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PRECINCT OFFICERS.

A GREAT WEEKLY'S STAFF.

The Editors of and Contributors to The Illustrated London News.

The editor of The Illustrated London News, Mr. Latey, Sr., is one of the several servants of the newspaper who have been there almost from the beginning. Mr. Latey was not the first editor, a Mr. Bailey having filled the post for some few years, to be succeeded by Dr. Charles Mackay, author of "There's Good Times Coming, Boys," and many other popular songs, who was editor from 1843 to 1858. The office of The News is certainly favorable to longevity. Dr. Mackay's death at an advanced age was reported only a week or two since. Mr. Plummer, who was older back in those early days, was still drawing checks in the office less than twelve months ago. The sub-editor is no longer young. As to Mr. Latey, the editor-in-chief, his beautiful old world manners are the chief indication of his age, for there he works away like any young fellow of 30, bearing the burden of an exciting post on his shoulders in the office familiar to his steps since he was really young.

The reason why the business of a paper, that really needs all that the enterprise of youth can do to keep it properly up with these rushing times, is so largely in the hands of very old servants makes a pretty story on the whole. Herbert Ingram, the founder of The News, though in most respects a singularly strong and sturdy minded man, had a morbid horror of storms. Dr. Mackay tells how absolutely terrified the calm, astute proprietor of the paper was while with him in Switzerland during a thunder storm of great violence. By a horrible coincidence he had to battle for his life for a long time—and lose it at last—in the midst of a wild storm of lightning and thunder. It was on Lake Michigan, in September, 1860. The steamer Lady Elgin, on board which were Mr. Herbert Ingram and his eldest son, who were making a pleasure trip through the states, was run into in the dark by another vessel and shortly after sank, and of 300 persons on board only 114 were saved. The dead body of Herbert Ingram was washed ashore, fastened to a spar, some three hours afterwards. It was still quite warm—showing that the unfortunate man had only just expired. For all those hours he had tossed about fighting vainly for life, in the midst of a violent storm of thunder, on the dark waters of the inland sea.

The News was by this time (eighteen years after establishment) a good property, and Ingram left a family of sons. Many people advised his widow, whom he left with full discretion, to at once sell the paper. Her boys were not old enough to manage it, and friends thought she could not do so. But she said "No;" if she could keep it going it would be a fine property for her sons, and she did not feel justified in throwing it away. So she called together the head men in the various departments of the office, and told her position before them, and she and her upright servants together worked the paper on successfully, till such time as her boys grew to be men and could take the management into their own hands. They have it now: two sons, Mr. William Ingram, late M. P. from his father's native town of Boston, and Mr. Charles divide the management between them, and they have a resolution not to dismiss any of the old servants who served them and their mother so well in their need.

Mr. George Augustus Sala was for years one of the literary props of The Illustrated London News. His "Echoes of the Week," with their quaint lore and droll little stories about everything that happened, were eagerly looked for and did much to keep The News popular in the literary department. Sala writes no more for it now. What were his columns are at present filled for English consumption with the mild jokes of Mr. James Payn, the novelist, while the American edition has the same space occupied by Mr. Howard Paul, whose brisk native humor, I suppose, sits "the other side" better than Mr. Payn's placid little puns and tiny jokelets.

Other literary contributors, regular or occasional, are Mr. Davenport Adams, who almost equals Mr. Sala in the variety and extent of his knowledge and the lightness of his touch; Mr. W. W. Fenn, a blind literary man, whose forte is describing scenery; Miss Cis Graves, a young girl dramatist noted for dressing in a man's evening coat and vest, with a "dickey" fastened with a ruby stud, above which her handsome face and dark cropped hair make her look exactly like a young fellow; Mr. Clement Scott, the playwright, who "does" the criticisms of the theatres, and Mr. John Lates, Jr., one of the most capable all round journalists of London, equally good at a tender little set of verses, a thrilling story, and a serious "leader." The art editor is Mr. Mason Jackson; the literary and pictorial departments being kept quite distinct.—London Letter.

