

SNAIL FARMS.

SNAILS BECOMING A POPULAR DISH IN NEW YORK.

A Hotel Keeper Says That Fortunes May Be Made in Raising Them—Their Cultivation Abroad.

"It is surprising," said the proprietor of a well-known New York restaurant to a Tribune reporter a few days ago, "how many snails are eaten in this city. I remember well the first time we added them to our bill of fare, not many years ago. We cooked them day after day, displayed the fact in large letters on our bills of fare, but it was all in vain. The patrons of the house seemed afraid to try them. We lost considerable money in our efforts to introduce them to New York. At first they remained on our hands, and day after day we were obliged to throw our supply into the waste barrels to be carried away as food for animals. But it is different now. People seem to have overcome their prejudices, and snails in various forms are ordered so frequently that we have ceased to be surprised. I do not doubt at all that they will become a favorite dish among New Yorkers. Fortunes, in fact, may be made by their cultivation, and the enterprising Americans who begin 'farming' them now will be certain of large incomes from this industry in a few years. It will then be unnecessary to import them, as we do now, almost exclusively. Many of the snails to be found in the restaurants of New York and on the tables of some private families are imported from France and Switzerland.

"In the Canton of Zurich, Switzerland," added the hotel man, "a number of peasants have established large snail farms from which they derive handsome incomes. Soft land, covered not too thickly with trees, is the favorite breeding place for these little horned animals. The trees and shade must not be too thick, because the uncovered snails will then die in great quantities in the autumn and early winter. In the sun, they usually get large, handsome, white-shelled houses, and the snails with such coverings are always the best. The earth should contain a good percentage of lime or chalk, so that the snails can easily get material for their houses. Neither should the earth be what we call 'fat.' If the earth does not contain sufficient lime, the farmers should sprinkle it with burned chalk or sand. The snails lay their eggs in May. To keep them from running away from the farm there should be a wooden fence about two feet high built about it. On the fence iron-vitriol or some bad smelling oil should be sprinkled. It is not a bad idea, either, to surmount the fence with nails placed closely together, as this will prevent the snails from crawling over.

"As a rule one can raise 500 snails to a square metre of earth. One person can easily raise 20,000 to 25,000 snails on fifty square metres. The space, however, must not be too cramped. When the sun shines too hotly snails like to conceal themselves. It is, therefore, necessary to provide hiding places, so to speak. Moss along the fence about the snail park and low sheds made by placing boards over a framework are to be recommended for this purpose.

"The best food for snails is salad, cabbage, kitchen waste, nettles and dandelions. In dry weather they eat nothing, but as soon as it rains they seem to become hungry and seek food. If the food is not at hand when they want it they will try in every way to escape from their bounds. White-leaved weeds seem to satisfy them also. If the farmers wish to make them very fat they sprinkle some kind of meal on the leaves which they eat.

"In the beginning of Autumn—about the end of August or the first of September—the farmer strews the entire snail park with moss. It must not be too thick, or the snails will smother. They crawl under the moss at this time of the year, and remain there until they are wanted. When they are covered with their shells they are sorted out, according to size and quality. If they have finely rounded or vaulted houses, which shine in the sunlight, then they are nice and fat, and the purchaser can tell that he has good ware.

"They are packed in boxes containing from 1,000 to 5,000 for shipment. Hay, or some other soft, loose material, is used to keep them apart. They can stand cold better than heat. If it becomes too warm for them they will open their shells and burst the strongest box.

"A different method of raising snails is used in parts of Bavaria. There they have as much freedom as possible until the fall. Then they are picked up by the children or servants of the farmer and thrown into a deep hole. Grain is put in the hole, and they feed on this until they become fat enough to be sold. This is generally in the spring.

"In Switzerland the monks of the Capuchin order raise large quantities of snails.

"Americans have not begun to pay much attention to their cultivation as yet, but fortunes await those who begin at the proper time. The snail as a delicacy has come to stay, and will become more and more popular every year with the New York gourmands."

No Cure for Squeaking Shoes.

"These shoes will drive me crazy," said my friend Craggs to me as he put forward in evidence a foot clad in a brand new and decidedly neat looking cork soled shoe.

