

made an address in Spanish, congratulating the people and the railroad in a few well-chosen terms.

distinction that it was Prof. W. S. Harris, of the Educational Bureau in Washington, D. C., under whom Mrs. Mayhew taught in St. Louis, who so publicly recognized her abilities.

AT POLLYS' PARK.

A LOT OF GOVERNMENT LAND NORTH OF SANTA MONICA.

A Piece of Land About Six Miles Square Which is Still Owned by Uncle Sam—A Delightful Region in All Particulars.

There is situated a beautiful, well-watered and timbered piece of country, about six miles square—that is if it were square, which it is not—within less than 20 miles north of Santa Monica and five miles from the sea, which still belongs to Uncle Sam, and for some unaccountable reason has never been surveyed, which for want of a better name I will call Polly's park, which has never been described or written about in the daily press.

Believing that a brief description of it would prove interesting to HERALD readers, I concluded to make the journey, see the land of promise, hold converse with its inhabitants, and sort of Moses-like spy out the land.

We—that my good, faithful dog and myself—left the train at Santa Monica, and after quizzing the gentlemen who are always noted in every community as the old-timers, we ascertained that the only way to reach the land of pure delight was by horseback, and being introduced to the mansion of Sir Polly, the same day, after whom we had the honor of naming the undiscovered country to which we hope some day to return.

We had not gone far before we met a charming couple in Mr. and Mrs. Lapham of far off Boston. Mr. Lapham's front name I cannot remember, it being a peculiar biblical one; like the one our honored vice-president adorns, and for want of a better one, I dubbed him Silas. They were particularly anxious to join our party, and after agreeing to abide the decision of the lady and myself, who acquiesced, we started northward with the hills in front of us, the sky overhead, the sea at our feet, and enthusiasm in our hearts, for we were not to spy out the promised land?

We reached the Malibu ranch about 4 in the afternoon, hungry and tired, and concluded to camp on the princely domains of Mr. Frederick H. Rindge, which formerly belonged to Don Mateo Keller, well known to Los Angeles.

The evening was all that man could desire, and as we pulled on our pipes and the cloudy sky that ascended, we pitched our tent, while Mrs. Lapham sang an improvised parody on "After the Ball is Over," called, "After We Get Home."

In the morning we had fish for breakfast and started for Polly's park. We found men at work on a road which will run from the Malibu ranch to the park and will cost \$1500, of which amount Mr. Rindge contributes \$600, the county \$500, and the people who have squatted on the land up there the remainder of \$400. This will give them a good road all the way to Port Los Angeles and Santa Monica. At last we arrived there and our expectations were more than realized. The land is superbly timbered with live oaks and extends from the Malibu ranch to the Conejo valley in Ventura county, and there are 20 families on the land who have cultivated it, built themselves houses, have cattle and bees in abundance. It is superbly watered and in the center Mr. Polly keeps a little store. We drank Mr. Polly's health and called the place Polly's park, which is inflated the honest granger that he treated again.

Game abounds in every direction, and the call of the quail is as familiar as the song of the mocking bird. We found a Mr. Decker, who has become famous as a deer hunter, and he has planted a nut and apple orchard, which is particularly thriving. We also found an old-time friend in Mr. Newton, who has a lot of bees and cattle, and gave us a sample of his cooking in pancakes with honey, fit for the last of the world.

TWILIGHT. Sing, sweet, it is the twilight hour; Thy voice brings rest and peace, And unto us thy power To bid adieu to care.

THE STUFFED CAT.

I was all alone one evening in my study. Do you not know this study? That is natural because I never have introduced you to it. Perhaps you would not like it. I like it very much—first of all because it is mine, and then because I have arranged it according to my tastes.

There is a little of everything in it—a colossal writing desk with an infinity of drawers and pigeonholes, a bookcase, some shelves for books, two tables, one large and one small; a divan, an armchair, on the floor rugs and cushions thrown down everywhere, pictures on the walls, a gas lamp in the center. In one corner on top of a column of black wood is a stuffed cat—a magnificent tiger striped cat with sparkling green eyes that seem ready to spring down from its pillar, tired probably of acting Simeon Stylites.

