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In the United States every two-hundredth man takes a college course; in England every five-hundredth; in Scotland, every six-hundredth and fifteenth, and in Germany, every one-hundredth and thirtieth.

Feminine subservience to fashion is the greatest enemy to our native birds. To minister to this vanity an army of men and boys are employed throughout the country to murder these innocents, that their stuffed skins may decorate a lady's bonnet. Travel a hundred miles along our coast and you may not see a gull where five years ago there were thousands of white-breasted gulls in the sunshine. In many places meadow-larks, bob-o-links and orioles are almost extinct.

Guiteau's sister and her husband are both ruined by the division he brought about between them. Mrs. Scoville is living in poverty in Chicago upon the frugal alimony paid her by her former husband, while the latter is struggling unsuccessfully in his profession, and making barely enough to pay her this alimony and live himself. He recently declared in court that his business receipts for one month were only \$24, and that an execution had been served upon him by the sheriff.

"Tin plates a mile long" is rather a startling announcement, yet Sir Henry Bessemer hints that the means for producing such will be his next contribution to the science of practical metal-working. His plans are not entirely made public, but in general they contemplate running the steel through the rolls and bringing it out plated with tin in sheets of any length and then cut into plates of any desired size. The experiments are pronounced successful, and patents have been sought on the process.

A goose farm is one of the curiosities of agriculture on the eastern shore of Virginia. Within an area of about 3,000 acres live 5,000 geese, of several varieties, attended by herders and regularly fed with corn, etc. The object is the collecting of down for quilts and pillows, and once in about six weeks a plucking takes place. Only the breast and the sides under the wings are plucked, and it requires the yield of nearly 100 geese to weigh a pound. The raw feathers are sent to Philadelphia for cleaning and sorting.

The times seem to be going hard with European princes. A few days ago we read the following advertisement in the Vienna Zeitung: "Wanted, a home in which an orphaned, highly-gifted boy of ten years, the heir of a renowned family will be received (for a period) gratuitously. For full particulars, address 'Charitas, Poste Restante, street, Vienna.'" For all we know, this homeless young "prince," who cannot afford to pay for board and lodging, may be a pretender to the throne of France or Spain, or one of the nationalized principalities of Italy.

The Standard Cattle company, of Cheyenne, Wyoming, will construct an immense feeding establishment, including 5,000 acres of land at Ames, Neb. The buildings will consist of feeding-barn, elevator and cribs, meal-houses, offices, etc. The feeding-barn will consist of 3,000 stalls, and is expected to turn out yearly 8,000 to 10,000 fat beefs. It is expected that 300,000 to 500,000 bushels of corn and 10,000 tons of hay will be fed annually. This is the second great enterprise of the kind established in Nebraska in connection with ranches on the plains and the great mountain valleys of the Rockies. These "fatteries," as they have been facetiously called, may grow into an industry that may eventually change the whole character of the grazing interests of the great plains ranches.

A Hamburg newspaper gives the following account of a curious and exceptional incident which occurred in the collection of a dealer in wild animals in that city. For some time past one of the large elephants, brought over by some Cingalese, had shown signs of furious delirium, and it was at length decided to kill the animal, which was valued at 12,000 francs. An Englishman had once offered to give 1,000 marks, if the occasion presented itself, for the privilege of shooting the enraged beast. The sportsman was thereupon summoned by telegraph; but in the presence of the raging animal he became frightened, and gave up the intention of bringing it down with a shot. Strangulation was then resolved upon as a means of despatch. Chains were passed around the neck of the elephant, which had been bound, and the two ends of the chains were drawn tightly by means of tackle. Ten minutes after the colossal creature had ceased to live.

A DESERTED GARDEN.

