

# THE RAGPICKERS.

## ONE ELEMENT OF THE POPULATION OF A GREAT CITY.

### Blue Blood Owners of Horses and Wagons—Aristocrats of the Hand Car. Runnagers of Morning and Night. Life Near the Dumps.

Ragpickers form a very important element of the busy population of a great city like Brooklyn, and a careful observation of their methods will reveal some curious and interesting facts. They are properly divided into four distinct classes, each having a separate field of action and seldom infringing upon the territory of the other divisions of the fraternity. The first class, who could quite properly be called the upper ten of ragpickers, includes the itinerant dealers who conduct their business by means of dilapidated looking horses and wagons. They would undoubtedly indignantly resent their classification with ordinary ragpickers, but candor compels me to name them as such. They pay an annual license fee of \$3 for the privilege of buying the city's rubbish.

They pay a higher price for goods than the men who peddle the handcars, and frequently live shops of their own for assortment and storage of their purchases. They generally carry on a thriving business, and from long experience and acquaintance know where the choicest rags are found. They have regular dates for calling on small tailoring establishments in order to secure the cuttings and trimmings which are too small to be used by rag manufacturers. They also give the pickings of small shirt factories, printing houses, book binderies and a score of similar establishments.

The second class comprises the army of hand cart dealers who can be seen every day pushing their trucks, adorned with from one to a score of motley shawls, sized and toned bells, along in front of them. They are avaricious in their dealings, manage to live in moderate circumstances, and are willing to purchase a number of articles which most people classify as rubbish. But what is rubbish to some people is iron and other metals, bones and old carpets and millions of other articles—thus bought by the thousands of pounds daily. This class is always well posted in the tricks of the trade, and have certain streets which they have drummed for years. By long experience they learn which of their customers will sell his rags at any price, and which will haggle with them over the last penny. They often find unexpected treasures in their purchases, and rarely return anything valuable that thus comes within their clutch.

We now come to the third class of ragpickers, who are by far the most aggressive in their methods. I refer to the runnagers who are abroad early in the morning and late at night, overhauling our ash cans and ash barrels. They are mostly Italians, and carry huge bags and a long iron hook, not unlike a stove poker. They are numbered by the thousands, are almost unacquainted with the laws and customs of this country, live in the poorest class of tenements, and by the most stringent economy and industry manage to save up quite respectable bank accounts. The laboring classes of the Italian race are but little modified by our climate, or by contact with our people, and fatal affrays are of frequent occurrence among them. They are clamish, preserve their national customs, subsist on the cheapest food and endure privations and hardships that would kill nine out of ten of our native population. This class take everything from a barrel that their hooks will drag forth—old boots, shoes, hats, rags, fragments of carpets, bottles, covers, horse hair, feathers, paper, wool, coal, cigar cases—indeed everything except ashes and cinders. Often the barrels of brown stone fronts yield rich finds to these delvers.

**A PLETHORIC BUDDLE.**  
One day I saw a swartly fellow stop before half a dozen barrels grouped on the sidewalk before a Clinton avenue house, and haul forth articles after article, among which were the following: A Turkish rug, which was not in shreds by any means, and which undoubtedly saw subsequent service in the finder's bedchamber; an old hat which was immediately substituted for a dilapidated cap on the finder's head; old shoes, rags and articles of tin ware, which were thrust into his rooney bag; and an apple and a crust of bread, which, after a few preliminary polishes on mildred's soiled coat sleeves, were ravenously devoured. He had arrived at the spot with a bag having a decidedly emaciated appearance, but left with a plethoric budge, under whose weight he could hardly stagger.

Harvest time with all rag pickers comes in the spring. For then it is that houses are cleaned, families move, old carpets are thrown away, old garments are discarded and thousands of articles find their way to the tossing ash barrel. Brooklyn pays about \$65,000 annually for the removal of its ashes, and last year over 260,000 loads were carted to the low lots which abound in South Brooklyn and elsewhere. It is near these dumps, in miserable hovels, that the last, but by no means the least, class of this great family of ragpickers dwell. They are up betimes in the morning awaiting the arrival of the ash carts like as many vultures would await the coming of prey, and no cart comes over without their taking in the carcasses of articles find their way to the tossing ash barrel. Brooklyn pays about \$65,000 annually for the removal of its ashes, and last year over 260,000 loads were carted to the low lots which abound in South Brooklyn and elsewhere. It is near these dumps, in miserable hovels, that the last, but by no means the least, class of this great family of ragpickers dwell. They are up betimes in the morning awaiting the arrival of the ash carts like as many vultures would await the coming of prey, and no cart comes over without their taking in the carcasses of articles find their way to the tossing ash barrel.