"I wouldn't mind a touch of that

same form of insanity myself," said I, looking disparagingly at the pair which incased my own feet.

"Perhaps not, but just listen." My friend arose from his chair and walked briskly across the room, whereupon there ensued a tumult of squeaking and shrieking from the soles of his shoes that much resembled the groaning of a prairie wagon across the plains.

"I bought these shoes," continued Craggs, "because they had cork soles and would keep my feet dry. When I found them possessed of this infernal squeak I was willing to try anything to stop it that offered a chance of success. One of my friends told me to place the shoes overnight on a sheet of wet blotting paper and in the morning the squeak would be gone. I did so. When I put them on the next morning they were soaking wet, and I had to wear them that way all day. The result was I caught cold, and not only did it fail to stop the squeaking of the shoes, but every time I drew a long breath for the next week my chest squeaked nearly as loud as the shoes.

"Acting upon the advice of other friends I have variously filled the soles full of pegs till they looked like anything but hand-sewed shoes, oiled them, soaked them, hammered them. The only satisfaction I have derived is from the latter—but the shoes bid fair to squeak on forever.

"If I'm late to church I go home again rather than walk down the aisle. If I'm late to theatre—ahem—I squeak my way shamefacedly to my seat. When I walk along the street the newsboys yell at me and take a fiendish delight in my embarrassment. Finally, when my business keeps me out late at night, as it often does, I actually have to sit down on the front stoop and take off my shoes before I enter the house rather than wake the occupants of the entire flat.

"I have learned one thing, to my sorrow. Total annihilation is the sole and only cure for squeaking shoes."—(New York Herald.)

A FAMOUS FLOWER.

Wholesale Destruction of Edelweiss Stopped in Switzerland.

Every traveler in Switzerland is familiar with the tender star-shaped flowers of this curious plant, whose sage green blossoms are stuck into the hat of every guide and collected with rare ingenuity by the importunate little rascals who race the carriages on the road, or start out like rabbits from the bushes as the pedestrian begins his solitary climb. The plant is scarce and very partial. It is found in the Engadine, seldom in the Bernese Oberland, and has particular corners and mountains that it loves to affect. This scarcity and partiality gave to the edelweiss a somewhat unhealthy notoriety, according to the Philadelphia Times. The rarer it becomes the more ambitious were the excursionists to obtain a sprig. Some years ago every cockney hat was adorned with the curious bloom, feathered, as its botanical name applies, like an old man's beard, and it was no longer a sign of patience and endurance to wear this pretty badge that hitherto had denoted a long climb and a patient search. When tourists began to brand their alpenstocks down in the valley with the name of a mountain whose base they touched, but whose top they never attempted to reach, then was edelweiss sold by the handful at Interlaken, Chamounix and Grindelwald, and the guides, porters and boys were tempted to rifle the mountains of their peerless flowers. When the rage for art greens came upon us in full force aesthetic young ladies flattered themselves that a wreath of these soft petals would look becoming in the hair, and some went so far as to appear at fancy balls in the character of "The Alps" smothered in edelweiss.

As for the flower itself, it refused to be in any way gracious at the touch of the botanist and sternly declined to be transplanted. The more obstinate was the edelweiss the more determined became the florists, and they purchased it by the root, carefully tended it during the journey home, nursed it across the sea, watched it at every railway station and handed it to the family gardener in order to bear in a few days that the plant, sickening and sighing for its mountain home, had refused to exist in England with the aid of any artificial process. There have been only one or two rare and exceptional cases where the edelweiss was induced to live and give forth flowers in England, and then the result was only obtained by a system of nursing that would have worn out the majority of botanists.

At last the Swiss government determined to put down by law the wholesale destruction of this popular flower. It was rapidly disappearing altogether from the country when an enactment made it penal to take a plant up by the roots. The dignity and importance of legislation gave a new impetus to the interest that was attached to the plant, and going in search of the edelweiss became as attractive a source of danger as any to be found in Switzerland. Unaccompanied by guides, and straying from the beaten tracks, more than one tourist has risked his life, and several have been killed in the quest.—(Washington Star.)

