

**The Old Year.**

Oh, good old year! This night's your last.  
And must you go? With you I've passed  
Some days that bear revision.  
For these I'd thank you, ere you make  
Your journey to the Stygian lake,  
Or to the fields Elysian.

Bow have you been our household guest,  
To keep you we have tried our best.  
You must not stay, you tell us;  
Not even to introduce your beer,  
Who comes so fresh and debonair.  
He needs make you our jealous.

At twelve o'clock to-night Queen Mab  
Will take you in her spectral cab  
To catch the downward fast train.  
Some of us will sit up with you  
And drink a parting cup with you  
While I find this last strain.

Oh, good, old, wise, frost-headed year,  
You've brought us health and strength and cheer,  
Though sometimes care and sorrow,  
Each morn' you gave us never hoar  
That reached beyond the cloudy scope  
Of each unseason to-morrow.

You go to join the million years;  
The great velvet sky that never clears  
Before our mortal soiling;  
The shrouded death—the evolving life—  
The growth, the mystery, the strife  
Of elemental being.

Ah, no more rhymes for you and me,  
Old year, shall we together see;  
For we to-night must sever.  
Good-by—old number Seventy-five!  
'Tis nearly time you took your drive  
Into the dark forever.

The strain that stops for you will let  
A stranger out we never met,  
To take your place and station.  
With greetings glad and shouts of joy  
They'll welcome him, while you, old boy,  
Depart with no ovation.

Five minutes yet? But talk must end.  
On with your cloak and cap, old friend!  
Too long I have been prating.  
Your blessing now! We'll think of you—  
Ah! there's the clock! Adieu, adieu—  
I see your cab is waiting.

—The Independent.

**A COUPLE OF PICTURES.**

**Worth the Careful Reading and Consideration of All.**

**THE MAN WHO ADVERTISES.**

"Good morning, gentlemen," said he, as he came briskly into his office, and smilingly saluted his three counting-house clerks.

At nine A. M. to the tick Mr. Benson is at his post, and daily he goes through pretty much the same class of work. He is never excited. Bustle is unknown to him. Everything about him is systematic, and all goes like clock work. No one would ever doubt the old aphorism, "Method is the soul of business," who once beheld his regularity and order and the complete success of their working.

A consequence of his routine way of doing things is that he is never in doubt as to whether he has discharged certain duties, and is therefore free from anxiety, which more than anything else lessens the energies and impairs the health of men actively engaged in commercial pursuits.

Another result is that those who assist him know precisely what labor they have to perform, and how and when it is to be done. Employment is stripped of its repugnant features. To work is to them a pleasure, for so long as they do the duties prescribed for them they know there is no fear of things going awry, and that nothing unpleasant will by any chance be said.

Even Mrs. McCarthy, the clean looking chambermaid, glides calmly along in the metho-dic groove. She is a convert to the faith—a plan for everything and everything in its place, and therefore all is unity, order and clean.

What surprises old Mr. Benson's acquaintances who are not very intimate with him is how he managed to acquire such wealth and such influence in the business world.

It is clear enough from even a cursory view that this is a branch which depends very considerably upon publicity. It is not by local patronage such a trade as his could be sustained. Only by widespread dealings could it be made even moderately remunerative. Therefore no doubt can exist that, to have attained to the success he has, Mr. Benson must have had connections extending over a wide scope. Nevertheless, it is well known he does not employ a single commercial traveler, and those who have heard him sketch his struggles and experiences—and both have been more than moderate—say that he avers he has never used one.

The secret of his success, he believes, lies in an unflinching ventilation of what he traffics in by means of advertising. In advertising he has been systematic and persistent, and has never broken faith with those who have been led by his announcements to bestow patronage.

Well directed, sustained endeavor has done for him what equally hard working but less perspicacious men often fail after a lifetime's struggle to accomplish. He sits in his office receiving and attending to correspondence which has directly and indirectly come to him through advertising.

Others strive to accomplish results equalling his by personal endeavor—rejecting the aid of the newspaper—and the rewards of their labor are mediocre only.