In this den of study, as you please to call it, I pass beautiful hours, day or evening, writing, reading, meditating, smoking and doing nothing. It is here that I retire in hours of the blues, in those hours of unconscious, instinctive ill humor which one cannot explain or justify and which exactly on that account one translates into an extraordinary nervous irritation. This den is the despair of my wife and the rest of the household because they are positively forbidden to touch, to even move a book or a paper under the pretext of putting in order which really is a real disorder. I will say even that if my wife, my sister-in-law, my nieces, could arrange my den according to their tastes, turning it upside down, they would be happy. But they do not venture for fear of me. Only when I speak of my study all those feminine lips curl with smiles, disdainful, ironical or compassionate.

It is especially the stuffed cat that jars upon their nerves. My wife absolutely wished to throw him away, give him away, destroy him. I was obliged to declare to her that such an outrage would immediately provoke on my part a demand for legal separation pending the approval of divorce by vote of the Italian chamber of deputies. Now that I have presented, so to say, the surroundings, I will go on to relate the fact, the terrible, frightful fact that has taken place in my delicious den and to which I am indebted for the gray hairs that embellish my 38-year-old locks. One evening in the autumn all my family was in the country. I only had staid in town to attend to some urgent work. I was all alone in the house. A woman came every morning to clean, to sweep and air the rooms and went away after noon. I dined at a restaurant.

Now, for some days I thought that I noticed in my study something strange, odd, unaccounted for. It had the same effect upon me as if something were not there in its place. I would have taken my oath that certain books had been moved, certain papers had been rummaged. I questioned the domestic, who swore and perjured herself to the effect that, faithful to her trust, she had touched nothing, but had limited herself to sweeping the floor and dusting the furniture. And no one else ever entered the room. One morning it seemed to me that the stuffed cat, my good cat with the green eyes that I called Tic when he was alive, had been touched. Certainly his attitude was not the same or I was dreaming. Yes, yes, his head was turned another way, and the expression of his face, that of an honest feline, was different from that which I was accustomed to have before my eyes. How in the world had such a strange phenomenon happened?

But this was nothing. For two or three evenings, shut up in my study, writing—alone in the large apartment—I thought I heard singular noises here and there. I arose from the desk, went into the study and all through the house, carefully examining every room, stopping now in this one, now in that, to listen. Nothing. The rooms were deserted; the silence was complete, profound. Then I returned to my study and set to work again. But the noises persisted and became more decided and frequent. I would have sworn my eyes were misty, my hands and feet were being scratched in the walls or forcing some look into my eyes. One evening indeed it seemed to me that the noise was just behind me, and I turned mechanically.

Well, I would have taken my oath that I saw the cat Tic move almost imperceptibly, and his eyes glowed brighter, and his back arch, and his bold, majestic tail stretch itself in an act of defiance. But surely it was an hallucination, because the cat was still in his place, impassible, and gave no sign of moving from his column. All these small things, insignificant and extraordinary at the same time, had impressed and disturbed me. By instinct, by nature, I don't fancy what I cannot explain. I am a foe to the supernatural, the marvelous, the mysterious, and I like to see clearly within and around myself. I you say an am of well balanced and sound temperament. Nervousness, morbidness and such nonsense annoy me and are repugnant to me.