It is alleged that on the island of Leri, in the Gulf of California, not more than sixty miles from the Mexican mainland, there are remnants of a race of giant cannibals. This startling discovery was made early in 1891, and has since been affirmed by both United States and Mexican explorers.—(Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.)

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

DAYLIGHT robbery has become so frequent in Chicago that the newspapers suppress the news for fear the town will suffer in reputation.

To the Hartford Journal "As You Like It" philosopher, the thrilling stories of the escapes of animals from circus menageries are unfailing signs of spring.

MISS MAY PHILBROOK is the first woman to apply for admission to the bar of New Jersey, and the justices over there are so bothered with the problem that the whole Supreme Court of the State will consider the question.

The popular feeling in England against Russia must be regarded as the reason for the large audiences which gathered to hear George Kenan lecture on Siberian prison horrors. The English fear Russian designs on India more now than for many years, hence there is great popular curiosity about the Czar's domain.

ONE of the strongest features of the Midwinter Fair at San Francisco, and undoubtedly that in which the greatest interest centres, is a small village of cabins and similar enclosed exhibits which is supposed to represent the Golden Slope in the days of '49. A few placer-diggers, miners, saloons, and by no means a few dance halls, represent this era of El Dorado America.

The timber line in the Rocky Mountains runs as low as 9,500 feet and as high as 12,400. It has been observed that on the south slope of Mount McClellan, in Colorado, pines 2 feet in diameter and 30 feet high live and increase in size at an elevation of 12,400 feet. The winter at that elevation is long, the cold is intense, and the snowstorms are of terrific violence.

THERE is a curious divergence of opinion among those who profess to know as to the percentage of adulterants in the food supply of this country. Two or three years ago an optimist estimated that only two per cent of the food product was adulterated, and that ninety per cent of the adulterants used were not injurious to health. Other students of the subject placed the proportion of adulteration at something between five and fifteen per cent of the whole food product consumed. There is a pretty general agreement that the percentage of positively dangerous adulteration is not large.

THE old geographical division of Tennessee into east, west and middle still holds, but the mountainous east Tennessee is growing in relative wealth and population. The counties that properly constitute west Tennessee now have a population of about 500,000; those of middle Tennessee have 800,000, and those of east Tennessee have 500,000. Civilization first broke into Tennessee from the east, when Daniel Boone passed through the mountain wall on the eastern boundary. The rugged character of the country delayed its development, but its mineral wealth has of late years brought population and many material improvements.

DURING 1892, 4,547 aliens were naturalized in France, and it is of some interest that 279 of these were Germans. A thousand persons from Alsace-Lorraine acquired French nationality during the year, and 954 Italians, 726 Belgians, and 83 Russians. Seven thousand and eighty-eight children of alien parents, born on French soil, were counted in as of French nationality, without choice or option of the parents by virtue of the new legislation promoted to check the foreign element in France and to work up an increase of the population which the native element fails to maintain. Altogether, France acquired in one way and another 22,895 citizens during the year 1892.

THE peasantry in the northern region of European Russia are in a pitifully impoverished condition, which is daily becoming more acute. The region most affected covers an area of not less than 375,000,000 acres. While the imperial government is formulating plans for the commercial and industrial development of this region by the building of railroad systems, the local governors are appealing for assistance to keep the people from actual starvation. The people have not enough for bread to last them through the winter. They are four years in arrears with their taxes, and are hopelessly indebted to the crown for advances made during and since the late famine.

THE United States Government is doing what it can by precept and example to bring order out of the chaos of geographical names in this country. One source of confusion in the South is the not uncommon custom of giving a county seat two names. One may be anything, the other is usually the name of the county, with C. H. for Court House, attached. It grew up, doubtless, in times when the county seat consisted solely of the Court House. The United States Government seeks to drop the initials C. H., and to adopt one or the other name alone in the cases of such county seats. It would be a pity, however, to alter in any way the historic Culpeper Court House.

