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TRICKS IN THE SAFE TRADE

An Expert Salesman Talks Entertainingly of Safes and the Selling Thereof.

Dealers Who Keep Bogus Safes—How Saloon-Keepers and Grocers Are Convinced that They Need Fire and Burglar Protection.

Special Correspondence of the Sunday Journal.

NEW YORK, Dec. 26.—"There are more tricks in the safe business than you ever dreamed of," said a safe expert connected with one of the leading houses of the country. "I have been in the trade for over fifteen years, and have sold safes in almost every city in the United States. I have made from nothing to $600 a week at it on commission. But the competition has grown so sharp now that the business is nothing like what it used to be."

He was a long-limbed, sharp-eyed fellow, with an insinuating voice and dead-ripe self-assertion in every movement. As he lighted a fresh cigar from the stub of one just finished, he sighed. A slight suggestion started him off again.

"New York, Chicago and Cincinnati take the cake in the safe business. It takes a smart man to sell nowadays—to make money. The bogus safe"——

"What's a bogus safe?"

"Didn't you ever see a bogus safe? No, of course not. You wouldn't know it if you saw one. Well, the bogus safe is a safe made for appearances. As in a good many cases, a safe is merely for show; the bogus safe, I was going to say, has knocked out a large section of the legitimate trade. There are hundreds of bogus safes in this city, and they answer the purpose for which they are created—that of impressing the customers of the owners with the solidity of the latter's business—in a highly satisfactory manner. I know a jeweler in Maiden lane who has four big safes in a row, two of them genuine and two bogus. These counterfeits are just like the others, but are made of wood, painted up and with imitation combination locks. The four have an imposing appearance and leave the inference that the stock is twice as great as it is. A good many bogus safes were once genuine. That is, they were originally considered good, but have been painted over and rigged up freshly from old and worthless stock. They do just as well for appearances, and as there is usually nothing in them that wouldn't be just as well off in an ordinary desk in case of fire or burglars, they go just as far as the genuine article and don't cost much. It isn't too much to say that about half the safes in use would no more stop fire or burglar than a kitchen door. In many cases, of course, the owner doesn't know this, but then again many owners do, having bought the safe for a different purpose.

"Even when a splendid genuine safe of most approved pattern is exhibited in a New York office it is no longer any indication of business. Anybody can buy a safe now just like you can buy most anything else—a sewing-machine, type-writer, furniture, a watch, clothes, diamonds, carpets, etc.—on the installment plan. I'll sell you a $500 safe for fifty down, and if you can't pay fifty I'll make it twenty-five rather than let you go—see? The balance can be paid from month to month. I've put safes into the swellest kind of offices that way.

HOW TO SELL A SAFE.

"Lose them? Well, it's hard to get away with a safe. We missed a big one down town one day, when one of our collectors called for the second installment. You see we have regular collectors who look after these installments when they become due. This man found the office cleaned out, safe and all. We found it about a month later in a storage warehouse, covered up with stuff and looking six months older. More safes are now sold on the installment plan than any other way. It is astonishing how easy it is to sell something on the credit system that men will not buy if they have to pay the money down. And this does not apply only to men with little money, either, but also to those having plenty. Another queer trait of human nature we take advantage of, and that is the tendency of people to follow other people. You go into a restaurant for lunch, and if you havn't fixed in your mind just what you want, the chances are you will order something the man next to you is eating. If you are alone and happen to have pork and beans, it is four to five the fellow who comes in and sits down opposite will order pork and beans. Now it is the same thing with safes, though you would not think so, would you? I pick out a prominent grocer or saloon-keeper in a neighborhood and work him. I tell him I must sell him one if I have to lose money on it, because then I can sell the rest. He treats me like I was an insurance or book agent, and tries to drive me away. I knock off the discount, peg by peg. No; he won't have it. Suppose he is a saloon-keeper. I order drinks and cigars every time I come in. I praise his place, his whisky. I make him drink with me. I make his friends drink with me. I never say safe to him except when he brings the subject up, which after while he does every time. You see, it is on his mind. Then I put in my best licks. I offer to split my commission—to cut off my commission altogether. I show him by arithmetical calculation that it will cost him only 30 cents a day to pay the installments—one man's drinks—my own drinks—and what is 30 cents a day? He may lose the price of the safe from till-tappers any night. If he has been in the business long, of course he has been robbed. Every saloon-keeper has been robbed at some time. If he hasn't been robbed he has been burned out, or has lost his "slate" of accounts. I talk to him about the size and style of a safe he would want if he ever had one. He begins to dream of safes, and burglars, and me. Then, some day, when business has been brisk, I pull a printed order on him with exactly that kind of a safe described in it, and tell him to sign it and I'll deliver the safe and take it back at the end of the month if he don't want it. He will sign that order. He can't help it. The probability is he will sign it for the regular price, commissions and all. Now when that safe is being moved in I hustle around to all the good saloons in the neighborhood, and over a drink, casually remark to the proprietor that so and so, around the corner, is putting in a very handsome safe. He doesn't know my business, and I don't tell him, but I find out all about his ideas on the question in about five minutes and leave such of his customers as happen to be around at the time talking about safes, burglars and the good business of the other fellow. I've got a pretty stiff stomach for drinks, and work that section pretty thoroughly in this way. I've sized 'em up, see? Well, don't you know, some of those fellows will get right out from behind the bar and go and see that safe being moved into so and so's. In a day or two I go over that ground and sell—yes, sir, sell. Some are slow, some reasonable, and cautious, and haggling, and some briskly come down at once. It is not uncommon to go into a place and sell a safe in five minutes.

GIVING THE GRAND BLUFF.

