

**BUSY INSECT EATERS.**

What One Day's Hunting Brought to a Breed of Red Wagtails.

A close student of bird life writes: "Observation of several species of insectivorous birds has shown that the parent birds will, when their family is growing up, make between them in the neighborhood of 500 visits to the nest in the course of a day, carrying on each occasion a whole beak load of gnats or spiders or larvae. For the birds which feed on gnats or other small life generally take to their youngest not single insects, but a whole collection at a time. On one occasion I spent an hour in taking the record of a pied wagtail which had its brood of newly fledged young ones in an old disused punt that had settled down at its moorings into the mud at the side of the pond. During the hour the male bird alone was looking after the family the female amused herself by running about on the bank catching insects for her own consumption and varying the occupation with long spells of attention to her toilet. The male bird, on the other hand, never rested for one minute from his work of bread-winning. As his hunting ground was the open surface of the pond, above which he flitted, he was never out of my sight.

"In the course of the hour he made twenty-eight trips, the shortest absence from the young lasting one and a half minutes and the longest nearly six minutes. On no occasion did he remain at the punt for more than fifteen seconds or just long enough to turn over the food collected on the last trip to the proper youngster and be off again. Myriads of gnats were dancing above the water, and at each dip the bird struck at one, but one could not see whether he always caught his quarry or not. As far as it was possible to guess he always did. On his shortest absence he made over forty shots, and from that the number ran up to considerably over 200.

"Supposing that he missed his aim half the time or afterward dropped or swallowed the insects, so that half of them were wasted and failed to reach the family at home, there must have been from 1,500 to 2,000 gnats brought back to the punt in the course of that one hour. Later in the day both parent birds were hawking simultaneously, each returning methodically to the young every two or three minutes. What the gross consumption of insects was in the course of the day it is impossible to guess, but it can hardly have been less than 10,000 or 15,000 and was probably twice as many."

**RULES FOR A HOME.**

Remember that home begins with charity.

Remember that open windows make health epidemic.

If you must worry, take a big thing. The little things will knock you out.

Keep your children, your dogs and your troubles away from your guests.

The dining room should always be sacred. That is the one room where no scraps should be allowed.

Have the same standard of morals for yourself as for your children. You need it as much as they do.

There are three standpoints to every home—your own, your wife's and the cook's. Try and forget your own.

Put over the front door for every member of the family to read, "He who enters here leaves satire behind."

Buy everything on the installment plan by paying for it all in one installment—the first.—Tom Mason in Judge.

**A Japanese Rabbit Hunt.**

"There is a Japanese rabbit hunting story," says a Japanese authority, "which runs as follows:

"One Jap meets another in the hunting season with a gun over his shoulder.

"Aha! Been shooting?" he says. "You look upset."

"I am upset," replied the huntsman, "and with good reason. I started a rabbit. Cherry Blossom, my dog, ran after it. I fired, and Cherry Blossom fell."

"Too bad. And the rabbit?"

"The rabbit? It brought Cherry Blossom back and laid her at my feet."

**Glassmaking.**

Much mystery has in times past attached to the art of glassmaking. It was formerly the custom for the workmen in setting pots in the glass furnace to protect themselves from the heat by dressing in the skins of wild animals from head to foot. To this queer garb were added glass goggles, and thus the most hideous looking monsters were readily presented to the eye. Show was made of themselves in the neighborhood, to the infinite alarm of children, old women and others.

**Bryant's Remuneration.**

It is amusing to know how small were the pecuniary rewards of Bryant's literary labors. Two dollars a poem was the price that he named, and he seemed to be abundantly satisfied with the terms. A gentleman met him in New York many years after and said to him, "I have just bought the earliest edition of your poems and gave \$20 for it." "More, by a long shot," replied the poet, "than I received for writing the whole work."

**His Pursuit.**

"May I ask," inquired the melancholy stranger, "what is your pursuit in life?"

"It depends," replied Subbubs, "upon whether I'm going or coming. It's the 7:45 train in the morning and the 6:12 at night."—Philadelphia Ledger.

**A Bit of a Bull.**

An Irishman, quarrelling with an Englishman, told him if he didn't hold his tongue he would "break his impene-trable head and let the brains out of his empty skull."

**A HEROIC BATTLE.**

The Enemy Was the Sea, and the Colored Troops Won.