An official report of the instantly available battle-ships of the six great powers shows that of first-class vessels England has 15, France 9, Russia 3 and the Triple Alliance 10, of which 9 are Italian and 1 German. All the English vessels steam 16 1/2 knots and upward, 2 being 18 1/2; none of the French is over 16.2 knots; while 2 of the 3 Russians are under 16, the third ve-ching 17.8. In second-class ships

England leads with 12, France has 9, Russia 4 and the Triple Alliance 11, of which Germany owns 7 and Austria 4. Here there is no such superiority of speed on the English side, three being under 13 knots, while no French vessels goes so low as that figure and all the Russians steam 14 knots and over.

MAN AGAINST BOA.

A Remarkable Duel Fought in Central America.

A Newark engineer who served on the engineering corps employed in the construction of the Nicaragua Canal, and is home on a sort of a furlough, recently told the story of a duel with a boa constrictor by a fellow engineer. Life in the canal country is dreary, and various schemes are resorted to in order to relieve the monotony. One of the party stated one evening that he could kill a boa single-handed. The rest of the crowd tried to convince him he was wrong, but he stuck to the assertion. Finally, a handsome bet was made that he could not despatch a boa alone if the deadly reptile was in its natural condition. The young engineer promptly accepted the terms of the wager.

The next day a gang of natives were sent into the forest to find a boa. They continued their search for some time and finally came upon just the article they were looking for. It was a well-grown specimen of the boa species, fully fifteen feet long. It had eaten heartily a few days before it was discovered and it was therefore torpid. It was captured without difficulty and taken back to camp. It was deposited in a room, where it was securely bound and then left until its sleep should be over. The young engineer who was to meet the undulous monster of the forest in a duel to the death, repented of his rash bargain many times, but he never let any one know, and was "dead game," as the saying goes, from first to last. Boas often remain in torpor for three weeks, and it was nearly a fortnight before the pined snake showed signs of returning activity. The engineers then appointed a night for the combat, and the young man who was to face the serpent went into active training. It had been stipulated that his only weapon was to be a knife, and the young man relied on his clear brain, iron nerve, and supple wrist to carry him through the encounter in safety.

When work was over on the appointed day those who were in the secret entered the room and proceeded to cut the ropes with which the serpent was bound. It had been coiled up and several bands placed about it. These were all severed but one, and the snake's opponent entered while his companions beat a hasty retreat to safe coigns of vantage from which to watch the strange battle and to give succor in a last extremity. The young engineer was lightly clad and carried in his right hand a long knife, highly ground and sharpened. The monster, half famished as it was, was in a most angry humor, and its horrid head oscillating to and fro with distended jaws and viciously shining, beady eyes must have made the young man's flesh creep. He strode straight up to the boa, and with a lightning stroke cut the remaining band that bound it. He jumped back the instant the stroke had fallen with the celerity of a tiger cat, but his swiftness was snail-like compared with that of the serpent. Quicker than thought the boa descended upon his enemy. Before the man could move the snake had fallen upon his arm, had wound its way up its entire length and was biting at his shoulder.

The arm around which the snake had wound itself was the young fellow's knife arm. Luckily the hand and wrist were free. He did not wait to transfer the knife to the other hand, but summoned all his power and cut at the coil of the serpent nearest his pained hand. It was a splendid stroke, a backward cut, and it was clean through the body. The upper portion of the slimy coil dropped to the floor and the intrepid engineer had won his bet. The entire contest lasted but a few seconds, and so quickly did it pass that the breathless onlookers scarcely realized what had happened. The young man was pretty thoroughly exhausted. His shoulder was quite badly lacerated by the teeth of the snake. The strangest part of the episode was that the young man's arm was lame for weeks, and all its length was a spiral black and blue where the snake had encircled it.—(Pittsburg Dispatch.)

A Human Fox-Trap.

J. R. Van Etten, an Ellenville, N. Y., lawyer, says that while he was fox hunting recently near that place he had a remarkable experience. He sent his dogs on the trail of the fox and then stood alongside of a stone wall, ready to blaze away when the animal came near him. After waiting some time he began thinking about the European war cloud and the fox passed out of his mind.

Suddenly, however, he felt something brush against the inside of one of his legs and he mechanically closed them. Upon looking down he found he had caught as in a vise a fine, lively fox. "It seems that I had been standing by a hole in the wall," said the lawyer, "and the fox had cautiously followed along the wall without seeing me, and finding the opening, had popped through and was caught as I have stated. It did not take kindly to its capture, for it bit me in the leg, but I finally overcame it and took it along home with me. It is the first time I ever knew a human body to be turned into a fox-trap."—(Detroit Free Press.)