Tangled ivy creeps and twines Where once bloomed my lady's flowers, And the twisting wild woodbine Weave o'er all their clustering bowers; And the fruit trees from the wall Droop forgotten and forlorn, And the rose trees, thick and tall, From their trellis-work are torn, Dewy paths—once velvet smooth For the dainty steps of youth— Weedy now, and overgrown With the rank grass all unshown. Here and there, amid confusion, Gleams a berry scarlet-lued, And pale blind-weed in profusion, By the summer breezes wooed, Creeps where once verbenas grew, Or the myrtle, flowered so fair, In the warm and scented air; And the speedwell—deepest blue—Shakes its frail flowers every where. So, amid these paths, all haunted By the memory of old flowers, Grow these wildwood blooms undaunted, Through the glowing autumn hours, Ah! how long ago it seems Since bright faces glowed and smiled In this garden of our dreams, Now so desolate and wild! They will come again no more, And no time shall e'er restore Golden days and fairy flowers To these wearied hearts of ours. —Chambers' Journal.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A TRUE STORY OF THE COMMUNE.

I had been through the French war—or as the precise word-mongers have it through the Franco-German war. It will be understood by any military man that such was no jocose experience. The word went out on the 18th of July, 1870, from the bumptious French assembly that France was going to have one of her periodical walk-overs across the German states, and in effect that this was all to be for the glory of the reign of Napoleon III. While some of its chief actors still survive, let me tell a little experience of an associate in journalism, who afterward became the bravest and ablest newspaper correspondent of his time. This was the late J. A. MacGahan, whose remains were removed from their temporary sepulchre on the Bosphorus, where they were interred on the 7th of June, 1877, at the instance of the State of Ohio, whose son he was, on board a national man-of-war, and afterward buried with great ceremony at the expense of the commonwealth. MacGahan had accompanied Bourbaki in his disastrous campaign in the southeast of France, where the general's forces were finally annihilated, and the entire command of nearly 100,000 men was driven into Switzerland, where they were subsequently interned. Thence MacGahan hastened away to Bordeaux, where a newly-elected assembly was convened to determine if the French would accept the terms of peace laid down by Bismarck, which, among other conditions, provided for the partial and temporary occupation of Paris, or continue the war a *postrando*, as demanded by Gambetta, Garibaldi and Victor Hugo. It was here that I first met MacGahan in his striking costume, top boots, military overcoat and slouch hat, in the midst of an excited crowd, arguing with a hot-headed delegate. I had arrived in Bordeaux from Chanzay's army of the Loire, which had been terribly defeated by the splendid command of Frederick Charles, who, upon my capture as a prisoner, imposed such rigorous conditions in my parole that I surrendered the instrument, and, in a blinding snow storm, mounted on a fleet horse, and pursued by a squad of Uhlans, succeeded in jumping the German lines and was kindly concealed by the sisters in a convent near Saumur until the armistice was declared. Then I started for Bordeaux.

Throughout the stormy sessions of that remarkable assembly there were gathered in that beautiful city of the Gironde all of the foremost men of France, Thiers, Jules Favre, Grevy, Simon, Rochefort, Dupanloup and others of equal fame among the number. The elective body finally accepted the humiliating terms of the German conqueror amid the increasing restlessness of the French people. Nearly all of the great cities were agitated by labor troubles, socialistic demonstrations and communal manifestoes. It was in such a dark hour that MacGahan and I went up to Paris on the first train that entered the capital from the southwest, to find the people dark, gloomy and sombre, sallow in skin, irresolute in gait and savage in aspect, when pleasantly greeted; and all of this as the net outcome of an unhappy termination of a five months' siege, when threatened starvation even went to the point in some instances of eating human flesh. Turbulent signs began to appear immediately in the evacuation of the capital by the German corps of Blumenthal, which occurred on the 3d of March, 1871. A week later a red flag was flying from the column of the Bastille. The communal clubs began to organize. Sedition was preached in the cafes and the almost universal cry of the population was for a republic, while divers factions wanted divers forms of anarchy. Events were not slow in edminating. Cannon, insecurely guarded by the regulars, were seized by the artisan politicians, carried away to the heights of Montmartre, and in a twinkling barricades rose upon that naturally fortified elevation. A few shots on the morning of the 18th of March, two generals, Thomas and LeCompte, put to death on Montmartre for inspecting the communal camp, and the regular troops withdrew from the city, and on that beautiful Sunday morning the red flag was flying from the Hotel de Ville, and then began a ten weeks' reign of one of the most frightful chapters in French

history—one, too, that came near being repeated throughout France and, indeed, in the great capitals where the tendency was for revolutionary and democratic forms.