**THE MAN WHO DON'T ADVERTISE.**

"Umph! Can't you do what you are told, young man? Didn't I say last night, the very last thing before I left, that I wanted that invoice made out first thing to-day? Now here's a letter countermanding the order, which ought to have been filled three days ago. There's another good customer lost altogether, I shouldn't wonder."

These were the words addressed in an indignant tone to a meager, shabby looking young man, who was cashier, accountant, and factotum-in-general to John Gosloe, Esq., as some of his correspondents dubbed him.

John Gosloe, who had been meekly re-

garding the floor during the progress of the trade, looked "the boss" timorously in the face, when it had come to an end, and explained:

"You see, sir, I've been as busy as I can all this morning making out these bills, which yesterday you told me it was most important should be mailed before noon. How was I to know you wanted the invoice to get the preference?"

Finding himself in a bit of a dilemma, and entirely averse to admitting any fault, he replied peremptorily:

"I don't want you to debate with me. It is your duty to look after these things, and I want you to do it."

He turned on his heel, affecting indignation. Gosloe mumbled a final protest, and spiritlessly resumed his quill driving. The appearance of the room in which this pleasant conversation passed betokened want of care. The windows were dirty, the floor uneven, the chairs out of order, and the spare desk looked as though it had not been troubled with a duster for a week. Several files lay in a promiscuous heap in one corner; account books were piled upon each other without regard to order in another; specimens of merchandise, which had no claim whatever to be in such a place, were thrown around confusedly.

The impression conveyed at first sight was that this was just the place for things to be topsy-turvy and unbusiness-like; and the opinion would force itself that he who tolerated such a state of affairs was devoid of the first principles of a business character.

Nor would a closer acquaintance with Mr. Gosloe have altered these ideas. He was not one who had received a good training for trade. Some ten years before he had gone into business where there was a good field, and with his little capital had a fair chance to work out an ample competency. But he has never done much. His patrons have never so far increased in number as to necessitate the employment of more clerks than Job Gruson, who came in as a boy, and who is indebted to him for a very careless training.

Gosloe rushes along from day to day, always doing very little, always creating great confusion when doing that little. He never has accomplished much more than a living, and is never likely to.

Advertised in the papers? Not a bit, for by his "never believed in that sort of thing."

Possibly if he had he would have been happier and richer to-day. The amount of business which would have accrued to him through them might have taught him to be systematic, and have prevented him from becoming the irritable and comparatively unsuccessful man we find him.—*Advertiser's Gazette.*

**How Fishermen Cook Fish.**

A correspondent who visited the fisheries of the North says: It was nightfall. The men had just returned from setting their nets and were busily preparing supper. In some of the cabins were ancient and rude fireplaces of stone, and from them the fires gleamed warm and cheerful. Great pots of coffee were steaming, and generous slices of salt pork and the daintiest parts of the dainty whitefish were sputtering in the frying-pans. Two or three fires were burning on the beach, for some of the men have a notion that an open fire is better to cook by than is the stove, and then, too, it affords an opportunity to prepare the fish in the most popular manner among them, that is baking it on a board. The fish are prepared and seasoned, pinned to a board by wooden pegs, and then board and all are propped up close to the fire. The fish is very quickly baked brown, and by this method it retains all its flavor. Another popular, but lazy, method is to cover the fish with clay two inches thick, and throw it into the hottest of the fire. The clay hardens almost instantly, and the fish in its tough oven bakes through and through, retaining also its juices. The clay is then poked out of the fire, cooled with a dash of water, and a sharp stroke with a stick separates it from the fish. The fish's skin peels off with the clay, and the skin is ready. Plain bread and potatoes constitute the rest of the meal. There are no women in the colony; the men are their own housekeepers. After supper the pipes are produced, and the fishermen, gathering in the largest cabins, devote the evening to hilarity and mirth, spinning yarns, playing cards, dancing juba, and smoking. Every few minutes fishermen stride to the door to get points on the weather probabilities for the following day, and every variation in the wind, stir in the clouds, or twinkle of the stars is gravely announced to the merry makers within. Everybody assumed the visitor that "twas going to blow from the nor-west that night steady terrorer," and that he might as well make up his mind to stay ashore all day, there would be no getting out.