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Reply—Indictment "Quashed"—In Constant Expectation—Contempt of Court—Etc., Etc.

A REPLY.
Creditor—Look here, now. I want an answer. When are you going to pay my bill?
Chollie—Aw—in'dear sir, I'm no prophet.

INDICTMENT "QUASHED."
She was a lawyer's daughter; but he kissed her.

"Sir," she exclaimed, "how dare you? Don't you know I can have you indicted for larceny?"
"All right," he replied. "If you do, I'll have you charged with receiving stolen property!"—[Truth.]

IN CONSTANT EXPECTATION.
He (audaciously)—Suppose I were to kiss you unaware.
She (cooly)—I don't believe you could.—[Browning's Monthly.]

CONTEMPT OF COURT.
Littleton—Our judge is a great joker.

Coke—Yes, and his judicial decisions are the greatest jokes of all.

NAUGHTY-CAL.

Gerald—If you were but this gleaming shore, Jeanette, how would I yearn to be yon white-winged yacht!
Jeanette—And why, Gerald, would you be yon yacht?
Gerald—See how it hugs the shore, Jeanette!—[Browning's Monthly.]

SOMEWHAT AMBIGUOUS.

Ethel—I have kept him at a distance, but he still continues his attentions.

Clarissa—You were right to keep him at a distance. As long as you do so you may be sure of him.—[New York Press.]

A WOMAN'S NO.

Mrs. Younglove—Did I really promise to "love, honor and obey" you?

Younglove—Yes; but I'm not feeling at all puffed up or certain about it.

Mrs. Younglove—Why, Henry, why do you say that?
Younglove—Because I also remember your saying "No," just before our engagement was announced.

LIMITED.

Borrows—Have you any spare funds?
Lendles (curtly)—My funds are all spare.—[Chicago Record.]

COULDN'T STAND IT.

Bingo—You know that new watch-log of mine? He's left.

Kingley—Why, what was the matter?

Bingo—I was foolish enough to take home a copy of a comic paper with a picture of a burglar in it.—[Judge.]

THIS ACTS AS A "STAY."

"Wasn't that young Mr. Tiff who left the house as I came in?" asked the Judge of his eldest daughter.

"Yes, papa."

"Did I not issue an injunction against his coming here any more?"

"Yes, p-pa; but mamma has granted a supersedeas pending an appeal."—[Judge.]

NOT ALL HABIT, THOUGH.

Bilkins—You look unhappy.

Wilkins—Y-e-s; I—er—married a shop-girl, you know.

"A charming little woman she is, too."

"Yes, I know; bless her! But every time she sees me she yells 'Cash!'"—[Puck.]

REASONABLE.

She—Should you die, are you opposed to my remarriage?

He—No.

She—Why not?

He—Why should I be solicitous about the welfare of a fellow I'll never know?—[Life.]

A MODERN DOMESTIC.

"Why, you haven't left your place, Mary?"

"Yes, I have."

"Bless me. Why, everybody who has lived with Mrs. Blank gives her a good name."

"Yes; her hats ain't becoming to me."—[Texas Siftings.]

SURE OF THAT.

Jones—This cigar you gave me is a vile one.

Brown—You don't know a good cigar when I give you one.

Jones—Perhaps not, but I know a bad one.—[Truth.]

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

Mr. Sappy—A fellow tried to rob me of \$10 last night, but he failed.

She—Of course he failed. You can't take something from nothing.—[Truth.]

TWO CAN DRESS AS CHEAPLY AS ONE.

"Why, you silly boy, you couldn't even pay my dressmaker's bills."

"I know. But I can't even pay my tailor's bill now."—[Life.]

AS HE DEFINED THE TERM.

Harry—Who's to be your best man?

Jack—I haven't decided yet; but I shall select him for his superlative goodness.

Harry—How is that?

Jack—Why, he's to be the one who will loan me enough for a bridal tour.—[Puck.]

HER EXPERIENCE.

Beausley—What is the greatest

piece of fiction in the world, in your estimation?

