☞ Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.

THE BORES.

There's the man who let's you shake his limpy
hand—
He's a bore,
And the man who leans against you when you
stand—
Get his gore.
There's the man who has a fear
That the world is, year by year,
Growing worse—perhaps he's near—
Bolt the door.

There's the fellow with conundrum quite antique—
He's a bore.
And the man who asks you "What?" when'er
you speak,
Though you roar.
There's the man who slaps your back
With a button-bursting whack—
If you think he's on your track,
Bolt the door.

There's the punster with his everlasting pun—
He's a bore.
And the man who makes alliterative "fun"—
Worse and more!
There's the man who tells the tale
That a year ago was stale—
Like as not he's out of jail—
Bolt the door.

—*Chicago News.*

BEHIND CRIME'S CURTAIN

A Peep at the Way Justice Is Cheated.

Scientific Burglars—The Champion Rogues of the World—How the Burglar Divides His Plunder—Two Murders at Sea.

A little blue cloud of smoke floated over the head of a well-known criminal lawyer of this city yesterday as he sat in a big, soft, shiny leather chair and dreamily puffed dainty wreaths and garlands from a long cigar. His fat, red hands, sparkling with diamonds, drooped lazily over the creased sides of the chair, and every time the wide bosom of his shirt rose and fell a bunch of jewels twinkled and blazed, a fairy island in a white sea, beneath which a thousand dark secrets rolled like the bones of dead sailors. Deep gray eyes, rosy cheeks and a thick, red neck, swollen with muscles, lay against the dark brown back cushions. From the snowy cuffs that enclosed the burly wrists a pair of large manacles of solid gold dangled.

From the walls of the room a faded picture of Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn stared at a faded picture of Reddy the Blacksmith, and My Lord was not flattered by the comparison either. At the door was an old-fashioned little boy with keen eyes and a sharp nose.

"Yes," said the obstructor of the course of justice, to a reporter while fanning the blue cloud away. "I've known personally nearly all the criminals that have amounted to anything in the last twenty-five years. Men of brains? Well, I should say so. If the cause of education had such men of heroism and genius enlisted on its side how much better the world might be today, and how much poorer I might be! It's dreadful to think of what wickedness there is in the world, and yet I long ago made up my mind that we had to bear with it in a spirit of Christian fortitude. This is really a very pleasant cigar."

Here the lawyer crossed his legs and sighed with an air of delicious contentment. The golden shackles jingled and twinkled as he gently rubbed his club-by palms together and settled himself more cozily in the chair.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF BURGLARS.

"I long ago learned to distinguish between criminals in a way that the ordinary public seldom understands. Now, take the burglar, for instance. He is a fine, romantic figure, and yet burglars differ in their spheres as Prof. Virchow, the great anatomist, differs from an ordinary coroner's assistant. In the lower walks of life we have the common burglar, the tramping vagabond who breaks into a house upon the mere chance that the people may be asleep, and that he may find something worth stealing. Such men seldom rise in life and are mere drags upon modern civilization. I always think of their poor lawyers with a feeling of profound pity. Hardened as my profession may make me, I always hope to have some tender feelings. The drunken burglar comes next in the scale. He loafs around bar-rooms all day, swigs beer and whisky until his brains are all fuddled, and at night he breaks into some unprotected grocery store. Now I come to a very interesting class of people, who are generally chaperoned by persons like a certain dear old lady now in Canada who shall be nameless. These burglars send young women—in most cases their own sweethearts—to intelligence offices in order to get situations as servants to wealthy families. These servants learn where the family valuables are kept, study the habits of their employers, and then, at the right hour, leave the door open. The burglar who works on this plan finds his task easy. Colored criminals use this scheme very much. You remember that it was only a few months ago that Gertrude Ash, a colored servant, concealed her lover in the house where she was employed, and thus enabled him to steal what he wanted.

THE HIGH-TONED FELLOWS.

"Then there are the educated, systematic burglars—the men of science. Ah! what magnificent men I have known! These men never go into a house on a chance of finding booty. They first learn what kind of wealth is kept in the house. If it is jewelry, they arrange their plans to steal jewelry; if it is bonds, as in the case of the great Lord robbery, they get ready to steal bonds. When they enter the house they do not seize the first valuable thing they see, but work systematically toward the place where the jewelry or the bonds are kept. The first thing a man of science plans is how to get out of the house he is going to rob. One of the greatest burglars that ever lived said to me: 'Any mechanic with cool nerves can break into a house, but it takes a man of brains to get out.' The true burglar has arranged before he enters the house just what he will do if the occupants discover the burglary—turn the light out, lock the hall door, drop out of the pantry window, climb the fence and dash away in a carriage waiting for him around the corner. The man of science never works unless he has sentinels posted outside to warn him in case of emergency. The popular method of posting these sentinels is to hire a room opposite to the place where the robbery is to occur. The sentinels have a wire with a handkerchief tied to it or some other signal by which the burglars can be warned. The scientific man comes prepared to kill, and when he is cornered is the most merciless criminal you can encounter. But he will never kill while there is a hope of escape. A man of science shrinks from murder except as the very last means of avoiding capture. There is one little thing about systematic burglars which few people know of. They never address each other by their real names when engaged in a crime. The usual way is to give each one a number. Then the leader can talk without giving the police a clew to the identity of his confederates. He can say, 'Here, No. 1, you gag this man. No. 2, you bring that jimmy and lantern into the next room.' You see, in order to carry out a big plan several men must be in the conspiracy, and this is the way they communicate with each other."

