger to our National life.

The practical problem, then, is how to counteract the allurement of the metropolis, how to broaden and lib-eralize existence in the smaller towns, how to supplement the advantages of nearness to nature by the added inter-ests of art and intellect. Some towns in the Eastern States have al-ready effectually solved this problem by the establishment of libraries, lec-ture courses and literary circles, by a generous co-operation for intellectual advancement. But in general little has been done. Very often sectarian jealousies bar the way, a spirit that must first be overcome to make true reform possible. It is here that min-isters and teachers have a duty and a great promise. By the establishment of a general literary society, open to all of literary tastes, in which the so-cial element is not neglected, the way will be led to courses of lectures, in-lectual contests and exhibitions of home talent, to the founding of a li-brary. In every way interest in lit-erary intellectual may thus be stimu-lated. The lectures provided by many of our universities, in university exten-sion, can also be turned into a potent agency for bringing the country town in touch with the world's best thought. The material is at hand, the unjudged intellect of country people, not sur-feited with excitement, not blunted with sensationalism, is appreciative of the truly great in art and life; leader-ship and organization are all that is needed for a development of real cul-ture and intelligent study in the rural towns, so that residence there may no longer be considered mental starva-tion. Some fostering of local patrio-tism, some endeavor to make the home town not merely a place of habitation but a union for higher life, some en-thusiasm, some little self-sacrifice on the part of persons able to lead, and our country towns will indeed partici-pate in all that is good and noble in civilization, while free from the dis-figuring taints of larger cities.

About Pins.
Thorns were originally used in fas-tening garments together. Pins did not immediately succeed thorns as fasteners, but different appliances were used, such as hooks, buckles and laces. It was the latter half of the fifteenth century before pins were used in Great Britain. When first manu-factured in England the iron wire, of the proper length, was filed to a point, and the other extremity twisted into a head. This was a slow process, and four or five hundred pins was a good day's work for an expert hand.

Our Own Volcanoes.
There is conclusive evidence within the past half century that several of our great mountains in the north-western part of the country, formed, as they were, by the piling up of vol-canic mater, cannot be numbered yet among the wholly extinct volcanoes. North of Mount Hood, in the State of Washington, are the great peaks of Baker, Rainier and St. Helens, all of them very mildly active.

The Repairing Egg.
The uses of the egg are as numerous as the ways of cooking it. A late recommendation for making old leather-covered books look like new is first to clean the leather by rubbing it with a piece of flannel, then to fill up any holes with a little paste or very thin leather. When this is accom-plished beat the yolk of an egg well, rub the cover thoroughly and if the leather has been a smooth one pass a hot iron over it.

CURIOUS FACTS.

The blue violet is symbolical of love and the white of modesty.

Westminster Abbey is 530 feet long, 320 feet wide and 225 feet high.

Germany has 19,476 postoffices, England 17,587, and France only 7346.

Twelve newspapers to a population of 15,000 is the record of Caldwell County, Missouri.

In Germany the men as well as the women wear wedding rings. When either dies the survivor wears both.

An Abilene (Kau.) jury found a woman guilty on a charge of having driven her stepson and her husband from their home, and she was fined \$10 and costs, which the husband paid.

A widow was recently sent to jail in London who had made a practice of attending weddings and stealing pres-ents. She was long unsuspected, as she had good social standing and an income of \$3500 a year.

In the various alphabets of the world the number of letters varies from twelve to 202. The shortest al-phabet is that of the Sandwich Island-ers, which has twelve letters, the Tar-tarian, the longest, containing 202 letters.

It is said of several flutes taken from the Egyptian catacombs that though they have been buried for ages, they are still perfect and capable of pro-ducing musical tones. It is a fact that violins become increasingly resonant with the passing years.

A mound of very ancient skulls and bones has been discovered at the Oak-land (Cal.) race park. State Univer-sity scientists say the skulls are of a very low order of intelligence, lower than the Flathead Indians, whom these must have antedated.

David Crockett's Masonic apron is now in the possession of Mr. E. M. Taylor, of Fulton, Ky. It is in excel-lent condition and treasured highly. It was given to Mr. Taylor by a de-scendant of a friend, one of the old time settlers, and an associate of Crockett.

The congregation of the Rev. C. A. Woody, the Pacific coast Secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, "look up" to him in more senses than one. He is six feet eight inches in height, weighs 300 pounds and is said to be the biggest preacher west of the Rockies.

Dogs belonging to J. H. Priece, of Six-mile Creek, near Jacksonville, Fla., scared up a pole cat and tore off a collar it wore. Apparently the animal had been domesticated, and the neighbors concluded that it had been the property of a former resident who ten years ago made a pet of one of the species.

A Singing Mouse.
A good deal of scepticism prevails among the ignorant as to the fact of there being singing mice; but having kept such a songster for four years, I am in a position to speak with author-ity. She was caught in a coal mine, was brought up in a "tommy bag" to the surface, and handed over to me, thus commencing an acquaintance, which soon ripened into intimacy, and which was only terminated by her death. There was no doubt about her song; a pretty, bird-like warble, rising and falling alternately, and of sufficient power to carry from the top to the bottom of the house when all was quiet. In appearance she was just an ordinary house mouse, with the usual well-groomed coat, the usual cascade of whiskers, the usual beady black eyes, and an elegant tapering tail, like the rest of her tribe. It was her song alone which singled her out from the dumb millions of her fellows, and this song she poured out almost without intermission during her wak-ing hours. The speculations of the learned have been exercised over this matter, and some have thought that bronchitis, by narrowing the air pas-sages, produces a noisy wheezing, which enthusiastic admirers have dignified as a song. Others, with greater probability, have suggested that every mouse is a singing mouse, but that on account of the dullness of our ears we only hear the base-voiced vocalists, while the shriller melodies of the great majority are unnoticed. Every one knows that the squeak of a bat is not heard by every one, and that one party in a conversation on a country walk may be almost deafened by a chorus of bats while the other may hear nothing of the noise. Certain it is that dissection reveals nothing ab-normal in the vocal apparatus of the singing mouse, and doubtless a very slight difference in the quality of the vocal cords would result in a mouse with a voice sufficiently bass to bring the sound within the compass of our hearing powers.—St. James's Gazette.