**A Solemn Retreat.**

The Passionist Fathers, who occupy St. Michael's monastery in Hoboken, N. J., opened a religious retreat for the benefit of Roman Catholic men, who are desirous of wholly secluded themselves from worldly affairs for the term of eight days. All applicants for admission into the monastery for the term and purpose above referred to were freely admitted; but the priests exact at least five dollars from each penitent to defray expenses. Many give ten and fifteen dollars, and in some instances much larger amounts are contributed by wealthy penitents at the close of the retreat.

Each penitent has a separate apartment, containing a bed, a washing stand, a bureau, a table, and pious books and pictures. The board given to the penitential guests is much more sumptuous and select than that which the priests allow themselves. Exercise is afforded the temporary recluse in the spacious corridors, or, weather permitting, in the fine garden at the rear of the monastery.

More prominent and wealthy gentlemen of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City have subjected themselves to the religious ordeal briefly described in this report. The ceremonies and nature of the religious retreat are as solemn and interesting as they are peculiar.

**Inebriate Asylums.**

The New York Evening Mail announces that the inebriate asylum at Binghamton has proved a failure, both financially and as a reformatory institution, and has been closed. This is an unwelcome news, as it was hoped that it would prove successful in the great humane work for which it was established. The Mail, in connection with the announcement, says that there ought to be an inebriate asylum for women, as well as men; that "not only base women stagger, drunken and foul-mouthed, through our streets, and lie seditious and wretched in bare houses made squalid by their vice, but homes that to the casual eye are comfortable and happy are made abodes of misery by the tipping habits of women who should be their cheer and moral center."

This is not a pleasant picture of fashionable life, says the editor of the *Evening Wisconsin*, but there is reason to believe that it is too true, not only in New York, but of other large cities. He will, however, inaugurate a method of treatment that shall prove successful in curing drunkards of their terrible malady will confer a boon upon society second only to the removal of the possibility of drunkenness. The number who suffer directly or indirectly from this scourge is appalling to contemplate. The number given to habitual or periodical drunkenness is far larger than the number of the insane, the blind, and the deaf and dumb, while the injury to society is far greater than would result from all these latter unfortunate results together, were there no care for them extended by the State. The drunken prey upon the peace and bounty of their families and society in one way or another; they fill the criminal dock in our courts; they swell the lists of paupers and block the wheels of business, but the State builds no asylum for them, and takes no steps to save them to their friends and society. May not the solution of the question as to the disposal of the drunkard be found in building asylums for them until they exhibit evidence of reformation? There might be enough of restraint about its management to make consignment thereto a matter of dread, and this would exert a reformatory influence upon those on the road to drunkenness; while those confined might be so treated as most effectually to promote the work of recovery. One reason for the failure of Binghamton asylum, we think, was the almost total lack of restraint upon the inmates. They were allowed to come and go pretty much as they pleased, if we have been correctly informed. It could scarcely be expected that under such circumstances reformation would result. What the drunkard needs is to be put beyond the reach of temptation until he has recovered mental and physical strength to such a degree that he can resist temptation.

We throw out these suggestions in the belief that the day is coming when the work of preventing drunkenness and reclaiming drunkards must be systematically undertaken, if the race is to be perpetuated in mental and physical vigor, and the industrious and moral relief from the burden of taxation which is now constantly increasing.

**Another Case of Vinegar Bitters.**

In the evidence of the divorce suit of Dr. Walker, of Vinegar Bitters notoriety, from his wife, Eliza Jane, it was shown that the doctor commenced making the bitters in California, some years ago, making and selling them in a basket. His present wife—the doctor's third— from whom he is trying to separate legally, then a widow, visited him, and when a sufficient quantity of the medicine had been made, she took some bottles, and with a basket on her arm, peddled the preparation through the streets of Stockton. She sold large quantities, and from these sales Walker realized his first thousand dollars. He then went to San Francisco, leaving Mrs. Brenton in Stockton, and she managed the business there. Walker at length sent for Mrs. Brenton, and on the 31st of August, 1868, they were married. They lived happily until about 1870. At this time Walker had amassed over \$1,000,000, and his bitters were yielding a net profit of from \$400 to \$600 per day. Dr. Walker was formerly a charcoal peddler in New York city. His wife, in a counter suit demands that Walker "be ordered to provide her with a suitable house and furniture in New York city, of the kind to which she has been accustomed to enable her to properly live pending the suit, and to pay her the sum of three hundred dollars per week for her support and maintenance during that time," a suitable counsel fee, and for final decree she demands that "he pay her the sum of \$20,000 per annum during her life as permanent alimony, and that the same be guarded by a decree or judgment of law, of at least the sum of \$200,000, to prevent his disposal thereof by gift or otherwise."