THE "BOSS" BURGLAR.

"Who do you think is the best burglar in the world?"

"Dan Noble. He is at present living against his will in England. Dan was caught in an attempt upon the Bank of England. You don't know what a man he was."

The lawyer shook his head sadly.

"How about Bill Vosburgh; wasn't he a clever burglar?"

"Oh' don't, don't mention such a man in the same breath with Dan Noble," cried the lawyer, with an expression of pain upon his face. "It simply disgusts me. What! Bill Vosburgh compared to Dan Noble! A common sneak thief compared to the king of scientists! Why, Noble could do anything. Many a time he's sat in the very chair you're sitting in and talked to me. Some of the great bank burglars become electricians and chemists. A man who was once a celebrated burglar, but who is at present an honored physician, told me when I was defending him that he could go through a steel shutter with a phial of acid, a piece of silk and a spring saw just as if he was cutting through so much tissue paper. Burglars study electricity in order to cope with patent alarms.

HOW "THE SWAG" IS DISPOSED OF.

"But there are some things in which the poor burglar is misunderstood. He seldom gets the lion's share of the profit. Take a sample case. I'll give you one founded upon fact that will illustrate scores of others. A burglar breaks into a silk house and gets away with two or three cases that cost the owner, say, $5,000. He has to pay at least two confederates. Before the burglary he had to hire a floor in some cheap tenement house and an express wagon. The silk is taken in the wagon to the tenement house, for no receiver of stolen goods or fence, as we call such a person, would allow so many goods to be carted to the receiving place. It would attract too much attention. If the wagon and horse belong to a trusted friend the burglar returns them; if not, he lets them go in the street and don't bother his head about them. Now, the next thing to do is to call in three or four fences to bid for the silk. It is a curious fact, but a true one, nevertheless, that when a man is robbed he always says that his loss is greater than it really is. In this case the merchant claims that the silk stolen from him is worth over $9,000, instead of $5,000, its real value. The burglar reads the newspapers, for he must always keep up sharply with the news of the day, and gets from the merchant's misrepresentations an exaggerated idea of what his booty is worth. The first fence to arrive surveys the silk and says, 'Mine friendt, dose goots are vort $5,000; I gif you $1,000, vor I haf to sell vor $2,500 to a friendt of mine who knows all apout dot roppery.' The fence is perfectly honest in his statement, but the burglar doesn't believe him and refuses to sell.

WHERE THE DETECTIVE COMES IN.

"Now, what does the fence do? I don't want to be too explicit, but the chances are that within a few hours a detective taps the burglar on the shoulder. 'Say, wasn't that a curious burglary in So-and-so's silk warehouse?' says the detective. 'I don't know anything about it,' says the poor burglar, who is now inwardly quaking. 'Yes, you do,' says the detective, 'and you've got the stuff. Now I give you till to-morrow to fork over the stuff to the owner, or I'll collar it and you, too.' You see, the detective doesn't know where the silk is hid, but he pretends he does. What does the poor burglar do now? He either sends for the fence and sells the silk for whatever he can get, or he agrees with the detective to return the goods to the owner for say $2,000 reward. If the latter course is decided upon, the public suddenly learns of a very brilliant piece of detective work through which two detectives have unearthed the headquarters of a gang of burglars. The thieves managed to escape, but all their swag was captured. Thus the silk is returned to the owner, who pays the reward, in which the burglar and the fence share. You see what a discouraging thing it is to be a burglar.

A BURGLAR AT HOME.

"A man like Dan Noble sometimes becomes prominent in his own community. Dan lived in Elmira and owned trotting horses there. I have often heard it said that he was so popular in Elmira that the authorities could not get a conviction against him there. Once when I was on my way to Binghamton to get a famous burglar out on bail I met Dan Noble on the train. He had a whole section in the car, had two splendid dogs, and was waited upon as if he was a Prince. I told him where I was going, and he laughed. 'I'm on my way to my residence,' he said. 'It's too bad that people will get themselves in trouble, isn't it?' Noble, you will remember, stole over $7,000,000 in bonds from Mr. Lord."

