

Poetry and Miscellany.

UNDER THE BRIDGE.

My face was whiter than the dead;
My teeth were clinched; my staring eyes,
My ringing ears, my swimming head,
Were held by horrid sights and cries,
As o'er the bridge we swiftly sped,
As o'er that awful bridge we sped.

Below, a gulf where waters raced;
Where waters poured, and sadder death
Rose side by side the deathly faced,
With howling wrath and loud breath;
Where pity was a thing misplaced,
And hope to mockery debased.

I looked, as awful horrors passed,
And saw a little child in prayer
Upon a raft that drifted fast.
She was alone, and thro' the hair
Streamed round her on the whirling blast,
Streamed out to kiss the cruel blast.

As by some loving mother's knee,
Her tiny hands were raised to God:
Her face was raised in gentle plea
Beneath the heavenly Father's rod—
A cruel fate for such as she:
"Oh, set her free, and chasten me!"

In vain for as her golden locks
Flashed here and there I saw the sign,
She vanished where the whirlpool mocks—
She vanished with a brow divine.
With tresses formed of golden locks
She passed from sight beneath the rocks.

'Twas but a second that she gleamed
Upon me as the train flew by;
'Twas but one ray of glory streamed
Where glorious thousands came to die.
But ah, so young, so sweet she seemed—
I've thought of her and dreamed, and dreamed!

—[William W. Cook, Chicago News.

A KINDRED SPIRIT.

BY SUSAN A. WEISS.

N a private parlor of the
Miss Ketchum's select
boarding-house, we re-
seated two ladies, the
personal resemblance be-
tween whom marked
them as sisters, though
one was a matronly lady
of thirty, and the other
some ten years younger.

"You don't mean to tell me, Jo-
sephine," said the elder, rather tartly,
"that you've discarded Jack Rogers?"
"Why, not exactly," the other replied,
hesitatingly. "I merely told him that
I thought we were not suited to each
other—that we would not be happy to-
gether."

"Not happy together! And why,
pray? What is there to prevent any
reasonable woman being happy with
Jack? Where can you find a more gen-
erous, good humored, open-hearted fel-
low, or one who will make a better hus-
band than he?"

"And why?"—in a tone as of trium-
phant argument—"he's the counterpart
of my own husband, although they're
only cousins; and I am sure no couple
was ever happier than Charlie and I."

"Because you and Charlie suit each
other. I don't deny that Mr. Rogers is
all you describe, and I like him well
enough so far; but in some respects we
are not at all suited to each other. We
are not congenial natures—not kindred
spirits."

"Kindred spirits!" repeated Mrs.
Chubbuck, somewhat contemptuously.
"What do you call a kindred spirit?"
"You may not understand me, Char-
lotte," replied Josephine, a little loftily,
"because you and I, though sisters, are
not cast in the same mould. That is
my misfortune—that I am not under-
stood by even my nearest and dearest
relatives."

She said this very pathetically, and
with a tear in her eye. Mrs. Chubbuck
looked at her half pityingly.
"I know, Josie, that you were always
excessively sentimental and romantic,
which I am not, thank goodness! Still,
I was in hopes that you would appre-
ciate Jack, with his good heart and good
sense."

Josephine shook her head with a little fas-
tidious air.
"He's good enough in his way, but
not the man I ought to marry. He's too
realistic—too matter-of-fact, with
nothing aesthetic, or poetic, or spiritu-
ally exalted about him. Why, he told
me himself that he prefers prose to po-
etry, that he can't care much for sculp-
ture or painting, that Poe and Tenny-
son were nonsense, and that he prefers
Dickens to Byron. How can I feel any
congeniality with such a nature? Then
to see how he enjoys eating, especially
oysters!"

"Jack does like good living, and so
do Charlie and I, though we are none
of us gluttons. We all go for the rich-
est caviar, the most delicate of life, in
which is much of its happiness consists," said
Mrs. Chubbuck, composedly.

Miss Josephine Heyden gave a depre-
catory shrug.
"His very name is distasteful to me.
Jack—Jack Rogers! So undignified and
prosaic! And he always has such a jolly
sort of look, and—and I think he's
growing fat."

"Josephine, you're too absurd. You
have read poetry and romance until—
Ah, that's Miss Ketchum's knock!
Come in!"

Miss Ketchum entered, smiling and
sinister, followed by a tall, pale,
cavendish young man, bearing a coal-
scuttle.

"Ah, ladies, don't let me disturb you!
Here, Junkin, put on the coal here, if
you please."