"Take a moderately thriving grocer, usually a German, close-fisted and opinionated. I've got a grand bluff for such a man. The other day I struck one on the West Side. There were several new groceries in the neighborhood, and I made up my mind that I must sell this particular man to reach the rest. I walked into his place one afternoon when he was not busy, and looked admiringly around at his stock. 'Nice store,' says I. 'It is,' says he. 'Carry good bit of stock,' says I. 'Yes,' says he, looking at me somewhat suspiciously. 'Good custom?' says I. 'Fair,' says he, still puzzled. 'Mostly cash,' says I. 'Some book accounts,' says he, 'where they're good for it.' 'Exactly,' says I. 'Insured, I s'pose?' 'Oh, yes,' says he. 'Certain?' says I. 'Got all the insurance I want,' says he. 'I'll bet you're not insured,' says I. He began to get mad. He took me for an insurance agent. 'You think you are, of course,' says I. 'I've got a policy,' says he. 'Yes, for, say $5,000,' says I; 'You have struck the right figure,' says he. 'Did you ever read it?' says I. 'Read what?' says he. 'Why, your policy,' says I. This rather staggered him. He began to get interested. Nobody reads a policy—the fine print of it—all the way through. He said he hadn't, but he knew the company was good, and he knew the agent personally. 'The agent don't pay your losses by fire,' says I. 'Let me see it?' He brought it out. I read him the fine print, which provides that in case of loss of insured stock payment will be made only for what can be proven to have been lost, without regard to the face of the policy. 'Now,' says I, 'you see by this that it is all the same whether you are insured for $5,000 or $10,000, as you could collect only what you could prove was lost. The company would probably offer you a compromise of $1,000 or $2,000, or take you into court to prove damages. If you went into court your business would be ruined in the meantime and legal fees would swallow up considerable. You pay premium on a policy for $5,000, but that would not concern the adjuster.' 'The adjuster?' says he. 'Yes; the man employed by the company to adjust losses.' I explained that to him, he growing more puzzled at me every minute. He began to see I was not an insurance man. 'Now,' says I, 'you have a changing stock—selling off to-day and putting in to-morrow—some cash considerable on books. If your place was burned out to-night what have you got to prove your loss?' 'My books would show that,' says he. 'So they would,' says I—'if they were not destroyed. What do you keep 'em in?' He looked around in a helpless way. I had found out all about that beforehand. They were locked up at night in an old desk. 'You are not insured,' says I. 'That's clear. What you need in order to make that policy worth anything is a substantial fire-proof safe.' The man started as if he had been shot. He looked at me with a broad grin for about half a minute until he had fairly mastered the idea. Then he blurted out 'Look here, you want to sell me a safe?' 'I do,' says I 'and here's your order already made out, and here's your pencil to sign it. You need a safe—I want to sell one. So we are both suited. I've got the one marked out here that exactly fits your business, size, so and so; combination lock, weighs so many pounds, inside cash-drawer of steel, place for books, warranted—sign right on that line—hold up let me put my name first — cost you only $25 when put in and so much a month—change it if you don't like it—sign right there. That's right—now you are insured!' The man took the pencil and order, see? and wrote his name down as directed. And then he laughed and chuckled and laughed again, and I bought a box of twenty-five of his best cigars and walked out, and I sold three safes in that neighborhood within a week without an effort—he sold them for me—see?"

CHARLES T. MURRAY.

LABOR IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Some Remarks Concerning the Chances There for Men of Small Capital.

Charles Dudley Warner, in January Harper.

Capital is necessary for successful agriculture or horticulture in southern California. But where is it not needed? In New England? In Kansas, where land which was given to actual settlers is covered with mortgages for money absolutely necessary to develop it? But passing this by, what is the chance in southern California for laborers and for mechanics? Let us understand the situation. In California there is no exception to the rule that continual labor, thrift, and foresight are essential to the getting of a good living or the gaining of a competence. No doubt speculation will spring up again. It is inevitable with the present enormous and yearly increasing yield of fruits, the better intelligence in vine culture, wine-making and raisin-curing, the growth of marketable oranges, lemons, etc., and the consequent rise in the vaule of land. Doubtless fortunes will be made by enterprising companies who secure large areas of unimproved land at low prices, bring water on them, and then sell in small lots. But this will come to an end. The tendency is to sub-divide the land into small holdings—into farms and gardens of ten and twenty acres. The great ranches are sure to be broken up. With the resulting settlement by industrious people, the cities will again experience "booms;" but these are not peculiar to California. In my mind I see the time when this region (because it will pay better proportionately to cultivate a small area) will be one of small farms, of neat cottages, of industrious homes. The owner is pretty certain to prosper—that is, to get a good living (which is independence) and lay aside a little yearly—if the work is done by himself and his family. And the peculiarity of the situation is that the farm or garden, whichever it is called, will give agreeable and most healthful occupation to all the boys and girls in the family all the days in the year that can be spared from the school. Aside from the plowing, the labor is light. Pruning, grafting, budding, the picking of the grapes, the gathering of the fruit from trees, the sorting, packing, and canning, are labor for light and deft hands, and labor distributed through the year. The harvest, of one sort and another, is almost continous, so that the young girls and boys can have, in well settled districts, pretty steady employment—a long season in establishments packing oranges; at another time, in canning fruits, at another, in packing raisins.

It goes without saying that in the industries now developed, and in others as important which are in their infancy (for instance, the culture of the olive for oil and as an article of food, the growth and curing of figs, the gathering of almonds, English walnuts, etc.), the labor of the owners of the land and their families will not suffice. There must be as large a proportion of day-laborers as there is in other regions where such products are grown. Chinese labor at certain seasons has been a necessity. Under the present policy of California this must diminish, and its place be taken by some other. The pay for this labor has always been good. It is certain to be more and more in demand. Whether the pay will ever approach near to the European standard is a question, but it is a fair presumption that the exceptional profit of the land, owing to its productiveness, will for a long time keep wages up.