Talking Across the Continent.  
"I've heard all the stories of long telegraph circuits," said a postal telegraph operator at Buffalo, and in my time I've worked some pretty long ones myself, but I never heard of anything that equaled one that we had the other afternoon. "Our people are building a line from the termini of the Canadian Pacific to 'Frison' and I heard Vice-President Henry Rosenber talking with President Chandler in his office in New York city. Mr. Rosenber was at Westchester, which is on the Pacific coast just opposite Vancouver island, so they were talking across the continent. By their route it is about 3,600 miles, for the line was made up via Buffalo, Toronto and the Canadian Pacific. Every few minutes I could hear 'Frison' chit chip in, and all along the circuit the operators were 'on.' It was a wonder to everybody, and the instruments were working as clear as a bell on that long copper wire."—Chicago Times.

When a happy thought comes to a billion man he ought to shake hands with it and make it feel at home.—New Orleans Picayune.

# MANUFACTURE OF BOGUS WINES.

## "Imported" Brands Made in a New York Basement—Distillation of Italians.

There are several old Frenchmen in New York who have made almost national reputations as wine dealers and experts. They have about retired from business, but with the proverbial thrift of their nation, they still find time to tend to their shops a few hours daily. Some of them have large restaurants in connection with their wholesale and retail wine trade, and favored customers are often given an opportunity to smack their lips over some rare old wine, whose label is too dust begrimed to be legible, and as they hold the wine to the light they become enthusiastic over its color, flavor, and bouquet, and probably order several dozen bottles of it sent to their homes.

Now this wine may be old and it may be new. It may have been imported from France, or perchance it was pressed out on the sunny Italian hills; but it is more than probable that the old Frenchman, unless he knows that his customer has a trained and delicate palate, has given him some wine that is but the partial product of the vine, and was concocted under the skilled eye of monsieur in the sub-basement of the very establishment where it is drunk. Why should one find fault? It is surely more complimentary in a host to give one the result of his own labor than to furnish one with that of another. If it is a real wine there is exactly one chance in 10,000 that it is what the label represents it to be. It may be the outcome of a judicious mixture of several indifferently varieties blended into a harmonious whole, or it may be an American wine selling under false colors.

Human ingenuity has never yet been able to make wine without some small percentage of alcohol, so this element remains as a base for the worst of productions. As a rule the manufactured wines are offered either as California wines, or as vin ordinaire, or sour claret. They are the distillation of raisins colored with logwood. The raisins are placed in a vat filled with water at a temperature of 69 degrees, there being fifty-five gallons of water to every hundred weight of raisins. Some sugar is often thrown in to hasten fermentation, which usually lasts eight or ten days, at the end of which time the liquid is drawn off and wine is made. It is, of course pale, and it is doctored with some high colored Spanish wine, which is cheap, and then a solution of logwood is added. These wines do not, at the most, contain more than 10 per cent of alcohol, and having but little tannin they will not keep long. When wine is thus produced it will not cost much. Raisins are not expensive, and a modest article answers as well as one that is fresh. A noted French chemist has declared that the raisin vine, if not drugged, is vastly more beautiful than many of the mixtures, most of them deleterious, sold for genuine wine. This may give wine drinkers a spark of encouragement, for there is no way of accounting for the consumption of the enormous raisin products of Italy, Turkey, Spain and Greece, unless one admits that they are used to take the place of grapes.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