I will not give the details of this bloody drama, in which MacGahan and myself were called upon, from our peculiar duties and associations, to act rather conspicuous and unwelcome parts, beyond saying that we were in the secrets of the communists from the moment they took possession of the city until the last of them—the leaders—were either summarily shot on capture, subsequently executed after trial by drum-head court-martial, or become forced exiles or deported convicts in the South Pacific colonies of France. Mounted on horseback, we rode daily along the lines of the commune forces, which at their maximum, reached as high as 200,000 men, and were constantly under fire during the day time, watching the slow progress of the troops of MacMahon advancing by barricade toward the ramparts, with the aid of siege guns and the other expedients of approach toward a walled city. During this kind of activity life in Paris was not without its charms. The April and May weather was delightful in the city, and the boulevards and cafes were sufficiently deserted to give an air of novelty to the lightest-hearted people in Europe.

It is a mistake to suppose that the general life of the city was disorderly during the reign of the communal body. In fact their ephemeral and subsequently bloody council did some very curious things. It shut up by stern decree all dram-shops. Gambling was an aristocratic crime, subjecting the offender to imprisonment, while spelling was declared a badge of the privileged orders and hence relegated to the old notions of the past. Everybody could spell as they might choose, and it is a curious fact that, while the French academy was discussing the question whether the word "hypothecuse" should be spelled with or without the "h," the decree abolishing spelling was bulletined at the Hotel de Ville. War and promoters of war were to be considered as assassins and outlaws, and at the very moment when this was announced as the law of Paris, the body of legislators promulgating it were demanding money from the bank of France and the leading railway corporations centering in Paris wherewith to purchase munition, pay their soldiers thirty cents a day and otherwise defray the expenses of their civil and military carriage. During this period MacGahan and myself were quartered in the Place Vendome, with our horses and messengers, and daily appeared publicly on horseback or in the cafes with prominent leaders of the revolt, and thus, of course, became marked men by the mouchards of the regular government. It was part of our business to be friendly with them, and many a fine breakfast did I have with Bergeret and his wife and family in the Palais de Bourbon, in the very salon, too, that was previously reserved for the kings, emperors and presidents of France; and I suspect it would have been a harder fate for me if it were known subsequently, when arrested, how much of the rare old imperial vintages we despoiled at the maternal feasts, when we drank, of course, to the success of our hosts, with howsoever a hypocritical smile. After the long and bitter struggle which the Commune made to retain possession of the city, the Versailles or regular army of MacMahon entered by the Porte Maillot on the morning of the 22d of May, this gate having been betrayed by a treacherous Communist for immunity and the gift of 500,000 francs. Thenceforth and until the 1st of June, when a state of peace was proclaimed and posted on the walls of Paris, announcing the triumph of the regular troops, there transpired the bloodiest week in the history of the city since the days when Caesar was there with his Roman legions.

On the morning of the 23d, all of the important palaces and public buildings were fired by decree of the committee of public safety; the archbishop and sixty and more priests were summarily shot as hostages in the prison yard of La Roquette, and it seemed as if that imperial and beautiful capital would burn down to an utter ruin. Explosions were of momentary occurrence; the gutters were literally running with blood, and in all of the great and celebrated quarters of Paris, corpses and wounded were lying as they fell. In the midst of this carnage the bombardment was fierce, and monumental buildings, like the Tuileries, the Louvre, the Madeleine and the Triumphal Arch were being bruised and battered, while the facades of historical structures were falling amid flame and smoke. Such wildness, devastation and destruction were never surpassed. It was at this moment, and while MacGahan and I were seated at dinner in an American pension in the Rue Courmartin, that a troop of soldiers entered the dining-room and rudely seized us, together with two American ladies who were under our protection, and told us we were under arrest for being implicated with the communal leaders, for firing on the troops and in many ways aiding and abetting the insurrection. Both of us had on our persons a score or more of communal and bloody passes signed by such chiefs as Bergeret Cluseret, Dombrowski, Delacize, Rossel and Raoul Rigault, the prince of fiends of the entire revolt. By a clever expedient we managed to leave these behind us; otherwise we would have been shot in the street below, as the order was to take no prisoners, whatever their nationality, whose concern in the commune was unmistakable, and to this line of conduct the invaders ruthlessly adhered, and many an innocent sojourner in Paris was shot down and carted off to a nameless grave, doubtless, to be numbered among his friends as "missing." From the dining-room we were closely guarded to the streets below, with the ladies, who were numbered as co-con-

