Essex County Herald.

W. H. BISHOP, Publisher.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY

—AT—

ISLAND POND, VT.

TERMS, $1.50 Per Year, in Advance.

Essex County Herald.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF ESSEX COUNTY.

VOL. XVIII. ISLAND POND, VERMONT, SEPTEMBER 5, 1890. NO. 28.

Essex County Herald.

FINE JOB PRINTING.

This Office is supplied with all the requisites for doing a first-class Job Printing business, and promptly executes

WEDDING CARDS, LAWYERS' BRIEFS,
VISITING CARDS, HANDBILLS,
BUSINESS CARDS, PROGRAMMES,
BALL CARDS, BILL HEADS,
BILLS OF FARE, STATEMENTS,
WINE CARDS, PAMPHLETS,
LAW CARDS and CIRCULARS.

☞Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

W. H. BISHOP, Island Pond, Vt.

MASONIC DIRECTORY.

ISLAND POND LODGE, No. 44, F. & A. M. Stated Communications the second Monday in each month.

KEYSTONE CHAPTER, No. 16, R. A. M. Stated Convocations the first Monday in each month.

VERMONT COUNCIL, No. 20, R. & S. M. Stated Assemblies first Monday in each month.

NORTH STAR CHAPTER, No. 25, O. E. S. Stated Meetings the third Monday in each month.

I. O. O. F.

ESSEX LODGE, No. 18. Meets every Thursday evening.

I. O. G. T.

ISLAND POND LODGE, No. 40. Meets first and third Wednesdays in each month.

G. A. R.

ERASTUS BUCK POST, No. 78. Meets each Friday on or before the full of the moon.

W. R. C.

ERASTUS BUCK, No. 30, Dept. of Vermont. Meets alternate Thursdays.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Z. M. MANSUR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
And Solicitor in Chancery,
Island Pond, Vermont.

H. W. LUND,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Canaan, Vermont.
Business by mail or otherwise promptly attended to.

F. D. HALE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Lunenburg, Vt.

ALFRED R. EVANS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office over Post Office, GORHAM, N. H.
All business by mail or otherwise promptly attended to.

OSSIAN RAY,
LAWYER,
Practices before both State and United States Courts in New Hampshire and Vermont. Office,
TOWN HALL BUILDING, LANCASTER, N. H.

BATES & MAY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Main Street, opposite Post Office,
St. Johnsbury, Vt.

A. ELIE,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,
Island Pond, Vt.
Office at residence on Cross Street.

F. A. NEWELL,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,
Lunenburg, Vt.
☞Office at Residence.

E. F. NORCROSS, M. D., D. D. S.,
ISLAND POND, VT.
OFFICE, ROOM 23, STEWART HOUSE.
SPECIALTIES—Operative Dentistry, Ear Affections, Gynecology, and Skin Diseases.
Consultation fee, at office, 50 cents. Correspondence of patients, by mail, receives prompt attention. Office open night and day.

W. W. LOMBARD,
WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,
Island Pond, Vermont.

L. W. STEVENS,
DEPUTY SHERIFF
for Orleans County. Office at J. S. Sweeney's. EAST CHARLESTON, VERMONT.

BILLIARDS. POOL. CIGARS.
W. W. CHENEY,
BARBER,
Island Pond House, Island Pond, Vt.
Hair Cutting, Shaving, Shampooing and Dyeing. Cutting Misses' and Children's Hair a specialty. Razors thoroughly honed.

PATRICK JUDGE,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
Cross Street, Island Pond, Vt.
☞All kinds of Repairing done in a neat and substantial manner.

MELCHER -:- HOUSE,
GROVETON, N. H.
TIBBETTS & McNALLY, - Proprietors.
Patrons conveyed to and from Station free. Livery Stable connected.

L. H. JENKS,
DENTIST.
JENK'S BLOCK, COATICOOK, P. Q
At Essex House, Island Pond, Vt., the first Wednesday in each month.

MONADNOCK HOUSE,
COLEBROOK, N. H.,
T. G. ROWAN, - PROPRIETOR.
First-class Livery connected with the House.
This Hotel is pleasantly located in one of the most flourishing villages in Northern New Hampshire, and having been thoroughly refurnished and refitted, offers great inducements to Summer Tourists. The House is fitted throughout with steam heat, and all modern conveniences.