**Essentials of a Good Fighter.**  
In answer to the question: "What are the essentials of a thoroughly good fighter?" Sullivan said:  
"Pluck, skill, endurance and a good head on his shoulders. I tell you, sir, a man fights with his head almost as much as he does with his fist. He must know where to send his blows so they may do the most good. He must economize his strength and not score a hit just for the sake of scoring it."  
"What portion of your antagonist's body do you aim at when you are in the ring?"  
"I endeavor," said Sullivan, "to hit my man above the heart, or under the chin, or behind the ear. A man wears out pretty soon if one can keep hammering away in the region of the heart; a blow under the chin or behind the ear will knock out a man quicker than a hundred blows on the cheek or any other portion of the face. Now, the Marine has a scar on his left cheek which he received in his fight with Dempsey, and which he will carry to his grave, and I told him that Dempsey kept hammering away at that spot. If Dempsey were a long-headed fighter he would not have wasted his time and strength in getting in there. That fact alone proves to me that he is deficient in generalship."  
"You can tell pretty well when your man is giving in?"  
"Certainly I can," said the pugilist. "I watch his eyes and I know at once when the punishment is beginning to tell on him. And, when I talk to a man before I start up before him at all, I can make up my mind whether he is a fighter or not. There is more intelligence required in this business than outsiders give us credit for."—Sacramento (Cal.) Bee.

**He Sued for His Salary.**  
I never knew of more than one preacher who sued for his salary, and he got it. It was in Franklin county. The leading man wrote him a letter guaranteeing that the church could and would pay him a good salary—one of those offhand letters which churches noted for not paying will write. He went and served them a whole year acceptably, meekly and patiently. In fact, they were astonished at his patience. Then he demanded all of his salary that was due. Again they were astonished to meet a man who was not willing to take just what the church had seen fit to give him voluntarily. But he told them they had caused him to contract debts on the strength of the promise made by their official members, and those debts had to be paid. He went into court, produced the letters written by the official members, obtained judgment and collected it. And he did right.—Rev. J. E. Godbey in Globe-Democrat.

**What Might Have Been.**  
Had Paris seen Helen attempt to shoot a cow out of the back yard, it is safe to say that the Trojan war would never have been waged and Homer would have been obliged to leave the Iliad and the Odyssey at an early date. Had Anthony seen Chopin's G-minor sonata on a rainy evening in Calico, it is safe to say that he would have fled like an enchanted black to Octavia, and the divorce court lawyer—"deceitfully secured; no publicity"—would never have made a cent from him. Had Dante seen Beatrice lire a half brick at the vernal he had contemplated for seeds in her flower bed every spring, it is again safe to say that he would have sent back her notes, her white mouse pen with the lavender smoking set with "Merry Christmas" painted across the stem, and discontinued that rocky courtship which he subsequently celebrated in a poem called "The Inferno."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

**Easy to do Right.**  
The Count de Beaujeu, who teaches French for "amusement" and a high consideration is very thin and very plain. He was seen coming out of Mrs. Preston's church the other day by Joe Howard.  
"It's very easy for him to do right," said the veteran journalist, "we have the world, the devil and the fish to fight; he has the only the world and the devil."  
There are 66,000 women on the pension rolls as widows, dependants or relatives of deceased soldiers.

# QUAILS AD NAUSEAM.

## A MAN IN CHICAGO EATS THIRTY BIRDS IN THIRTY DAYS.

### A Gastronomic Feat Said to Be Unequaled—Scenes at the Final Feast. How a Wager of \$1,000 Was Won. Enough.

John C. Mann ate his thirtieth quail in thirty consecutive days the other evening, at ex-Alderman Jonas' restaurant, and his baker, George R. Clark, wins \$1,000 from Alderman Hildreth. A little over a month ago Alderman Hildreth offered to put up \$1,000 as a wager that Mann could not eat thirty quails in thirty days, one each day, a quail to be eaten between the hours of 6 and 7 o'clock in the evening. The money was covered, and the contest of J. C. Mann vs. his stomach commenced on the evening of Dec. 2. He ate one quail himself under the care of Dr. Bryden, of Chicago, and Mitchell, of Minneapolis, and acting according to their advice he lived for the month on a diet of oatmeal for breakfast and light cold meats for dinner, winding up with his quail supper each evening. He got along very well until he reached his twenty-ninth quail on the evening of Dec. 31. On this occasion he got through with his grand supper only after a hard struggle, and it was expected that he would fail in the attempt to consume his thirtieth. This belief was strengthened by the fact that Charley Miller, a rugged eater belonging to the Jonas restaurant, had but a few days previously failed on his twenty-ninth attempt at the same feat. Hence there was a large crowd of spectators at the place the last evening when young Mann, accompanied by Dr. C. Mahoney, the referee in the contest, entered and took his seat at one of the tables.

