THE SHOE-BOX MYSTERY.

TURNING THE LIGHT OF SCIENCE UPON A HIDDEN CRIME.

The Result of Infallible Tests Made Upon the Human Trunk Found in a Connecticut Swamp—A Young Man Murdered.

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 4.—There grows a conviction that in the mystery of the shoe box murder is hidden the story of a most subtly planned and remarkably executed crime. All that is so far known, however, is the bare circumstance of the finding of a headless and limbless trunk in a shoe box in one of the desolate swamps beyond the line of frequent travel in the town of Wallingford. To retell briefly the story of that discovery will be well, that it may be understood how from the barren facts of it has already been educed evidence which seems to point to a sensational crime.

On the morning of Aug. 8 a young farmer, whose home is in the outskirts of Wallingford village, set out to pick berries. His little dog went with him. There chanced to be good berries in the woods west of the New York and New Haven railroad track, in the direction of the boundary of Cheshire township, and not very far from the fields that were swept by the tornado that killed and wounded many people some eight years ago. A forlorn bit of swamp land and morass skirts the berry patch, just beyond the narrow road. It is a spot that no one would except by accident go to, but when the young farmer was picking berries near by the dog behaved with such excitement, barking and dashing from the swamp to his master and back again, that the young man at last followed him into the swamp. There he found a shoe box, the cover tightly nailed on, the box partly imbedded in the soft earth, and from it came evidence to the nostrils that within was decaying flesh. Help was brought, the box was opened, and there was revealed the trunk of a man. The stage of decomposition seemed to indicate that a week at least, probably a longer time, had elapsed since the trunk had been placed in the box. A critical examination by physicians revealed that the head, the arms, and the legs had been removed with such neatness and accuracy as almost to indicate dissection, so that the first thought that occurred was that the body was only the remnant left by medical students. Closer examination, however, seemed to show that a sharp, heavy instrument that would dismember at one blow, like a butcher's cleaver, had been used, and the theory of medical dissection was at once given up.

There was nothing on or about the body to offer any suggestion but that of mystery; no strip of cloth, no marks, nothing but a few bits of tarred paper, which had been used to wrap about the trunk, so as to prevent the escape from the box of blood, and, probably, for a sufficient time, of odor.

The minor officers of the town and the volunteer detectives were inclined to the opinion that some one had been killed, perhaps in a drunken quarrel, in some of the disreputable places of resort not far away, and the names of several men of evil repute who were missing were suggested. Among them was one of a man of drinking habits, who was said to have drawn a few weeks ago a pension arrearage of $17 in New Haven, and then, after more or less drinking, to have disappeared. The conclusion was jumped at that this man had been murdered for his money, his body dismembered and scattered, and the trunk cast away in the shoe box in the swamp.

But the sequence of the physicians began its work of furnishing truer clues and less fallible testimony than that of the human senses and of hearsay.

The missing man was more than 50 years of age. The examination of the trunk revealed the pliable muscles, the still soft bones, the ribs not yet calcareous and brittle as of a man of years, but tender, like those of one not yet finished in growth. Science showed that this was the trunk of a young man. The missing pensioner was almost an old man. The critical eyes of the surgeons discovered other facts, such as softness of skin and its general appearance at exposed portions like the neck, which induced the conviction that the trunk was that of a young man who had not been used to manual labor or to exposure to the sun. The pensioner had been a farmer.

While science was demonstrating the impossibility of the theory that connected the trunk with the pensioner, the officers were satisfied that the body must be his because of the money, and had in his pockets a large sum of money just before he disappeared, and, with the peculiar habit of many local detectives, having formed a conclusion set out to prove it. The physician, the Coroner, and the scientific men who were opposed to the theory of the theory, but set out to get all the facts and from them to educe a truth if possible. The sudden appearance of the prisoner alive put a stop to the wasted energies of the local officers, and then, with something like intelligent effort, the work of solving the mystery was begun.

The Prosecuting Attorney of the county, Tilton E. Ipoolitte, a lawyer of most acute mind and of very great experience in criminal practice, was early satisfied, from even a slight knowledge of the facts, that the mystery of a great crime was to be solved, if any man in Connecticut had been murdered, one would be missed. It required but a few days to satisfy the authorities that no resident of this State was missing who could have been the murdered man. So, then, the trunk found in the shoe box was that of a man who lived elsewhere, and whose body was brought here after murder, or was that of some stranger who met his death here.

There were then four things to be done intelligently if there was to be any unravelling of the mystery. First, a further scientific examination of the trunk; second, the tracing if possible of the shoe box; third, the discovery if possible of the team by which the box was brought to the swamp, and fourth, the obtaining of information respecting missing men elsewhere than from Connecticut. The medical examination of the trunk seemed to disclose beyond doubt two things only: that the murdered man was not more than 30 or 23 years old as shown by the condition of the bones, skin, and muscles, and that he had been of sedentary habits, or, at least, unused to manual labor. That seemed to indicate a young man in good circumstances of life, and so far tended to dispel the suggestion that the murder was the result of a drunken brawl. But in the examination of the body the physicians discovered evidences of arsenic, and it was suggested that the body might have been embalmed. Prosecuting attorney Doolittle and Coroner Mix thought this suggestion far fetched, and with the Marie Cramer and the Mary Stannard cases fresh in mind, at once ordered the stomach to be removed and submitted to Medical Examiner White.