During the "boom" period all wages were high, those of skilled mechanics especially, owing to the great amount of building on speculation. The ordinary laborer on a ranch had $30 a month and board and lodging; laborers of a higher grade, $2 to $2.50 a day; skilled masons, $6; carpenters $3.50 to $5; plasterers $4 to $5; house-servants, from $25 to $35 a month. Since the "boom," wages of skilled mechanics have declined at least 25 per cent., and there has been less demand for labor generally, except in connection with fruit raising and harvesting. It would be unwise for laborers to go to California on an uncertainty, but it can be said of that country with more confidence than of any other section that its peculiar industries, now daily increasing, will absorb an increasing amount of day-labor, and later on it will remunerate skilled artisan labor.

A Child's Philosophy.

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Don't eat so much candy," said a Pittsburg papa to his youngest. "It will kill you."

"Will it kill me before Christmas?" demanded the child.

"Yes; it'll kill you right away."

"Well," said the little girl, deliberately, "I'll eat the candy, and if I die tell mamma to write to Santa Claus and tell him to send those presents I wrote to him about to some little girl who hasn't any mother."

One afternoon a lady called, bringing her baby with her. The infant was very troublesome, and after the visitors had departed, the little girl remarked:

"Babies are very wearin'."

"Yes," said mamma.

"I don't intend to get married when I grow up," the tot went on; "I'll be an actress."

Bright Boy.

New York Sun.

An ingenious four-year-old boy up-town amazed his father a day or two ago by swaggering into the parental presence with the remark: "Papa, I've made a good motto for undertakers to put in the shop windows."

"What is it, my son?"

"Why, this," explained the youngster: "'You kick the bucket; we do the rest.'"

MAIL-SERVICE DETECTIVES

Their Game Is Very Hard to Catch, but They Never Arrest Innocent Persons.

The Postoffice Thief May Work Undetected for Months, but He Is Sure in the End to Be Entrapped by Cunning Inspectors.

Chicago Herald.

Probably no thief is harder to catch than the one who robs Uncle Sam's mail. His methods are so ingenious, his plunder is so easily hidden or destroyed, and his rascality is so well masked by the honesty and integrity of his associates that he not infrequently continues his operations for years before he is finally overwhelmed with proof of his guilt, disgraced and sent to prison. Though letters, and valuable ones, too, are stolen every day, and keen-eyed inspectors are hunting high and low for the thieves, arrests for this class of crime are comparatively rare. There is a reason for this. Postoffice inspectors, in running down a thief, will never take him in custody until they are at least morally certain of his guilt. They will either wait to catch him in the act of rifling a letter or keep a strict watch on his habits outside of business hours to learn whether or not he is spending more money than his salary would permit, before they will even let him know that he is under suspicion.

On this account innocent men are never submitted to the humiliation of arrest. Sometimes an inspector may not be able to prove that his man was a thief. However, he may inadvertently have omitted some important detail from the chain of evidence he drew around the fellow, and though the prisoner is turned loose with a verdict of "not guilty" as his certificate of honesty, it is almost a certainty that he deserved to go to the penitentiary. It would indeed be strange if the thousands of clerks who constitute the great mail army of the country were all honest men. It would be stranger still if all of them could withstand the temptations that constantly arise as they handle the millions of precious parcels which are carried in pouches through all the ramifications of the railway systems. The government will not guarantee the safe delivery of a letter or parcel.

A matter of precaution, however, has provided the money-order and registered-letter system to prevent the sending of cash in letters, but even letters sent under these auspices are not sacred to the mail thief. He robs them with as little impunity as he would the humblest missive that falls into his hands. The only protection the user of the mails has against thieving is the inspector. His influence on the morals of men throughout the great department in responsible positions is simply amazing. But for him Uncle Sam's letter service would go to the bow wows in a very short time. It is not because the inspector is such a formidable person that he is feared, but because his ways are mysterious; because he seems to be omnipresent. His clever ruses to overcome the cunning of the rascals he is after, his nearly invariable success in rounding them up in the gangs that practice the lockstep daily, and the unlimited power he has at command to carry on his work secretly or publicly, as he may choose, makes him one of the most important factors in the service.

A TROUBLESOME CASE.

Chicago has a force of inspectors who have no superiors anywhere. Their chief is Captain Jim Stuart, a veteran in the service, who has earnad an enviable record. Captain Stuart has been interested in a series of important cases, and his captures are among the most famous that have ever been made. In speaking of the work of inspectors in general the other day he remarked that it was the most annoying and difficult detective business in which a man could engage, and that it required more earnest application than any other business he knew of.

"You see," the Captain explained, "a letter is a very small thing and is scarcely more to the postoffice business than a grain of sand is to a stretch of beach. It passes through many hands, and it is hard to find out just where its trip was brought to an end. When one letter disappears on a given route it is almost certain that others will go in the same way. Then we begin our work. We do not overlook a single circumstance or detail. When we have finally satisfied ourselves as to the point where the robberies were committed we either establish a watch or use decoy letters. Either one is almost certain to bring the game down. But I remember one case in which all our ordinary devices failed. It was away out in New Mexico on one of the old star routes. Hundreds of letters, all of them containing money, drafts or something else of value, disappeared with astonishing regularity. Finally the thieves altered their methods, and instead of taking the letter entire opened it and took the contents. We sent inspector after inspector over the route. Every trip involved long and tedious rides, sleepless days and nights and work that was as disagreeable as anybody would want to do. We found that the rifled letters passed through many hands, and that of twenty men each one was liable to be guilty. All of them were watched and shadowed, but in vain, and we were about to give up in despair when a thought occurred to me. Calling one of my men, I carefully outlined to him the details of my plan for detecting the thief, and I was not a bit surprised when he expressed doubt about the result. Briefly, the plan was this: I went to a wholesale drug-house, procured a lot of different kinds of drugs, which were carefully labeled, and then, placing them altogether in a sachel, I handed the latter to my assistant and sent him on his mission. Just before he went he was instructed to inform every official he met that his was merely a trip of inspection, and, to carry out the deception, he was to make an examination of all office accounts that came under his notice. But the instruction on which I laid the most stress, however, was that which referred to the itinerant apothecary's shop he carried. I told him to be sure and examine the contents of every bottle of mucilage he saw and incidentally mix a bit of some drug with it, taking care, of course, to make a memorandum that would show just where the drug had been left. Well, the inspector made the trip and came back.