A PRINCE OF SNEAK THIEVES.

"Who is another remarkable criminal of your acquaintance?"

"Chauncey Johnston. He's dead now."

The lawyer turned his head away. Then there was a moment of silence. Then he pressed a piece of blotting-paper to his eyes.

"Chauncey was the most eminent sneak thief that ever lived," he said. "He made over $500,000 in his profession, and yet he died a beggar. Sad, isn't it? Well, that is the way of the world. Chauncey once robbed the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The story never came out, but I'll tell it now. Every year the New England Society had a dinner at the hotel. When the committee was arranging for the dinner one day in the little room at the back of the main office Chauncey walked in. He was elegantly dressed and picked his teeth with a gold toothpick. The hotel proprietors thought he was a member of the committee and the committee thought he was one of the proprietors. There is a safe close to the door of the little room, and Chauncey stole the first thing in it he could reach. When he got home he found that he had stolen very valuable papers belonging to an English clergyman. The clergyman went back to England and, of course, put in his claim against the hotel. Shortly afterward Chauncey visited the Fifth Avenue Hotel again and made another haul from the safe. Just as he got to the sidewalk he was grabbed by a big Irish porter who saw him commit the robbery. Well, Chauncey hired me and gave me the story. I suggested to the hotel proprietors that the English clergyman ought to have his papers, and they were returned, not, however, before Chauncey's accusers recommended the Court to give him a light sentence.

QUICK WORK IN A BANK.

"When you talk about the manner in which criminals get their liberty I can tell you some daisies. You've often noticed that the paying tellers' windows in banks are guarded by little iron or brass bars? Well, before Dutch Heinrich's time the windows were entirely open. By the way, what a genius he was."

The lawyer closed his eyes in ecstacy and murmured the name.

"Heinrich used to wait till the teller of a bank had a good pile of money in front of his window, and then he would reach in, seize an armful if he could and get away so quickly that pursuit was hopeless. During the war Heinrich got away with two bags of gold from a Wall street bank in this fashion. He passed the bags to confederates, who managed to escape. Heinrich, however, was arrested. He offered to return some of the gold if he was set at liberty. The President of the bank accepted one bag of gold and then bailed Heinrich out. The case was before Justice Hogan, and I remember it very well.

TWO MURDERS AT SEA.

"I'll tell you of a thing that saved a man's life, and I didn't even have to tell a lie to do it either. In 1864 a man named Griffin was mate of a big ship. He wanted to be Captain, and so he induced the steward, a man named Lees, to help him kill the Captain. They rubbed blue vitriol on the edge of a drinking-glass, and in this way poisoned the Captain, who died. The owners were notified, but instead of promoting Griffin they hired another Captain from the outside. Griffin was wild over his disappointment, and he killed the second Captain in the same way. Again the owners went outside for a man to fill the vacancy. The Mate made an attempt to poison the Captain, but the owners of the vessel suspected what was the matter and had the bodies of the two murdered Captains exhumed. Traces of poison were discovered and both Griffin and Lees were arrested. Lees confessed, and when Griffin was tried in New York I defended him. The court was in Burton's Theater, in Chambers street, on the very spot where the American News Company's building is to-day. My wife wanted to hear me defend Griffin, and she came to court with her little baby in her arms. Well, the trial went on. I made Lees, the steward, admit that he had terrible dreams in which the scenes of the murder haunted him. Upon this mainly I based a theory that Lees was the real and the only murderer, and that he was trying to implicate Griffin to save his own neck. When I got up to sum up the case I felt shaky. I wanted to awaken some emotion in the breasts of the jurors, and yet I couldn't see my way clear. While I was talking my eye happened to alight upon my wife and baby sitting in a far corner of the room. It was an inspiration. Pointing at them I cried: 'Oh, gentlemen! gentlemen! Will you make that mother a widow and that innocent babe an orphan? Can you look upon those guiltless ones and send this man to an undeserved death?'

"The jury was moved to tears, and I need not tell you that Griffin's life was saved. My wife, who was too far away to hear my words, never could understand why she suddenly became the center of attraction for all the eyes in the room. I may as well tell you that Griffin was unmarried. The present Judge Andrews was Assistant United States District Attorney in the case. The baby is now the mother of five of my grandchildren.

A BANK OF ENGLAND BURGLAR.