spirators, and thus while surrounded by fixed bayonets pricking our very skins, and with bare heads, and followed by a howling mob crying for our blood, we were marched to the Boulevard, where the crowd, augmented to thousands, the wild whoop for revenge increasing at every step. It was a curious part of the experience on our way to the military headquarters of General Vinoy, the governor of Paris, that the very shopkeepers restaurateurs, barbers and newspaper vendors of whom we had been liberal patrons were the loudest in their denunciations and demands for our lives. With our ladies crying in mortal terror, and ourselves gloomy about the chance of life, we arrived at the prison pen in the Place Vendome, where they were making up the squads to be shot. It was a brief ceremony that was undergone by the captain in charge. He filled out the charge, name, address and occupation, and then his duty was done. MacGahan, who undertook to speak for the party, tried to explain our position, which the gruff captain heard with impatience, when my friend handed him a letter from Archbishop Dupanloup, one of the most famous prelates of France, and turning to me said: "I think that will fetch the brute." The captain rushed on MacGahan for speaking English, which he did not understand, and began a vigorous assault; while the bayonets closed about us. We were taken down from this apartment crowded with thieves, communal incendiaries and the riff-raff of Paris, at 10 o'clock at night, and placed in one of the death squads, numbering about twenty. But before it could be marched out toward Versailles, when we were to be dispatched on the way, Minister Washburne arrived, saw General Vinoy just fifteen minutes before the appointed time, and explained who and what we were. He had been informed of our imminent peril by his private secretary, who had witnessed our arrest, and had come from a distant part of Paris at great danger to his life and with remarkable luck in turning the barricades. Altogether it was a fortunate train of circumstances that saved the lives of the quartette, at a time when all Paris was delirious with rage and thousands of rash but innocent foreigners went involuntarily to their final sleep. —Alden S. Southworth, in Mail and Express.

Birds and Bonnets.

In view of the fact that the destruction of birds for millinery purposes it at present attracting general attention, the appended list of native birds seen on hats worn by ladies in the streets of New York, may be of interest. It is chiefly the result of two late afternoon walks through the uptown shopping districts, and, while very incomplete, still gives an idea of the species destroyed and the relative numbers of each:

- Robin..... 4
Brown thrush..... 3
Bluebird..... 3
Blackburnian warbler..... 1
Blackpoll warbler..... 1
Wilson's black-capped flycatcher..... 3
Scarlet tanager..... 3
White-bellied swallow..... 1
Hamlet waxwing..... 1
Waxwing..... 2
Great northern shrike..... 1
Pine Grosbeak..... 1
Snow bunting..... 15
Tree sparrow..... 2
White-winged woodpecker..... 1
Bobolink..... 1
Meadow lark..... 2
Baltimore oriole..... 9
Purple Grackle..... 5
Blue Jay..... 5
Swallow-tailed flycatcher..... 1
Kingbird..... 1
Kingfisher..... 1
Pileated woodpecker..... 1
Red-headed woodpecker..... 2
Golden-winged woodpecker..... 2
Acadian owl..... 1
Carolina dove..... 1
Pinnated grouse..... 1
Ruffed grouse..... 2
Quail..... 16
Hamlet waxwing..... 2
Sanderling..... 5
Big yellowlegs..... 1
Green heron..... 1
Virginia rail..... 1
Laughing gull..... 21
Common gull..... 21
Black tern..... 1
Grebe..... 7

It is evident that, in proportion to the number of hats seen, the list of birds given is very small; but in most cases mutilation rendered identification impossible.