The young man obeyed. Daintily,
dreadfully, and with a far-away and
absent-minded look, he placed the lumps
of anthracite in symmetrical order
within the grate. Then, erecting him-
self, and looking loftily down upon
Miss Ketchum, he said, in a hollow
voice:

"Anything else, m'm?"
Miss Ketchum started.
"Nothing else, Junkin—you can go."
Junkin stalked with solemn dignity
to the door, threw back a ghostlike, un-
conscious gaze, stumbled over a horseshoe,
shut the door noiselessly behind him,
let the scuttle fall in the hall with a
great clatter, and so finally disappeared
from sight and sound.

"What an extraordinary creature!"
said Mrs. Chubbuck.
"Quite good-like," said Josephine.
Really, I never felt such an antipathy
to any person as to that waiter. He some-
times makes my blood run cold,
with his spectral looks."

"Indeed I don't wonder at it, I assure
you," Miss Ketchum responded, with
nervous energy. "I am sure I don't
know what to make of him, and never
did. He goes about the house as quietly
as a cat, walks like a somnambulist, ap-
parently seeing nothing, and yet evi-
dently knows everything that goes on,
even when I prefer that he shouldn't.
Sometimes, I think he goes to sleep
while waiting at the table; and I have
heard him in the china-closet talking to
himself."

Talking to himself!

"Talking to himself, actually! And
cook complains that he treats her with
the haughtiest contempt, and calls the
other servants *minions*."

"Dear me! But he's from London,
isn't he? and perhaps that is the En-
glish way."

"Cook believes him to be a nobleman
in disguise; but old Major Banks says
he is either knave or fool, he can't tell
which. But we won't be troubled with
him much. To-morrow his month is
up, and I've given him warning."

So Miss Ketchum tripped away, and
as just then a visitor called to see Mrs.
Chubbuck, Miss Josephine Heyden left
the room, and went to call upon her
friend, Miss Rovers. Here at least she
was sure of finding some sympathy.

Miss Rovers, a willowy and some-
what faded blonde, with very small waist
and rather thin hair, which contrived to
make a wonderful show by being frizzed
all over her head, was deep in the pages
of a new novel—"The Forsaken Bride"—
when her friend entered.

"Oh, Josie, I'm so glad that you've
come! I want you to read this lovely
description of the parting between
Electra and her lover, when—But, my
dear, what's the matter?"

Josephine sank into a rocking-chair
and put her handkerchief to her eyes.
"I feel so wretched, Louise—so lonely,
and misunderstood and unappreciated
by those around me. Why are some
persons gifted with finer and more ex-
alted sensibilities than others, merely to
be isolated and unhappy?"

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THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY
MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Summer Girl—A Long Felt
Want Supplied—An Awful Request.

Twins Born Apart.

The mother of a family showed the
ticket-collector on the railway a couple
of half-face tickets for her two children.
The latter, after looking at them, doubt-
fully, said:

"How old are they?"
"They are only six, and they are
twins."

Then, after a moment's pause, the
mother inquired:
"And where were they born?"

The mother (unhappily): "This one
was born in New York, and the other in
Paris."—[Feuille d'Avit.

CERTAIN TO GO HIGHER.

"How much are blackberries?" she
asked. "Woodward Avenue, please."
"Ten cents, m'am." "Isn't that high?"
"Well, yes; but they are certain to go
higher." "Do you think so?" "Why,
certainly. If Australia and Russia go
to war, as now seems probable, black-
berries will jump to 50 cents a quart in
no time." "Yes, I suppose so, and I
suppose Charles will agree that I ought to
buy now. You can give me a pint."

THE FOND UNCLE'S REPLY.

A young man known as a "gilded
youth" sent the following note to a rich
uncle the other night: "Not one word—
do not send me \$2,000 before mid-
night! I shall come to live." A similar
demand had been received earlier in the
day, so the fond uncle replied: "In re-
sponse to a former favor I have already
forwarded you my revolver. It is in
good condition and loaded."

Rev. Mr. Russell—I've succeeded in
converting every man in this camp ex-
cepting one. Can't we together influence
Hook-Nose Sam to turn over a new leaf?

Guaranteed Riley (the scout)—"Wouldn't
nowise do, parson. Why, we wouldn't
have a soul left to swear at th' mules—
Judge."

THE SUMMER GIRL.

She dresses now in linen or pique,
Or muslin light or lawn;
With ribbons bright, the charming sprite,
She's fairer than the dawn.

I sometimes meet her in the lane,
Where lilacs scent the breeze—
Her lovely face, her sprightly grace,
And other witcheries.