Miss Passe (sourly)—Man!

JUST THE OPPOSITE.

The Judge—Patrolman Jenkins says you were blind drunk.

The Prisoner—It is a mistake. Your Honor. Instead of being blind, I could see twice as much as on ordinary occasions—in short, I could see double. If I had not mistaken Patrolman Jenkins for two men, your Honor, I should not now be here.

VOICE OF EXPERIENCE.

"Appearances are very deceptive," remarked the tenor.

"Yes," replied the prima donna, "especially farewell appearances."—[Washington Star.]

IT IS A FAILING WITH THEM ALL.

"Your landlord has the character of being a very sociable man."

"Entirely too sociable. He calls to see me much oftener than I desire."

SO MODEST.

Edith—Do you know who was the prettiest girl at Mrs. Van Astor's reception?

Helen—You embarrass me! Must I answer?

HE COVERED THE GROUND.

Visitor—My son writes well, but wants a large field. What would you recommend?

Editor—Mule and ten acres.—[Atlanta Constitution.]

UPHOLDING THE FAITH.

Sunday-school Teacher—Tommy, I was shocked to hear you swearing so dreadfully at that strange boy as I came in.

Tommy—I couldn't help it, ma'am. He was making fun of our religion.—[Chicago Tribune.]

THE OLD MAN'S OCCUPATION.

"What's John doing now?"

"College."

"And Bill?"

"Lawyer."

"And Dick?"

"Preachin'."

"And the old man?"

"Well, he ain't a-doin' of nothin' much, 'cept supportin' of John, an' Bill, an' Dick!"—[Atlanta Constitution.]

THE CAUSE OF ANARCHY.

"I know what is responsible for the rapid spread of anarchy," said the talking philosopher. "It isn't the unequal distribution of wealth, or starvation, or anything of that kind—we have those now in less amount than ever before. It's nothin' more than the street corner wiener wurst stands."

"What?"

"Fact. Fellow goes toward his home, feeling at peace with all the world, and the scent of the hot wiener wurst strikes his nose, and he buys one, eats it and then goes home to bed. He can't go to sleep for hours, and lies there with his mind full of all the evil thoughts it is possible to crowd into it. Wakes up in the morning with his disposition utterly soured and becomes an Anarchist. Don't statistics show that anarchy flourishes most in Germany? And isn't that country the native land of the wiener wurst! You bet it is. Why?"

But at this point he found that he was talking to no one save himself.—[Indianapolis Journal.]

A Night in a Coal Mine.

"I once spent a night in a coal mine," said Charles F. Tomley, of Indianapolis. "It was partly the result of meanness, but more largely of forgetfulness. I was out on a tour of inspection and investigation in Ohio at the time, and had a letter from the manager of a mining company authorizing me to look over their mines. I was generally received very courteously, and had no difficulty until one day a miner's boss demanded very rudely a liberal contribution. When I refused, he told me that I could stop down in the mine until I changed my mind, and he actually refused to allow me to go up in the shaft. I never imagined he meant anything more than a joke, and as I did not know the mine was only working short time, I did not dream the men were leaving for the day. Such, however, was the case, and although I waited hour after hour, no friendly shaft came to my rescue. What had been first intended for a bluff had been converted into an outrage by sheer forgetfulness, and I spent a horrible night in intense darkness and miserable dampness. The horrors of that night with noises all around, for which it was impossible to account, can hardly be realized, and if it is anything like what a prisoner suffers in solitary confinement, such unfortunates have my hearty sympathy."—[St. Louis Globe Democrat.]

A Youthful Crook.

A very young crook was before the Police Court of New York the other day. His name is Andrew Brust, and he is not yet seven years old, but he is so confirmed a kleptomaniac that his father had to ask the Court to have him confined. Ever since he was old enough to walk Andrew has been accustomed to steal any and everything that he could carry off. Sent to school he stole pencils, books, handkerchiefs, hats, lunch baskets and showed no sort of shame when detected. He would slip into the houses of the neighbors and carry off their portable property, and would even get out of bed in the night to rifle the pockets of his father and mother. He was committed to the juvenile asylum.—[New Orleans Picayune.]