Excitement Among Sparrows.

An English sparrow became entangled in a network of electric and telegraph wires in one of the busiest streets of Cincinnati the other day and was killed, but hung to the wires. Immediately sparrows began to arrive from all sections of the city, and they covered the roofs like a huge blanket. There were thousands upon thousands of them. They filled the air over the spot, and their noise completely drowned the noise of the street. They remained in the locality for nearly three hours.—Chicago Times.

THREE POETS.

Three poets stood before the king,
Learned as poets do, to sing:
The first, in stewards' coats arrayed,
With jingling bauble over played;
Over his perky face the while
Flitted a sneer or else a smile.

Well groomed the second was, and staid,
In proper dress from head to—, [illegible]
A terror of the far-wide he,
And richly clouded and fair to see;
The third stood near with drooping head,
Unnamed and pale as are the dead.

"Oh, king, hear me," the first one cried;
"I have no thought on earth beside
To make you laugh, forget your care.
No sacred thing my song shall spare;
Of joy or grief 'tis yours to quaff,
Be wise with me, oh, king, and laugh."

And then the second uprail blushing:
"Hear me, oh, king, for I am frame
Rhythm, rareness and vibrancies;
Sonnets by me are finished well,
And I can deftly, truly play
Upon the mocking tribe."

More tricks I know of phrase and word,
Than ever yet by man was heard;
Strange terms, expressions obsolete,
Trip through my lines on dainty feet;
And when the thought seems weak and poor,
I screen it with a phrase obscure."

Slowly the third began to speak;
His voice at first was low and weak,
But soon his words rang clearer, higher,
Until his wondrous eyes caught fire;
And then a light from heaven shed
Sat halowise upon his head.

No bard asked he of court or king,
He sang as those who die or sing;
A strain prophetic, weird, sublime,
The voice and meaning of all time;
Haymaker and clown forgotten lie,
The poet's song shall never die.

—George Horton.

Too Hasty.

There are some things which men do from excellent motives, but for the doing of which they afterward find it hard to forgive themselves. Such a paradoxial experience is related by a Rhode Island soldier among his reminiscences of the war. The incident occurred at the battle of Pegram's Farm, when the Union line broke, and it looked for a time as if the enemy would force a passage through.

In company with other officers I endeavored to rally the men fleeing to the rear, and of course made use of my saber when a man refused to stop. I hit one man a pretty heavy blow.

He stopped immediately, and thinking he meant to discharge his piece at me, I was preparing to strike again, when the expression of his face, upturned toward me, disarmed me of my suspicions.

"Colonel," he said, "I'm not a coward and I'm not running because I am afraid. I will stand as long as you or any other man, but I am badly wounded."

He turned his head and showed me a fearful bullet wound across the side of his neck.

I remember the expression of his face as well as if I had seen it yesterday. No fear, no animosity, no anything but a look of indignation that he should have been suspected of cowardice.

I made the best apology I could under the circumstances, and after that I did not strike any man till I had made sure he was running from fear.—Youth's Companion.

No Angels in Theirs.

Early last summer a New Englander moved out to a small town in Arizona and announced his intention of opening up a first class grocery. He had a number of bills posted up dwelling particularly on the fact that the business was to be square and above board. Just as he was getting ready to open shop a deputation of citizens waited on him and asked the newcomer if the statements on the placards were made in good faith.

"You mought as well give us the full truth about this thing," said the leader. "You mean to say there hain't going to be no water in the vinegar?"

"That's what I mean, sir!" replied the stranger, a little surprised. "Nor no sand in the sugar?"

"Ain't they goin' to be no beans in the coffee?"

"Most decidedly not, sir!"

"Nor chicory, nuther?"

"Never, gentlemen; I give you my word for it."

The crowd seemed nonplused for a moment, and the leader held a short consultation, at the end of which he turned and said:

"Say, stranger, we've concluded that you air a suspecious character. But first let me ask you if your cigars are goin' to be loaded—with cabbage, you know?"