No engagement of the civil war was carried on with more heroism and endurance than that fought by the Forty-ninth United States colored troops after hostilities were over. The Magazine of American History contains an account of the tussle in which the black soldiers bore themselves so bravely. The steamer Merzamac, loaded with cotton, left New Orleans for New York carrying, besides her regular passengers, thirty officers and 900 colored privates.

For several days all went well. Then the vessel sprung a leak, fires were damped and the alarm spread. It was found that the iron supply pipe through which the water for the condenser was taken from the sea was broken, and the place of leakage could not be reached. The passengers were panic stricken. One small, fat German went about wringing his hands and crying:

"Ach, we are at the bottom of the sea! If we gets pack to New Orleans will dey gif me pack my monish?"

The water gained fast. The only hope lay in keeping afloat until a vessel could be sighted. The colored troops were pressed into service and proved themselves the heroes of the occasion. A line of men was established from the hold to the deck, and buckets were passed as rapidly as hands could move. On deck another line stepped back and forth with well trained military tread. The work below was most exhausting. The men at the bottom could not hold their position more than three minutes at a time. They were blinded and half strangled by the swashing sea water and bruised by the lumps of coal which dashed about.

But no one faked, and high above the noise rose the clear, sweet voices of the workers, now singing an army song, now a cheery negro melody. The music brought new hope to the hearts of the passengers. Hour after hour the men worked and sang, and the sea did not gain on them.

Two days passed, and the drinking water gave out. Then they could no longer sing, and their parched throats were eased only by a scanty supply of oranges and lemons, but still they worked. On the third day the lights of a steamer were seen only half a mile away. Rockets were sent up, and with great difficulty, on account of her wet ammunition, a gun was fired. To the dismay of all, the steamer passed on. Quickly the soldiers formed a line once more, and the wearisome labor began again.

After sixty-five hours of bucket passing a steamer was sighted which responded to the call for help, and the waterlogged Merrimac was towed into harbor.

The men who had sung so cheerily in the midst of hard labor and in the face of death were thoroughly exhausted, but they had not lost their light hearted gaiety.

**Gladstone's Early Joys.**

When Mr. Gladstone was quite an old man it chanced that he and Mr. Chaplin were staying at the same country house together on a visit. One night after dinner the Grand Old Man asked Mr. Chaplin whether his grandmother had not lived in a certain street in Mayfair. Mr. Chaplin replied that she had done so. "Well," said Mr. Gladstone, "I remember it distinctly. I lived next door to her for awhile when I was a child. She used to give evening parties. When the carriages were assembled to take up, my brother and I used to creep out of bed—it was in the summer time—softly open the window, get out our squirts and discreetly fire away at the coachmen on the boxes. I remember the intense delight with which we used to see them look up to the sky and call out to ask each other whether it wasn't beginning to rain."

**Wonderful Miniature Book.**

The smallest bound book in the great collection of miniature books owned by the New York Library society is a campaign document issued in 1852. It bears not only the distinction of being the smallest volume in the great collection referred to, but has been pronounced by experts in booklore to be one of the tiniest books in existence. It contains but fourteen leaves, each of which is closely printed on both sides in microscopic type. Each leaf is one and one-half inches in length and seven-eighths of an inch in width. The title page bears the following inscription: "Life and Public Services of General Pierce. Respectfully Dedicated to General Lewis Cass. Concord Press, 1852."

**A Cheerful View.**

Walter's mamma was very sick with rheumatism, and he was rubbing her arms when she said, "Walter, it is too bad that mamma is such a trouble to you."

Walter replied cheerfully: "Never mind, mamma. If you are only just alive we don't care how much you suffer."

**Used to Begging.**

Grasptit (angrily)—What! More money? If you keep on you'll bankrupt me. Then, after I'm dead, you will be a beggar. Mrs. Grasptit (calmly)—Oh, well, I'd be a great deal better off than some poor woman who never had any experience in that line.

**The Name Fooled Him.**

"Are you fond of smelts?" "Never tasted it." "Eh! Smelts are fishes." "Fishes! I thought they were some kind of cheese."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A lie always has a certain amount of weight with those who wish to believe it.—Rice.

**ANCIENT SEA WALLS.**

Punishment That Was Inflicted For Neglecting Their Repair.

W. H. Wheeler in his "History of the Fens of South Lincolnshire" quotes Harrison as saying, in his preface to Hollishead's "Chronicle," that "such as, having walls or banks near unto the sea, do suffer the same to decay, after convenient admonition, whereby the water entereth and drowneth up the country, are by a certain ancient custom apprehended, condemned and staked in the breach, where they remain forever a parcel of the new wall that is to be made upon them, as I have heard reported."—P. 40.