"Three weeks after his return a Chicago banker brought us a registered letter which had come over the troublesome star route. A big draft was missing from it. It had been rifled. The inspector who had 'fixed' the mucilage came in just about then, placed the back of the letter to his mouth and tasted the mucilage. 'Ah!' he said, as his eyes lighted up. Then he pulled a book from his pocket, carefully scanned the leaves, and, placing his finger under a certain line, he told us that the envelope had been resealed at a certain town in the New Mexican Rockies. The rest was easy, and another inspector went down that way. In a week or two half a dozen decoy letters were sent over the route. The thief fell into the trap and subsequently went to the penitentiary. I won't mention his name, for he is now leading an honest life. That is one reason why I do not like to see reminiscences of this sort published in newspapers. The postoffice thief is, as a rule, a victim of his surroundings, and it rarely happens that one of them gets into trouble a second time. Once they have paid the penalty of their indiscretion they settle down to an honest existence, and it would be but little short of an outrage to publish their names.

HELP FROM A RAIN-STORM.

"I remember a case that came up in the old postoffice," the Captain continued, reflectively. "A driving rain-storm played an important part in it. Letters had been disappearing for months, and a great deal of property was lost. We suspected two or three men, bet could not catch any of them dead to rights. We watched them day and night, but the letters continued to go, just the same. One day when an inspector was roaming about the office, wondering when he would catch his man, the sky outside began to get black and threatening. Then rain fell in torrents. It was a terrific storm and the water beat against the windows in sheets. The storm furnished the inspector with an idea. Getting a pail of water he carried it up into the loft over the mailing-room and deliberately emptied it on the ceiling. Of course it penetrated the plaster in time and leaked through to the floor. The next day a workman was sent up to repair the leak, and while he was looking for it he conveniently put his foot through the wet plaster, making a pretty good-sized hole, through which everybody in the room below could be observed. Well, to make a long story short, an inspector took charge of that hole and stayed by it for several days, when he finally discovered a mailing-clerk in the act of pocketing a registered letter. The fellow confessed his crime, gave up some of the money he had stolen, and pleaded guilty in court. That hole was repaired after this incident and nobody but our department ever knew the reason why it was made.

"A more recent case is that of a young fellow named Stevens, who is now serving his sentence of three years in Joliet. I had suspected him a long time, but until one Sunday night when I hid myself under a basket, through which I could watch his movements, I was unable to verify my suspicions. I was under that basket six hours, and, as it was in mid-summer and very hot, you can bet I sweat some. Stevens pleaded guilty. We got another fellow named Devine with decoy letters after he had been stealing for years, and though he pleaded guilty, too, he got off with a small fine.

"Do you remember the case of Carl Nameth?" the Captain asked. "Well, that was one of the most remarkable that ever came under my observation. Nameth was an educated German, as smart as a steel trap and a thief by nature. For months complaints poured into this office that valuable letters were missing. Every firm in the city, I believe, lost mail of some sort. Then we began to hear rumors of a man collecting bills that had been sent out by mail, and before we could get well started on the case the thief had gathered in several thousand dollars. For months we were unable to fix suspicion on anybody with any degree of certainty, but finally we were forced to the conclusion that the work was being done on the outside. Either somebody had a key to the box locks or had invented some method to extract their contents through the drop-hole. One day our attention was called to a man who had paid a young German woman on North Clark street for some furs with a check that had been stolen from the mails. His description tallied in a general sort of way with the strange bill collector, whose clever disguises had so long saved him from arrest.

A GIRL'S WEARY VIGIL.

We put that girl on our staff, stationed her at Clark-street bridge and kept her there for nearly a week looking for the thief. She saw him walking north late on the afternoon of the sixth day of her tiresome vigil and followed close at his heels. At Chicago avenue she met two policemen and told them who the fellow was, but they let him slip from their hands. But the girl followed him home, made a mental note of the number of the house and then reported to me. I had the fellow's room searched and in it we found 3,600 letters which had contained upward of half a million dollars' worth of bills, receipts, drafts and checks. We decoyed him to the postoffice, placed him under arrest and then got a confession from him. He admitted that he had stolen over seven thousand letters, but he never would tell us the amount of money he collected. His plan was to make a tour of the down-town boxes in the evening when they were loaded with business mail, extract as many letters as he could with his fingers, and then take out many more with a wire. Nameth is still in the penitentiary at Joliet, I suppose. He caused the postoffice and Chicago business men more trouble and annoyance than any man living.

"Six years ago every inspector between Boston and New York and Chicago was hunting diligently for a thief who confined his operations to packages of sample jewelry that were sent out by manufacturing firms of Attleboro, Mass. We traced the packages over every foot of the distance they traveled, and after months of hard work, and after thousands of dollars' worth of property had been stolen, we arrived at the conclusion that the thief belonged in New York. That he was a discriminating fellow who knew his business was apparent from the fact that he did not touch anything but jewelry. One night when we knew that an unusually heavy consignment of samples was bound westward an inspector hid himself among the mail-bags in the New York station. He stayed there for hours watching everybody in the place without being seen, and managed to observe a man whose business was loading and unloading trucks extract from a Massachusetts pouch all the jewelry packages they contained. He hid them in a dark corner, and when he finished his day's labor he put them in his pockets and took them home. The inspector of carriers followed him home, placed him under arrest and searched the house, with the result that he recovered several thousand dollars' worth of gold and silver trinkets.