**A Young Rasal.**

An enterprising youth near Cleveland, Ohio, sent out circulars far and wide setting forth "Allan's New Low Priced Seven Shooter," which was a "triumph of mechanical genius." It was "warranted to be as good after three years' use as when first purchased." On account of "improved facilities for making them rapidly and cheaply," the price was reduced to one dollar and a half, or thirteen dollars a dozen. Orders came in freely, and when the purchaser received anything, it was a small bronze pie shooter, into which, if seven small shot were dropped, they could be discharged in succession, by pulling the trigger. As the youth had been using the mails for a swindling operation, the case was put in the hands of a United States marshal, who arrested him at a small farm house with a rickety woodshed for the "arsenal," and took him to the lockup in Cleveland, where, at last accounts, he remained. He claimed that he sent all that he advertised, and if people expected a revolver at that price it wasn't his fault. One can hardly conceive of any one foolish enough to expect any kind of a serviceable seven shooter, revolving or not, at such a ridiculous price. Yet it is said that the orders poured in for them by "legions."

**A HOME-BRED HERO.**

Over One Hundred Lives Saved by One Man—The Brave Deeds of an American John Lambert—What John Horn of Detroit has Done.

Among the applications made to the last Congress for a medal for services in the saving of life was that of John Horn, of Detroit, who may be justly styled a home-bred hero. Mr. Horn is a young man living at Detroit, assisting his father there in a small tavern near the public wharves. Doubtless this proximity to the water has given him the opportunities which he has had in several years for saving what he calculated in the aggregate at about one hundred human lives from death by drowning.

The Hon. Moses W. Field of the House of Representatives, who knew Horn in Detroit, brought his claim to the attention of Congress. In collecting information in regard to Horn's singular and thrilling adventures, the following letter was obtained from the hero himself. It is a very modest and not detailed report of what he has accomplished, told in simple and homely language, and will be read with peculiar interest.

THE HERO'S OWN STORY.

DEAR SIR: I have never desired a public statement of the service which, under God, I have been able to render in saving human life, but as you have asked me to send you a list of the men, women, and children whom I have rescued from drowning I will do so, so far as I can from memory. I have never kept a record of the names, and the number is so great that you will excuse me if I leave some unmentioned.

I think I have altogether saved more than one hundred human beings, but I take no credit about this matter, and I have never regretted doing what I have done in any case, although I have had at times to keep my bed for many weeks on account of the exposure in the cold weather. It is well for me that I had a good mother to take care of me at such times of sickness. On the twenty-first of May, 18—, I saved Mr. Manning, of Windsor. On the seventh of July, 1865, I saved Mr. George Taylor, of New York State; he was very near dead when I got him on the wharf. October 10, 1865, I saved a child of Mr. Gorman, of Adrian; she was about five years old, and was near drowned when I got her out. December 12, 1865, I saved a son of Mr. Yates, who kept a clothing store on Jefferson avenue. The night was very cold, a high wind was blowing at the time, and he was very near dead when we reached the shore.

April 11, 1866, was the worst night I ever had. It will be ever memorable as the night of the great conflagration at the Detroit and Milwaukee railroad depot, when sixteen poor fellows were drowned. I rescued nine, and then became so exhausted that I could not swim, and had to abandon them to their fate. I got a bad cold and lay in bed two weeks, but that was nothing in comparison to the good accomplished. July 23, 1866, I saved Mr. Joseph Noble, of Windsor, and I believe you were there at the time. He was once engineer on the Great Western railroad. You know he came near drowning me by his struggles in the water, at which time I received severe internal injuries. April 7, 1867, I saved the son of Mr. C. Myers, who lived in Twelve street. He was a boy about twelve years old. June 14, 1867, I saved the daughter of Mr. Andrews, of Cleveland. She was going on board the ferryboat with her mother and some other ladies, when she fell off the plank. When I got to the wharf she was going out of sight for the last time, and I plunged in and brought her to the surface.