Harrison, so far as I am at present able to make out, is the earliest authority for this, and he only speaks of it as a report.

In a paper by the Rev. F. C. J. Spurrell in "The Archaeologia Cantiana" relating to Dartford, I find the following, which, though it is by no means a proof of what Harrison had heard, tends to make the statement less improbable than it otherwise would be:

"In early times the Roman way crossed the marsh untroubled by the tide. Afterward, the tide having advanced further inland, the road was raised, becoming a causeway. In mediaeval times this bank was heightened against the tide, the road running inside, as at present. During a section made a few years ago through this road, near Stidolph's house, I saw a human skeleton extended across the bank about two feet below the present surface. This is, of course, a strange situation; but, looking to the fact that it was a tide wall, it is possible that the once owner of the skeleton had the duty of repairing the bank and, having let the tide through by his neglect, was placed in the breach, thus helping to repair it while suffering punishment. S. Smiles has mentioned that such a mode of dealing was a mediaeval custom. However, I know not how far the ancient graveyard extended hereabout, so that the body, which showed no signs of burial, might yet have been buried in sacred ground."—London Notes and Queries.

**POINTED PARAGRAPHS.**

Don't abuse your rival. Behave better than he does.

Every one has an excuse for drinking. None of them is good.

How many people are you "comfortable" with? Not very many probably.

When it comes to romance, the kind found in books is very superior to the real thing.

It is stated there is an exception to every rule, but don't hope you will be one to the rule of old age.

A good many people are like little birds in a nest. When you praise them they lie still with their mouths wide open for more.

Engines are very much like people. The switch engine makes more fuss around the depot than the engines on the through trains. The cheaper the person, the more trouble he causes.—Atchison Globe.

**Beauty and the Beast.**

A well known southern churchman was recently visiting New York, accompanied by his wife, who is as beautiful as her life mate is homely. They were walking down Broadway one sunny afternoon, and the pair attracted much attention. One of two young "sports," evidently thinking to attract the favorable attention of the churchman's wife, in an audible aside remarked that it was another case of "the beauty and the beast." Quick as a wink the husband turned and, as he swung his right to the speaker's jaw, scoring a knockout, said, "I am a man of peace, but I never allow any one to call my wife a beast."—New York Tribune.

**DIVISION MADE OF REWARD.**

Everybody Who Helped Capture Walker Will Get Something.

Atlanta, Dec. 9.—Governor Terrell has reached a conclusion as to who should be paid the reward offered by the state for the capture of Jim Walker, alias Will Brice, who was wanted for criminal assault upon Mrs. G. W. Moore.

The rewards offered by the state was \$250, and this was the only amount with which the governor had to deal. It has been decided, however, by those interested that the other rewards should be paid in the same manner as that offered by he state, so that Governor Terrell's finding practically controls as to the division of the other rewards, amounting to \$400, of which \$200 was offered by Mr. Moore and his son, and \$200 by a number of prominent citizens of that section. The total reward to be divided, therefore, is \$650.

There were a number of claimants for the rewards.

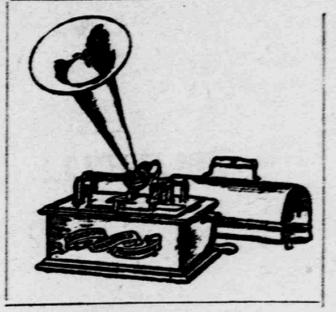
**Negro Gets Respite.**

Atlanta, Dec. 9.—On the eve of his expected execution for the murder of his wife, Melton Brown, a Baker county negro, was Thursday night granted a respite by Governor Terrell until Dec. 29, in order that the prison commission may have opportunity to pass upon his application for commutation to life imprisonment.

Brother of President Harrison Dead. Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 9.—Captain Carter B. Harrison, brother of the late President Benjamin Harrison, is dead at his home near Murfreesboro, Tenn., aged 65 years. The deceased was appointed by his brother to be United States marshal for the middle district of Tennessee. Captain Harrison served gallantly through the civil war on the federal side.

**What Can Be Suggested**

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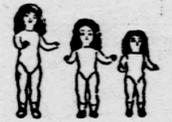
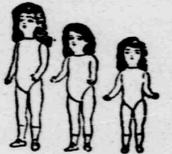
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