THE BUNCO MEN'S GAME

HOW RURAL INNOCENTS ARE CAUGHT IN THE MESHES.

Some of the Little Games That Are Worked on the Unwary Who Visit New York and the Men Who Work Them.

From the New York Herald.

If any one thinks that the age of the "bunco steerer" is passed in busy Gotham he need only to dress himself up like a countryman, with stick and gripsack, and saunter down Chatham square from Pell street south.

Before he has reached Mott street some one will stop him and say, "Hello, Uncle Bill! Didn't you get that package left at the hotel for you?"

"What package?"

"Why, those shawls you bought for Mary?"

"Guess you are mistaken, sir."

"Oh, aren't you William Griggs, of Plattsmouth?"

"No; I'm Daniel Slaggs, of Slaggs Corners, Schoharie county."

"Oh, excuse me, sir."

The stranger will pass on, and by the time he has reached Baxter street a well dressed individual will accost him with, "Why, Dan Slaggs! How do you do?"

Then the most wily conversation will ensue, quite one-sided, to be sure; but the one end in view will very likely be attained—"Mr. Slaggs" will accompany the "nephew of the Slaggs Corners postmaster" into the nearest groggery, the anteroom of the bunco gent's purgatorio. Soon after "Daniel" will be gently led into the modern lion's den, where he will be shown a case filled with gold watches, diamonds and silverware.

Old Envelope Game.

A smooth person behind the case will explain that the goods are not for sale, but to be given away "to introduce their goods." A box of envelopes will be brought out, and "Daniel" will be requested to pluck one "just for fun." It will draw a sold silver tea set. The spokesman calmly puts the envelope back in the box, purposely leaving one corner up, then counts out $200 and tucks it in the sugar bowl.

"Dan" is told that if he can pluck the right one again he can have tea set and money by putting up $100. Still "Daniel" hesitates. Then he is requested to draw it just for fun again, and he does so, and sees that he has drawn the tea set and money.

Back goes the envelope again, and $200 more is dropped into the tea pot. "Daniel" keeps his eye on the envelope, however. He is told that he can now draw for $200. If he has so much money he counts it out. If not, he pays over what he has, still keeping his eye on that envelope. Then he draws. The envelope is blank.

Realizing that he has been buncoed, he storms about for a time, then starts out for a policeman. At the street door he is met by a man in blue, who shows his shield and says he is a detective trying to get evidence against a gang of notorious swindlers in the building. "Daniel" tells his tale. The "detective" says that if "Daniel" will accompany him to the station house, the detective will not only recover his money, but pay him $25 besides.

"Daniel" Scared Off.

They start toward East river. Half way there "Daniel" is told that as he must confess to the judge that he has been gambling, he must expect five days or so in the Tombs prison; but he must not mind a little thing like that. This gives "Daniel" heart panic, and he concludes to let the matter drop rather than any scandal shall reach Slaggs Corners.

A man who has spent twenty-five years in Chatham square, and knows it as a monk knows his rosary, said to me: "There are seven men on this block alone who are recognized bunco men. They live here and thrive on 'Suckers' row,' which begins at Pell street and ends at Chambers street.

"Stand here at the edge of the walk and watch them work. Nothing within the whole range of vision escapes them. They know every metropolitan type like a detective. All the provincial characters that sooner or later turn up in Chatham square they can place almost to a county. When they see a man they know exactly what to say to him that will arrest his curiosity.

"Once they can get a man under their evil eye everything is easy. They may stop twenty men in the course of a forenoon without one success, or work a week without landing one 'good thing.' Ultimately, however, they win, and handsomely. I have known that short man yonder to make $300 a day for a week, then keep the sidewalk warm for a month without any success.

"Do you see that tall man stopping the sailor? He will have his month's wages or his roll of prize money within half an hour, I'll wager ten to one. He's the slyest in the business. He picks his men out of this moving crowd like a Svengali. And he is no respecter of persons; as soon pluck a priest as a patriot.

No Need of Improvement.