Entrance, bewitch me—may, set all
My senses in a whirl
As she goes by, with manner shy—
The beautiful summer girl.

A HEALTHY CLIMATE.

Easterner—Is Nebraska a healthy
State?

Nebraska Man—Healthy! Well sir,
there's an old man in Omaha named
William Shakespeare, and hang me if I
don't believe he's the original.—[New
York Weekly.

DISTRICTED THE FISHERMAN'S SCALES.

"Have you got your scales with you?"
said the trout to the sucker.

"I have," answered the sucker.
"Why?"
"Well," said the trout, "I'm going to
take that fly, and I'd like to be weighed
before I leave the brook, just for my own
satisfaction."

NO WEDDING TOTE.

Miss Gusher—I have just heard from
our mutual friend, Miss Jordana.
She has married the Duke of Bellocorde.
Miss Crusher—Fortunate girl! Did
they take a wedding tour?

Miss Gusher—The duke's employees
could not spare him. He drives a horse
car on Tenth avenue.—[Drake's Maga-
zine.

ACCUSING PUSS.

Little Margery, playing with her kit-
ten, got a rather severe scolding from
her mother. Her lips trembled for an instant,
and then she assumed the commanding
attitude that her mother had assumed
toward her under somewhat similar cir-
cumstances, and, extending her hand,
said sternly: "Fifty, dime that pin!"

WHAT THE JUSTICE TOOK.

The Justice—Drunk and disorderly.
What have you to say?
The Prisoner—Hic—take something.
The Justice—Thanks; I'll take \$10.
—[Troy Press.

"TWO-FOURS."

"Did you get that box of cigars I sent
you?" inquired his fiancée.
"Yes, dear."
"And how do you like them?"
"The box was very nice indeed," he
said softly.—[Judge.

A QUIET AFFAIR.

Bloodgood—I understand that Browne
was married yesterday.
Poe-boy—Yes, I was there.
Bloodgood—Rather a quiet wedding,
wasn't it?

Poe-boy—De-idedly. Both the bride
and groom were so scared that they
could hardly speak above a whisper.—
[Burlington Free Press.

ECONOMY.

Boy—Oh, mamma, our cat has caught
a rat.
Mamma—Take it away from puss and
give it to the Chinese laundryman when
he calls. He'll allow a deduction on the
wash.—[Epoch.

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

Reginald de Binks (in a theatre)—
Good evening, Mr. Faser, will you allow
me to take a seat by you?

Mr. Faser—Ah, with pleasure. How
is it that you are here? Don't you play
to-night?

Reginald de Binks—No, I don't ap-
pear this evening.
Mr. Faser—Oh, I am very glad.—[San
Francisco Wasp.

SHE SUCCEEDED TOO WELL.

"Nellie," said the mother to her four-
year-old little one, who was sitting
quietly in a distant corner of the room,
"what are you doing?"

"Drawing a picture on my slate," re-
plied Nellie.
"A picture?" rejoined the mother
glancing over her shoulder. "Yes, and
a pretty one. What is it?"

"It's my kitty," said Nellie.
"But it looks more like a tree."
"Yes, I made it so that my left hand
wouldn't know what my right hand had
done. And I guess it don't, do you?"

A TERRIBLE STRAIN.

First Bohemian—I never knew what
fear was except once.

Second B.—When was that?

First B.—I was seated penniless in
a beer sa'oon, a friend entered, and I
was afraid he wouldn't treat.—[Epoch.

A SAFE HIDEING-PLACE.

Wife—Where shall we hide the silver
while we are away?
Husband—Put it in the pockets of
your dresses in the closet.

A CHANGE OF INSTRUMENT.

"I've just written a waltz. Got a pi-
ano? I'll try to run over it for you."

"No, I haven't a piano; but I have a
dog. You might try it on him."

WHY SHE JUMPED THE OTHER WAY.

Bessie—You refused Mr. de Temps?
Why, any other girl would jump at an
offer from him.
Maud (just graduated)—Oh, I know
he's handsome, but I never could marry
such an ignorant man. Why, I asked
him a few questions about the differ-
ences in photoplastic molecular vibra-
tions, and he said so, "I suppose he said
was, "I suppose so."—[Lawrence Ameri-
can.

AN OSTRICH FARM.

RAISING THE GREAT BIRD ON
CALIFORNIA RANCHES.

How the Rapidly Growing and In-
teresting Industry is Conducted.—
General Utility of the Ostrich.