**AT IT AGAIN.**  
Immediately as the hands of the clock pointed to 6, the thirtieth quail, which had been expertly broiled and placed on a pyramid of toast, was set before Mann. The accompaniments were salt, celery, bread, butter, Saratoga chips, etc. He brought with him a bottle of Waukesha water, of which he at first took half a glass, and then commenced eating bread and butter; after consuming half a slice of bread he reached for the quail with an air of a hungry man, and brought it to his plate. Cutting off a good sized mouthful he masticated it thoroughly, and with apparent relish, along with a liberal supply of Saratoga chips well salted. This performance was repeated three times. Then Mann resorted to bread and butter, and finished his first glass of Waukesha. He next turned his attention to the celery and ate two stems, using salt freely, and following with three more "bites" of quail. Then he poured out another glass of Waukesha, which emptied his bottle, ate some over salted Saratoga chips, another stem of celery, another mouthful of bread, with an extra supply of butter, and then commenced on the last half of the decisive half.

At this juncture Mann was just a little nervous and looked up at the clock with wistful solicitude. But nine minutes of his time had expired. Mr. Mahoney, who was by his side, handed over a cup of coffee which had been furnished him, and this seemed to encourage Mann's languishing appetite. But opposite him sat George C. Clark, a most interested onlooker, who had \$1,000 on the six mouthfuls of quail that yet remained to be eaten. The crowd gathered close about the tired eater, and for a moment he appeared to weaken. Charley Miller, the defeated man in a similar contest, remarked to a friend next to him that he would not at that moment bet a "V" either way. "He may get through, and he may not," said Miller. "It is just at that point that I failed."

But young Mann quaffed a portion of his glass of Waukesha and commenced on the remainder of the quail with a steady nerve. He used salt and buttered Saratoga chips, and celery and salt, and butter freely, taking a moment's rest about the tired eater, and for a moment he appeared to weaken. Charley Miller, the defeated man in a similar contest, remarked to a friend next to him that he would not at that moment bet a "V" either way. "He may get through, and he may not," said Miller. "It is just at that point that I failed."

**THE LAST WING.**  
At 6:15 but one wing of the quail was left. The eater eyed it with considerable nervousness. All the meat upon it would not have constituted half an ordinary mouthful, but it was a part of the agreement that all the bones should be stripped completely, and that not a particle of meat should be left on any of them. To accomplish this he had to dispense with knife and fork and resort to his fingers and teeth. An empty plate was provided for the bones, each of which had to be deposited therein and inspected by the referee. Before attacking the final wing Mann swallowed the remaining portion of Waukesha, ate a stem of celery, half a slice of bread, and then took up the wing in his fingers, pulled it apart, and cleaned the meat carefully from the tiny bones with his handsome teeth, but the task was a difficult one. As he was struggling with the final act a man wearing a silk hat entered the restaurant, pressed his way up to the table, and commenced a sort of speech with the evident intention of sickening the eater. He referred to the idea that Mann should now be able to go into the dissecting business, as he must by that time be thoroughly acquainted with joints and bones, muscles, etc. Dr. Mahoney got rather hot, and ordered the newcomer to "shut up," but it was hard to control the intruder, for he was about three sheets in the wind. But Mann was not disturbed. He gulped once or twice, but by the use of salt and celery quieted his stomach. As he tossed the last quail upon the bone plate, Dr. Mahoney said:

"Done! Mr. Clark wins the money," and rising, took the successful eater by the hand and shook it heartily. Turning to the reporters he said: "This is the first time that this feat has ever been successfully performed. Men have eaten thirty quails even in a shorter space of time, but that is not so difficult. The task of eating one a quail day for thirty consecutive days, a quail each day, is no easy job. This young man has done it, and is the first who ever reached the end of the last quail with victory, though many have attempted it."  
Young Mann is a fine looking fellow of about twenty-two, medium sized, rather fleshy, with a handsome face and pleasant manner. He has for some time been engaged in the restaurant business in Louisville and Minneapolis. The latter city is at present his home. He ate his thirtieth quail in exactly eighteen minutes and thirty seconds, but evinced a great desire to leave the restaurant soon after completing his work. It was believed that he would part with his winning supper before it was half an hour old. At all events, he has had all the quail he desires for a lifetime. "If you find my man hankering after quail," he said, as he hid the reporter good night, "please tell him that he may have my share from this out."—Chicago Herald.