Thus, while one afternoon 700 hats were counted and on them but twenty birds recognized, 542 were decorated (if with feathers of some kind, of the 158 remaining, seventy-two were worn by young or middle-aged ladies, and eighty-six by ladies in mourning or elderly ladies, or:

Hard on Father.

A tombstone in a Western Massachusetts cemetery bears the following somewhat ambiguous epitaph: "Here lies the mother of children seven, three on earth and four in Heaven; Those who died desiring rather 'To go with mother than to live with father.' This seems a little rough on the old man, but those who knew say that no lack of affection for 'father' inspired the verse. The deceased children belonged to that phenomenal class of infants who desire the glory of the world beyond to a longer sojourn in this.

The Nightingale's Song.

This is part of a French naturalist's attempt to state the nightingale's song—there are twenty-one lines more, by the way: Did! Souci-tion, tion, tou, tout, tiau, Ser, sarr, sarr-sarr, sarr-tout, tout de mou, Quo! lau lau lau lau lau lau lau bec, Vrai bonjour bonjour, beviere ambe bou. The last slave was sold in Virginia in the spring of 1865 for 100 cabbage plants.

THE HOME OF PRESIDENTS.

A TOUR THROUGH THE ROOMS OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

Beauty of the Executive Mansion —The Parlors—Handsome Halls—President's Dining-Room.

Up the steps of the portico and through the large entrance vestibule, we see an inner corridor separated from it by a handsome screen of glass mosaic. It is in itself a spacious apartment, eighteen feet wide and 100 long, reaching from the middle of the east room at one end to the conservatory at the other. South of this corridor are three parlors, named respectively the Green room, Blue room and Red room, from the prevailing color of decorations and furniture. West of the Red parlor, at the extreme southwestern end of the mansion, is the state dining-room, and on the north side of the corridor, directly opposite, we find the President's private dining-room, which occupies—with butler's pantry and the servants' waiting room immediately adjoining—the northwest front of the building. Under this room, in the basement, is the kitchen. On the north side of the corridor is also situated the private staircase leading to the chambers. This portion of the corridor, which is the length of the state dining-room, can be separated at will from the more public and longer portion on the east, by double doors of inlaid mahogany.

This long hall-way is an important part of the White House, and is treated accordingly. It is only lighted in the day time by the doors opening into the parlors and from the open arches over the jeweled screen, so that no photographer has been able to secure a good picture. The walls, painted a warm cream-gray, are finished with a stenciled frieze, two feet deep, light green, gold and crimson, in conventional designs. The ceiling, a lighter tint of gray, is covered with figures in mixed colors, interspersed with brown and silver decorations in relief. A large semi-circular niche in the wall immediately opposite the front entrance and screen door, is gilded and contains a circular table of ebony and marble.

The crimson Axminster carpet, well covered with small figures of a deeper shade, imparts a richness of tone which is very desirable in the half-light of the day, and which responds, at night, to the light of three immense crystal chandeliers. The furniture frames are ebony; the fabric, cream-colored brocade figured with shaded crimson. On the walls hang the portraits of most of the Presidents, save that of Washington, which is in the East room, and those of Van Buren, J. Q. Adams and Arthur in the Red parlor and of Jefferson in the Library room above. In the western angles the busts of Washington and Hamilton, on pedestals of ebony, gaze with sightless eyes upon the ever-changing panorama.

The private corridor on the west is fitted up still more like a reception room. Each corner angle is cut off by a tall cabinet of ebony, containing faience and plants in majolica holders; doorways are hung with portieres of Turkoman, in brown, yellow and crimson, with horizontal stripes, and there are Eastlake chairs of ebony with seats and backs of embossed leather. A hexagon table with rosewood frame and marble top, according to tradition, was frequently used by Jackson, when he lived in the White House, about the only article, in this part of the building, left from that comparatively late period. The wall tints of the private corridor are darker than those of the larger one—a kind of greenish gray—with a parti-colored Japanese frieze, thirty inches deep. The broad staircase with one long landing, leading to the second story, is finished with a hand rail and balusters of mahogany, and from the large carved newel-post a female figure in bronze, nearly life-size, holds, metaphorically a torch, in reality a very prosaic gas fixture. The remaining figure consists of a mahogany table, before a mirror framed in the same wood.