"I remember another case that gave us a good deal of trouble. It involved a package containing $5,000 in Canadian bills which was stolen while en route to Winnipeg through our mails. The Canadian government was sending it north to pay for some Indian lands it had purchased. The package reached Winnipeg all right, but when it was opened it was found that the money had been extracted and newspaper substituted for it. The seal had been replaced with such accuracy that only an expert could have told that it had been disturbed at all. Well, we followed a half dozen men for months, but did not get a clew to the money. We were ready to give up the pursuit in despair, when we heard that a railway mail clerk who had handled the package had left the service and gone to St. Louis. He was met there by an inspector and shadowed to this city, and one day when he tried to change some Canadian money into American bills he was arrested. We found $4,995 of the missing money on his person. A rather clever capture, don't you think?"

KEPT A PRISONER BY A LION.

An African Forced to Lie on a Rock Until the Sun Roasted His Toes.

Seattle Press.

A man having sat down on a shelving, low rock near a small fountain to take a little rest after his hearty drink, fell asleep; but the heat of the rock soon disturbed his dreams, when he beheld a large lion crouching before him, with his eyes glaring in his face and within a little more than a yard of his feet. He was at first struck motionless with terror, but, recovering his presence of mind, he eyed his gun and began moving his hand slowly toward it, when the lion raised his head and gave a tremendous roar, the same awful warning being repeated whenever the man attempted to move his hand. The rock at length became so heated that he could scarcely bear his naked feet to touch it. The day passed and the night also, but the lion never moved from the spot; the sun rose again and its intense heat soon rendered his feet past feeling.

At noon the lion rose and walked to the water, only a few yards distant, looking behind as it went, lest the man should move, when seeing him stretch out his hand to take his gun, it turned in a rage, and was on the point of springing upon him. And another night had passed as the former had done, and the next day again the lion went toward the water, but while there he listened to some noise apparently from an opposite quarter and disappeared in the bushes. The man now seized his gun, but on first essaying to rise he dropped, his ankles being without power. At length he made the best of his way on his hands and knees and soon after fell in with another native, who took him to a place of safety, and, as he expressed it, with his "toes roasted." He lost his toes and was a cripple for life.

A Sample of Monarchy.

Hartford Courant.

The consumptives who have flocked to Berlin on the chance of reaping personal benefit from Professor Koch's discovery must now pack their trunks and return home. A police order just issued requires the keepers of all hotels, boarding-houses and unlicensed sanitariums to rid their premises of all such guests within the next eight days.

ACROSS SIBERIA BY SLEIGH

Sometimes Shooting Cataracts in Canoes, Sometimes Buried Under the Snow.

Up a Mountain in a Sleigh Drawn by Sixty Dogs—Experiences of a Geologist Sent for Discovery by the Russian Government.

New York Sun.

Otto Herz, geologist, botanist, ethnologist and professional traveler, arrived here on Monday on his way home to Germany from the most remarkable trip of recent years in northern Asia. He left St. Petersburg on March 25, 1888, under the direction of the Russian government and the direct patronage of the Grand Duke Nicolai Michaelovitch, president of the Ethnological Society at the imperial capital, and until within a few weeks has passed all his subsequent time in studying the flora and fauna of Siberia amid perils and hardships of unusual severity. He has collected a wealth of scientific information and rare specimens from European Russia, and, upon his return, will lay both before the society and prince whom he represents. In view of the semi-official nature of his trip, Mr. Herz is unwilling to say much of its details until he shall have made his formal report to the Grand Duke. Concerning the more popular features of his trip and some of his many adventures he is more ready to talk.

Mr. Herz began his journey of about 9,000 miles on the railway leading from St. Petersburg toward Irkutsk in southern Siberia, and with the aid of fast post sleighs, where the railway failed to reach, and of imperative imperial passports, he did this first stage in the unprecedented time of twenty days. His route lay by way of Perm, where he crossed the Ural mountains, the dividing line between European and Asiatic Siberia. The journey over the mountains was made by rail, ascending by easy grades to a maximum elevation of 4,000 feet above sea level, and it brought him to Tyamen, the first place of considerable size in the field of his Asiatic investigations. Thence he hurried by way of Omsk, Tomsk and Krasnoyarsk to Irkutsk, the principal city of southern Siberia. From Irkutsk he covered a long stretch of almost one thousand miles, which terminated in Vitim, a little town on the Vitim river, where he took another giant stride to the famous Sibreakoff gold-mines. At Podeibo, the principal mining town, he remained two months, collecting specimens, examining the mines and prospecting, and compiling the reports which will be published probably after having been submitted to the Grand Duke. The winter Mr. Herz passed in Yakutsk, the capital and metropolis of the province of the same name.

HOME LIFE IN YAKUTSK.