"The games of these men differ from those of the past only slightly. The sawdust game has a hundred modifications. After sizing up his man the 'steerer' never fails to locate his weak point.

"And how he loves the 'fly' chap—the would-be know it all. This is like a fine trout to your Walton. He requires such finesse of the angling art, but the reward is worth the patience. The more the victim knows about these games of the city sharpers the surer the bunco man is of his prey. Besides, these 'clever' ones are likely to have a very comfortable roll tucked away in their waistcoats. They do not come to 'do New York on a sixpence.' The more they have read, the more they have been warned, the surer they are of their own keenness, the surer they are to succumb sooner or later.

"This is one of the paradoxes of the profession. I cannot account for it, but progress, which seems to characterize everything else American, does not reach the 'bon' men or their victims. There have been few improvements in the games for twenty odd years. Human nature is no wiser than in the old days. Perhaps I do not see the bunco gentry wearing frock coats and hen's egg diamonds, as I did some years ago, but that is because there are fewer victims—not because victims require any higher skill to encompass them. And yet when anyone of these men you see here on the lookout is in trouble with the police he can raise $10,000 to $50,000 in a wink. To wear too good clothes would betray them.

"Why don't they ever stop you? Why, not one of them but knows this very moment that I am talking to a newspaper man. They don't think we are discussing them, for we are discreet about it, but they can detect a newspaper man or a detective as a mongoose smells a squirrel. And how they hate the newspaper men. If they have a little trouble with the detectives it's over in a day or two for lack of evidence, or, at most, a month behind bars or $1,000 fine. But newspapers tell secrets and that hurts trade. That makes them unhappy.

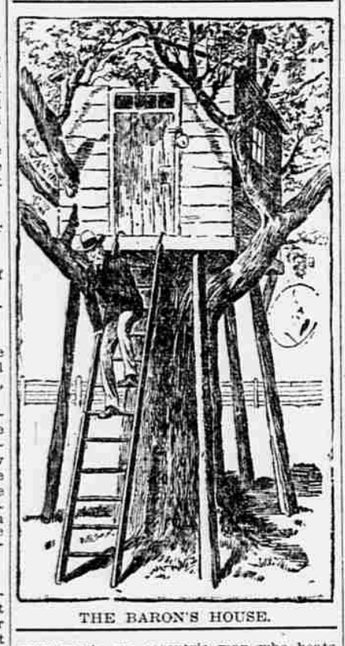
"Even now if I were to let it out that you were going to write up their tramping ground one would soon have you in polite conversation and manage to slip a $20 bill into your hand, for obvious reasons."

HE LIVES IN A TREE.

A Baron Whose Home Is a Shanty Among the Branches of an Oak.

From the New York Press.

When the peace commissioners assemble at The Hague, the middle of next month, they will see in the neighborhood of Huis ten Bosch, or the House in the Wood, the splendid palace where the czar's congress meets, an eccentric man who beats George Francis Train. This Dutch "original" lives in a tree in a nest built by his own aristocratic hands, for Herr Van Hyussen is a baron.



THE BARON'S HOUSE.

His "nest" is a shanty ten feet high, eight feet broad and ten deep, standing fifteen feet above the ground among the branches of a mighty oak in the thickest part of the forest. Baron Van Hyussen says his house is cool in summer, being protected by the green roof, and not too cold in winter. He wouldn't exchange it for any palace in the world.

He reaches it by ladder, but nobody else does, as he has no friends and is not on visiting terms with his relatives. When he leaves his refuge to walk among the trees or to fetch food or water he lets down his ladder drawbridge and immediately pulls it up again by a special contrivance. When he is at home the ladder is always up, and no amount of calling, shouting or other noise can make the baron lower it or persuade him to poke his head out of the door.

When, fifteen years ago, he moved up among the trees the servants he then employed brought to the nest a small folding bed, a rocking chair, a tiny table, a cooking stove and a safe. These things are known to be in the shanty—whether there is anything more, besides the baron's fierce watchdog, nobody knows.