"Of course you've heard of McDonald, the great Bank of England forger, who is now serving out a life sentence—well, I knew him well. He used to practice his profession in this city. He was a mean man and would screw his lawyer down to the last cent. Even his abilities can never make me admire such a man. McDonald's greatest game was this: He would hire a cheap house on South street, which in those days was a poor neighborhood, and would put up on the front of the house a sign, such as Buggins & Co., commission merchants, or Muggins & Co., shipping merchants. Then he would order whole shiploads of goods from Canada and other distant places. Sometimes his victims would make proper inquiries about Buggins & Co. and would refuse to fill the orders. Other firms would jump at the princely style of the orders and would send on the goods. Of course Buggins & Co. would instantly sell the goods, pocket the cash and disappear. McDonald got $4,700 worth of umbrellas from Spencer H. Smith, a wholesaler. The swindle was discovered and McDonald was arrested. Although the umbrellas were taken to Police Headquarters the prisoner made an assignment of them to me, together with some furniture he owned. McDonald was arraigned before Judge Dowling, in the Tombs, and discharged."

"How?"

"Oh, in consequence of his innocence. Good heavens, what a question!"

"What did you do with the umbrellas?"

"When I went to get them I found that Spencer H. Smith's lawyer had put an attachment upon them. I offered to compromise and take half of the umbrellas, but the other fellow wouldn't give up one. The result was that they rotted in Police Headquarters, and, for all I know, the frames are there now.

THE STORY OF AN ALIBI.

"Some criminals are well versed in law. I remember a case in point. A man named Page and a pal broke into a house in Surrey, England, and got away with a mass of valuable plate. They were arrested, and I had them bailed out. Now alibis concocted by burglars are generally very weak, but Page was an extraordinary fellow, and he executed a very shrewd trick. He took two friends out in a buggy, drove them across London Bridge and stopped at a hotel called the Elephant and Castle. The three drank wine, and Page swept the empty glasses from the table. When the waiter returned he asked who broke the glasses. 'I did with my cane,' said Page. 'Why?' said the waiter. 'Because I wanted to,' roared Page. The result was that Page paid for the glasses. He next took his friends to Merton, where they had dinner. Page gave the waiter a bad guinea, and, after a dispute, substituted a good coin. Then they went to Epsom, where they entered a gypsy's tent and cut the tent strings. I would here observe that they got a beating which they didn't bargain for. On the day of the trial Page swore that when the burglary was perpetrated he was at Epson. He then called his two witnesses, who told the story of the trip I have described, simply substituting the date of the burglary for the real date. The subtlest cross-examination failed to shake their testimony, for they only had to tell one little lie and all the rest was the truth."

"Haven't criminals often suggested false alibis?"

"Yes, but they are very unsafe. Besides that, they are immoral. John Flood, the celebrated murderer, once asked me to take poison into the Tombs so that he could commit suicide."

"You refused, of course?"

"What! in the middle of my case? I should say so."

"Homicide cases pay well, don't they?"

"Not as a rule. I was assigned by the Court to defend a murderer free of charge, and it cost my firm $1,800 in cash to foot the expenses. I never got a cent back."

"Do criminals, as a rule, try to deceive lawyers as to their guilt?"

"An old one doesn't, but a new one does. It's always best to tell your lawyer the truth."

"Do they try to cheat lawyers out of their pay?"

"Almost every man who is arrested for the first or second time tries to skin his lawyer. He thinks it's a clever thing. Old criminals are sure pay. They know that if they cheat their lawyer he'll make it hot the next time they are caught. I've dealt with all kinds of criminals. Why, in the very chair you sit on, I've seen Reddy the Blacksmith, Bill Tweed, Chauncey Johnston, Dutch Henrich, Johnny the Mick, Billy Porter, Sheeney Mike, McDonald, Sharkey, the murderer; Dan Noble, Spence Pettus, the king of genteel malefactors; George Howard, the murdered burglar; George Ellis, Mother Mandelbaum—but hold on, where are you going, young man? Hold on, you are safe here——"—*N. Y. Herald.*

A STATELY CEREMONY.

How the Doors of the Famous London "Tower" Are Locked.

Excess of ceremony was the old expedient for making power venerable. In these more practical days it oftener makes power ridiculous. A good deal of form and etiquette, however, are doubtless necessary in official places; at all events there is likely to be a good deal, especially under Imperial governments—and the poor fellows who hold the places, and whose duties are chiefly traditional, must do *something* to earn their salary. It is no very great affair for a smart man or boy to lock the doors of a building, but the Government of England makes a very solemn and deliberate job of it. Large bodies move slowly.

Few persons are aware of the strictness with which the Tower of London is guarded from foes without and from treachery within. The ceremony of shutting it up every night continues to be as solemn and as rigidly precautionary as if the French invasion were actually afoot. Immediately after "tattoo" all strangers are expelled, and the gates once closed, nothing short of such imperative necessity as fire or sudden illness can procure their being reopened till the appointed hour the next morning. The ceremony of locking up is very ancient, curious and stately. A few minutes before the clock strikes the hour of eleven—on Tuesdays and Fridays twelve—the head warden (yeoman porter), clothed in a long red cloak, bearing in his hand a huge bunch of keys, and attended by a brother warden carrying a gigantic lantern, appears in front of the main guard-house and calls out, in a loud voice:

"Escort keys!"