Yakutsk has 4,000 inhabitants and a society, Mr. Herz thinks, of which many much larger European towns might be proud. He hobnobbed with the military and civilian aristocracy, enjoyed their dinners and teas, and above all, the hearty welcome they all had ready for him. Yakutsk, he says, is the town of an ideal home life. There are few, if any, parties or dances, there is no club, and there are no lodges, so the young husbands and heads of families pass all their evenings at home with a quite un-European regularity. In March, 1889, Mr. Herz set out on horseback, with a Cossack escort, for Vilynisk, the population of which, according to the census taken on the preceding day, was increased from just 390 to 400 by his arrival. In the bed of the Vilyui and the rich surrounding country, Mr. Herz made some of the most important discoveries of his trip. Minerals of great rarity and value and precious stones which had never before been found in the region turned up on all sides in large quantities. Opals of exceptional beauty were also found in the immediate vicinity of the river. The explorations in the Vilyui country were exceedingly laborious. Often impenetrable masses of underbrush and tangled saplings completely blocked the way, so that a halt had to be called while a company of natives hewed a narrow path for the rest of the party. Most of the country thus examined had not been trodden by a European since the explorations there in 1864 of Baron Meitel, one of Mr. Herz's two predecessors in this region.

"The further up the river I went the more barren the country became, and the fewer were the fruits of my geological and botanical investigations," said Mr. Herz, on Monday. "So I turned about and began my return trip in a canoe, a frail thing in the rapids of the great cataracts that break the river at short intervals. The natives stuck fast to the canoes and took all the cataracts, although apparently threatened every minute with death in the whirling waters. Shooting cataracts was too much for me, so whenever we approached one I got out and tramped along the shore, and the natives took me in again below the falls."

At the beginning of 1890 Mr. Herz made off from the Vilyui region with his little caravan, 660 miles across country to Okhotsk, on the Sea of Okhotsk, and almost on an east and west line with Vilyui and Yakutsk.

On Feb. 2, 1890, Mr. Herz, with eight men, five sleighs and eighty-six dogs, began a long, hard journey up the coast to the land entrance of Kamtchatka, and then southward to Petropaulovski, a total distance from Okhotsk of 2,600 miles. The most remarkable division of the little contingent that made this perilous trip with Mr. Herz seems to have been the Siberian dogs, for whose sagacity, endurance and energy he cannot find praise enough. His dogs easily made an average distance of sixty miles a day. Some teams, however, he says, made 150 miles in a full day, and one team that holds the record, covered the road between Upper and Lower Kolinsk, three hundred miles, in twenty-four hours.

AN UNPROPITIOUS START.

The beginning of the trip to Petropaulovski was not propitious. Snow began falling in blinding quantities before the party was twenty-four hours from Okhotsk. With all their honest tugging and pulling the dogs could make but poor headway against the growing drifts. The cold was acute, and the discomfort of the party from it was aggravated by the slowness of the progress. In many spots the way had become impassible, so that the driver had to proceed ahead on snow-shoes, tunnel a passage, and then return for his passengers. The journey of 300 miles from Okhotsk to Yamsk under these difficulties lasted eight days.

The next station, Yamsk, was presided over by a chieftain named Chabaroff, famous throughout the surrounding country for his possession of ten thousand reindeer. Chabaroff and his people were very hospitable, and threw open their tents and their deer pots to Mr. Herz and his people. Mr. Herz tried in vain to induce them to sell him or give him some of their weapons. They told him, however, that whoever gave a weapon or garment to a stranger was marked for destruction by the Creator, and so strong was the superstition that not a rag or a club could Mr. Herz beg or buy from even the poorest in the village.

Between Yamsk and Kischigd Mr. Herz's party drove into the thickest of one of the terrible snow-storms for which this country is celebrated. In anticipation of the storm Mr. Herz had increased his little troop to eleven men and 115 dogs, with nine sleighs. Twelve miles from Yamsk, on Feb. 28, the blinding snow began to fall. For nineteen days, with hardly an hour's cessation, the storm continued unabated. Ice and snow were piled in high hills across the way, which became eventually so slippery that the dogs' feet were put in rubbers. The little caravan crept along in apprehension and misery from dug-out to dugout, known in Siberia as stations. In each dugout the party rested, got a small bit of warmth from a hastily-made fire, occasionally took a cold bite and then pushed along to the next hole in the ground.

"On March 7 we arrived at the little River Kalaliga," said Mr. Herz. "The storm had increased to such an extent that we could no longer hold out against it, and so we turned in at one of these stations or dugouts. We sat in our cave twenty-six hours, while the snow piled up above us. We were completely covered, so that any one passing would not have suspected our presence. We were gloomy, very gloomy. We felt as if we were being buried alive, without any certainty as to the time of our resurrection. After something more than a day we made a hole through the hill of snow over us, hoping to find signs of an abatement of the storm.

"All was gray and white still. Nevertheless, we shoveled ourselves clear, and made a disconsolate start for Lukowa, twenty-five miles away. The first day we made eight miles, and camped in the open air, sleeping as best we could in our furs. On the evening of the second day we arrived on the river. All were completely exhausted. It had been terrible, though uneventful, these two days in the wilds of Siberia during the fury of the biting snow storm, afraid to stop long for fear of dying of exposure, yet equally afraid to push forward. The dogs had been obliged to pick their way step by step. In all the cold and darkness they pushed perseveringly forward, bleeding from the nose and eyes, so they left a bloody trail in the snow. The density of the snow frequently cut off the light so that no one could see three feet from his nose to learn whether his companions in the next sleigh had surmounted the last obstacle successfully, or had been precipitated into one of the yawning ice gulches that swept down each side of our path.

A FEAST IN A SNOW HOLE.

"On the River Lukowa we found trees buried in the snow, and got up pluck enough to dig two holes eight feet deep in the snow, roof them over with branches and skins, and build fires with the branches. Then we cooked tea and meat, the first hot food we had tasted for five days. I believe no feast ever tasted better than this simple meal in the snow holes."