Dr. White is a scientific man who in the pursuit of information knows no theories, does no guessing, makes no surmises, but is as sure, infallible, inexorable as one of the functions that he produces with his chemicals. It would be no assertion that the little microscopic speck on the Rev. Mr. Hayden's pocket knife was human blood, and who found arsenic in Mary Stannard's stomach, and the huckleberry seeds and arsenic in Jennie Cramer's stomach, Dr. White submitted the stomach found in the human trunk to his mysterious and infallible tests and a day or two ago made his report. He had found undigested meat and potatoes and a large quantity of arsenic in the dead man's stomach, while the other doctors had satisfied themselves that the dismemberment of the head and limbs had taken place after death. This discovery proved beyond question that this murder was the result of no sudden brawl or heat of passion. It was malicious, deliberate, planned, with secrecy in its execution, and with consummate caution in the concealment of it after it had been done.

Such a development seemed to justify expense and the use of every intelligent effort to trace the crime, and now the detectives, skilled men, are busy tracing the shoe box, though there is little hope that anything can be developed thereby, as the box is without specially distinguishing marks. They are also at work searching for a much more important clue, if they can find it, and that is the team which brought the shoe box to the Wallingford swamp. That team must have been hired in some town near by. The prosecuting officer now awaits reports from the detectives and responses from the police of other cities respecting missing men, but he believes that evidence enough has been obtained to show that a young man of well-to-do, or at least comfortable circumstances, living elsewhere than in Connecticut, has been secretly murdered, the body skilfully dismembered, the head and limbs buried or destroyed elsewhere, and the trunk brought by cars or steamboat to New Haven or some near city, and thence carried to this lonely spot, which may or may not have been known to the person who brought the trunk there, but which was selected because of its dismal unfrequented location. The use of poison to commit the murder indicates, with the certainty of science, that the murder was a malicious, premeditated one, and the discovery of the arsenic in the undigested food shows that this irritant poison was administered to the young man with one of his meals. It killed him. The body was secreted, dismembered, and its parts scattered. Malicious, premeditated murder, especially with poison, has almost always for a motive one of these passions: Avarice—this young man's life may have stood between some one else and the possession of property; jealousy, which, if it was the motive, of course involved in some way a woman; or revenge. In this country the use of poison to accomplish murder has always been the result of one of these passions. It is this fact, which is a fundamental law of medical jurisprudence and toxicology, which impels the authorities here to believe that the shoe-box mystery conceals the story of a great crime, and which will compel them to leave no efforts untried to solve the mystery.

DRINKS FOR THE BRAIN AND NERVES.

Providence People, Being Shut Out of the Barrooms, Keep the Druggists Busy.

PROVIDENCE, Sept. 4.—The merchants of Providence, especially the wholesalers, are not pleased with the effects of the new prohibitory law. They say that it drives away customers who like to visit a town in which they may buy goods, and get a drink also, if they feel like it. It is said to be almost impossible for a stranger to get a drink in the town. All the hotels violate the law on the sly, and each house has what is called its "safe" patrons, but they have to go stealthily into a closet to drink, or slink quickly into a darkened room, which is kept locked except at the time of the visit. The saloons have received a terrible blow, and the strongest beverage that is sold in them is a light beer, which is known as "three per cent," because it contains only 3 per cent. of alcohol. The suppression of the saloon business has caused an enormous demand at the drug-store fountains for "nerve ticklers," and the consumption of these brain and nerve-stimulating drinks promises to be as baneful, physicians say, as the excessive use of alcohol. Never before were there such profits in the soda water business, and merchants of all kinds are setting up fountains in their stores. All day and until late at night Providence men and women throng about them, and it is all that one or two active men can do to attend to customers.

For half an hour, or two ago, the writer watched the agile operator at a fountain in the busiest quarter of Westminster street, and in that time there was constantly a crowd, three or four ranks deep, waiting to get drinks. The operator was without coat, vest, or collar, with suspenders down and sleeves rolled up; his shirt sleeves were reefed at the elbows, and his movements were as rapid and vigorous as those of a smart hired man in haying time with a big thunder shower on the horizon. Besides the dozen or more common fountain syrups behind the silver faucets, the marble bar, which was so deep in sloppy water that there was no time to wipe away, was flanked with a battery carrying twenty-eight bottles of all kinds of tonic and stimulating mixtures. There were bottles of the various phosphates, preparations of coca, celery, guarana, and all the cinchona extracts, gentian decoctions, and other single tonics, and a new and very popular Rhode Island syrup, called phosa, which is made of phosphates and phosphoric acid. There is a tremendous demand for phosa, which is one of the most powerful of brain and nerve stimulants. Among the simpler popular tonic beverages were acid lactart, egg lactart, lime juice, ginger wine, ginger ale, and sarsaparilla beer. Nearly every customer called for a tonic or a stimulant drink, and went away—to return within an hour, the bartender said, for another.