And as I think I know myself pretty well, I was surprised and bored by a state of mind so contrary to my habits and nature. Evidently my physiological system was in a moment of crisis. How could I get out of it—be cured? Must I, too, take the first train and go into the country? Perhaps that would be the best way. But unfortunately I could not. I had an important engagement to supply some work, and I could not run away and leave it for whims of a dreamer fit for a hysterical woman. "Per bacco!" I told myself, "Pay no attention to the thing! Let us be a man, what, the deuce!" And I returned home that evening as usual, after having dined and visited the cafe. I had planned to work hard that evening, in order to make haste to finish. Having entered the house I made as usual an inspection of the apartment and found everything as before. Not even a chair out of place. Then I went into my study and lighted the gas, to be gone in a moment. But as soon as I seated myself at the desk and cast a glance upon the manuscript where I had left off writing, a marvelous, amazing surprise awaited me. You must know that I was writing a novel—oh, what a novel! Something fine, exceptionally fine! A romance like that surely no one ever wrote. The real and the fanciful, the romantic, the classic, the naturalistic, were skillfully mingled in it. Now that day when I went out I had interrupted the story at a very interesting point, and the period ended thus: "He burst into a sonorous laugh of scorn; he was very sure that the time of phantoms and specters was long past! That apparition then gave him no fear. It must be a trick." I had left it there. Taking up the pen in order to continue, with my good cigar lighted in my mouth, I cast my eyes on the paper, and what did I see? Just heaven! What indeed! Directly below the last line written by me had been written one word only: Fool! There it was, ironical and menacing, in Gothic letters, which showed the handwriting of a former age. Who had traced this scornful and mocking word? You can imagine whether I was not amazed. I will say even that I felt an impression of terror. My servant did not know how to read or write. No one had come into the house during the day. Then by whom had the words been written? I grew livid and felt myself shudder. I sprang to my feet. I felt the hair stand on end upon my head and a cold perspiration trickle down my forehead. Tic, the accursed stuffed cat, looked fixedly at me, and his green eyes seemed to dilate and become variegated with a thousand colors. But was that cat really stuffed? Or was he not rather alive by virtue of some witchcraft? All at once I roused myself. I had a feeling of shame and rage; and furious, striking with a heavy fist on the writing desk, I exclaimed: "But who is the demon who has written this word? I would like to know him to twist his neck!" If I were to live a thousand years, I shall never forget what happened then. I had hardly finished speaking those words when the study resounded with mocking laughter—dry, restrained, infernal. Then the wall opened suddenly, and there came forth a woman wrapped in a great black mantle. And Tic, the accursed cat, made a leap from his pillar, and meowing as he had never meowed in his lifetime went to rub himself against that mysterious being. I drew back more dead than alive. Still I had enough presence of mind to stretch a hand behind me, open a drawer of the desk and take out a loaded revolver. As soon as I had seized the weapon I felt safer. I raised my arm and pointed the revolver at that being, with the exclamation: "Now, we will see who you are!" "Alas! Once, twice, thrice I touched the trigger, but the revolver was no longer obedient. The mysterious figure made two steps toward me. The black mantle that unfolded her fell to the floor. What a fearful sight! It was not a man nor a woman. It was a skeleton—a skeleton with two lights flaming in its empty, cavernous eye sockets—a skeleton that laughed saturnally, while the cat Tic made fantastic and wild leaps. It was—it was Death!

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In the morning they found me insensible in my den. The servant ran to call a physician, who found me in a high fever. My family hastened from the country. I was taken care of, treated and cured. But the fact remains, my hair had turned gray. When I was able to return to my den, the cat Tic was no longer there. My wife had made a coup d'etat and sent it to be thrown into the river. The column had also disappeared. It had been given away. I do not know to whom. My manuscript was, however, still in its place. Only the word "Fool!" was no longer there. Then it had not been written? Still I was very sure of having read it. Who knows? If the cat Tic had still been there, perhaps he could have told me. But poor Tic was no more. Then, what am I to think? What shall I believe?—Translated From the Italian For Short Stories.

Curious Offer of Marriage. A piece of evidence some time back in a Quebec breach of promise case was a cuff with an offer of marriage written on it. One night, while the defendant was holding the plaintiff's hand and whispering fervid words, he popped the question on the smooth linen at her wrist. She was sentimental or shrewd enough to keep that article out of "the wash."

Indignant Clerks. The wild outburst of indignation at the inquest into the deaths of the victims who perished in Ford's theater at Washington was only a natural result of the tragedy and what led up to it. The survivors had for years been kept quiet by official discipline. Secretary Lamont's letter read at the inquiry cut away the last pent up fury of those whose bread and butter had depended upon the daily risk of life, for it clearly stated that none should suffer on account of any evidence given. A crowd of department clerks clamoring for the lynching of their head at an official inquiry was a new experience of Washington and one which is hardly likely to occur again if the Ford's theater disaster has any result at all.—New York

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

The Little Acrobat. Douglas Tilden, the mute California sculptor, now a resident of Paris, has given to his native land several proofs of his genius. "The Ball Thrower" in Golden Gate park and "The Tired Boxer" in the new Olympic club building are fine specimens of the sculptor's art, and at the World's fair his group of Indians fighting bears has attracted much attention. Quite recently he sent to this city a mark of his friendship for a gentleman who has done much to help and encourage him.