Sept. 15, 1867, I saved a colored man, who was a deckhand on the propeller Meteor. He kicked me about in the water terribly, for drowning men are always crazy. Nov. 2, 1867, I saved Mr. David Miller, the man who drove a wagon for Hull Bros., storekeepers on Monroe avenue. May 10, 1868, I saved Mr. Robert Sinton, known as "Prez Press Bob." You know he used to be a reporter for the *Free Press*, and in his haste to get news he fell in, and I got him out.

A few nights after that I saved Mr. Steele, who used to keep a store on Michigan avenue. He was on the ferryboat with his wife; he had a very spirited horse, and was holding him by the head when the boat struck the wharf. The horse jumped and threw him into the river, when the current swept him under the wharf. I jumped in and got him out all right. Oct. 4, 1868, I saved a daughter of Mr. McDonald, of Windsor, one of the Flaterry Brothers who keep a furniture store on Woodward avenue. He was a heavy man; when I got hold of him he was near gone, and I came near losing my own life in getting him out. June 21, 1870, I saw a man called Mr. George Brodier, I was catching him at the time, when some people came running in after me, saying: "There is a man in the river." I ran out and jumped into the river, and as soon as I got near him he clutched me like a vise and took me under the water twice. When I came to the top the last time, my father handed me a long pole, which I caught, and that saved me. He was a powerful man, and kicked and struggled so hard that he made my legs black and blue for many months.

My mother goes to the edge of the wharf with me very often, when I jump in; but when she sees person struggling in the water and drowning, she never holds me back.

August 24, 1871, I saved the daughter of Mr. A. Wilson, of Milwaukee. March 4, 1872, I saved a colored man by the name of George Wilkes; he fell off the wharf while under the influence of liquor, but I think he has been a sober man ever since. July 4, 1873, I saved the daughter of Mr. F. Barlow, a butcher, who keeps a stall in the market. She was going on board the ferryboat Detroit with her mother and some other ladies; the crowd was very great, being the fourth of July, and although her mother held her by the hand, the crowd surged, and she was crowded off the plank and fell into the river. There were about five hundred people on the wharf at the time, and they were all staring at the poor girl struggling in

the water, not one of them daring to go to her rescue. I was in the house when some one came to give the alarm, and when I got out there I could just see her dress as she was going out of sight four or five feet below the surface. I jumped in and caught her, and when I got out on the top of the wharf with her the people gave me three cheers. March 6, 1873, I saved a young lady called Miss Louise McKenzie. This was the closest call I ever had for my life. I was in the water about seventeen minutes, and the river being full of floating ice at the time I was near dead than alive when I got out. Four men carried me into the house, and they rubbed me with hot whisky for over four hours before circulation was restored to its normal condition. This severe exposure made me sick, and it was over three months before the right feeling was in my hands.

You will remember this incident, for you came to me when I was unwell. You regret very much at this time I lost the beautiful medal presented me by the citizens, and I think you were one of the gentlemen connected with its presentation. I have been informed that I would receive a medal from the British Parliament, but it has not come. I don't ask any.

I saved "a poor unfortunate individual" last month, when I took a severe cold, and as I was lying in bed reading the proceedings of Congress, I saw something about an appropriation for medals to persons for saving life on the seashore, and I thought then that some gentleman would be very likely to remember also those who saved life on the northern lakes and rivers. There are many other cases which I don't mention, as I have not got their names. You must know yourself of a great many, as your place of business and warehouse are near by, and I recollect seeing you several times when rescuing people from a watery grave. Wishing you and your family good health, I remain, very truly yours,

(Signed) JOHN HORN, JR.