**A Hard Coal Base Burner.**  
The first hard coal base burner stove was taken to Deadwood, D. T., recently. As there is no hard coal out there to burn in it, the importer of the curiosity thinks of converting it into an ice cream freezer.

**Wolves are very numerous in the Texas Panhandle.**

# LIST OF COLLEGE WAR CRIES.

## The Peculiar Whoops and Shouts Adopted by Different Students.

One of the college papers has compiled a list and history of college cheers. According to it the original shouts of the colleges were a repetition of the name of the college. This gave an advantage to the colleges which had sonorous names, and as the constant aim of cheering is to make more noise than the other cheerers, new yells were evolved by a process of evolution. These came into existence a quarter of a century ago, when Yale and Harvard had their boath race on Lake Quinsigamond, when the "Yah! Yah! Yah!" thrice repeated was first heard. Harvard sounded the "Yahs" full, and added "Harvard," pronounced so that the air and a clipped d were all that were heard. "Yale" was added to the New Haven college's "Yahs" with a long howl on the a.

Princeton's cheer was developed soon after, as Princeton came into athletic relations with the other colleges. They took the three "Yahs" for a basis, and added the skyrocket six-boom-eh, which they hold on to as long as the nine "Yahs" of their opponents hold out, and then yell "Princeton" as a colloquial climax. Dartmouth has one of the most novel cheers of all. Some Indian must have invented it, and stout college lugs give it the right appellation. It is Wab-hoo-wah! Wab-hoo-wah Diddy, diddy, Dartmouth! Wab-hoo-wah! It is very picturesque, and only a sophomore can Wab-hoo to the best advantage. The hoo is like a human owl's hoot.

Everybody has heard Columbia's Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a! The name spells out rhythmically. Johns Hopkins university at Baltimore has taken the ground plan of the cheer and built on it, adding J-o-h-n-s H-o-p-k-i-n-s, instead of C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a, Stevens institute at Hoboken and Union college at Schenectady have similar cheers.

Rutgers has a cheer almost as original as Dartmouth's. It is "Yah! Yah! Yah! Yow-wow-wow! Rutgers! Rutgers!" with an entrancing and resonant "Yah! Yah! Yah! Williams! yams! yams! Pennsylvania University has a wild Philadelphia cheer without any special charm. It is the three "Yahs and Penn-syl-van-i-a-n-i!" The College of the City of New York cheer better. They say "Yah three times and add C-I-T-Y!"

Cornell has a cheer that, once heard, cannot be forgotten. It is like the rhyme of the passenger. It is given with proper emphasis only in times of excitement. Here it is: Cornell! Cornell! Cor-cor-cor-nell! I yell like—! Cornell!—New York Sun.

**Foiled With a Silver Brick.**  
M. W. Brown, of New Mexico, said to a reporter: "Mining now is not what it used to be. In early days there were incidents without number. When I first went to Silver City, N. M., to open the mine which I have recently located here, the railroads had not entered that territory, and the stage robber flourished in all his glory. It was not infrequent for them to make good hauls of bricks or dust, both in that and other sections of the mining country. I had some trouble in that line and finally concluded that I had the remedy in my own hands, and put my balloon into a 500 pound brick and sent it to the Philadelphia mint. The stage was attacked, and the robbers got all they could, but when they came to my brick they stopped short and remarked: 'Well, it looks mighty pretty, but it's too much for us,' and went. I was notified from the mint that they would not again receive such a large brick. I had not anticipated this, and was rather put back, but I wrote to the people at the mint, explaining the situation very clearly, and they replied that under those circumstances they would receive 500-pound bricks, but no larger."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Elephants at Sea.**  
The holding out the air and lowering elephants into the hold of a ship is not only an unusual sight to most men but also a strange experience to most elephants. They were lashed with strong ropes, slung as far as practicable in slings, hoisted up with cranes and three-fold tackle and lowered into the steamer's hold like bales of cotton. When in the hold they were placed in pens built of strong teak timber planks, bolted to the ship's side to prevent them from breaking loose. The fear the animals suffered was the only pain they underwent, and by watching the eyes of the poor beasts their terror was very manifest. Tears trickled down their faces and they roared with dread, more especially when being lowered into the hold, the bottom of which was angled for them to stand upon.