"Not while I"——

"That's all we wanted to know. We gin you twenty-four hours to leave town, an' you better leave. When we're in need o' angels we'll drop you a postal card. Good day, stranger," and the deputation filed out.—American Grocer.

House Drains.

House drains, as a source of ground contamination, are even more dangerous than the common sewers, since they are so frequently located immediately under the house, where the results of any defect are more directly manifested. By unskillful construction, or by subsequent careless usage or want of repair, the filth is effused into the basement or cellar, and impregnates the soil under the house. In country districts isolated outbreaks of diptheria, traceable to cesspool effluvia, are not at all uncommon. In these cases, it is generally found that there is a water closet in the house, where there is little or no provision for any change of air, that the soil pipe is never ventilated and that the closet drain discharges into a cesspool which is completely covered up, and only cleaned at rare intervals. The consequence is that any gases generated in the cesspool have no outlet, except through the water closet into the house, and hence result attacks of diptheria, ulcerated sore throats and other ailments. From an inquiry, instituted by the state board of health of Massachusetts, respecting the predisposing causes of diptheria, its prevalence, etc., it is shown that this disease has been most severe in the rural districts where there are no sewers, and where the drainage is bad.—John McMullen, A. M.

The Usual Way.

Reporter No. 1—Heavens! Jack, you look as if you had been hit with the business end of a cyclone. What's the matter?

Reporter No. 2—Row with the city editor. He knocked me down with a chair, threw me down two flights of stairs and out a back door. No matter; I'm going on The Bugle to-morrow. Give me a send off in the usual way.

Reporter No. 1 (makes entry in note book)—Jack Scoopall, the clever special writer on The Bassoon, has severed his connections with that paper, and will accept a more lucrative position on The Bugle.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

LARGEST PEARL IN THE WORLD.

It Is a Beauty and Is Now Awaiting a Buyer at Bapst's, in Paris.

I was today at Bapst's, whilom jeweler to the crown, to see what things there were to tempt millionaires to buy. When one says "Bapst's" one does not mean Bapst's shop.

There is no shop, but a house in a modern quarter affecting the style of the Hotel Cluny. Access is obtained by a hall surrounded with paintings and drawings, natural size, of jeweled ornaments made since 1794 for the crown.

In that year a Bapst who had married the daughter of Strass, the inventor of paste, succeeded the latter to the post of jeweler to the crown—a function that was no sinecure, as the design books which I was allowed to look through show.

"The crown was always changing the forms of its jewelry," said to me M. Germain Bapst, whose history, in folio, of the crown jewels has been just "crowned by the Academy," and is a standard library work—as full of matter as an egg is full of meat, but incapable of being brought into a small compass, because abounding with documents taken from ledgers.

The rooms in which the Bapsts during the century discharged their function are all lighted from the top, and I noticed that the iron frames in which the panes are set are too close together for a burglar to let even an infant down through them.

Whenever a door is opened anywhere an electric bell rings. Before the Revolution sentinels of the Swiss guard kept watch and ward at the original house, which was on the Quai des Orfevres. But it was found that they drew the attention of daring burglars. Hence the substitution of the windowless warerooms lighted from the top.

One sees in these chambers no jewelry about, but before counters old customers quietly examine the treasures drawn from dark recesses to be placed before them. One almost requires a letter of introduction to be admitted to see these treasures as a would be purchaser.

There are many things kept as heirlooms, and they would not be sold on any account. One thing is a unique black diamond, set in India table diamonds.

The black one is of as pure crystallization as these encircling it. Therein lies its peculiarity. Sometimes it is lent for demonstrations to Professor Faye at the Ecole des Mines.

Louis XVIII offered £2,000 for it, wanting it for a mourning ring, but was refused. Higher offers have since been made by wealthier fanciers. But it is, like the Luck of Eden Hall, not to be parted with.

The dream of most of the millionaires' wives is the largest pearl in existence, set with Indian diamonds and mounted as a brooch. It is generally shown with nine smaller pearls, that beat everything of their size and kind in the world in brilliant sheen and freedom from blemish.