**An Important Matter.**

The Mosel disaster caused a general hunt for explosive stores all over Germany, and it was shown that in almost every city there was enough of this dangerous material on hand to destroy the place and all the people in it. The same is no doubt true of other countries. Three ships with dynamite cargoes lying off Harburg, in the frozen river Elbe, had to turn out their fiery cargoes without a moment's loss of time. No less than 1,200 chests—enough to heave up the earth—were carried to a hollow in the hills some seven miles from the city. There they will remain buried until returning spring allows the ships to continue their voyage. The inhabitants of the fortress of Minden, too, have sent in a petition requesting that twenty thousand pounds of the dangerous stuff deposited in the earthworks in the immediate vicinity of their city be removed forthwith. Their petition will, no doubt, be attended to, and fresh regulations issued to control the manufacture, storing and sale of explosives. It is, however, obvious that, unless the more civilized and industrial countries unite in the precautionary measures, the citizens of all will be exposed to the peril of suffering from the omission of one. Where a few pounds suffice to work such a terrible havoc, this is a consideration which should not be lost sight of. Surely, if ever done by the American people, it ought not to be too sanguine to hope that a nitro-glycerine convention will be shortly concluded between the two states.

**Horses in a Coal Mine.**

A visitor to an English coal mine says: A hundred yards further along this lofty, double tramway, we reach the stables, which contain over a hundred horses and ponies. Oil lamps dimly illumine well appointed and scrupulously clean rows of stalls, in which sleek, well conditioned animals stand munching their grain. We pass along behind them, but not a horse has the curiosity to look around, although the "keeper" carries a bright light. Opening a door, we enter another stable, where every horse is lying down in his stall.

"We will not disturb them," says the kind hearted viewer; "you see they work their shifts" and bait and sleep just the same as the men; and so it becomes natural to them, for there is neither day nor night down here. When a horse once comes down the pit, he is never sent to bank again alive; for the poor things soon become blind for want of sunlight."

"Poor brutes! that explains their uninquiring docility."

"Yes; they b. come stone-blind," he continues; "every horse and every pony in the mine is stone-blind."

There are scores of rats scurrying about—some in the mangers, sharing with impunity the food of the sightless horses—some rustling among the hay and straw, and none appearing much alarmed at our approach.

**A Witness who Knew.**

Witnesses in trials are not so green sometimes as they let you are. At a recent trial in Nevada, Bishop, of the Humboldt brewery, was called as a witness. Mr. Bishop is one of the solid men of Elko, where he has been in business since the town was started in the winter of 1868. Upon being sworn, Counselor Lamm, one of the attorneys in the case, who, by the way, is also an old resident of Elko, said: "Mr. Bishop, where do you reside?" "Where I reside? What for you ask me such foolish things? You drink at my place more as a hundred times." "That has nothing to do with the case on trial, Mr. Bishop; state to the jury where you reside." "De shurry! de shurry! Oh, py jimmy! ofery gentleman on dis sherry has a string of marks on mine cellar door just like a rail fence." His honor here interceded in the counselor's behalf, and in a calm, dignified manner requested the witness to state where he resided. "Oh, excuse me, shudge; you drinks at my place so many times and pays me nothings, I thinks you know old Bisshoff vat keeps the brewery."

**Baby Lions in Central Park.**

The twin lions in the Central Park, New York, were but three weeks old, says a visitor, when I looked in upon them. They are called Romulus and Remus, and lie in a cradle of straw, suckled by an animal of the wolf genus, a watchdog of the menagerie, a large handsome half-breed mastiff. Her eight children were taken from her three weeks ago, and the whelps of Jenny, the lioness, after two or three days of starvation at their mother's breast, were given to the dog. Their lionlike and uncannine odor startled her, and she gave the baby lions some severe cuffs, whereby the smaller one still weeps with a sore eye. After two or three days the mother dog forgot that they were not puppies, and has ever since carefully nursed and tenderly bathed them every day with her tongue.

The cubs are yet too young to gambol, but they fight lustily for the best opportunities of taking their infantile food. Romulus, who is the larger, is always master, selfishly sending away his little brother, whose forehead is nearly as best place. They are unappreciative of their pen, giving faint sounds that were only slightly indicative of the lion's roar, but their little giant paws show long nails, and on the floor they walk rapidly, with soft, dragging, stealthy step.