We are told that one timid female elephant actually fainted and was brought to with a fan and many gallons of water. At sea it appears that the animals got into a curious habit of occasionally—evidently at a preconcerted signal—sitting to work rocking the ship from side to side by giving themselves simultaneously a swinging motion as they stood athwart the ship, the vessel rolling heavily as if in a squall.—Youth's Companion.

**Gravitation in the Moon.**  
An ingenious writer treats of gravitation of the moon in the Popular Science News. If it were possible, he says, to take a journey to the moon we should find a very different state of affairs existing. The moon having a much smaller mass than the earth will exert its attractive influence less strongly; and by the exertion of the same strength a man could leap into the air. To an astronomer's height, jumping over a low obstacle, such as a fence, would be a feat of prodigious proportions upon all other bodies. Horses would travel at a greatly increased speed, and if the rider were thrown the consequences of his fall would be much less serious; the elephant would become a light footed as a deer; a stone thrown from the hand of a careless boy might fall in an adjoining town before accomplishing its mission of destruction; armies would engage in battles at great distances from each other, and nearly every kind of labor would be lightened, from the diminished weight of tools and materials.—Defton Transcript.

**The Last Year's Ice Palace.**  
The structure of the St. Paul ice palace last winter was of rectangular cruciform ground plan, 180x154 feet, with principal tower 103 feet high, surrounded by other towers, etc., giving very beautiful and complete architectural character to the building. The principal entrance was under a Gothic arch of iron span and twenty-five feet high. The blocks of which the palace was constructed were twenty-two inches by forty-four inches by twenty inches, the latter being the thickness of the ice. They were marked out on the surface of the ice on the Mississippi river, and saved at once to those dimensions, which were unchanged afterward, except where, in round towers, etc., some trimming with axes was required. The blocks were raised in place by ice tongs and tackle operated by horsepower. The blocks in walls and arches were cemented with water, which, at the existing temperature from almost immediately.—Doston Budget.

**Wolves are very numerous in the Texas Panhandle.**

# A LOUISIANA BALL.

## HOW THE CREOLES OF THE ATTAKAPUS PRAIRIE ENJOY LIFE.

### A Pen Picture of Village Hospitality. Frolic at a Lone House on the Prairie. A Lively Scene—"Gombo" and Chivalry. The Old Peddler.

Across the rolling Attakapus prairie a small cavalcade trotted, apparently in no hurry to reach its destination. The natural gait of the little Creole ponies was an easy "lope" or canter; therefore it was that the irregular, rough trot of the animals evidenced a restraining pull at the heavy bits. There were five in the party, all excellent horsemen and all dressed in the coarse but durable homespun cottons of that section of Louisiana. They seemed to be enjoying themselves, for their hearty laughter and loud repartee, in French, all talking at one time, bespoke a freedom from care and also a source of amusement they possessed in common.

In the distance, just peeping above one of the swells in the prairie, the slender spire of the little church of St. Pierre broke the line of the horizon, and in its direction the party were riding. Out upon those broad stretches of a most treeless country distances are very deceptive, and it was about two hours after the people were first seen that the riders reined up in the little town. The settlement did not comprise more than twenty-five or thirty houses, the most conspicuous of which were the church referred to and two stores.

The visitors alighted at one of the stores, and were cordially greeted by the crowd there assembled. They seemed to know everybody and everybody was on terms of intimacy with them, for they were addressed by their Christian names and slapped affectionately on the back.

The lately arrived horsemen were taken in charge by friends, and each was escorted off to dinner in some of the comfortable dwellings, from the chimneys of which the curling smoke gave sign of the good cheer within.

General hospitality wore away the afternoon, and as the evening came slowly over the prairie from the east, where it was already dark, a number of riding parties passed down the road, bound for some place beyond. Soon there were twenty-five or thirty on their way, and with them the visitors. Dressed in all the brilliancy of highly colored caftans, dark eyed demoiselles galloped along as if grown to their side saddles, and their merry laughter made the somber quiet of the prairie musical as they rode.