France claims to have seventy-six millionaires.

The Rev. Dr. Storrs, of New York city, says that the principal duty of the college president these days is to get money for the college.

People who are alarmed about hypnotism should recollect, advises the Atlanta *Constitution*, that no person can be hypnotized for the first time against his will. Nobody is in any danger so long as he is unwilling to submit to a hypnotic operator.

The centennial of the discovery of coal in Pennsylvania will be celebrated in September next year. It was a hunter named Philip Ginter who made the discovery on Mauch Creek Mountain, in Carbon County, and therefore the proposed monument will be dedicated to his memory.

The Hudson's Bay Company is selling off its lands in the Northwest, and dividing the proceeds among the stockholders. Mild winters and changes in fashion have depreciated the value of the furs in its domain, and dealers have large quantities on hand. The company's lands, however, are increasing in value, being in demand for settlement.

The rules of the New York Coffee Exchange have been amended so as to make coffee from the East and West Indies, North, Central and South America a "good delivery," that from Brazil only having been a good delivery heretofore. The amount of coffee from these countries, estimates the *Farm, Field and Stockman*, will be 12,000,000 bags in lieu of 4,000,000 as the rule stood before.

By the official "rough count" in the Census Bureau Chicago is entitled to the proud position of the second city in the Union, announces the New York *Tribune*. Her population is 1,098,576, which puts her 53,682 ahead of Philadelphia and leaves her former rival, Brooklyn, far in the rear. Chicago's growth in the ten years has been 118.32 per cent.—a percentage of growth never equaled or approached by any other great city and a marvel in itself. Now that Chicago is No. 2, it becomes her to brace up and prepare for a World's Fair that will do credit to the country and in particular to its second city.

The editor of the *Business Chronicle* learns from a St. Louis scientist that the catfish in the Mississippi River near that city have developed abnormally large pectoral fins, owing to the habit they have indulged in for several generations of putting their heads out of the steaming water during the hot months of a St. Louis summer and fanning themselves with those fins. The story is an interesting one as showing the effect of environment on the process of evolution, comments the New Orleans *Picayune*, but it gives one a poor opinion of the intelligence of a St. Louis catfish. There is nothing to hinder it from coming northward for a summer vacation. Many of the people of St. Louis can't get away in June, July and August, but the catfish can.

The census bulletin in regard to the indebtedness of the United States and the States makes a gratifying exhibit, observes the New York *News*. In the last ten years the aggregate State indebtedness has decreased about $58,000,000, while the United States has decreased its net debt $999,141,205. This is a showing which no other country in the world can equal. Every section of the country has taken part in this decrease of indebtedness. In most of the States the indebtedness has been reduced by the use of the revenues not needed for current expenses. But in a few States the apparent decrease of the debt has arisen from the scaling down of the old debts. The State having the largest indebtedness is Virginia, which figures to the amount of $31,525,535. Altogether the financial exhibit of the nation is one that it may well be proud of.

The new French Giffard gun, for which the inventor has received a prize of $2000 and a gold medal, is discharged by the expansion of a liquefied gas. A single drop of the liquid furnishes the charge for a steel cartridge. Of course, the gun is noiseless. It is said to be also cheap and convenient; odorless as well as smokeless. The French Government will test its practical ability. When the inevitable and long-impending conflict of foreign armies take place, *Frank Leslie's* is of the opinion that the world will watch with interest many experiments with weapons devised of late years. With great armies equipped with the newest and most destructive engines of war, conflicts will be shortened. Perhaps one of the results of the inventions of formidable war machines will be a more favorable leaning toward international arbitration in the Old World.

Only one county (Washoe) in Nevada shows an increase in population over the census ten years ago..

Says the Boston *Globe*: The application of electricity and the overhead trolley system for propelling canal-boats promises an economy of fifty per cent. The canal-boat mule will soon take his place in innocuous desuetude along with the street car horse.