On March 12 the little band crawled out of its comfortable quarters and marched seven miles to the river Podaun. Thence they marched up a steep mountain to a high plateau. The ascent was so steep that the men had to cut rests for their feet in the snow and ice, and it required sixty dogs to drag up each sleigh. Only three sleighs were got up thus on the day of the first attempt, and all the second day was occupied with the work of getting up the other six. In a few days the caravan brought up in Nadajau, a town on the verge of being exterminated by an epidemic, proceeded thence to Kirchigan, then across to and down the peninsula to Petropaulovski. They passed through the country of tribe after tribe that had never before seen a European. They are pretty much like other Siberians, Mr. Herz thinks, are hospitable beyond measure, and have enormous herds of reindeer, from which they get flesh for food and skins for garments. On April 18 the party arrived at Karaga, from then on the weather became mild, and frequent thaws gave evidence of the approach of summer. The caravan ceased traveling by day. From Dranka to Cholulı, to Tka, Osernoi, Telofka, and Klutschefskol they proceeded in the coolness of the nights, to the benefit of the shaken constitutions of all the party, including the dogs.

"Eight miles from Klutschefskol," said Mr. Herz, "is the Klutschefskaya volcano, 15,760 feet in height. Tremendous clouds of smoke are puffed up from it constantly. Its twin peak, Uschkinskaya, is 12,880 feet high. We undertook the ascent of the big mountain, and, curiously enough, we tried it in sleighs. We managed to get up about six thousand feet in this fashion, and there left the sleigh to go about 2,000 feet higher to the saddle formed by the junction of the two volcanoes. From that point I saw a magnificent view, one that no other traveler from foreign lands had ever looked upon. To the northeast was the Klutschefskaya, to the southeast the Uschkinskaya, to the south a third active volcano, Tolbatschinskaya, 8,300 feet above the sea level, and in the very far distance just a glimpse of the Behring sea. To the north, thirty miles off, there was in sight a fourth active volcano, Schivelitsch, 11,000 feet high, which, in 1854, by an unparalleled eruption, laid waste the country for 250 miles around. The ascent to the saddle occupied two days and a half, while the descent was made in four hours and thirty minutes.

Mr. Herz left Klutscheifkol on April 17, and on Sunday, ten days later, arrived at his destination, Petropaulovski, after having covered, according to his calculation, 15,000 kilometres, or about 9,000 miles, since his departure from St. Petersburg. Between Okhotsk and Petropaulovski, a route never before traveled from beginning to end by one man, he had passed just eighty-four days. His voyage to San Francisco lasted forty days. He will sail for Germany to-day to pass New Year's with his family in Dresden. Mr. Herz shows in his personal appearance that he has experienced recently considerable hardships. He is thick-set, of knotty, muscular development, broad chest and a weather-beaten skin. He is enthusiastic over the success of his explorations, and will hurry from Dresden to St. Petersburg immediately after New Year's to tell his ducal patron about them.

AFRICAN PIGMIES.

How These Tribes of Curious Little People Live and Arrange Their Homes.

Henry M. Stanley, in January Scribner.

Their villages, situated under the impervious foliage of the large clump of trees to be found near the locality where they propose camping, struck us as being comfortable, snug and neat. I have seen ninety-two huts in one of these villages, arranged in a circle of about fifty yards in diameter. The pigmy camps are generally found at the crossways, where two or more paths intersect, and are from two to three miles distant from agricultural settlements. Our anxieties always lessened on meeting them, for the more paths we found, the more we were assured of food, and the roads improved.

Sometimes these forest-villages were planted midway between [illegible]llel lines of settlements. A short walk [illegible] our camp through the woods, north o[illegible]uth, would take us to plantations large [illegible]ugh to supply a regiment with food. One time we came to a group of dwarf villages whence a broad path six feet wide communicated with another group three miles distant. This road was a revelation. It informed us that the tribe was more than usually powerful; that it was well established; that the chief possessed power, and was permitted to exercise it. Outside of the great kingdom of Uganda we had not seen in Africa a cut road longer than half a mile.

The huts in every pigmy camp were of a tortoise-back figure. The doorways were not more than three feet high and were placed at the ends, one being for daily use and the other, which fronted the bush, for escape. Those for constant convenience looked out on the circular common and pointed to the center, where stood the tribal chief's hut, as though the duty of every household was to watch over the safety of him who ruled the community. We rarely found a hut higher than four feet six inches. In length they varied from seven to ten feet, while the width would be from four and a half feet to seven. In what appeared to be old-established camps we found rough cots constructed which were raised a few inches above the ground, after the style of our own forest couches. Several layers of phrynium leaves make a luxurious bed.

Graphic.

Philadelphia North American.

It takes a business man to describe a costume to his wife. This is one recently heard: "It was fine. The dress was made of some kind of cloth with some sort of trimming. It was sorter lilac in color and had for a waist one of those indescribable basques. Her hat was like the kind you sometimes see on women, and altogether I wish you could have seen the ensemble effect." Could anything possibly be more definite?

Ambition Gratified.

Life.

Mrs. O'Flaherty—Your sister has another child, Pat.

Mr. O'Flaherty—Is it a boy or girl?

"A girl."

"Huroo! I'm an aunt at last!"

LONDON WINTER FASHIONS

Some of the Beautiful Ball Toilets at the Leading London Costumers.

Fancies in Fetching Hats—Dresses at the Sandringham House Ball—A Ravishing Opera Cloak—Latest Styles of Coiffure.

Special Correspondence of the Sunday Journal.

LONDON, Dec. 12.—London is unusually quiet just now, and brilliant toilets are the exception, not the rule. The long paletots are greatly in favor, and for women who are not too tall are certainly the most becoming garment for outdoor wear. They are also a source of considerable satisfaction to the owners of stout figures, as, made of dark cloth, and cut with straight sides and not too much curve in the waist, they diminish any undesirable breadth and add to the height.