"Of course, most of the preparations are injurious," said the man at the fountain, when he got a moment's leisure in which to speak, "and the final effect of them on the stomach is much more than is the moderate use of alcohol. Men and women come here ten and twenty times a day, and swallow all sorts of brain tonics, and when at the end of the day they go home and get ready to go to bed, they find that their brains are in such a whirl of excitement that it is ten to one whether they ever get more than an hour or two of sleep. Next morning they find themselves in a restless, unnerved, and worn-out condition, as though they had been on a regular debauch, as they have, and they begin again the business of toning up. But it's not other people's health that I am chiefly interested in just now," continued the dispenser, as another crowd filled in front of the bar, "but my own, and if this business begins to let up a little pretty quick I shall have to go away for my health. That's about the way it appears to me."

APPLEJACK AND ONIONS.

Temperance and the Cut Worm Interfering with Two Orange County Products.

GOSHEN, N. Y., Sept. 4.—Orange county has two industries in which she takes great pride besides those of dairy farming and the raising of fast trotters. These two industries are the distilling of applejack and the cultivation of onions. The latter has not, strictly speaking, become as yet a calling that is general throughout the county, although it is an industry over a quarter of a century old in the town of Chester, where it is chiefly carried on. The making of applejack, however, is limited to no particular locality, and, consequently, the county has been able sometimes to squeeze out of the product of its orchards as much as 100,000 gallons of the deceptive and lingering tipple in one season's distilling. At present accounts the prospects of the onion crop are not especially good this season, as the plants were attacked by a species of cut worm early in the season which retarded the regular course of cultivation.

The applejack yield will be good this year, but there will never be as much of this liquor made in Orange county in the future as in the past, for the reason that many farmers who were the largest distillers in the county have become converts to strict temperance theories, and will not manufacture their apples into whiskey nor sell them to others for that purpose. Some of the best applejack ever distilled is stored in the cellars of many of these reformed farmers, by the way, being private stock, to which years have given the peculiar mellowness and fruity flavor that only age can give. Time was when a farmer's hospitality was gauged in Orange county by the readiness with which he produced the applejack jug and the alacrity with which it was replenished it when now, in those days it was the custom of the young bloods, bent on hilarity and good cheer, to harness up their best road-sters and, instead of making the rounds of the village haunts of Bacchus or Gambrinus, whisk through the country and visit farmhouse after farmhouse where the celebrations were famous, and return home by bedtime with such a jug of good fellowship aboard as only ten-year-old applejack, liberally absorbed, can supply.

But applejack is applejack, now-a-days. Ten and even fifteen dollars a gallon will not temptsome of the downtrodden Orange county farmers to fill up their cellars with certain "juice" in their cellars contain. Every year, they say, adds a dollar a gallon to its worth, and if the temperance feeling spreads to any great extent among the farmers, and the quantity of liquor distilled falls off accordingly, applejack, the unsesemerate makers of it declare, will be worth twice as much as it is now. There is more of this liquor distilled annually in Orange and Sussex counties than in all the other counties of the Union combined.

The Chester onion meadows comprise 700 acres, and lie on either side of the Erie track, between Chester and Gravecourt. When the railroad was built through that part of the county the tract was a swampy waste, into which thousands of tons of earth and stone had to be dumped and hundreds of piles to be driven to make a foundation for the roadbed. The wide stretch of decaying and noisome vegetable matter was an eyesore to the surroundings, and the owners of it regarded themselves as most unfortunate in the possession. It was not believed that it could be utilized in any way, and the payment of taxes on it was considered a waste of money. About twenty-five years ago William Conklin, who owned a large portion of the tract, drained a part in order to reclaim it and found that he obtained a plot of the richest kind of soil. By way of experiment he seeded it to onions and gathered a most unheard-of crop. This led to the gradual draining of the whole area, and there is now not an acre on it that is not regarded cheap at a valuation of $600, as high as $1,000 per acre, the land having repeatedly been paid for the reclaimed marsh. The annual income to the owners of the meadows from onions alone is now $150,000.

THE HESSIAN FLY.

The Terrible Little Insect at Last Domiciled in England.

From the London Standard.

The Hessian fly, a fearful scourge of crops, seems at last to have settled in England.

Its appearance was in this wise: Miss Ormerod, the Consulting Entomologist of the Royal Agricultural Society, received information that wheat and barley crops near Hertford were attacked by the new insect, which had taken up its position in the second joints of the stems of wheat and barley plants from the ground, and caused a disorder like "rootfall," or "gout," in the stems. Upon examination it was seen that the pupæ of an insect, closely resembling in shape and color somewhat elongated flax seeds or linseed, were present under the leaves, or blades, immediately covering the stem of the plants. It was said by the farmer that the pupæ had lately changed from larvæ, which were translucent, or transparent, maggots, with greenish stripes under their skins, and had evidently been the active causes of the mischief to the crops. This mischief was apparent in the scrawled state of the straw and its general fallen condition, as well as in the lightness and deficiency of the grain.