The *Housewife* exultantly exclaims that "the college girls are walking away with the honors rapidly. It is no wonder the male colleges are chary of granting them to women students; the men would stand little chance, except in the field of athletics, if the women were allowed to compete on equal terms for degrees."

The Mayor of Newport, Montana, declared some new baths open. He then withdrew, and throwing aside his robes of office, reappeared before the large gathering of ladies and gentlemen in a bathing suit. Plunging into the water, he swam the full length of the bath, and his example was followed by several Town Councilors and policemen.

The Supreme Court of Illinois has just decided that a man cannot be excluded from the witness stand in that State on account of his religious disbelief. The witness in the case under review believed in a God and a hereafter, and in punishment through the courts if he swore falsely, but he had formed no opinion about punishment in the next world. The Supreme Court held that he was a competent witness.

It is "ripe meat" that you must ask for now, if you wish to stamp yourself as a true disciple of epicureanism, says the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*. "Ripe meat" is meat that has been killed and kept from three to four months in an even temperature just above freezing. This softens the fibers and makes the coarse part luscious because of the absence of "full blood." Meat subjected to such a process is so tender that it melts in your mouth as easily as charlotte russe; so tender, in fact, that the fastidious epicure will eat no other kind.

The *Commercial Advertiser* has come to the conclusion that lovely woman is the same all the world over—at Buda-Pest as well as in other places. The other day six hundred females forced their way into the palace, their object being to inspect the trousseau of the Archduchess Margaret. They fought the police and lackeys with—their parasols! and then, the enemy being conquered, fought with each other. Of the parasol handles there were afterward taken up several basketsful. Good business for the local umbrella makers. Noble Six Hundred!

The Chicago *Herald* claims that "when typewriters become cheap a great change will occur in the education of children. There will be little occasion for teaching them to write. Experiments made with some quite young children show that by the use of one of these instruments they will learn to read, spell and write in less time than they learn to do one of these things under the present methods of instruction. All children delight in using a machine. They are fascinated with an instrument that enables them to print their own names and those of their companions. They do not tire of using it for the reason that it enables them to do a great variety of things. It is possible that the typewriter may accomplish more in increasing intelligence than the printing press has done. It will be a time and labor saving machine adapted to the acquirement and dissemination of knowledge.

J. W. Brayley, one of the foremost fish merchants in Newfoundland, recently visited Montreal, Canada, it is said, on a secret mission in connection with the islanders' troubles. In an interview he said that many of the people express themselves as strongly in favor of annexation to the United States if there is not a satisfactory settlement of the question which is now causing so much anxiety on the island. They argue that if there is to be any change of allegiance at all it is better to unite with the United States, which they believe will protect their interests and at the same time they gain a market of sixty millions of people for what they can produce, while if they joined with Canada their gain would be a market of only six millions of people. It was an English man-of-war and not a French one that closed up Baird's lobster factory on the French coast, and English vessels are responsible for most of the acts which are causing the present trouble. In connection with the ball heretofore given annually to the officers of Her Majesty's ships, Mr. Brayley said that if such courtesy had been officially given this year it would have led to the overthrow of the Government.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "Kind Words Never Die, Cherished and Blessed."

TEXT: "*A soft tongue breaketh the bone.*"—Prov. xxv., 15.

When Solomon said this he drove a whole volume into one phrase. You, of course, will not be so silly as to take the words of the text in a literal sense. They simply mean to set forth the fact that there is a tremendous power in a kind word. Although it may seem to be very insignificant, its force is indescribable and illimitable. Pungent and all conquering utterance: "A soft tongue breaketh the bone."

If the weather were not so hot and I had time I would show you kindness as a means of defense; kindness as a means of usefulness; kindness as a means of domestic harmony; kindness as best employed by governments for the taming and curing of criminals, and kindness as best adapted for the settling and adjusting of international quarrels; but I shall call your attention only to two of these thoughts.