At these words the Sergeant of the Guard, with five or six men, turns out, and follows him to the "Spur," an outer gate, each sentry challenging, as they pass the post:

"Who goes there?"

"Keys."

The gates being carefully locked and barred—the warden wearing as solemn an aspect and making as much noise as possible—the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanation and receiving the same answer as before.

Arrived once more in front of the main guard-house, the sentry there gives a loud stamp with his foot, and the following conversation takes place between him and the approaching party:

"Who goes there?"

"Keys."

"Whose keys?"

"Queen Victoria's keys."

"Advance, Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well."

The yeoman porter then exclaims:

"God bless Queen Victoria!"

The main guard devoutly respond:

"Amen."

The officer on duty gives the word:

"Present arms!"

The firelocks rattle; the officer kisses the hilt of his sword; the escort fall in among their companions, and the yeoman porter marches majestically across the parade alone, to deposit the keys in the Lieutenant's lodgings. The ceremony over, not only is all egress and ingress totally precluded, but even within the walls no one can stir without being furnished with the countersign; and any one who, unhappily forgetful, ventures from his quarters unprovided with his talisman, is sure to be made the prey of the first sentinel whose post he crosses. All of which is pleasantly absurd, and reminds us of the stately manner in which the crown was carried about when the White Tower was on fire.—*Youth's Companion.*

Eatables on Ocean Steamers.

Few persons are aware of the extensive nature of the victualing on board the great ocean steamers. Such a vessel is provisioned as follows for the passengers and crew: 3,500 pounds of butter, 3,000 hams, 1,600 pounds of biscuits, exclusive of those supplied for the crew; 8,000 pounds of grapes, almonds, figs and other dessert fruits; 1,500 pounds of jams and jellies; tinned meats, 6,000 pounds; dried beans, 3,000 pounds; rice, 3,000 pounds; onions, 3,000 pounds; potatoes, 40 tons; flour, 300 barrels, and eggs, 1,200 dozen. Fresh vegetables, dead meat live bullocks, sheep, pigs, geese, turkeys, ducks, fowls, fish and casual game, are generally supplied at each port, so that it is difficult to estimate them. Probably two dozen bullocks and 60 sheep would be a fair average for the whole voyage and the rest may be inferred in proportion. During the summer months, when traveling is heavy, twenty-five fowls are often used in soup for a single dinner.—*Industrial Gazette.*

—One recipe for making a walk that will prove firm and smooth in both wet and dry weather consists in mixing Portland cement one part, ashes two parts; make into a mortar quickly and spread on the path and smooth over with a trowel.—*N. Y. Times.*

AERIAL NAVIGATION.

The Experiment of Captain Renard, of the French Engineers.

The renewal of Captain Renard's balloon experiments at Meudon, on the Seine, seems to have met with a good degree of success. Of course favorable circumstances were chosen, the wind on one trial blowing only about two miles an hour and on the other perhaps six or eight. Still, to make progress against any wind is a gain in aeronautics. In the recent trials on two successive days the distance undertaken was about five miles, the journey outward in one case and homeward in the other being made against the wind. The trip to windward occupied about three-quarters of an hour, or twice as long as the one before the wind. No effort, of course, was made to reach a great altitude.

Journeying through the air in ships has always been an aim of mankind, while the analogous desire for wings like a bird's has, from the days of Icarus to ours, produced bold attempts at flights with artificial pinions, not seldom resulting in broken legs or necks. Twenty years ago the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain gave much attention to this latter quest. A Mr. Spencer at that time claimed to have taken leaps of a hundred feet from the ground by mechanical aids, and a Mr. Kaufmann built a machine which was to be sustained and propelled by huge wings. These curious devices came to nothing, and doubtless had been resorted to because the ordinary balloon seemed hopeless to rely on for navigable air ships. To get adequate power without too heavy weight had been found impossible, and applying a gas balloon to help hold up the machine created a volume which put the apparatus at the mercy of the winds. But after the failure of the devices just spoken of, and after two flights with wings in Paris and Vienna had nearly or quite killed the experimenters and were shown to have been mere descents earthward, this temporary effort to solve the problem of aeronautics "by going to nature" and playing bird was abandoned. Wings were left to theatrical farces and air ships proper again essayed.