ago him. This work, which also bears strong evidence of the sculptor's unquestioned skill, is now on view at the Hopkins Institute of Art. It is an odd and pretty conceit, an original idea in marble and bronze. The sculpture is called "The Little Acrobat" and consists of the muscular arm of a man, on the outspread hand of which sits a baby. The arm, with the sleeve rolled back to the shoulder, is a fine study in anatomy, showing muscle, bones, veins, in splendid style. The timid baby will, however, attract most attention. The half fearful expression of the little acrobat, the one foot steadied against the brawny arm, the other drawn up, the evident insecurity to the baby's mind of the seat it occupies. The modeling of the figure is very pleasing, and the whole conception is fascinating.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Remarkable Dog. A remarkable dog is the property of Professor Kyle of Flushing, N. Y. The other day Professor Kyle sent one of his pupils to the Flushing bank with a deposit of \$60 in \$10 bills. When the boy reached the bank, he held only the empty bankbook. He had lost the money on the way. He went back to the institute, a distance of half a mile, and reported the loss to Professor Kyle. The dog was present and seemed to understand what was the matter, for his friends say he sprang out of doors with a joyous bark and galloped through the various streets back and forth and was soon lost to view. In 15 minutes he returned with the six \$10 bills in his mouth, and though one of them was mutilated somewhat by the dog in his excitement it was subsequently patched up and deposited in the bank to the professor's credit with the other five.—Harper's Young People.

A Young King in School. The young king of Servia, Alexander I, who, in consequence of his father's abdication wears a crown at the age of 16, is perhaps not a perfect monarch, but he is a scholar of no mean merit. Last year he obtained the mark of "excellent" at all his examinations and was constantly at the head of his class, of which he was the only pupil. This year shows no falling off in the zeal of the young sovereign, and we hear with considerable satisfaction that last Wednesday he passed his examination in military practice with "the highest distinction." Alexander I learned in two months how to drill the lead soldiers which the emperor of Austria sent him last New Year's day.—Salut Public.

Helping Crippled Children. On Clinton street, Brooklyn, there is a modern dwelling house which has been transformed into a hospital—St. Giles' Home and Hospital for Crippled Children. It is one of the most worthy charities of the city, and a number of earnest women, assisted by a physician and a clergyman of Brooklyn, are working hard to make it a permanent institution, for it is in its infancy as yet. Helpless and crippled little ones are taken in and cared for irrespective of creed or color and are helped back to whatever strength and health are to be their portion. One of the recent efforts to aid St. Giles' home was an entertainment given at the Criterion theater by a number of pupils from a public school. A little girl who distinguished herself on that occasion for her grace and prettiness was Miss Ada Swanson, who assumed the role of the Angel of Light. Robed in fleecy white, with a glittering diadem upon her curls, she looked as like an angel as real mortal can imagine. Her singing and dancing were also features of the performance.



Strength and Health. If you are not feeling strong and healthy, try Electric Bitters. It "Lays Grippe" has left you weak and weary, use Electric Bitters. This remedy acts on liver, stomach and kidneys, setting aside those organs to perform their functions. If you are afflicted with sick headache, you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Bitters. One trial will convince you that this is the remedy you need. Large bottles only \$1.00, at F. Schmeissner, druggist and chemist, 322 N. Main street.

THE LAMENTABLE END OF A ROMANCE.

Fifty annual suns had bleached her raven tresses, placed crows' feet on her cheeks, and otherwise blighted her youthful loveliness, but the vigor of romance still lurked in her bosom. She inserted an "ad" in one of the Toledo dailies for a correspondent matrimonially inclined. The "ad" was answered by a gallant also sliding down the slope of his fiftieth anniversary. Photographs taken in their palmyer days were exchanged, and last week the fair one came from her wild sweet retreat in Iowa to meet her ideal, to join heart and hand with him and float happily on wings of love together to the end of their natural lives. Both had so changed in the many years since the pictures were taken that they failed to recognize each other in the train. Introductions followed.