And first I speak to you of kindness as a means of defense. Almost every man in the course of his life is set upon and assaulted. Your motives are misinterpreted, and your religious or political principels are bombarded. What to do under such circumstances is the question. The first impulse of the natural heart says: "Strike back. Give as much as he sent. Trip him into the ditch which he dug for your feet. Gash him with as severe a wound as that which he inflicted on your soul. Shot for shot. Sarcasm for sarcasm. An eye for an eye. A tooth for a tooth." But the better spirit in the man's soul rises up and says: "You ought to reconsider that matter." You look up into the face of Christ and say: "My Master, how ought I to act under these difficult circumstances?" And Christ instantly answers: "Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you."

Then the old nature rises up again and says: "You had better not forgive him until first you have chastised him. You will never get him in so tight a corner again. You will never have such an opportunity of inflicting the right kind of punishment upon him again. First chastise him and then let him go." "No," says the better nature; "hush, thou foul heart. Try the soft tongue that breaketh the bone." Have you ever in all your life known acerbity and acrimonious dispute to settle a quarrel? Did they not always make matters worse and worse and worse?

Many years ago there was a great quarrel in the Presbyterian family. Ministers of Christ were thought orthodox in proportion as they had measured lances with other clergymen of the same denomination. The most outrageous personalities were abroad. As in the autumn a hunter comes home with a string of game, partridges and wild ducks slung over his shoulder, so there were many ministers who came back from the ecclesiastical courts with long strings of doctors of divinity whom they had shot with their own rifle. The division became wider, the animosity greater, until after a while some good men resolved upon another tack. They began to explain away the difficulties; they began to forgive each other's faults, and lo! the great church quarrel was settled, and the new school Presbyterian church and the old school Presbyterian church became one—the different parts of the Presbyterian order welded by a hammer, a little hammer, a Christian hammer, that the Scripture calls "a soft tongue."

You have a dispute with your neighbor. You say to him, "I despise you." He replies, "I can't bear the sight of you." You say to him, "Never enter my house again." He says, "If you come on my door sill I'll kick you off." You say to him, "I'll put you down." He says to you, "You are mistaken, I'll put you down." And so the contest rages, and year after year you act the un-Christian part. After a while the better spirit seizes you, and one day you go over to the neighbor and say: "Give me your hand; we have fought long enough. Time is so short and eternity is so near that we cannot afford any longer to quarrel. I feel you have wronged me very much, but let us settle all now in one great hand shaking, and be good friends for all the rest of our lives." You have risen to a higher platform than that on which before you stood. You win his admiration, and you get his apology. But if you have not conquered him in that way, at any rate you have won the applause of your own conscience, the high estimation of good men, and the honor of your Lord, who died for His armed enemies.

"But," you say, "what are we to do when slanders assault us and there come acrimonious sayings all around about us, and we are abused and spat upon?" My advice is: Do not go and attempt to chase down the slanders. Lies are prolific, and while you are killing one fifty are born. All your demonstrations of indignation only exhaust yourself. You might as well on some summer night, when the swarms of insects are coming up from the meadows and disturbing you and disturbing your family, bring up some great "swamp angel," like that which thundered over Charleston, and try to shoot them down. The game is too small for the gun.

But what, then, are you to do with the abuses that come upon you in life. You are to live them down. I saw a farmer go out to get back a swarm of bees that had wandered off from the hive. As he moved amid them they buzzed around his head, and buzzed around his hands, and buzzed around his feet. If he had killed one of them they would have stung him to death. But he moved in their midst with perfect placidity until he had captured the swarm of wandering bees. And so I have seen men moving amid the annoyances, and the vexations, and the assaults of life in such calm, Christian deliberation that all the buzzing around about their soul amounted to nothing. They conquered them, and above all they conquered themselves. "Oh," you say, "that's a very good theory to preach on a hot day, but it won't work." It will work. It has worked. I believe it is the last Christian grace we win. You know there are fruits which we gather in June, and others in July, and others in August, and others in September, and still others in October; and I have to admit that this grace of Christian forgiveness is about the last fruit of the Christian soul.

We hear a great deal about the bitter tongue, and the sarcastic tongue, and the quick tongue, and the stinging tongue, but we know very little about "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone." We read Hudibras, and Sterne, Dean Swift, and other apostles of acrimony, but give little time to studying the example of Him who was reviled, and yet reviled not again. O that the Lord by His spirit would endow us all with "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone."