It is surmised, however, that Van Hyussen keeps much money, gold and silver on hand, for he is a miser. Passers-by, it is said, often hear the click, click of coins coming from the leafy dome; on such occasions the baron is supposed to be counting over his treasure, but whether this surmise is true is a question. Perhaps he is merely trying his gun. Shooting is the only pleasure he allows himself, and, being the owner of the forest where he lives, he provides all the meat for his table. Wonderful stories are in circulation respecting this man's skill as a crack shot. Maybe that is one reason why he never yet was molested by burglars or robbers.

Twenty years ago Baron Van Hyussen held the post of chamberlain at the court of old King William. He was then one of the gayest dogs in the kingdom, and aided his royal master in many an escapade, for he was full of money and health. Suddenly, in the midst of pleasures, he withdrew himself from society, appointed an administrator for his estates and went to the forest, where he spent a month putting up the house shown in the illustration. That done, he discharged his servants, sold his horses, carriages and furniture, and said "good-by" to the world. He has rarely spoken to any one since.

The Chinese Laundryman's Joke.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Most people suppose," said an ex-Californian, "that the vertical row of hieroglyphics on a Chinese laundry check are merely so many numerals. As a matter of fact, they are nothing of the kind, but constitute a brief and spicy description of the individual who left the bundle. If you will take the trouble to notice it, you will see that the laundryman always goes through exactly the same programme. He takes the package, gives you a swift, comprehensive glance, and then proceeds to decorate a slip of rice paper with from two to five India ink chicken tracks. What he has really written is probably something like this:

"'Fat foreign devil, who resembles a pig; squinty eyes and wart on the left side of his nose.'

"You carry around this flattering pen portrait, innocently imagining that it reads 'No. 4-11-44,' and when you call for your wash you will find that the Chinaman who receives the ticket will invariably look you over, making mental comparison, before he reaches for the bundle. A Mongolian friend of mine out in Frisco put me on to the scheme, and I took the trouble to ascertain whether he was telling me the truth. I got a laundry slip, copied it with microscopic fidelity, and submitted it to several expert native translators. They all agreed that it ran something like this:

"'Ridiculous old man; very pompous; bald head like a speckled hen.'

"You will observe that my hair grows rather high on my forehead, and I have a few freckles, although nothing to justify such an insulting description. However, it proved the point. The next ticket I got declared I was 'an elderly gentleman resembling Yun-Tai, the wind god,' which pleased me immensely until I persuaded a native curio dealer to show me a statuette of the deity. Then I wanted to murder the laundryman. The Chinese are a deep people, boys. They look as demure as guinea pigs, but all the while they are quietly sizing us up and having a big laugh in their sleeves."

The Cigar Bean of Batavia.

From Public Opinion.

A very curios fruit has ben discovered growing wild in Batavia, and a sample has been sent to a French professor of botany at Paris. It appears to be a species of bean, resembling a cigar both in form and color, though only about an inch in length. But it has a peculiar characteristic which renders it a very unique and interesting object, and this is the exceedingly energetic manner in which it scatters its seeds. If one of these little fruits be thrown into a basin of water, it will rest quietly on the surface for from two to five minutes; then it will explode with violence, hurling most of its contents into the air with a noise and splash for all the world like a small torpedo. It is hardly necessary to say that this phenomenon is caused by the pressure of the elastic substance of its interior overcoming the resistance of its hard outer shell. The fruit usually splits open lengthwise. If plucked before maturity and allowed to ripen in a hard spot, it opens gradually from apex to base, making, as it were, a pair of diverging horns starting from the same point. If left to ripen on the plant—since the process is quicker and the internal moisture greater—the opening is sudden and accompanied with a slight noise, though this is much less than that which takes place when it has been placed in water. In this case the dry but porous tissue of the surface of the fruit quickly absorbs the liquid, especially at the groves caused by the junction of the two halves or outer shells of the fruit. The internal tissue, being very elastic, exerts upon the latter a tension which soon results in the violent bursting already described. The curious property of explosion is given the little plant for the dissemination of its seeds, which would otherwise stand a poor chance of propagating its species.