To recount the lives and fortunes expended in this quest would be a long task. Scores of machines have been built, with great pains and cost, only to fail when they attempted to face an adverse wind. The devotees of perpetual motion have not been more persistent than those of aerial navigation. But the old difficulty always returned, that power required weight, and artifices to offset weight by extra levity made the lightened structure a prey to the winds. At length the storage of electrical power revived hopes of success, and last year, a little more than a century after the Montgolfiers had introduced ballooning, a step toward aerial navigation was taken. The Tissanderts used storage batteries, but with little success; then, in August, Captain Charles Renard, of the French engineers, made an ascent at Meudon in a cigar-shaped craft filled with hydrogen gas and provided with a rudder and a screw propeller. The machine rose to a short distance above the plateau of Chalflon, and, after some rocking, the propeller, driven by electrical power, carried the balloon rapidly over Meudon Forest. Then, the rudder being applied, the air ship turned toward Petit Bicetre, and finally made a complete circle, so that after a voyage of twenty-five minutes it descended exactly at the point whence it had started.

That was the first genuine balloon-steering that had ever been accomplished, and great was the enthusiasm over it. At Kiel, at St. Petersburgh, at Okhta, like devices were undertaken, and in this country a dirigible war balloon was announced. Meanwhile M. Herve Mangon informed the French Academy of Sciences that the problem of aerial navigation was solved. Unfortunately, when the machine was tried again, it made a failure, the screw working for less than a quarter of an hour. The new trial had been undertaken against a fresh breeze, and that proved fatal. Two months more elapsed, and then Captain Renard, with a brother officer, made a third experiment, which resulted, like the first, in successful steering, the journey occupying three quarters of an hour. The general judgment of the aeronaut was that a ship capable of being propelled for a short time in calm or light breeze had been produced, but not one that could breast winds.

The recent trials of a new air ship indicate that some gain has been effected. Last year's balloon was said to be of ten horse power, working four hours. This year's seems to be about a fifth less powerful, and with capability of working only half that time. But it is steadier and seems to have gained in lightness, although now carrying three persons instead of two. Perhaps, also, the power of last year's machine was misstated and exaggerated, since in the actual trials it did not operate consecutively for an hour.

Within certain limits and under certain conditions of very light wind the steerable balloon has apparently advanced enough for purposes of occasional experiment or pleasure; but there are great steps yet to take before securing ordinary and practicable travel in the air.—*N. Y. Times.*

A SCIENTIFIC TEACHER.

How He Rather More Than Filled the Bill.

"Two year ago this fall," said Uncle Josiah Windless, "there come 'long a young feller with a pale yeller face an' head, an' a slick lookin', but slim, figger, and wanted the position o' school-teacher in our deestric'. I was et thet time a member o' the School Board. I have sense lost the office, owin' partly to a slight change, politically, in the surroundin' kentry, and partly to the dereliction o' some o' my friends.

"Well, this was a nice appearin', polite young feller, an' soon I foun' by throwin' him some questions calculated to briskly sound his education, of he hed any, thet he knowed a-plenty to teach in our deestric', an' p'r'aps some over. I then tole 'im plainly thet although his mental equilibrium, like, was, in my mind, fully established, his physical mold of form hardly denoted the necessary amount of muscle er wind fer the place.

"We'd been considerably bothered. I told 'im, by hevin' hed sich slender, unwholesome chaps, who hed rashly undertook to run the school, git worsted in every encounter of importance they'd hed with some o' the more advanced scholars. Durin' the last term, on two or three 'casions, the onesidedness o' these contests hed resulted in the entire disruption, sorter, o' the school, an' the retirin' to the neighborin' woods o' the school-teacher.

"'Nothing' I said, 'seemed to tend to the disorganization an' gineral disquietin' o' the educational system of our community as to hev a teacher take holt o' it thet hed only mediocre attainments in back-heelin', collar-an'-elbow an' plum out-an'-out knockin' down an' fallin' onto. I candidly tole 'im that I's afeered he'd be winded in a few roun's even by some o' the younger an' less ambitious pupils. What could we, the School Board, hev to expect, then, when he's tackled, an' tackled he would be, by one or more o' the head scholars, weighin', after harvest, one hundred and ninety pounds in their bare feet. There was pupils on the roll o' thet little country school, thet with one solid jolt under the hat rim, could show him more stars than all the colleges an' observatories in the hull Western Reserve.

"He looked a leedle excited an' more earnest, like, at this, but said right off he d undertake it anyway ef he could hev the chance, as he was hard up an' wanted money bad to complete his theological studies. I smiled some et the idee o' how them big six-foot students ud help pave his way to the ministery.

"Well, we concluded to give 'im a chance, as he knew somethin' already, an' was quiet an' willin' to learn more, an' we hoped this experience would, on the whole, at least not have a tendency to upset, but strengthen, rather, his purpose in life. The day-school opened; I made it a pint to go roun' to the school-house, long 'bout the middle o' the forenoon, determined rather'n to hev the clever young feller hurt I'd take a han' myself. On enterin' the school-room I's surprised to at fust see nobody but the slim young teacher, an' him very dejected an' anxious lookin'. Goin' a ways up the aisle, I seed two o' the ole time ringleaders o' school-house rackets settin' quietly in a corner pale an' streaked an' with heads tied up, but very intent on their lessons.