They viewed each other for a moment, when she broke out with: "You, base deceiver! You horrid old brute! You have deceived me, and I shall never marry you. You are twice as old as you represented and as homely as a cartoon." The radiance vanished from the eager lover's face. Staggered, confused and rattle dazed, he bolted for the hotel door, letting fly a volume of cuss words, interjecting such expressions as "Vixen," "Jade," "She wolf" and "Old hen." The door closed behind him with a slam, and the afternoon matinee was over. The lady has returned to her home in Iowa, and the correspondent has laid aside his pen forever.—Toledo Bee.

A Rumor About Gloves. There is a rumor moving mysteriously about that gloves may shortly go to some extent out of fashion. One or two well known dames have practically ceased to wear them. One of these is Lady Tichenborne, who may often be seen out of doors with hands bare to wind and weather. Another is Lady Grey Edgerton, who always goes to the play without them. The beautiful Lady de Grey, too, generally takes her gloves off whenever she has a chance. I have seen her come into a concert room in the afternoon, holding her gloves in her hand like a man. But as yet few ladies have the courage to be seen about the streets altogether gloveless.

Many would hardly welcome such a fashion. In the first place, gloves give a finish to the toilet; in the second, it is hardly possible to keep one's hands perfectly clean for any length of time without them. This last fact will surely keep the fashion out. Then hands get brown in the summer sun, and though brown hands may be all very well in the country they hardly do for evening wear in town. A white arm, with a brown hand at the end of it, is scarcely prettier than a pale face decorated with a red nose.—Health and Home.

A European Walking Match. The recent walking match from Paris to Reims was sufficiently original to have notice drawn to it. Each of the walkers, Cochard and Berteaux, carried on his shoulders a sack so well filled that it weighed 100 kilograms, more than 200 English pounds. The distance between Paris and Reims is 172 kilometers—about 108 miles. The two men got over the ground in eight days, and one was only a little behind the other when the march was concluded. They are both workmen at Rheims, but the elder, who was beaten apparently because in the early part of the contest he did not take advantage of his ability to do with less sleep than the other, is a weaver, and therefore it could not have been his occupation that developed his muscles. Strange to say, that it was not the fatigue of the shoulders that tired them most, but the swelling and soreness of the feet.

It will be allowed that to walk 13 miles a day for eight consecutive days with a weight of 200 pounds upon the shoulders is a rather severe trial of human strength and endurance.—Toronto Empire.

Baptized After Death. A queer story comes from Eagle Cleft, a small settlement on Lookout mountain. Several weeks ago J. W. Masser was very ill with fever. He wanted to be baptized, and as this could not be done during his illness he requested that as soon as he died his body be immersed. He said he neglected it during his lifetime and wanted his dead body baptized. A few days ago he died, and on the day of the funeral, at Hixon's Grove, the Rev. W. J. Drennan immersed the corpse in the presence of a large crowd of people. The body was then put back into the coffin and laid in the graveyard.—Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Taken on New Ways. The cigarette manufacturers have hit upon a new advertising dodge. Thus far it flourishes only in New York, but there is some danger of it spreading. They hire pretty girls to parade the parks and the principal avenues and display cigarette signs. It has reached such proportions that the police have been called upon to drive them out of Central park, and no more young women representing any brand of cigarettes will be allowed to promenade, ride or sit there. It seems to be a pretty good scheme to suppress before it spreads beyond its present confines.—Boston Herald.

Poor Hiram Peck. For many a long year Hiram Peck of Southington has displayed this notice over his front door, "Live single, and you will be happy." Yet has fallen a victim to the charms and graces of Miss Mary H. Browne of Meriden. When, as a married man, he takes that board down, he will not have been the first of his unfortunate and defenseless sex who has proposed and had a woman dispose for him.—New York Evening Sun.

FRENCH POLICE SPIES.

How the Government Manages to Secure Information Privately. After all that has been said about the villainess of the police system under the empire, which rendered it almost impossible for any one to be safe from espionage, even in private life, it might well be supposed that the republic had done away with this machinery for discovering and wearing plots so much more suited to the age of Louis XI than to the nineteenth century. It remains, however, very much what it was 80 years ago. These things do not change in France.

Governments go, and the forms of government, and these are succeeded by others, but the good old abuses—they must be thought good by some people—cling to the ship with barnaclelike tenacity. French official organization is about the most steadfast thing in the world, although all French people to whom you may speak on the subject agree that it is very bad. It is almost as difficult now as it was under the empire to be certain that a man whom you may meet, either in society or out of it, does not belong to the secret police.