Baroness Rothschild often looks at it with longing eyes, but she has not yet made up her mind to buy it, though foremost among the pearl fanciers ladies in the world. Like the Sibyl's books, the longer it is kept in hand the dearer it is priced, to make up for the interest of money which it devours.—Paris Cor. London Truth.

Fibers Vs. Hair in Mortar.

Various tests have been made with a view to ascertaining the advantage to be derived from the use of manilla fibers as compared with other substances in plastering work. One of the most conclusive of these tests was made with four plates of equal size, one containing manilla hemp, the second sisal hemp, a third jute and a fourth goat's hair of the finest quality, and the operation consisted in suspending weights from the middle of each plate, the ends of which were properly supported. The results showed that the plaster mixed with goat's hair broke at 144½ pounds weight, the jute at 145 pounds, the sisal at 150, and the manilla at 195—in the latter case the hemp not breaking, but cracking, and though cracked in the center, the lower half of this plate, when it was suspended, held on to the upper half, the manilla securing it fast. The three other plates were broken, that is to say, entirely severed. Another test was made of mortar mixed with manilla hemp and the best goat's respectively. The mixtures were stored in barrels in a dry cellar for nine months, and when examined the hair mortar crumbled and broke apart, very little of the hair being visible, showing that it had been consumed by the lime; but the other, containing the hemp, showed great cohesion, it being quite an effort to pull it apart, the hemp fibers permeating the mass and being but little affected by the lime.—Detroit News.

The Elevated Swindles.

A petty swindle that has been frequently exposed is still occasionally attempted on the elevated roads. As thus: You shove a $10 bill in through the little hole and murmur "One." The ticket agent gives you a surly look, and then proceeds to transact the business before him as follows: First he gives you a ticket, then a pile of money consisting of nine dimes and a nickel, and then sixteen quarters all huddled together. This confuses you, and you are not sure whether you now have $4.95 or $5.95. Then after a short pause the agent sticks the ends of four bills out of the hole, and leans back as though he had finished his business with you. You take this as a hint to go, and you go accordingly. When you get on the platform you count your change and discover, of course, that you are $1 short. You go back and say so, when the agent impudently declares that he laid four quarters down with the bills, and that you rushed off without picking them up. Of course, you know he lies, but you can't prove it, and so you are put in a false position by a would be thief.—New York Tribune.

Bird's Eye Maple.

Professor Beal finds that the peculiar markings in bird's eye maple do occur in young trees up to about three inches in diameter, nor very high up in trees which are very much pitted at the base. A specimen taken fifty feet above the ground showed no trace of bird's eye, while another from near the base of the same tree was very strongly marked. If the cause of these formations could be discovered and used to produce the marks, it would add greatly to the market value of the timber, for the wood of this maple and of other trees somewhat similarly marked is comparatively scarce and in great demand for veneers.—Garden and Forest.

Treed by Panthers.

Robert Warren, who has a logging camp out on Little river, had an experience which he will not soon forget. He had gone along across the river to look at a brake of cypress timber with a view of buying it. Night overtook him and he lost his way, and in order to attract the attention of the camp, hallooed.

Warren was seemingly answered by a human voice, and he continued to holloo while the answering voice rapidly approached, until he discovered an immense panther within a few feet ready to spring upon him. His only means of escape, and he was unarmed, was a friendly sapling which was at hand; up this he sprang, and the panther at the same time jumped on the side of an adjacent tree.

After remaining in this position for over an hour, during which time Mr. Warren kept up a wail of distress, with the hope of attracting the attention of the camp, the panther finally left. When he thought the coast was clear he descended and pursued his way, and when he again hallooed to attract attention the panther returned, this time accompanied by his mate. Up a sapling he again went, armed with a stout club and determined to sell his life as dearly as possible.

In the meantime the boys in camp had become alarmed at his absence and had started out to search for him. They had reached a point within a quarter of a mile where he was treed when they caught the sound of his call for help, and, as an answering signal, fired off a gun, which had the effect of frightening off the panthers.—Osceola (La.) Times.