Until they are three months old, they will be allowed only infant's food. By that time the first teeth will be through. They are already visible through the gums. Whelps are kept as long as possible on milk, and long after they quit eating flesh the mother dog will be kept with them, to afford the delicate cubs her warmth. But were she not removed at meal times they would without hesitation eat her without compunction. The whelps have soft, short fur of a tawny, yellow color, with a dark streak down the spine, and a fat tapering tail. Bred in the attitude, young lions are tender throughout infancy, but in teething they pass two dangerous periods. At about a year old, they shed their milk teeth, and at the cutting of the second set they meet a critical period, which but a small proportion of lions, captive or wild, survive. At four years of age, they are full grown. They do not develop their reasoning powers, said Mr. Conkling, before they cut the second teeth. Romulus has all his incisor and is cutting his eye teeth. Remus has the lower incisors, and has two upper little front teeth.

Their brother, two years old, retains the name of Baby; in a cage by himself, and is a handsome creature. His parents, Jenny and Lincoln, are also in the menagerie, each alone, and contented with their lot. Aside from a slight conjugal affection, they have no love for any living being—beast or man—but their keeper. At his approach they rouse into emotional activity, roar affectionately, with the softest voice of which a lion is capable, and run their shaggy heads and shoulders against the bars of the cage in unmistakable delight when their friend and master flatters them with the playful caresses of a stick.

"Jenny is not a loving mother," said the keeper. "She showed no regret for the young, taken from her at three days old, and seems to be without the maternal sentiment which some lions have in small degree.

Lincoln is said to be the handsomest lion in America. He and Jenny are seven years old, were captured in Africa, and purchased by a sea captain, who brought them to this country, selling them to New York city for \$1,550.

**A Practical Use of Dogs.**

It is a fact perhaps not generally known that there is a firm doing business in San Francisco who purchase the thousands of dogs slaughtered by the pound master of that city, or that may have been otherwise killed, for which they pay forty cents each. The carcasses are conveyed to their manufactory at South San Francisco, where the skins are removed and sold to the tanners, the hair taken off and made to plaster, the hide tanned, and made into gloves and sold in the market. The denuded carcasses are then thrown into a huge caldron and boiled until the bones are easily separated from the flesh, when it goes into a mill and is clarified by a fine powder and used to clarify sugar. The oil that rises to the surface of the boiling mass is skimmed off and manufactured into cod liver oil, and the remainder is used for the purpose of fattening hogs.

**Boss Tweed in Washington.**

A Washington correspondent says: "Bill Tweed" first made his appearance here at Washington in April, 1851, as foreman of the American engine company No. 6, which was composed of dashing New York boys. When he introduced them to President Fillmore he simply said: "These are 'Big Six-boys,' Mr. President." When they left the White House he said that this speech was long enough, as they were as much grander looking than any other company in this world as Niagara falls was grander than Croton dam. In December, 1853, he came here and was sworn in as the representative from the Fifth Congressional district of New York in the Thirty-third Congress. During the two sessions of that Congress he was a regular attendant, and he made two short speeches. He also got for a relative the job of supplying canvas seats for the carriages, and became directly interested in a binding contract.

**Chinese Houses.**

The steamship Alaska has brought to San Francisco fifteen car-loads of material for Japanese houses to be erected on the Centennial grounds. Ten Japanese carpenters accompany the wood, which is, in the main, bamboo. It is already prepared in a great measure; and the hewing, the dressing, etc., has been done, and no labor remains for the carpenters excepting the task of finishing the material and putting the frames together. Several styles of houses will be on exhibition. They are entirely devoid of nails.

**Items of Interest.**

More than one-quarter of the breweries in Wisconsin have suspended for lack of patronage.

Rabbits are so thick on the lower portion of Beaver river, Utah, that no crop can be raised.

Are your words of more weight when you pronounce anything than when you announce it?

India has not a single port on the vast sea coast line between Bombay and Calcutta where a vessel could discharge her cargo at pier.

The total bank note circulation of Germany at the end of October was 54,303,000 thalers, including four millions of small notes.