It is not generally known that the in-
dustry of ostrich farming promises to
become a great one in the United
States. But the last annual report of
the Secretary of Agriculture gives some
valuable and very interesting infor-
mation on the subject. Several great os-
trich farms are now located in Southern
California, near Los Angeles and San
Diego, and visitors to that region are
surprised to see large troops of native
and acclimated ostriches. America has
for many years imported half the mil-
lions of ostrich feathers raised in
South Africa, and some years ago it oc-
curred to Dr. Charles J. Skutch, who
was, before the Boer wars, one of the
largest ostrich farmers in Africa, that if
ostriches could be successfully exported
and naturalized in America the profit
would be immense. The duty on
feathers would be avoided, thereby ad-
ding at least 25 per cent. to the income.

In 1882 he started from Cape Town with
a troop of 200 picked ostriches on their
way to America, and after a long and
tedious voyage via Buenos Ayres arrived
at New York in December, and there
shipped these delicate tropical birds
overland via Chicago and Omaha
to the coast, a total distance of
23,000 miles. The ostrich was a
most trying one, but twenty-two ar-
rived in California in fair condition
and were at once taken to Ana-
heim. A company was soon formed,
the California Ostrich Company, rep-
resenting \$30,000 capital, with Dr. Skutch
as superintendent. The farm upon
which they were placed was of about
600 acres. The birds were chiefly con-
fined in small pens forming an L, with
twelve compartments. These inclosures
were walled around with planks stand-
ing about four feet high. These planks
were twelve inches wide and were
thick. An ordinary fence would not re-
sist them, as they sometimes, especially
when frightened by dogs, ran against it
with great force. Ostriches are mortally
afraid of dogs, and hence this animal is
prohibited from the vicinity of the
ostrich ranch. The first year these birds
resided in America they produced 100
company from April 12 to October of
the same year, with 270 eggs. The first
chick was hatched July 28, 1883. The
pioneer American ostrich chick began
its career by feasting on broken sea
shells; but it finally in a few days took
to chopped clover and corn meal. The
arrival of so large a troop of ostriches in
New York naturally created wide spread
interest. About this time, or while
these ostriches were on their way to
America, another company, the Ameri-
can Ostrich Company, was set on foot
in Maine, with Mr. E. J. Johnson as
manager. He went to Africa and spent
a year studying the habits and man-
agement of these "birds" as they are
called. He started with twenty-three
birds and landed at New Orleans De-
cember, 1883, after a voyage of fifty-
three days. The birds were confined
in the vessel sixty-three days, owing to
delays at the cape. None died on the
voyage. This is remarkable, and is the
only instance, except when four birds
were sent by steamer to Australia. They
made the trip in twenty-four days.

Eight miles from Fall Brook, Cal., is
a bit of Africa dropped down between
the hills. A little valley encircled by
barren hills, a herd of ostriches feeding,
the old place where the inclosures are
kept, pomegranate trees, and passion
vines climbing over the low house, all
make up a picture very unlike the con-
ventional type of American landscapes.
The birds seem to take kindly to their
adopted home. There are about forty
kept at the ranch at present. The old
birds are placed in pairs in their sev-
eral pens, and only the young are allowed
to wander over the grounds. This is the
ostrich ranch established by Mr. John-
son and the second in the United
States.

The pioneers of ostrich farming had
many difficulties to contend with. The
long journey from Africa affected the
vitality and fertility of the first importations.
Both Skutch and Johnson had
long, hard pulls and just began to see
daylight in 1887. To add to their many
discouragements the price of ostrich
plumes fell to a small amount. The
feathers of little birds became fashion-
able; so the sale of ostrich plumes was
chief source of income in ostrich farm-
ing was menager; but the fashion is now
setting the other way, and choice
plumes will be in good demand at fancy
prices. The Cape Colony Government
also took measures to injure the Ameri-
can farmers by the imposition of an ex-
port duty. The South African ostrich
farmers became alarmed at this large
exportation. They now have, it is esti-
mated, about \$50,000,000 invested in
this industry, and they feared if they all
used large troops of birds to be freely
sent to the very land that took every
year one-half or more of their feathers,
this immense industry could be ruin-
ed, and so the colonial authorities
were induced to impose a duty of \$500
on each bird taken out of the country.