An Unfortunate Millionaire.

A tall, erect man of 45 years strolled along Chestnut street the other day, idly looking at the passers by who thronged the thoroughfare, says The Philadelphia Press. He wore a derby hat, a dark top coat and carried a stick of the most approved pattern. His clothing was cut in the latest style, and his heavy Vandyke beard proclaimed him to be a man of fashion. For convenience he may be called Mr. Clinton and he lives in New York. Mr. Clinton was left an orphan with $60,000 income when he was 14 years old. Since then he has been everywhere and has seen everything. Yet, as he said last evening, he is the most miserable man on earth. He never married, because so many girls laid in wait for his money, thus making him suspicious. He doesn't know what to do or how to kill time. He is by no means unknown as an ethnologist, and is an authority on certain gases. He is musical and fond of pictures and books. But everything bores him. Just now he is especially melancholy. Last summer one of his cousins was taken seriously ill, and a nurse from Philadelphia was called into requisition. The nurse is a magnificent specimen of womanhood, tall, lithe and agile, possessing eyes and teeth and hair that perfectly charmed young Mr. Clinton, who had been all over the world. Her manners and conversation captivated him. He fell in love, proposed and was rejected. Since July he has been "getting miserabler and miserabler," so he says, and has proposed twice more to the nurse.—Philadelphia Press.

Russian Wolves.

A curious report was recently brought home by a traveler from Norway, which, if it be true, will go far to correct the accepted ideas concerning the wisdom of extirpating noxious animals in countries where they abound. It is said that in one of the northern provinces the reward offered by the government for the destruction of wolves had resulted in their becoming practically extinct, and thus far there was every reason for congratulation. But it now appears that, unknown to man, the Norwegian wolves had been constantly engaged in a patriotic war of self defense against the voracious packs of Russian Lapland; so long as their numbers were undiminished they held their ground, and even continued to do so for some time after they had begun to be decimated by the misguided hostility of their human fellows. It would seem that there then supervened a period in which the Russian wolves assumed a wily Fabian policy, "biding their time" until the hand of man, stimulated by government blood money, had finished its work.

At last the ground was clear, but no sooner had the Norse folk begun to rejoice than a fresh incursion was reported of huge hungry wolves from beyond the frontier, which have occupied the vacant hunting grounds of the slaughtered animals, so that the whole process of "extinguishing" must be recommenced, with no better prospect of finality than the labor of Sisyphus.—Murray's Magazine.

Brother Tom Discomforted.

A humorous incident occurred at Killarney cathedral in the presence of Lord Kenmare and all the local magnates. Burke was preaching for the Presentation Brothers' school, and his sermon reached an unusual length. The brothers, anxious only for a good collection, began rattling the tin plates as a hint to the preacher to stop. The bishop, Dr. Moriarty, frowned from his throne and the noise ceased. The portly prior advanced from his stall and took up his position in front of the pulpit, full in the view of all present except Burke. The preacher was just then expatiating on the zeal of the brothers. He pictured forth the pale ascetic monk, his emaciated frame bearing evidence of his fastings and vigils. He was surprised to find the audience was smiling. He tried to be more impressive, and again reverted to the mortified and overworked monk. The audience could hardly contain their merriment. There in front of them was the rotund figure, the broad jolly face of the prior, beaming like a full moon, visible to all but the preacher, and fully enjoying the beautiful description of the ascetic monk. Greatly disconcerted, the preacher concluded as quickly as he could, and it is but right to mention the collection did not disappoint the fraternity.—Temple Bar.

The Queen's Iron House.

The queen's pavilion, which formed an ornamental feature of the Windsor show, is to be erected in the grounds at Osborne. An article in The London Standard explains that the queen has been suffering from rheumatism of late, and her summer practice of breakfasting in a tent upon the lawn may have done much to encourage this painful malady. The pavilion is to be placed upon a basis of hard concrete, so that her majesty may be able to enjoy her meal almost in the open air without risk of damp. The success of the pavilion has given an impetus to the trade in iron houses.

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