After much consideration and consultation of authorities, and microscopical examination, it was decided that these pupæ were those of the Hessian Fly—*Cecidomyia destructor*—and that consequently this insect, which has wrought most serious injury to corn crops in Germany, the United States, and Canada for more than a century, has now gained a settlement in this country.

As it seems most probable that this insect was brought to the infested fields in straw with manure from London, which straw had been without much doubt imported from America, Canada, or Germany, in packing cases and crates, it is most essential that all manure obtained from the cow sheds and stables in London and other cities and towns should be mixened, that the heat of fermentation might kill the pupæ in it.

The Royal Agricultural Society issued a note of warning last week concerning it, together with suggested measures for checking its spread.

CHARITY AT THE MINES.

GENERALLY IT TAKES THE FORM OF THE BENEFIT RAFFLE.

The Miners Once Made a Fund, but Were Frightened and Drew Out Their Money—The Marrying of the Widows at Avondale

DUNMORE, Pa., Sept. 3.—"While all organized efforts for purposes of charity among coal miners have failed, at least in the Lackawanna region," said an officer of one of the big coal companies of the district, "there are curious customs prevailing among those who earn their living in and about the mines, through which the burdens of those of their number who are destitute are greatly lightened. Among these is the popular 'benefit raffle.' These raffles occur so frequently that the printing of the tickets used for them is an item of no little importance to the local printing offices. In some offices the 'form' of the ticket is kept standing in type. These raffles are usually got up for the benefit of some miner who has been injured or is ill, or for that of some poor woman and her children who have been left without support by the husband and father falling a victim to some mine disaster. Widows and orphans—and both are daily made in the mining regions—are never permitted to suffer from hunger or cold so long as there is work for the miners to do, no matter how small the pittance may be that they are able to earn. No dead miner's family is ever turned out of house and home for arrears of rent, for the old comrades of the one who has fallen victim to the dangers that surround and threaten them every hour of the day never forget when the rent day comes round, and if the widow has not the money to pay it is quickly forthcoming. Coal is cheap in the mining districts, but it costs something, nevertheless; so the men from among whose number death or illness may have removed a fellow workman remember that fuel is among the necessities of his family, and each miner takes a lump from the mine when he quits work and drops it at the needy one's door. Differences in religion, politics, or of race—and the prejudices born of these are deep and bitter among miners—are forgotten under the broad and softening influences of humanity when the necessities of a fellow miner appeal to these big-hearted toilers.

"The benefit raffle in a coal mining district is not only a charitable affair, but an occasion of social entertainment. In nine-tenths of the raffles the prize is a cook stove, although a goose, a few heads of cabbage, a goat, or a pig serves admirably as the nucleus and excuse for the occasion. There is an air of substantial respectability pertaining to a cook stove, however, that makes it a favorite selection as the prize at a benefit raffle. It seems to be a rule of the raffle that not less than a hundred tickets shall be sold, whether the prize is a goose or a stove, and the price of each ticket is half a dollar. The committee having charge of the affair go to work with a will to sell the tickets, and they are brought with the greatest good will by the miners solicited to purchase. The raffle is held at a convenient place in the mining village. Each purchaser of a ticket is expected to be present, but such is never the case. Enough of them, with their wives or sweethearts, assemble on the appointed evening to make the occasion a social success. A keg of beer, an impromptu table and some more of widows, with numerous children, who were left destitute through the disaster. The intensity of their grief, many touching incidents of which were made familiar the country over by the newspapers, aroused a feeling of pity and a determination to give it substantial demonstration that have had few parallels in this country. The grief of these widows seemed so hopeless as to be beyond the assuaging touch of time; and so when, a few weeks after the disaster, and while its horrors were still fresh in the public mind, stories began to be printed that the Avondale widows were, one after another, finding new husbands for themselves and stepfathers for their children, so recently bereaved, a revulsion of feeling throughout the country was the result, and many schemes which were on foot having in view the relief of the widows and their children in a sacred way were abruptly dropped. It was not known then, and probably is not now, as I do not remember that any explanation was ever made of it, that their apparently quick forgetfulness of the dead on the part of the Avondale widows was but the observance of a peculiar custom of miners, which was, in a sacred way, for unmarried miners or mine laborers who have no other conjugal intentions to offer to take the place of a dead companion as the mainstay of his widow and children by marrying her. If her necessities are pressing, the matter of delicacy is not taken into account as influencing the final result. This was the case at Avondale, and the fear of misery and want was removed from many a family by the widows becoming the wives of sympathizing, industrious, and sober men. While this custom appears to be an affront to the sacredness of grief and respect for the memory of a life partner cruelly and suddenly removed by death, it is prompted by a sentiment so honorable and unselfish that in the minds of those most interested its lack of finer qualities of heart and delicacy of feeling is amply atoned for."