If You Want to Be Loved.

From the Christian Uplook.

Don't find fault.
Don't believe all the evil you hear.
Don't jest at anybody's religious beliefs.
Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.
Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.
Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.
Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.
Don't contradict people, even if you are sure you are right.

"77"

FOR

COLDS

Where Tourists will find Dr. Humphreys' Specifics.

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FRANCE, 32 Rue Etienne Marcel, Paris.
4 Avenue Massena, Nice.
16 Place du Palais de Justice, Reims
BELGIUM, 58 Rue de la Montagne, Brussels.
PORTUGAL, 114 Rua do Arsenal, Lisbon.
150 Praca D. Pedro Oporto.
BRAZIL, 32 Rua Goncalves Dias, Rio.
ARGENTINE, 446 Calle Florida, Buenos Ayres.
CANADA, 483 St. Paul St., Montreal, and in every City, Town and Hamlet in the UNITED STATES and CANADA and in MEXICO, CENTRAL AMERICA and the WEST INDIES.

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Specific No. 26 Cures Sea-Sickness.

At druggists or sent prepaid; 25c and $1.00. Dr. Humphreys' Manual of All Diseases at your Druggists or mailed free.
Humphreys' Medicine Co., cor. William and John sts., New York.

DAUGHTER OF AMERICA

FAIR HANDS BRING THE OLIVE BRANCH OF PEACE.

Romantic Marriage of Virginia Woodbury Lowery to the Present Duke D'Arcos, Who Comes as Spanish Ambassador.

From the Washington Post.

Nothing will emphasize the fact that the Spanish-American war is absolutely ended as much as the resumption of diplomatic relations between the two countries, and the arrival of the new minister, the Duke D'Arcos, who is expected this week, will be the signal for the opening of the legation which has been closed since the departure of Senor Polo y Bernabe. It is now more than a year ago since De Lome returned home, and in the meantime all members of the embassy have been recalled and a war fought which ended Spain's supremacy in the Pearl of the Antilles. So it will be under quite different circumstances that D'Arcos will reach our capital from those which faced De Lome when he arrived here about four years ago.

Another thing which will render this new diplomat of more than usual interest is the fact that his wife is a beautiful American girl, a girl who has spent most of her life in the city to which she now comes as one of a foreign nation's representatives. Indeed, this fact may have something to do with the selection of D'Arcos, as it is probably thought that this intermarriage may be a means of cementing the new friendship between two lately rival countries.

The Duchess D'Arcos was, until a few years ago, known to Washingtonians as Miss Virginia Woodbury Lowery. She was the only daughter of the late Archibald Lowery, whose home on the corner of Vermont avenue and K street is one of the prettiest mansions in the city. Mr. Lowery came of a wealthy New York family, and, inheriting a fortune from his father, his time was spent in such pursuits as pleased his fancy. Besides the daughter, there was one son, now a grown young man, Mr. Woodbury Lowery, who is spending the season traveling in Europe.

On the maternal side, Miss Lowery also comes of most distinguished ancestry, and the best blood of old colonial days flows in her veins. Her mother was a Miss Woodbury, daughter of the Hon. Levi Woodbury, of New Hampshire, one of the most famous sons of the Granite state. Mr. Woodbury was at one time governor of New Hampshire, and also occupied the positions of secretary of the treasury and navy under President Jackson. When he died, Mr. Woodbury was one of the justices of the supreme court of the United States and a man famed throughout the land for his statesmanlike qualities and grasp of affairs.

Of Distinguished Ancestry.

The family of the Woodburys is among the very first settlers of the young republic. It was but three years after the Mayflower had touched on these shores that old John Woodbury sailed from his home in old England and trod the soil of the new world, setting up his household gods in New England, and there is still to be seen in Beverly, Mass., one of the oldest homesteads of the day, justly entitled to take first rank among our numerous patriotic societies. Miss Lowrey never joined any, which is perhaps a fortunate event in view of the fact that her future was cast among the diplomacy of a foreign land. One of the Misses Woodbury, an aunt of Miss Lowery, married into the distinguished Maryland family of Blairs.