I press now to the other thought that I desire to present, and that is, kindness as a means of usefulness. In all communities you find skeptical men. Through early education, or through the maltreatment of professed Christian people, or through prying curiosity about the future world, there are a great many people who become skeptical in religious things. How shall you capture them for God? Sharp argument and sarcastic retort never won a single soul from skepticism to the Christian religion. While powerful books on the "Evidences of Christianity" have their mission in confirming Christian people in the faith they have already adopted, I have noticed that when skeptical people are brought into the kingdom of Christ it is through the charm of some genial soul, and not by argument at all.

Men are not saved through the head; they are saved through the heart. A storm comes out of its hiding place. It says: "Now, we'll just rouse up all this sea;" and it makes a great bluster, but it does not succeed. Part of the sea is roused up—perhaps one-half of it, or one-fourth of it. After a while the calm moon, placid and beautiful, looks down, and the ocean begins to rise. It comes up to high water mark. It embraces the great headlands. It submerges the beaches of all the continents. It is the heart throb of one world against the heart throb of another world. And I have to tell you that while all your storms of ridicule and storms of sarcasm may rouse up the passion of an immortal nature, nothing less than the attractive power of Christian kindness can ever raise the deathless spirit to happiness and to God. I have more faith in the prayer of a child five years old, in the way of bringing an infidel back to Christ and to heaven, than I have in all the hissing thunderbolts of ecclesiastical controversy.

You cannot overcome men with religious argumentation. If you come at a skeptical man with an argument on behalf of the Christian religion, you put the man on his mettle. He says: "I see that man has a carbine. I'll use my carbine. I'll answer his argument with my argument." But if you come to that man persuading him that you desire his happiness on earth and his eternal welfare in the world to come, he cannot answer it.

What I have said is just as true in the reclamation of the openly vicious. Did you ever know a drunkard to be saved through the caricature of a drunkard? Your mimicry of the staggering step, and the thick tongue, and the disgusting hiccough only worse maddens his brain. But if you come to him in kindness and sympathy, if you show him that you appreciate the awful grip of a depraved appetite, if you persuade him of the fact that thousands who had the grappling hooks of evil inclination clutched in their soul as firmly as in his have been delivered, then a ray of light will flash across his vision, and it will seem as if a supernatural hand was steadying his staggering gait.

A good many years ago there lay in the streets a man dead drunk, his face exposed to the blistering noonday sun. A Christian woman passed along, looked at him and said, "Poor fellow." She took her handkerchief and spread it over his face, and passed on. The man roused himself up from his debauch and began to look at the handkerchief and lo! on it was the name of a highly respectable Christian woman of the city. He went to her, he thanked her for her kindness, and that one little deed saved him for this life, and saved him for the life that is to come. He was afterward Attorney-General of the United States; but higher than all, he became the consecrated disciple of Jesus Christ.

Kind words are so cheap it is a wonder we do not use them oftener. There are tens of thousands of people who are dying for the lack of one kind word. There is a business man who has fought against trouble until he is perfectly exhausted. He has been thinking about forgery, about robbery, about suicide. Go to that business man. Tell him that better times are coming, and tell him that you yourself were in a tight business pass, and the Lord delivered you. Tell him to put his trust in God. Tell him that Jesus Christ stands beside every business man in his perplexities. Tell him of the sweet promises of God's comforting grace.

That man is dying for the lack of just one kind word. Go to-morrow and utter that one saving, omnipotent, kind word. Here is a soul that has been swamped in sin. He wants to find the light of the Gospel. He feels like a shipwrecked mariner looking out over the beach, watching for a sail against the sky. Oh, bear down on him. Tell him that the Lord waits to be gracious to him, and, though he has been a great sinner, there is a great Saviour provided. Tell him that though his sins are as scarlet they shall be as snow; though they are red like crimson they shall be as wool. That man is dying forever for the lack of one kind word.

There used to be sung at a great many of the pianos all through the country a song that has almost died out. I wish somebody would start it again in our social circles. There may have not been very exquisite art in the music, but there was a grand and glorious sentiment:

Kind words never die, never die;
Cherished and blessed.