But American enterprise was far from
discouraged by this "beneficial tariff."
The high export tax of \$500 on each
bird will practically prevent any fur-
ther shipments from the Cape Colony,
as that makes the cost of the bird, and
far from \$1,000 each when they reach
this country, especially when we con-
sider the losses that are apt to occur, but
the farms are prospering and the in-
dustry promises to become a great one.
There are now six breeding farms in
California. One of the great difficul-
ties met in this new enterprise was in
obtaining reliable artificial incubators.
If the ostrich is allowed to sit she will
stop laying when about sixteen eggs are
deposited in the hollow nest they scoop
out for a resting place for the eggs.
Then these birds are very sensitive and
take fright and offend very easily, and
if the eggs are handled even, or the nest
is slightly disturbed, she will stop
nesting. Sometimes they will leave it
when the chicks are nearly ready to
break through the shell. The risk in
getting chicks hatched is quite as great,
especially with young birds, as it has
proved with the incubators. Various
experiments were made and many eggs
spoiled before an incubator was found
that was all reliable.

The ostrich lays an egg every third
day. The eggs are large, many of them
five or six inches through the long di-
ameter and they weigh from three to five
pounds each. The shell is usually very
thick, sometimes one-sixteenth of an
inch. The contents amount to forty fluid
ounces. The period of incubation is
variously given at from thirty-eight to
forty-two days, and doubtless depends
upon the vitality and development of
the chick. The average in California
is thirty-nine days. The young chick
can be heard in its shell days before it
appears. It is sometimes necessary to
assist the chick in breaking the shell.

Those who have tasted ostrich meat
state that it is both wholesome and pal-
atable, although it is not expected to
be in the wild bird, it is somewhat lean
and tough. When the birds have been
domesticated, however, and fed on clover
and grain, the meat becomes juicy and
tender.

Experiments have been made from
time to time with a view to test the ca-
pability of the ostrich in drawing and
carrying burdens. Dr. Skutch, a
century ago (1870), saw mounted os-
triches at the Cape; and before him
Moore had recorded his having seen an
Englishman at Jear traveling long
distances upon a bridled ostrich.

When domesticated in Texas, as they
doubtless will be, says Dr. Duncan, we
expect to hear that the cowboys utilize
ostriches in herding cattle. Their feet-
lessness should make them excellent mounts
for scouts and couriers.

Even the skeleton of an ostrich com-
mands a good price for public museums.
Prof. Ward, of Rochester, asks \$125 for
a full mounted ostrich skeleton.—[Det-
roit Free Press.

The Prince Imperial of Japan.

Compared to his imperial father, even
at the present day, Prince Haru is much
more emancipated, and none of the old
traditions seem to have any weight in
regulating his conduct. There was no
precedent to follow in the education of
a Japanese prince in the modern way,
and Prince Haru has made many laws
for himself. He is a wonderfully bright
and precocious little fellow, and his
small, twinkling black eyes are full of
mischief and see everything. He is
hardly taller than an American boy of
six years of age, but he has at times the
dignity, the pride of birth, and con-
sciousness of station and power, of a
man of sixty. His eyes are not shut-
ting, nor indeed does one often see in a
Japanese face the wonderful oblique
eyes beloved of the caricaturists. The
peculiarity in the expression of their
eye is given by the eyelids being fast-
ened in either corner, as if a few stitches
had been taken there. This makes it
impossible for them to lift the eyelids
as high as we do, and gives the narrow
slits, through which they gaze, the pecu-
liar Oriental look. One often sees a
Japanese with as round, wide open eyes
as those of our race, and it gives an
especial beauty to their countenances.

Prince Haru has the exquisitely
smooth, fine yellow skin that is one of
the points of great beauty in Japanese
children, and a bright color sometimes
shows in the pale yellow of his little
cheeks. He has the rank of a colonel in
the Japanese army, and wears his mili-
tary uniform and his cap with the gold
star all the time, his clothes being dark-
blue cloth in winter and white cloth in
summer. He is fond of driving, and he
mounted the miniature colored troika
along at a fine gallop, giving and return-
ing the military salute as he passes an
officer or a sentry, like a young marte-
net.—[St. Nicholas.

Mind-Destroying Drugs.

An insanity specialist, in a recent
conversation as to the number of men
and women at present in asylums from
the use of opium, morphine, cocaine and
kindred narcotics, stated that the subject
had given him more trouble than all
other forms of insanity combined. He
said that among his patients were those
whose minds had become unbalanced
through the use of these drugs, and that
new losses came from other causes, but
the worst cases were those whose minds
were destroyed through the use of nar-
cotics. The number of patients from this
cause is rapidly increasing, and it is
said that there have been more men
and women committed during the last
six months for dementia occasioned by
drugs, than there were for the same
reason during the ten previous years.

It is beyond question that narcotics are
a more prolific source of insanity than
all other causes combined.