As a child Miss Lowery was educated at the school in Philadelphia kept by Miss Agnes Irwin, who was a descendant of Benjamin Franklin. She also studied in Paris and spent many years of travel in the various cities of the continent, the greater part of her training being received at the hands of private tutors. On her return to Washington she made her debut, her beauty, as well as the wealth and distinction of her family, immediately placing her among the belles of the capital. In appearance she was tall, dark, with dark-brown hair, very large brown eyes, a brunette complexion and slight, graceful figure. The charm of her manners made her universally popular.

When the beautiful Miss Lowery was one of the fairest of the capital's daughters who had just stepped upon the carpet, there was in the Spanish legation a young Count Brunetti, who was her most ardent admirer and to whom her engagement was very shortly reported. It is this Count Brunetti who, as the heir to the title left by his father, is now the Duke of Arcos. The affair was entirely a love match. Captain Dewey, now the famous admiral, was also an admirer of Miss Lowery, but the stories which have been printed in some of the sensational journals in regard to the matter were drawn entirely from the imagination, as Captain Dewey, while admiring the beauty and grace of the young girl, understood, as did every one else in Washington, that she and Count Brunetti were betrothed.

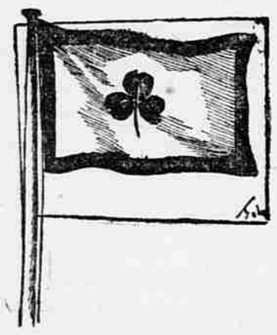
Brunetti was first secretary of the legation and also at one time charge d'affaires, but, while having no personal objection to the young man, whose character and talents were of the highest, the parents of Miss Lowery were unwilling for her to wed a foreigner. So the young people simply waited patiently and faithfully. An only daughter and an idolized child, the fond father and mother could not bear to have her taken away among strangers in another land, and the girl acceded to their wishes. Count Brunetti was transferred to another post, but the pair never abated in the constancy of their affection. A few years ago Mrs. Lowery died and in the summer of 1895 the wedding of Miss Lowery and the Duke of Arcos took place at the home in this city. The duke had been appointed to the post of ambassador to Mexico, and it was to that city that he took his bride. It was but a short while after the marriage of his daughter that Mr. Lowery passed away. The home was left to the son, young Woodbury Lowery. Mr. Vanderbilt leased it for a winter three years ago, and it is now in the hands of the Hon. Wayne MacVeagh.

Ancient Family of Arcos.

The family of the Duke of Arcos is one of the oldest and proudest in Spain, it being allied to the crown and counted among the grandees of the nation. For centuries they have held vast estates and been men noted in their country's history, and one of the dukes was, for some distinguished service to the church, perpetually exempt from the obligation to abstain from flesh meat on Friday, as all good Catholics do—a dispensation which was made hereditary in the family and is now held by the present duke. He is also the first of the grandees of old Spain who was ever known to marry a Protestant. In appearance the duke is tall and blonde, and can boast of the "blue blood" of the real Castilian. In manner he is quiet, reserved, fond of reading, and of collecting antiques, a taste in which his wife equally shares. He is about fifty-five years of age, and the only son in a family of three sisters, one of whom is the wife of the gentleman who was minister to France and was recalled during the same governmental upheaval which took D'Arcos back to Spain a short while ago. Till the time of receiving last month his appointment as minister to the United States, the duke was assistant secretary of state.

That the wedding of one of the Spanish nobles with one of the fair daughters of America found grace in the eyes of the queen regent is evident from the fact that she evinced the greatest interset in the matter, sent for a picture of Miss Lowery, and forwarded personal congratulations to the couple.

The Shamrock's Flag.