Oh, that we might in our families and in our churches try the force of kindness. You can never drive men, women or children into the kingdom of God. A March northeaster will bring out more honeysuckles than fretfulness and scolding will bring out Christian grace. I wish that in all our religious work we might be saturated with the spirit of kindness. Missing that we miss a great deal of usefulness. There is no need of coming out before men and thundering to them the law unless at the same time you preach to them the Gospel. Do you not know that this simple story of a Saviour's kindness is to redeem all nations? The hard heart of this world's obduracy is to be broken before that story.

There is in Antwerp, Belgium, one of the most remarkable pictures I ever saw. It is "The Descent of Christ from the Cross. It is one of Rubens's pictures. No man can stand and look at that descent from the cross as Rubens pictured it, without having his eyes flooded with tears, if he have any sensibility at all. It is an overmastering picture—one that stuns you, and staggers you, and haunts your dreams. One afternoon a man stood in that cathedral looking at Rubens's "Descent of Christ from the Cross." He was all absorbed in that scene of a Saviour's sufferings when the janitor came in and said: "It is time to close up the cathedral for the night. I wish you would depart." The pilgrim looking at that "Descent of Christ from the Cross," turned around to the janitor and said; "No, no; not yet. Wait until they get Him down."

Oh, it is the story of a Saviour's suffering kindness that is to capture the world. When the bones of that great Behemoth of iniquity which has trampled all nations shall be broken and shattered, it will be found out that the work was not done by the hammer of the iconoclast, or by the sword of the conqueror, or by the torch of persecution, but by the plain, simple, overwhelming force of "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone."

And now I ask the blessing of God to come down upon you in matters of health, in matters of business; that the Lord will deliver you from all your financial perplexities; that he will give you a good livelihood, large salaries, healthful wages, sufficient income. I pray God that He may give you the opportunity of educating your children for this world, and through the rich grace of our Lord Jesus Christ of seeing them prepared for the world that is to come.

Above all, I look for the mercy of God upon your immortal souls; and lest I stand before some who have not yet attended to the things of their eternal interest, in this, the closing part of my discourse, I implore them here and now to seek after God and be at peace with Him. Oh, we want to be gathered together at last in the bright and blessed assemblage of the skies, our work all done, our sorrows all ended. God bless you, and your children, and your children's children. And now I commend you to God and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up and give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

CORPORATIONS TEACH TEMPERANCE.

The temperance movement is having a substantial backing from a strictly business quarter. The New Jersey Central Railroad has followed the example of Vanderbilt's lines and issued an order forbidding on penalty of dismissal all employes of the road to take anything intoxicating either while on or off duty. Naturally this order has stirred up some feeling among the employes, who do not as a rule, profess to be total abstainers, and the feeling is not, perhaps, as warmly commendatory of the order as is that of the traveling public. Temperance could have no stronger indorsement than the fact that these great roads enforce it as a matter of policy, and it is undoubtedly true that drinking habits are going more and more out of fashion. One hears much less often the well-worn phrase: "A very brilliant fellow when he is sober." In the keen competition of the present day to make his way in the world a man needs to have all his wits about him, which he cannot have when his brain is stupefied by drink.—*Washington Star.*

TAKING THEIR PICTURES.

HOW CITY CRIMINALS ARE OFFICIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED.

They Object Strenuously at First, but the Agony is Soon Over—How the Women Feel About It.

The aid lent by the photograph in the capture of thieves and criminals generally is well known to readers of newspapers, as is also the fact that there is a "Rogues' Gallery" in the police headquarters of every large city. But it is not so well known that many difficulties attend the photographing of criminals, and ludicrous results are often the outcome. A large picture hanging in Inspector Byrnes's room exemplifies this fact. It represents the photographing of Thomas Featherstone, a noted burglar. He is forcibly held in a chair by four officers, and is struggling as violently as a man can struggle under the circumstances. His head is held up by one of the officers, whose hands are entwined in his hair, and the other officers are straining their muscles to hold him in a sitting position. Nine rogues out of every ten strenuously object to having their pictures taken, and it is mainly for this reason that the whereabouts of the official photographer is kept a profound secret.