$1,000 Ante.

From the Minneapolis Tribune.

I heard a story the other day about the national game of poker which rather discounts the rough poker yarns which from time to time appear in the papers of the West. A number of gentlemen were sitting on the piazza in front of the Elliott House when the subject of poker came up. Stories of several games were told and laughed over, when a gentleman who had not said a great deal up to that time remarked: "Well, boys, your stories of big stakes are good enough, but I sat in a game one time where the pot was worth playing for. It was in 1865, soon after Lee's surrender. There were a number of us at Atlanta, and a game of poker was proposed. The ante was fixed at $1,000, and the limit at $5,000,000, and the play was lively, I tell you. We played from 10 in the morning until after midnight, and a pot was seldom opened with less than $500,000 in it. On one hand the betting got quite lively, and when a straight flush finally beat four queens the winner raked in nearly $2,000,000. The gentlemen sitting around puffed their cigars silently, and admiration for the boss liar of the season was visible on their countenances. He continued: "You don't seem to believe that, but it is God's truth, every word of it." Again silence reigned for a moment or two, when one of them inquired: "What kind of money were you playing for?" "Why," he answered, "that was the trouble. It was, as I said, right after the war. Confederate scrip was plentiful, and we used Confederate bonds to light our cigars with. The bonds in that pot was all in Confederate notes and bonds, and the winner didn't think it worth while to carry it away with him."

TAMING AFRICAN ELEPHANTS.

A Scheme to Train the Wild Lords of the Jungle as Beasts of Burden.

It is expected that efforts will soon be made to tame elephants in some regions of Africa, and make them useful to the whites there as beasts of burden. In several Eastern countries the employment of Indian elephants for draught and carrying purposes is almost universal, and the question has recently been raised whether their African cousins cannot be tamed and made useful in great districts where the deadly tsetse fly prevents the use of horses and cattle. We have seen many tame African elephants in menageries and circuses, among which Jumbo was the most famous; but for many centuries the elephant has not been domesticated in Africa, for the reason that his habitat for hundreds of years has been only among savage tribes, who have no use for him except to kill him for food and ivory. Only two recent instances are known of the taming of elephants by negro tribes. Some fifteen years ago King Mtesa sent, as a present to the Sultan of Zanzibar, a perfectly tame young elephant, and seven years ago an explorer in Angola reported that he found a tame elephant among the natives of the River Cunéné.

In 1879 the International Association imported a number of Indian elephants into Africa. They were heavily laden with goods for the whole station at Karema, on Lake Tanganyika, and started west with a caravan from the Zanzibar coast. The experiment was a failure. Not one of them lived to reach the great lake, and all died within five months. Although the experiment was not fairly conducted, the elephants being far too heavily laden and also improperly fed, it is not likely to be soon repeated.

The African elephant has the reputation of being less docile and intelligent than his Indian relative, but there seem to be no good grounds for this belief. For hundreds of years before and after the dawn of the Christian era, when herds of elephants roamed in the Atlas Mountains and were found in many parts of North Africa, they were hunted by the Egyptians and the Carthagenians, and captive elephants were thoroughly tamed and trained for carrying purposes and also for war. They were taught to trample down the ranks of the enemy. The war elephants that nearly succumbed amid the snows of the Alps when Hannibal led them into Italy were from Africa, and many an elephant that marched in the triumphs of Roman Generals through the streets of Rome were a part of the war establishment of Carthage. To-day the wild African elephant can be found only south of the Sahara Desert, in the jungles of savage Africa.

After African elephants ceased to be used in war they still figured largely in Rome in the cruel sports of the circus. They were sent into the arena to fight for their lives with lions, tigers, and other ferocious beasts. They were also trained to perform remarkable tricks, and if half what the later Latin writers say about the African elephant be true he is certainly not surpassed in intelligence by the Indian quadruped.

Mr. Forepaugh announced the other day that before long he would have a horse, whom he has taught to walk a tight rope, attempt the feat of crossing the Niagara gorge after the manner of Mr. Blondin. Suetonius, in his description of the reign of the Roman Emperor Galba, tells of a wonderful elephant, whose performances, he says, were attested by thousands of witnesses. This elephant was in the habit of mounting a cable and slowly walking up to the top of the circus with his Roman trainer on his back. He would then descend to the arena again by the same route. The historian has not informed us whether the accomplished animal carried a balance pole in his trunk.

Mr. A. J. Wauters of Brussels, one of the leading authorities on questions relating to Africa, and other gentlemen who have made a study of the African elephant, believe that it is entirely feasible to tame this noble lord of the jungles, and put his back to the same uses for which hundreds of black porters are now hired. No attempts have yet been made by white men to catch him alive except for menagerie purposes, but there are pioneers now in Africa who hope to see the elephant tamed and trudging obediently along in a caravan.