Col. Emby, who shot D. R. Anthony at Leavenworth, Kan., several months ago, has just been acquitted of the charge of murderous assault.

On the body of a suicide of Brownsville was a letter which read as follows: "Dear mother—Here's a good-bye. Liquor has done the work."

Trying to do business without advertising is like winking at a pretty girl in the dark; you may know what you are doing, but nobody else does.

The number of convicts in the Arkansas penitentiary and the number of hangings last year are double that of any year in the history of the State.

A negro boy was driven barefooted on a cold day from the house of a farmer (for whom he worked in North Georgia, N. Y.) The boy's feet were so frozen that they had to be amputated.

The San Francisco Bulletin bemoans the use of narrow carriage tires, which are rutting their streets badly, and points longingly to Paris, where tires are taxed, the narrowest paying the largest license and the largest almost nothing.

A Stratford school teacher got the boys down on him by taking their apples away from them when they had them around during school time, and eating them himself, but he looks at them very carefully since he ate one charged with red pepper.

When two young Chinamen, now being educated in a Lowell factory, made application the other day for permission to cut out their pigtail, for fear of their catching in the machinery, the request had to be first forwarded to the authorities in China.

Paisley, near Glasgow, is probably the greatest thread manufacturing center in the world, its exports of sewing cottons for last year amounting to near 8,000,000. The United States is the best customer, taking last year 2,314,000 pounds, valued at \$2,450,000.

*Forest and Stream* describes a curious case of sheep living on an island in Englishman's bay, on the coast of Maine. They are nearly as wild as deer. Their principal winter food is seaweed, chiefly diatoms; they also eat the branches of trees which grow on the island.

A Western correspondent has interviewed young Joe Smith, son of the Mormon prophet. Young Joe is described as broad-shouldered, good-looking and forty-three. He is opposed to polygamy, but says the Mormons of Utah will not give it up without a fight.

One of the young men employed in a Portland hat factory discovered a brass collar button in a piece of mince pie he was masticating the other day. He is looking for a new boarding place. He says what he wants are the comforts of a home, and not the excitement and confusion of a dollar store.

Two gamblers have been converted in Portland, Oregon. One of them, upon his first attendance at a glass meeting, handed to the leader a worn dice box and the dice. "Those have been my means of livelihood for years," he said, "and I have become so expert with them that I can beat a game in which loaded dice are used against me. I haven't any other trade, and it is like trading competence for poverty to give up my tools."

**So Near and Yet So Far.**

Not many months ago, in India, a gentleman and wife having taken passage for England, went on board with their baggage. Presently the husband discovered that there was time for him to go ashore and see a man. He went, and when it occurred to him that it was time to go on board again, he hailed a boatman and ere long found himself on board a large passenger ship. It was night. A sleepy steward inquired the number of his cabin, which he chanced to remember, as also that his was the upper berth; so he contrived to clamber into it without disturbing his wife, as he supposed, who slept beneath. But when dawn broke, and the ship was well on her way, a feminine voice was heard shrieking in a tone of terror: "Steward! steward! there's a man in my cabin!" The wretched man was aroused, and the situation explained to him. He had mistaken the ship. They were under way for Australia, and his unhappy wife was steaming away to England under a firm conviction that he had been robbed and murdered by ruffians who frequent the quays. When he at length arrived in Australia, he could not even there relieve his mind, as the cable connecting that country with Europe was not completed, so that about four months passed before she heard anything of him.

**The Gold Yield.**

The mines in the States and Territories west of the Missouri river, including British Columbia and the west coast of Mexico, show a yield of \$80,889,087 during the present year, being an excess of nearly \$6,500,000 over that of last year. Nevada, Colorado, Mexico, Oregon, Arizona, California, Idaho, Utah and increased. California, Idaho, Utah and Washington decreased. The decrease in California was due to want of water. The increase in Colorado and Nevada was very notable. The latter yields more than one-half of the yield next year indicates that it will reach \$96,000,000, of which Nevada will contribute \$50,000,000. Wells, Fargo & Co. carried over \$23,500,000 of gold dust and bullion and over \$41,000,000 of silver bullion. The other \$16,000,000 was in ores and base bullion.