This introduces the fact that there is a photographer under a standing contract with the Police Department of this city to take the pictures of rogues, and it is stipulated in his contract that he shall give no information to newspapers. The predecessor in office of this artist was discovered in the act of doing a lucrative business by selling copies to the rogues themselves of the photographs taken for the department, and his official career was brought to a sudden termination.

The present incumbent is a very different sort of man. His place is not in the Police Headquarters Building, but it is conveniently near by. Detective Sergeant Adams, the custodian of the photograph and record department of headquarters, is charged with the duty of preparing the subjects for their sittings. His first step is to measure the subject and examine his body for any scars or marks, tattooed or other, all of which are carefully noted and recorded.

Then the man or woman, as the subject may be, is politely informed that it will be necessary to sit for a photograph. If any objection is made, and, as before said, objection usually is made, the prisoner is invited to look at the Featherstone picture or one similar to it and told that he can have his choice and be photographed in that way or so as to make a respectable appearance. Then he is escorted to the gallery, when he is brought face to face with a camera that is only used as a foil if the prisoner is obstreperous. The camera that does the work is concealed.

The prisoner hangs his head, say, and refuses to look up when asked to do so or shuts his eyes and distorts his face. The photographer makes a feint with the camera in sight, takes out the plate and exclaims, "Oh, pshaw! That is spoiled!" or words to that effect, and walks hurriedly out of the room. The prisoner raises his head at once and looks pleasant. He has outwitted the photographer. Then the concealed camera gets in its fine work and the rogue is still more surprised and pleased at being told that he can go.

"Many of them actually leave the place," said Detective Adams, "under the impression that we have failed to get a picture, but we also seldom fail to get a good picture. Most of the bad pictures in our collection come from western cities, where, I presume, the facilities for taking them are either not so good as ours or the rogues stand in less dread of the police."

Women often begin by protesting violently, and declaring they will die before they will allow their pictures to be taken, but they are frequently mollified by a little persuasion, and then they end by asking for a comb and brush to "primp" up for the sitting. Often they ask for copies of the photograph to send to their admirers. Some of the arguments that influence women are curious. A noted offender in the "panel line," after strenuously objecting, was finally persuaded to have a good picture taken, by Inspector Byrnes's suggestion that the picture would be seen by a great many persons, and might be the means of securing her an admirer. And yet she was not a handsome woman.

It is a suggestive parallel that the Anarchist, Johann Most, after he had been captured hiding under a bed, protested vehemently when the Inspector proposed to photograph him, but finding it inevitable, called for a comb and brush and smoothed his hair. Most, it will be remembered, threatened to bring suit against the department and everybody connected with it for putting his picture on the "Rogues Gallery, but eventually he changed his mind.

Among the noted female offenders whose pictures bear evidence of their efforts to defeat the work of the camera are Annie Herman, a shoplifter, whose head is thrown saucily on one side, with her eyes shut and her mouth distorted to a grin. Maria Burke, a partner of the former, assumes a more modest attitude, with her head held down, eyes shut, mouth screwed up. Mag Morton, a panel thief, has her head down and her eyes shut. "Mollie" Moore, a shoplifter, kept her eyes wide open, but drew in her lips. This last, who is a pretty girl, and looks like a bright and innocent one, is a daughter of Langdon W. Moore, alias Charles Adams, now nearing the close of a seventeen-year term in the Massachussets State Prison at Charlestown, for the famous Charlestown Bank burglary. A unique specimen in the female collection is the photograph of Lizzie Leonard, alias "Short-hair Liz," a young pickpocket who operates in male attire. She was prevailed on to sit in boy rig without contortion of her features.

William Stetson, burglar sneak, and receiver, alias "Bill the Brute," furnished on of the notable specimens in the male collection. Bill's last capture was somewhat funny. He encountered a Central Office detective coming out of a pawnshop on the Bowery one day, and mistaking him for a thief offered him a good price for any stolen goods he might have to sell. The officer, leading him on, made an appointment which Bill kept, well provided with money.