Sir Thomas Lipton has decided that the flag of the Shamrock, the cup challenger, will have a sprig of shamrock in green on gold ground, with a border of green, as in the above sketch.

DRYER FOR WOMEN'S HAIR.

The Arrangement Is the Invention of Two Men of the Sunflower State.

The discomfort of carrying a wad of wet hair on her head and the time consumed in drying it frequently deter a woman from enjoying the delights of a shampoo. After the hair has been washed it is a matter of several hours to dry it, and unless great care is exercised the risk of catching severe cold during this drying operation is very great. A very simple arrangement to dry the hair quickly has been patented by John W. Hillerman and Nicholas Rosal of Lyons, Kas. It comprises a metal chamber on a stand, which permits of its adjustment to the head of the subject. The top is sloping to receive the hair and is covered with asbestos to prevent any damage by heat being done to the tresses. Inside this chamber is a lamp and around the top are apertures to permit the heat to pass through the hair. By this means an operation heretofore requiring several hours may be performed in fifteen or twenty minutes.

FOR DRYING WOMEN'S HAIR.

CAPABLE GIRLS.

Without Neglecting Essentials in Life, They May Be Dainty and Artistic.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Here is a fragment of conversation between two elderly ladies, who had been brought up to regard daintiness and a touch of luxury as among the essential things of life. They hadn't money, and never had had it, but were gentlewomen who had always been accustomed to regard daintiness as one of life's essentials. One has a daughter out in society (a charming girl of moderate means, who has to do many an odd and end about the house herself).

They were discussing the daughter of another lady who had a great deal of money, and were deploring the fact that she did not bring her daughter up to do things for herself. The lady with the daughter of moderate means had brought her girl up to believe that dainty ribbons in her underwear, the finest of little rolled lace ruffles, the freshest of white petticoats, were among the things which she could look after herself and should see to it she had them, and her talk was a commentaary upon the idle girls and women who complain that they have none of these pretty things to wear because they have not the time to make them nor the money to buy them.

These gentlewomen had brought up their daughters to sew, to make desserts and salads and confections, and were the first to insist that their daughters should learn the art of the chafing dish.

"I do not believe," said one of the women, "in teaching Edith the useless things of life, and I did not compel her to learn embroidering when she did not care for it, nor to play the piano when she had no taste for or ability in that line, nor to paint photographs and take pictures with a camera, nor any of the fads which a girl need not learn if she does not wish to, but I did insist that she should learn the womanly things of life.

"There is no pleasanter hour in the day for both of us than when we sit together in the morning room, just after breakfast, with our work baskets. I do not consider her wasting time when she runs yards of ribbon through her under-bodices. Why should not she have all the pretty things that rich girls are having if she is able to do it for herself? I believe that daintiness in a woman fosters and develops the pretty traits in her character. One may admire a woman who is able to wear ugly clothes because she has not time to make pretty ones; who is content to go into the shops and buy underwear trimmed with cheap embroidery or lace because she has not time to make dainty ones for herself; who does not have an exquisite table, with the daintiest of salads and desserts, because she has not time to make them; but I, for one," said the old lady, emphatically, "do not approve of her and I never want my son to bring such a wife to me."

"You need never fear," said the other. "Men love a dainty woman quite as much as you do, and if a man could only see that the woman he thinks he loves is incapable of all the pretty housewifery and womanly luxuries, then he wouldn't care to make her his wife, because it is her place in life to have the frills and furbelows. He knows that, and knows that if she has them she has the delightful traits in character that often go with them."

I only quote this conversation because it made an impression on me.

We are so eager in this rushing life to say that we cannot afford pretty things; we prefer taking less time and buying the common things. But where do we put the time which we might give to daintiness and luxury? Do we put it to any greater advantage? That is a great and serious question for the housewife of to-day to consider.

For the woman who is busy and has a profession there is some, but not much, excuse, but for a woman who has no outside life and who has little to do at home there is no excuse that she should not have everything dainty and artistic in her clothes, on her table, in her house and about her personality.

It isn't a question of money, but of inclination and time.