"'My friend,' said the teacher, 'I'm afeered your no doubt well intended description o' these pupils, was, unwisely, very much overdrawn. B'llevin' implicity, every word ye uttered, I come yere determined to win er 't'd be the fault o' the referee. An' when these two fellers showed 'et they's spilin' fer a fight, I give it to 'em without a single stipulation, an' the best I hed in the shop, never thinkin' but what they knew *somethin o' sparrin'*. Yere ye see the result,' sweeping his arms languidly over the empty benches an' towards the two damaged but studious youths in the corner. 'O' course,' he continued, 'I knocked out the greenies too quick for common exercise, an' so doin' innocently got in on 'em so hard that they'll be no good to study, though now ever so keen, fer two weeks. The rest o' the school tuck to the woods before the close o' the fust an' only roun'.'

"Sinkin' back into a disjointed heap, he wound up with, 'I'm feered I've busted the school up.'

"An' would ye believe it? We couldn't no more git a single scholar to go to school agin to thet feller than nothin'! So we finally hed to fire 'im with two full months' unearned pay in his pockets."—*Sun, the Sarcastic.*

TONS OF MONEY.

How Huge Sums Are Carted Through the Streets of the Capital.

There is always a good deal of hard cash being carted about the streets at Washington. Money is hauled about the streets of the National capital by the millions every day in the year. Boxes and bags of gold and silver, huge bales of bonds and treasury notes, and wagon loads of silver dollars. If you only had what is hauled about for one day, and you wouldn't have to pick your day (exclusive of Sundays and legal holidays) you would be several times over a millionaire. On some days the money-changing is greater than on others, but the same ceaseless carting up and down, to and from the Treasury doors, of hard cash goes on. Big express wagons are always backed up at the eastern front, and the crashing and mashing of the heavy iron-bound boxes and road-safes upon the massive platform resounds from morning till night. The rolling of the iron trucks transferring these boxes to and from the great vaults can be heard all over the building. People get used to most anything except starvation; so they grow accustomed to the daily shuffling and smashing noise. We who have dodged the boxes and wagons for years only notice them as a nuisance, while strangers do not understand what it all means. Even Treasury officials forget all about it. For instance, the other day when steamers arrived at the navy-yard with silver dollars from New Orleans, the Treasurer of the United States suggested a guard of four armed marines with each wagon-load from the boats to the Treasury.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Superintendent of Adams Express Company, "we handle ten times as much money as is contained in a wagon-load of silver a dozen times a day, and often in packages which could be carried away by one man!"

To see one of the heaviest Adams trucks loaded with $60,000, in silver dollars, drawn slowly up Pennsylvania avenue is to appreciate the humor of the marines. The boxes are piled up half way to the level with the wagon side. Each one contains but $1,000, and yet weighs about 275 pounds. Did you ever lift 1,000 silver dollars? Well, I have lifted a sack containing that much, and I should not carry it very far for it. On top of this load sits a Treasury clerk, armed to the teeth, with a sun umbrella. Nobody envies him up there on his borrowed wealth. No mob of road agents would care to lug off a box of 275 pounds worth but $1,000. It takes four men to carry a single box, and they could never get away with four days' start.—*Washington Cor. Cleveland Leader.*

The Cologne Cathedral.

A statement has just appeared in the Cologne *Gazette* of the cost of restoring and completing the great cathedral. The work on the building, begun in the thirteenth century, on the site of an older structure, had been discontinued for three-quarters of a century, when it was resumed in 1823. From that date the work has been carried on with greater or less vigor continually until April 1 in the present year. The cost since 1823, including a contribution of 250,000 marks from the Cathedral tax, was 21,000,000 marks, or $5,250,000. This estimate is quite independent of gifts of valuable objects for the religious services or for the decoration of the building, and of a large number of private donations and funds for pious foundations. Among the more precious relics preserved at the cathedral are the bones of "three Kings of Cologne," whom tradition has identified with the wise men of the East who came from afar and paid homage to the infant Savior.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Mary Anderson says the first thing she ever played was "hooky" from school.

—The Prince of Wales is a Colonel in forty-one different regiments. A man always has luck if born a Prince.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Hugh Blaney, a Dublin wine merchant, who recently died at the age of ninety-three, used to boast that he had worn the same coat for sixty years.

—Lawrence E. Moones, of Cincinnati, and Miss Cora Lennox, of Dayton, O., were recently married, their acquaintance and courtship having all been by telegraph. Both were operators.