Butch McCarthy, alias William Jones, who was arrested in Washington as a suspicious character at the time of Harrison's inauguration, fought violently against being photographed. He appears with his head held back by two hands, his eyes closed and his mouth wide open. George Woods, alias "Big Jim Brady," one of the most notorious bank sneak thieves in the West, who has a military appearance, was photographed in Detroit. One officer is throttling him, another holds his whiskers and a third grips his shoulders. We don't do things that way here," said Sergeant Adams, referring to Wood's picture.

Fifty copies of each photograph and the negative are furnished to Sergeant Adams, and on the back of each copy is printed a condensed history of the criminal, with notes of the marks, if any, on his body. One copy is sent to each of the thirty-six police precincts in the city and the remainder are kept at headquarters for emergencies.—*New York Times.*

WISE WORDS.

A soft answer will kill where a club would fail.

Gold hunters must be willing to get their feet wet.

Hard work is only hard to those who are afraid of it.

When you give, do it cheerfully. Don't grumble.

When the heart don't sing the lips had better keep still.

The only way to have continual peace is to have continual trust.

Success will never come to your house without a special invitation.

Selfishness always drags down. The only real good is the good of all.

A man who is always looking for mud misses a good deal of fine scenery.

The man who knows a great deal never has to call attention to the fact.

The next best thing to owning something, is to be willing to do without it.

Your seeing depends upon your looking. If you look down you wont see much.

The only teachable people in anything are those who know their ignorance, and want to get rid of it.

Getting a man's heart right is better than putting a stronger lock on his neighbor's chicken house.

You must know where you are sowing, if you care enough about the matter to want to get your seed back.

When a soldier in the army had a chance to get his knapsack into a wagon he left it there until he got into camp.

A loafer is a good deal like a cork that has been pushed into a bottle. It does no good where it is, and isn't worth fishing out.

Some fiddlers can play a tune on one string, but it isn't much of a tune, and if it were the only one there was, there wouldn't be many dances.—*Indianapolis (Ind.) Ram's Horn.*

Cucumbers Not Noxious.

Many people are under the impression that cucumber is very indigestible, and when they eat it they do so under protest, and with apprehensions of possibly dire consequences. How this delusion can have arisen it is difficult to say, unless it be that cucumber is often eaten with salmon and other indigestible table friends. It is not the cucumber, however, but the salmon that sits so heavily upon our stomach's throne. Cucumber, in fact, is very digestible when eaten properly. It cannot, indeed, be otherwise when it is remembered that it consists mainly of water, and that those parts which are not water are almost exclusively cells of a very rapid growth. In eating cucumber it is well to cut it into thin slices, and to masticate them thoroughly. Even the vinegar and the pepper that are so often added to it are of service to the digestion if not taken in excess. The cucumber, as every one knows, belongs to the melon tribe, but in our somewhat cold country it does not grow to any very large size, and therefore it is firmer and looks less digestible than its congener, the melon. —*London Hospital.*

Peasant Life in Connemara.

The peasantry of Connemara, Ireland, live a very primitive life. Some of the reform landlords perplexed them with new ideas which they cannot understand. A small farm of ten acres rents at from $50 to $75. A farm horse is worth $500, and a driving horse $350 to $500. A cow brings $80 to $100; a heifer of two years, $60; a calf, $10 to $15; a ewe, $15; wool, twenty cents per pound; hay, fifty cents per cwt. for the old crop, and butter twenty cents to twenty-four cents per pound. The crows are a great pest, and even dig up the young potatoes and eat them. A fine black marble is quarried at Angliham, and a beautiful serpentine in the western districts.—*New York Tribune.*

The Heroes of Marathon.

The excavations in a hill on the plain of Marathon, by the Archæological Society of Athens, Greece, have resulted in the discovery of charred bones, believed to be the remains of the 192 Athenians who fell in the famous battle. Several years ago Dr. Schliemann made excavations at the same place, but he met with no success, and renounced the work. The charred bones were found at a depth of thirty-nine feet, near the base of the hill. In addition to the remains urns were found, which according to a custom of that time, were buried empty. At a later date the ashes were placed in them. The excavations are to be continued.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The Czar of Russia has issued an order forbidding applause in the theatres.