At the foot of the stairs a door on the left or north side, leads into the President's private dining room. The walls of this room are hung with heavy paper, imitating leather, a gilt ground with vines of shaded olive and crimson, and a frieze, thirty inches deep, of dark terra-cotta stamped velvet, with gilt molding. The ceiling is greenish gray. The white marble chimney piece and mantel are draped with crimson plush, and the same fabric covers the frame of the large plate glass mantel mirror above. Axminster carpet of dark green is well covered with figures in shaded olive and crimson. The mahogany chairs have dark green leather on the seats, with backs of wood. The woodwork of the room is painted a light tint of the walls. The finest features of the room are two large carved mahogany sideboards, one on the west side of the room, the other on the south. The one on the right is a fine specimen of Cincinnati carving and dates from the administration of Mr. Hayes; the other was furnished when the entire room was furnished anew under the direction of Mr. Arthur. Both are laden with plate and fine specimens of the ceramic art. All the movable furniture and plate of these rooms are under the care of the steward, who is required to give bonds to the value of \$20,000, before entering upon his duties. —Good Housekeeping.

Astor and Girard.

It has often been said that John Jacob Astor was, sixty years ago, the only citizen of American worth \$1,000,000. He may have been the only New Yorker then possessed of such a fortune, but the wealth of Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia, would at that time have reached at least \$5,000,000. He died in 1831, leaving an estate of \$20,000,000, much of it having been accumulated within fifteen or twenty years.

AT DAWN.

At dawn of day when cowbells ring Over mellowing meadows, where cling The clover-scented wreaths of mist, Half pearl in hue, half amethyst, Glad skybound larks leap up to sing.

And so my heart doth heavenward spring When, like some virgin queen, you bring Fresh opening buds by zephyrs kissed At dawn of day.

The breath, the balm, the glow you fling, Like dewdrops from some bright bird's wing, Thrill all my being, as I list To melodies that must delight, When the nightfall hath discomfined me, king At dawn of day. John Moran, in the Current.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A standing invitation—Get up. A Stockton girl says a beau on the arm is worth two on the hat.—Pacific Teller. We disapprove of broom drives. The average woman can wield a broom too well already.—Pionyear. It has been asked, why is a doctor like a mole? He isn't. Moles dig their own holes; the doctor employs an undertaker.—Merchant-Traveler. Society is just like a pie. There is an upper crust and lower crust, but the real strength and substance lies between them.—New Haven News. Chicago has a young woman who sleeps eight days in one inning. Some women will do almost anything to escape building the kitchen fire.—Boston Transcript. Explanations from the youth who was forcibly ejected from a west side residence the other evening are unnecessary. The reason was a parent.—Detroit Free Press. 'Twixt women and wine, Man's lot is too smart; For wine makes his head ache, And women his heart. —Goodall's Sun.

It is reported that Henry Bergh is carrying his sympathies for animals so far that he is cultivating a bald spot on his head as a pasture for flies.—St. Paul Herald. A Philadelphia man has discovered that the steady chewing of garlic will insure length of life. Not if the neighbors know how to use their shotguns.—Fall River Advance. "A seaman washed overboard," exclaimed Mrs. Fangle as she read a newspaper headline; "but he perhaps was so dirty they hadn't enough water on the ship."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

There is said to be a decided reaction against flats in New York. In this part of the country the reaction has prevailed for a long time. It is applied with the toe of a boot.—Burlington Free Press. There was a young lady named Wise, Whose brain was gigantic in size, She knew everything, Could paint, dance and sing, But couldn't make custards and pies. —Pittsburg Gazette. A New York dude is dangerously ill from mental exhaustion and over-exertion. He attended a soap-bubble party the other evening and blew a bubble as large as a hickory nut.—Norristown Herald. There is beauty in the soundless shower of snow, There is rhythm in the rattle of the hail, But I love the merry spring, When the pretty blue birds sing, And the early flowers begin to peek the vale, When the gloomy winter's gone, And the robin on the lawn Is a-singing and a-wagging of his tail. —Boston Courier.

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