It is not difficult to distinguish the African from the Indian elephant. The African animal is noted for much greater convexity of face, for longer tusks, and for much larger ears than his Indian relative.

WAITER GIRLS AND THEIR EARNINGS

Regular Customers and Ten-cent Fees—Some of the Girls are Married.

"To make a good waiter," said the proprietor of a restaurant in which the waiters are all women, "a girl must be clean, patient, passably good looking, and not too high toned. She must dress neatly and be quick and bright. We employ about a dozen girls here. They earn $4 a week, and work about eight hours a day. If a girl is a favorite with the customers she picks up a good deal in fees. I have frequently seen a girl here shake twenty ten-cent pieces out of her pocket at the end of a day.

Some of the girls who have been here a long time have their regular customers, who are dissatisfied if any one else waits upon them. Some of the girls are away on their vacation now, and yesterday two old gentlemen, who have been taking lunch here for years, come in and had to let a strange girl wait upon them. They found fault with everything, and when they went out they inquired when their girl would be back, saying they would dine somewhere else in the mean time. The girl who waited upon them is a very good waiter, and has several customers who will be lost if she quits waiting on them. One of the girls here has been waiting upon two gentlemen for two years. They never order anything, but simply tell Lizzie the condition of their appetite and leave the rest to her. When Lizzie went away on her vacation the gentlemen, whom she calls her firm, gave her $9."

"Are the girls ever insulted or treated rudely?"

"Not very often, and when they are they are protected if they complain to me. A man who will insult a girl who is trying to earn an honest living will steal spoons, and he is not wanted here. A few of my girls are married, which is nothing unusual in Boston, however, as the husbands who allow them to earn their own living. That little yellow-haired Irish woman behind the counter has two children and a husband big enough to eat a team of horses. I don't know what's the matter with him, but something is certainly wrong somewhere or she would be home looking after the young ones."

SOME NEW JERSEY REMEDIES.

Curious Ointments Which Some Superstitious People Ask Their Druggists For.

"I will bet you $1 against an empty pill box," said a Newark druggist, "that you cannot persuade a Jersey woodchopper that rattlesnake oil is not a sovereign remedy for rheumatism, or induce a Pennsylvania Dutch woman to renounce her belief in the virtue of goosegrease for colds, sore throat, and kindred complaints. A great many German people in this town will go miles to obtain a little dog fat, which is supposed to possess some magic virtues. Skunks' grease is another much-esteemed ointment in almost every section where the high-toned little animal is known. I have got it in stock; always keep it, and have a big demand for it at times."

"Same tub?"

"Same tub," said the druggist, with a wink. "I get bear's grease, dog fat, skunk grease, and material for all my regular ointments out of that tub. I came very near using it up the other day when an old darky came in and wanted a half pound of 'snappin' turkle fat for his old woman's back.' An old English woman came in the other day and asked for parrot fat, and when I told her that I did not believe it could be obtained in this country she told me that she could always get it in London, and that it was good for tongue-tied children and people with weak voices."

Spaying Cows for Milk.

From the Farm, Stock, and Home.

M. Vattemare, a French veterinary surgeon, gives the following advantages of the castration or spaying of cows for milk, which may prove of interest to our Northwestern dairymen. If we properly understand the matter, the effect of the castration seems to be that it produces a more abundant supply of milk, which acquires at the same time a greater richness in quality; resulting in the following advantages to the dairyman: 1. An increase of one-third in quantity of milk. 2. Certainty of having a uniform quantity. 3. The cow is not exposed to the accidents that often occur when she is in season. 4. As she will not generate, all the accidents of gestation and calving are avoided. 5. Greater disposition to fatten, when milk fails or owner wishes to part with her.

That is the experience of one man. But now comes another who reports as follows:

Of twenty-seven cows, aged from 6 to 15 years, which have been castrated, the results were: 1. Increase of milk in cows of 6 or 8 years. 2. Constant supply in those above that age. 3. The milk is richer than in the ordinary cow, and consequently yields more butter; the butter is always of a yellow color, and has a taste and flavor superior to that of a cow not castrated.

The cow should not be operated upon until her lactative powers are fully developed, say at the age of 6 years, and about forty days after calving, when she will, it is said, continue the same flow of milk as long as the owner chooses to keep her, all other things being equal. Whether spaying cows for milk would be a good thing in the Northwest we do not know, but we would like to see the experiment made and results reported.

A Georgia Tragedy.

From the Dawson Journal.

From reliable parties we have just learned of a terrible fight which took place in our county, a few miles from town, a few days since. Two men engaged in a difficulty, the details of which are too shocking to relate. During the difficulty the female companion of one of the combatants came up and handed a gun to her husband, and he deliberately placed the gun to the head of his prostrate antagonist and blew his brains out. For fear of prejudicing the case of the survivor we refrain from giving the names of the parties until the matter can be fully investigated. The deceased leaves a large family to mourn his loss, while the survivor stands well in his neighborhood.

A WORD ABOUT HAIRPINS.