Strenuous efforts are being made to popularize the semi-long jacket, but it is unlikely, unless the Princess of Wales appears in one, that it will find increased favor; as on the majority of English women it has an ungraceful, if not a grotesque, appearance.

The latest of these three-quarter jackets are made open below the waist and are finished off with capes trimmed with astrakan or beaver revers. The cape is cut quite separately and terminates just at the edge of the rever to which it is attached, and is cut in two pieces only and joined down the center of the back. In Paris they are wearing these coats in dark velvet, trimmed with cut-steel or pierced silver buttons, with skirts or complete gowns of the same color in cloth, made rather long and very plain. Basques on these tailor-made jackets are also very fashionable, and are considerably affected by tailors who are turning out very mannish articles.

It goes almost without saying that women with large hips should resolutely avoid these trying garments, and wear either the short jacket which has never been unfashionable, in spite of all efforts to dislodge it from favor, or the graceful long cloak, either plain or yoked.

A GOWN FOR A COUNTESS.

Some handsome dresses are being exhibited in the West-end shops. A bronze-green cloth especially took my fancy. It was made with a deep basque, and had a heavy band of bear fur round the edge of the skirt. The basque was pointed in front and edged with fur, and opened over a small waistcoat of a rather lighter shade of bronze-green silk. The sleeves were of the same-colored velvet as the dress, and this beautiful costume was finished off with a cloth hat, plain, except for a bird with bright green golden wings.

Another dress which was shown me by one of our leading modistes, and which is intended for a newly-married and very pretty fair countess, is made of deep violet velvet, with a chemisette and sleeves of pale heliotrope-colored silk. Some narrow panels of the lovely silk are let into the front of the dress, and a zouave belt of the dark velvet, edged with silk, completes this ravishing gown.

At the same dress-maker's I saw an equally beautiful ball-dress. It was made of the palest gray tulle over a gray silk foundation and train of rich poult de soie, with a plain silk basque bodice cut V-shape, back and front. Some exquisite crimson roses were sown here and there about the skirt and train, and a large bunch of roses was worn at the breast. The prettiest chapeau of the present moment is the flat velvet-covered article, which is pinched up in front, disclosing a roll of velvet, and which dips somewhat at one side. Flat-lying feathers are arranged on the crown, and fall over the back, which is also a little turned up. This is a very becoming and quite inexpensive hat, and can be made in velvet to suit any costume. Cloth and velvet hats edged with fur are very much worn, and are very pretty, but they are heavy and uncomfortable if worn for any length of time. Several red hats made their appearance last week in the park, and a large one worn with a smart red cloth jacket by a particularly handsome dark girl was much admired; but a careful consideration of one's frock, gloves, etc., is necessary to the successful wearing of these crimson garments.

BEAUTIFUL BRIDES-MAIDS' GOWNS.

At the fashionable wedding, last week, of Miss Mure to Mr. Spencer Portal the brides-maids' dresses were exceptionally pretty. The six elder ones wore costumes of white cloth and plain skirts edged with swan's-down, the bodice, collars and cuffs edged with the same material. Their hats were of white felt, ornamented with ostrich feathers.

Black is being largely employed for dinner and ball dresses by the leading dress-makers. At the Sandringham ball, last week, the Princess of Wales wore a handsome dress of black satin and black lace, with large clusters of deep-red roses nestling in the lace ruche round the front of the skirt, and continued up one side. The bodice was also trimmed with bunches of red roses to correspond; in her hair she wore a diadem of brilliants and a red rose. Princesses Victoria and Maud were dressed alike in white silk covered with tulle, with rows of white satin ribbon round the skirt. Lady De Grey, who carried off the palm for beauty, looked exquisite in pale-gray satin, with lovely silver embroidery. She wore a long train and splendid diamond tiara and necklace. Miss Seymour, another belle of the ball, wore white silk and tulle, with silver embroidery and silver braid on the bodice, with one black velvet bow on the left shoulder.

At the representation of "Cleopatra," the other night, I saw a beautiful opera cloak. It was made of pale-gray Amazon cloth. The yoke and high Medici collar were covered with a braiding of silver tinsel cord, the collar being edged with pale-gray feather trimming.

The latest novelty in the way of coiffure is the natural crop toupee, which is a curled arrangement for the front of the hair, warranted not to come out of curl, no matter how damp the weather.

Bits of Fashion.

Yoked basques are as popular this season as last, and are worn by married as well as single women and misses.

Chamois underlinings are decidedly necessary to the comfort, as well as the healthfulness, of the shoulder cape.

Every petticoat, if one wishes to lessen the breadth of the hips, should be made upon a yoke which will bring the fullness as low as the corset steel in front.

Two moonstone hearts dangling from a chain of gold which is securely fastened about the left arm is the latest device to appear for the benefit of the engaged girl.

Evening and dinner gowns of cloth are distinctly different in their make up. While one is finished with elegant simplicity, the other offers a background for the display of the costliest garniture in the market.

Huguenot dresses of heather-brown ladies' cloth, trimmed with dark-brown velvet bands, studded with steel nail-heads, are among the stylish "picture gowns" of the season, also those of gray, turquoise, or reddish violet, in very clinging princesse fashion, with an immense ruche at the foot of the skirt.

Puffs of wide ribbon, with ribbon or velvet bows laid on flat, a pleated frill, points of passementerie, or an arched, full-shirred piece of silk around the armhole are still popular garments for sleeves, the leg-o'-mutton style still prevailing. The seams button or lace either on the outside or inside of the arm, and a band, a cuff, or a puff of silk trims the wrist.

Tennessee's Age.

Memphis Commercial.

Tennessee will soon have to launch out in a series of successive centenary observances. In this Knoxville, which was founded in 1792, and was for many years the State capital, will lead the way. But the most important will be that of the admission of the State into the Union in 1796.