An hour's ride brought the party to their destination. The house stood alone on the prairie, sheltered by two or three live oaks. Four rooms, with a broad gallery in front, a hallway through the middle and large dining room, taking up the ground plan of the isolated dwelling. A bright bonfire was burning in front and the windows glistened like squarely cut rubies, with the genial illumination inside.

A large number of men and women, attired in quite gay toiletts, welcomed the newly arrived, and for a time nothing could be heard but the warm salutations of friends. The large dining room in the rear was the main object of interest, and after ribbons had been arranged, back hair adjusted and skirts smoothed down all the ladies hurried to its precincts. The floor was cleared of all furniture, and around the wall-long benches of boards had been put up, that as many as possible might be accommodated with seats. Beside the windows and doors smoking candles, inserted in anger holes bored in small pieces of wood, gave a bright light that afforded one an opportunity of a more careful inspection of the guests.

All ages were represented, but the young were in the majority. Married dames with infants in arms moved about as full of the enjoyment of the hour as the belles decked out in ribbons and perfumed with cinnamon essence. At about 8:30 o'clock the shrill squeak of a violin sounded from one corner of the ballroom and was followed by the deep diapason of an accordion.

The floor was cleared and the young gallants selected their partners. The full faced old gentleman with silver spectacles whispered to his neighbor with the accordion, "Un! Deux! Trois!" and off they started—sometimes the accordion ahead, and then the violin, in the inspiring movement of an old fashioned mazurka. The benches around the room were now crowded with the feminine portion of the guests, the male admirers being compelled to stand in the doorways, from whence a galaxy of eyes drunk in the animated scene.

After each dance there was a promenade, which afforded anxious mothers an opportunity of seeking their infants where they were all nestled together on one bed in a rear chamber, a xl there to quiet lusty cries induced by hunger by a hurried administration of nature's best infantile food. Dance followed dance. Then the quadrille was announced, and three sets took the floor. The old violinist was now in his element. Beating time with the toe of a very heavy boot, he made it impossible for the dancers to forget the measure, and in a musical hit the voice he instructed the more modest in the figure with "Avant deux! Balance! Chacun! Croisez! Chaine des dames!"

In the midst of the "lady's chain" a stentorian voice from the front room called out "Gombo." The music lost its influence and there was a rush for the hall. Men sought their favorites this way and that, anxious maidens kept their eyes on the floor hoping for the coming of certain gallants. There was some crowding around the entrance to the improvised refreshment room, from which came the savory odor of a rich gombo and strong coffee. Unlike the custom at balls within the jurisdiction of a more ceremonious social code the gallants passed their fair one alone by the doorkeeper into the sumptuous feast and then adjourned to the front gallery to smoke a cigarette.

As the ladies completed their hurried repast and approached the door to make an exit, the doorkeeper with heavy voice alerted the name of the demopostol, assent. (Jean Servat, Alphonse, the called. Robe Latour. These latter assent put in an appearance, then hitting the modest sum of twenty-five cents for the gombo their bellies had each secured their freedom from the doorkeeper's demands. With chivalric regards the men await their repast until the fairer are all served.

Happy in the enjoyment of the lovely dance and gay conversation, the guests forgot the gallop of the hours, and when the gray of morning began to show over the prairie then only did they realize that New Year's day had come and another year was ushered in.—Charles E. Whitney in Times-Democrat.

**A Screen from a Haven.**  
In Washington dwell two young women who own so much bric-a-brac that they have moved into a large house to accommodate it. Among other rare things in a screen, such as is used in eastern harems, is made of carved wood, with curious little windows which open and shut like doors.—Chicago Times.

The late Sir Moses Montefiore was one of the last persons in London, who went about in a sedan chair, with four bearers.

# 1859-1886

## Great Reduction

## PRICES!!

I am now Prepared to Give

## BIG BARGAINS.

## DRY GOODS,

Dress Goods from 5c to \$2 per yard.

## NOTIONS.

Hose from 3c to \$1 per pair

## GROCERIES

Lower Than the Lowest.

Give us a Call.

We Guarantee Satisfaction.

## Country Produce

On hand, and Wanted at all times.

## C. U. HOFFER

Allegheny st., Bellefonte, Pa