THE GOOD AND EVIL OF A HAIRPIN, AND ITS MULTIFARIOUS USES.

The Bother of It When It is Found in a Man's Pocket—Information about it from a Vivacious Person—Its Place in Slang.

"How many kinds of hairpins are there?" echoed a bright and very pretty black-eyed girl in an up-town dry goods and notion store. "Why, bless me! I don't know. But more than a million, I should say, at a rough guess."

While the black-eyed girl unquestionably played above the limit on that guess, there certainly is a surprising amount of variation upon the simple form of the hairpin to meet the whimsical requirements of women. It might be strange if a man should recognize any difference between two ordinary hairpins, without closely comparing them. But a woman sees the faintest change in the thickness of the wire, its length, its bend, its polish, and it would be infinitely more strange if she would not be able to tell at a single glance if it was some other woman's hairpin that she had found in her husband's pocket. Indeed, woman seems to be endowed with a sixth sense in that capacity, so delicate and unerring is it. Fortunately women shed a great many hairpins in horse cars, and that is where husbands always pick them up. At least that is what they say, and the wives cannot prove the contrary, though they may have their doubts and suspicions. Many men have a habit of using the round ends of hairpins to scratch the inside of their ears, regardless of the aurist's axiom that one should never scratch the inside of the ear with anything but one's own elbow, and that is doubtless why the hairpins are picked up by men in the horse cars. Whatever the reason may be, men are not scarce who, as a matter of instinctive habit, will pocket a picked-up hairpin at sight, and would probably continue to do so, unthinkingly, if some joker should unobserved drop hairpins in their way until their pockets bulged with them. It is not a bad idea for husbands to impress upon their wives' minds the belief that they have that habit—as a measure of precaution.

Just at present not so many hairpins are worn by most women as formerly, owing to the change in fashions of doing up the hair, and hairdressers say that the fashions this fall, judging from the apparent popularity of the new styles, will render them still less a necessity. It is quite practicable to do up the hair in the mode accepted now—by braiding, gathering at the back, turning up and fastening in a knot with a comb, either low on the neck or high up on the head—without the use of a single hairpin. Still some women will continue the habit of their use, whether they are wanted, or even desirable, or not.

A pleasant young hairdresser's assistant, with a "sweet German accent," replying to the query, "How many hairpins does a woman ordinarily use at one time?" replied: "Oh, if you should see some of the ladies who come in here take down their hair you would think they had more than a bushel. They will use ten for every one that is needed. But five or six, or perhaps seven, ought to be enough to put up the hair in almost all styles. Then two or three more may be poked in to supply the places of the ones that fall out. Hairpins will fall out, you know, and, with the general perversenessof things, it is always most likely to be the most important one—that should stay in—that is most ready to fall out. For the fixing on of fronts, frizzes, and bangs a very fine, delicate little hairpin is used, sometimes scarcely thicker than a stout hair, and to still further conceal them they are of different colors—black and brown and light blue. They are even occasionally made of silver for use by ladies whose hair is white or gray. The silver hairpins cost from fifteen to seventy-five cents each, somewhat according to their size, but still more according to where they are purchased. Ordinary hairpins of iron or so-called steel wire you can get for from 25 cents a package of a dozen or a couple of dozens. They are so cheap that almost anybody can afford to lose them. But there are others—hairpins meant for show rather than use—that are quite expensive. That silver one with Rhine stone settings on top is worth $7.50. I have seen gold ones, also, with Rhine stone settings, that cost double as much, but they are rare, and I don't think they are worn by nice ladies. Perhaps precious stones are set in hairpins, but I have never heard of it. I think they are only set in combs, which are less liable to fall out and get lost.

"Here is a sort of hairpin used by many ladies who think that the steel ones are injurious to the hair, made of real tortoise shell. They cost seventy-five cents each. And here are some made of celluloid in imitation of tortoise shell—and not one person in a thousand can tell any difference between them, by sight or any way, except the price—that sell for five and ten cents apiece. Although these pins are so much larger and thicker than the ordinary steel ones, they are almost as invisible in the hair as the very small one called 'invisible,' owing to their color and glossiness. Even the light and red spots in them appear to the eye as reflections of light by the hair. Accordingly you will see some of them made in imitation of amber. Those are for golden-haired blondes who cannot afford gold pins or fire-gilt ones, but in any other tint of hair they are improper and even ridiculous, for they are too conspicuous, and the fact that they must be an imitation fairly sticks out to everybody's sense. Nobody can believe that the fine stuff like amber would be made into hairpins.

"Sizes? Well, here is our smallest, just one inch long; and here is the largest we have, and I guess they are as large as any, four and a half inches long. These latter are only used in exceptionally heavy heads of hair, such as some Southern American girls have or in braiding on hats. When employed for the latter service they are deftly thrust in from the outside, through the hat into the hair, where it is gathered up solidly, and care is taken to place them so that a feather, or leaf, or flower, or something else will hide them. Under all ordinary circumstances, however, we do not advise or square-topped hairpins set with Rhine stones are used just for show, hairpins ought to be so placed as to be hidden from sight, and it is no small part of the hairdresser's art to do that, and at the same time put them where they will not be likely to fall out, and use as few as possible of them.