—Literary activity in the United States is on the increase, one thousand more copyrights having been granted during 1885 than at a corresponding time in 1884. This increase is largely due to the great number of articles copyrighted by newspapers and magazines.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The late "H. H." (Mrs. Helen Hunt), whose second husband was William S. Jackson, had many of the traits ascribed to genius, but indifference to her husband was not one of them. They were very fond of one another, and he was always her last court of appeal.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Josh Billings seated himself at a table, threw his handkerchief across one knee and lectured recently upon the "Probabilities of Life." "I have been trying for the past forty years to find out at what time of life a man is most foolish, and when I find out I'll let you know," he told his audience.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—"He was a most peculiar fellow about his clothes," writes a Washington correspondent, speaking of no less a person than the Father of his Country, "and some of his brass buttons he had cast with his initials G. W., and around their top the legend, 'Long live the President.' Such a button lies before me as I write."

—Edmund Clarence Stedman, who made a love match when a mere boy, running away with the pretty girl who had fascinated him, has kept up the romance ever since, and he is now, although comparatively young, a grandfather. He does not, after the manner of many singers, reveal all his poetry to the outside world and preserve his prose for in-doors employment. Whatever he writes his wife hears first, and she is, he says, his gentlest and yet his most exacting critic.—*N. Y. Times.*

—When that heartless foe, Yellow Jack, who proved more deadly than Yankee bullets, slew General Hood there were left eleven little Hood children without father or mother. Six of the eleven were twins. Two of the eleven died, and nine still live—three at New Orleans, one at Colesna, Miss., two at New York City, two at Woodville, Miss., and one at Scarsdale, N. Y. Not only have the orphans good homes, but a fund of $20,000 raised for them already has rolled, like the traditional snowball of the philosopher of thrift, into a lump worth $28,775.—*Boston Post.*

—Samuel Green, the second printer in this country, was born in England in 1615; died at Cambridge, Mass., January 1, 1702. He succeeded Day, the first printer, in 1648. Mr. Green had nineteen children, and his descendants were a race of printers in New England and in Maryland. He printed the Psalter, translated into the Indian language by Eliot the apostle, and many other books. His son, Bartholomew, printed in April, 1704, the first newspaper ever issued in America, the Boston *News Letter*, which was continued by Green and his successors.—*Boston Budget.*

HUMOROUS.

—Nurse—Come, Willie, didn't you hear your mother tell you to come right into the house? Willie—Stop 'minding me of it. I'm trying to forget it.

—She was plump and beautiful, and he was wildly fond of her; she hated him, but, woman-like, she strove to cate's him. He was a fly.—*Siftings Leather Reporter.*

—Judge Biddle, of Philadelphia, has decided that kissing a woman is no crime. We believe, however, that kissing is a thing that every woman should set her face against.—*Allentown Chronicle.*

—A contemporary tells of a Virginia babe who mimics every tune he hears, and hums himself to sleep. But if the parents ever take the youngster to a minstrel show, they will be willing to go back to the old reliable paregoric.—*San Francisco Post.*

—Betsy, an old colored cook, was mooning around the kitchen one day, when her mistress asked her if she was ill. "No ma'am, not 'exactly,'" said Betsy, "but de fac' is, I don't feel ambition 'nough to git outer my own way."—*Harpers' Bazar.*

—"Dat man 'Punity mus' be a terrible fellah," said the Wylie avenue kalsominer. "I hab read 'bout men stealin' wid 'punity and shootin' wid 'punity, an' cheatin' wid 'punity. 'Pears like de 'Punity family bettah be sent out ob dis country."—*East End Bulletin.*

—An English scientist says the earth's surface is slowly changing, and what is a valley to-day may be a mountain a million years hence. A man who contemplates erecting a residence in the valley should remember this, and be prepared to find his house on the top of a high mountain in the year 1,001,885.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"How are you to-day, my dear?" asked the High School girl of her friend as they met. "Oh, I feel under the weather to-day, Mildred," was the reply. "Had you not better say 'subordinated to meteorological conditions of the atmosphere,' instead of 'under the weather?'" gently corrected Mildred.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

—"Well, Robert, an' how did you like Hamerica?" "Oh, Hi liked it well enough, ye know, only they live so blarsted fast over there." "Do they, though?" "Aye an' they do that. Why blarst me if they don't live so fast that when they send a man to prison for ten years he serves hout 'is term in seven, ye know.—*Chicago News.*

—Mrs. Fresh—Won't you please favor us with a song, Miss Porterhouse? Miss Porterhouse—Really, Mrs. Fresh, I am in very poor voice to-night, and fear I can not give satisfaction. "Oh, never mind that! Everybody is so dull to-night, and I have noticed that singing will always start conversation. No one will listen to you at all."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—He—I told Mr. Bluff what you said, Clara; that you felt really insulted that he should come into your presence in his shirt sleeves. She—I am sorry you told him, John; it is needless to make the poor fellow feel bad about his appearance. But what did he say? He—Oh, he said if he had known you objected to shirt sleeves he should have rolled them up out of sight.—*Boston Transcript.*