All over the country there are monachards—a term expressing something stronger than spies. I have been inconvenienced by them myself in the provinces. On one occasion I made a rather long stay in a little place where there were two hotels in fierce rivalry. One day a brigadier of gendarmes came over from a neighboring town on purpose to make inquiries respecting me.

He did not trouble me, but he questioned various people as to how I passed my time, about how much I spent a day, what sort of meals I had, and whether I appeared to have more money than I knew what to do with. The fact was I was suspected of being a spy in the pay of a foreign government. As I consider a bold front to be the best whenever there is anything of this kind in the air, I got myself driven over the gendarmery, which was about eight miles off, and there had it out with the brave brigadier.

I soon discovered that an informer had been at work and that the informer was no other than the keeper of the rival hotel, who for years had been receiving pay as a member of the secret police. Situated where he was he must have been absolutely useless in that capacity, but at one time he must have done a service to somebody. It is especially in Paris, however, that the secret police is supposed to be indispensable. Every government wishes to be kept well informed as to all that goes on in an enemy's camp. Such information can only be obtained from those who are willing to play the part of a traitor or whose position enables them to observe what is going forward without exciting suspicion. They are technically termed "indicators" and may belong to either sex. When the Boulanger movement was convulsing France, the government had a great advantage over its opponents by handling of the secret fund and the secret police.

Boulanger's footsteps were dogged everywhere, and somehow M. Constans learned all that he wished to know concerning the plans and designs of the conspirator. An important point in this system is to make the "indicator" feel sure that whatever happens he will not be betrayed. The minister of the interior or of justice never asks the names of those by means of whose espionage certain political information has been gathered. The money given for dark services is paid from hand to hand in cafes or other nonofficial places by commissionaires, and the name of no auxiliary outside of the ranks of the regular police ever appears in a book. It is impossible for the government to do without this abominable system, so opposed to the ideal of a democratic state. The Cotu-Solinsky scandal has led to much discussion of this question.—Boston Transcript.

An Obtuse Englishman. Mr. Kirbell, who had never been out of England until he went to Vienna, seems to have been a typical Briton and stubbornly insular to the extent of refusing to alter the time of his watch as he traveled eastward from England. No argument would induce him to budge, and when at Vienna he arose at unearthly hours and perambulated around the city alone, having persisted in being guided by his watch, stoutly asserting that the foreign clocks were all wrong. Kirbell was very anxious also to keep a record of all the places he visited and always jotted down in his pocketbook the names of the various stations he had stopped at or passed. "How curious it is there are so many stations of the same name," he once remarked to a fellow passenger, who replied that he had not observed it. Kirbell then showed his record to prove he was right, and, sure enough, over and over again occurred the word "Ausgang" (Exit), which he had confidently entered as the name of many stations passed on the route.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Standards of Measurement. The "foot" is named from the length of that member in a full grown man. Some say that it was so called from the length of the foot of a certain English king, but it is believed to have been a standard of measurement among the ancient Egyptians. The cubit is from the Latin cubitus, an elbow, and is the distance from the elbow to the end of the middle finger. Fathom is from the Aryan, fat, to extend, and denotes the distance from tip to tip of the fingers, when the arms of an average sized man are fully extended.—St. Louis Republic.

Letters of Introduction. In writing a letter of introduction care should be taken that no requests are made that will involve the recipient in any trouble. Remember that social attentions are not always easy to render, and therefore the letter should entail only minor courtesies not apt to put any one to any inconvenience.—Philadelphia Times.

LETTER BAG. Mrs. Mayhew in Charge. EDITORS HERALD: Everyone is interested in what is going on in Chicago, and as one of the patrons of the public schools of Los Angeles I take great pride in them. It is, therefore, with pleasure that I see one of our teachers, Mrs. Mayhew, so favorably brought to notice there. In the meetings of the Educational congress Mrs. Mayhew was repeatedly called upon for her views in reference to the qualifications required in kindergarten teachers, and the music for the kindergarten schools. It adds to the

At the drug store, a valuable package, worth its weight in gold. My hair has stopped falling and all dandruff has disappeared since I found Skoogum Root Hair Grower. Ask your druggist about it.