"By the way, have you ever noticed how many things a hairpin is useful for besides putting up the hair? A girl can button her gloves or her boots better with a hairpin than with any of the contrivances men invent for those services, and if she is ingenious she can pick a lock with one, too, provided when she has lost the key, and she finds it useful, when blackened in the gas, for darkening her eyebrows; and it is handy to pick out small corks with, and perhaps to scratch the surface of her lily white when it is hard in the box, and to fish out choice bits from a box of bon-bons, so as to avoid the combings that cling the flow from the wash basin, and fasten up lace window curtains when she wants to peep out at one side without being seen, and, pshaw! why should I tell you any more of the thousand ways she finds the hairpin her best friend—considering its size and cheapness. No, girls don't know the origin of the phrase, 'that's the kind of a hairpin I am,' but should suppose it came from Vassar College. And I hope the girl who first used it did not mean one of those wiggly ones, with three little bends—or 'crinkles' as we call them—on each side. Those crinkles are made to keep the hairpin from falling out easily, and the idea is something for your inventors to find out—a cheap hairpin that will not break the hair and will not fall out."

A Lesson Lost.

From the Chicago Herald.

H. M. Hoxie of the Missouri Pacific Railway is noted in railway circles for his proneness to give his inferiors good, sound lectures on the slightest provocation. Hoxie is a hard worker, and all who have seen him know how round-shouldered he is. One day a brakeman called on him with a letter request for a pass in his pocket, leaving the door wide open as his entered the office, and wearing the salute usual in true brakeman style. In a loud voice he called out:

"Is Hoxie in?"

At this the general manager looked up from his desk and replied:

"Yes sir, Mr. Hoxie is in."

The brakeman took his letter out of his pocket, grabbed the corner of the envelope between his thumb and forefinger, and bent it back and forth, twirling and twirling upon his superior's desk. Hoxie looked up in amazement, and said:

"Now, young man, would it not look better for you, when coming into a gentleman's office, and especially so when asking a favor, to remove your hat, wipe your feet, and inquire in a quiet voice: 'Is Mr. Hoxie in?'"

The brakeman looked at the general manager a moment, asked for his letter, got it, went out, closed the door, and in a moment marched in again, closed the door softly after, wiped his feet, put his hat under his arm, and in the most polite manner possible inquired:

"Is Mr. Hoxie, the general manager, in?"

"I am Mr. Hoxie," replied the general manager; "what can I do for you?"

"You can go to h—l, you round-shouldered son of a gun!" retorted the brakeman. "I don't want none of your favors—I'm from Texas."

Cleveland Girls.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Cleveland girl is a being of beauty, and in no part of the Union is it possible to find so many lovely complexions and such deep red lips. Not the beauty in the cook kind of complexion, but real pink and white that washes, goes unyelled, and is warranted to keep. Their lips are not the bonsolene pink of Cass street belles, nor even the hybrid red of Prairie avenue beauties, but a deep Jacqueminot red made to kiss and coax for sugar plums. After all, these Cleveland damsels are entitled to little or no credit for being good and looking pretty. It is simply their fault that they are pretty, and any one can be good who is never tempted to be anything else. They have no style about them—their sleeves are ill fitting and their clothes insights—and they haven't an idea in the world about anything beyond Forest City. Just at present they have gone daft on Folsom hats, and the streets and churches are full of the cavalier-like head gears bound with scarlet and crimson tulle. But all these minor faults could be condoned if they didn't play croquet, the one unpardonable vice of swildom.

A VERY JOCULAR COW.

She has Played Such Pranks that a Minister will Preach About Her.

NORWICH, Sept. 4.—Dr. Leffingwell of Leffingwelltown has a remarkable cow. In appearance she is like all the rest of his herd, a red animal of medium size, with crooked horns, and she is a fairly good milker. "To look at her," says the Doctor, "you never would imagine she was such a critter as she is, but she has a pair of deep, dim, mysterious eyes, and she has the most original mind I ever met with in a cow. I don't quite get on to her character myself, and I've seen a good deal of her, especially in the last few weeks."

The Doctor's cow is a practical joker of the most incorrigible kind. She is continually putting up jokes on him, and the Doctor always loses by them. Her plain, ordinary, every-day pranks are opening stable doors, letting the hens into the garden patch, tipping over barrels, and taking down bars and stone walls. She does these things in a systematic, businesslike way that her owner has become used to; but now and then a subtly, mysterious, facetious look comes into her face, and the tricks she plays at such times bother the Doctor so that he cannot sleep at night.

The cow is on very familiar footing with the family, and if a house door is left open she is apt to walk into the house and take a professional interest in the housekeeping, poking her nose into the pantry, and inquisitively prodding the kitchen stove with her horns. A day or two ago she strolled into the kitchen while the family were in another part of the