Sights We See.

From the Detroit Free Press.

"Gracious—is that a milliner's window coming down the street?"

"No; it's that girl next door—she always wears her big flower-hat on her wheel."

But One Cure for Scrofula.

Scrofula is one of the most obstinate, deep-seated blood diseases, and is beyond the reach of the many so-called purifiers and tonics. S. S. S. is equal to any blood trouble, and never fails to cure Scrofula, because it goes down to the seat of the disease, thus permanently eliminating every trace of the taint.

Mr. H. E. Thompson, of Milledgeville, Ga., writes:

"A bad case of Scrofula broke out on the glands of my neck, which had to be lanced and caused me much suffering. I was treated for a long while, but the physicians were unable to cure me, and my condition was as bad as when I began their treatment. Many blood remedies were used, but without effect. Some one recommended S. S. S., and I began to improve as soon as I had taken a few bottles. Continuing the remedy, I was soon cured permanently, and have never had a sign of the disease to return."

By relying upon S. S. S., and not experimenting with the various so-called tonics, etc., all sufferers from blood troubles can be promptly cured, instead of enduring years of suffering which gradually but surely undermines the constitution.

S.S.S. For The Blood

is guaranteed purely vegetable, and never fails to cure Scrofula, Eczema, Cancer, Rheumatism, Contagious Blood Poison, Boils, Tetter, Pimples, Sores, Ulcers, etc.

Books mailed free to any address by Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

THE CITY HOMING BIRD

DOWNTOWN BUSINESS MEN WHO REAR CARRIER PIGEONS.

Columbariums on the Roofs of Commercial Buildings and the Owners Find Good Sport in Racing Their Pets.

From the New York Sun.

Away up on the roofs of some of the old downtown business buildings some of the business men have found a way of gratifying their sporting tastes. In the region between Duane street and the Battery there are a number of columbariums, or places for the training and rearing of the homing pigeon, familiarly known as the "carrier." At Duane street and West Broadway the first of these columbariums is found. Here are a number of young pigeons in training for the spring races. The coops are built upon the roofs and each is fitted with a Belgium cage, so that the birds may be captured the instant they return with a message.

"The first thing necessary," said Mr. Jahn, the proprietor of the place, "in the training of the birds is to teach them to love their home and to prefer it to any and all of the large number of resting places possible to them in their flights of hundreds of miles. Good food and good care are essentials, but the homing instinct is curiously inherent in the birds. When they are carried a long distance and liberated they fly back without food or rest to their homes.

"This instinct is in a sense a drawback to the business. None but very young birds can be sold. The older birds, no matter how long they are confined, are sure upon release to return to their former owner. That bird there with the green band around its throat has been sold from Brooklyn to Pottsville, Pa., with invariably the same result. A bird dealer near by is supplied by me with a certain number of birds monthly. Jim, there, has been one of them. The first time he was sold he went only to Seventy-eighth street and he was back in the coop within a few hours. Then he was sent to Newark. The man who bought him was more careful than his predecessor. He kept Jim several days before releasing him, but he came back like the cat. Finally he was sold to a man from Pottsville, Pa. There he was kept for five months in close confinement. Well, that was about five months ago and there he is over there in that red coop.

"So you see, the fancier has little to do with implanting the homing instinct. Where it is possible the real training consists in teaching the bird the character of the country he is to fly over. The bird is taken short distances from his home and liberated. These distances are gradually increased until they measure hundreds of miles. This is not really necessary if you are willing to take a chance upon the sureness of your carrier, but if you are establishing any regular messenger service it is desirable. For instance, birds intended for sea service are first flown for miles up and down the coast. When they are liberated at sea within 200 miles they strike direct for land at the moment they first sight it. Once over the land, being familiar with the coast, they strike an air route for home, never stopping until the home coop is reached."

Upon the roof of the commercial building, 58 Reade street, Lewis M. Spangehl, who, during the business hours conducts a bookbindery, has a number of champion carriers. Mr. Spangehl showed a reporter his roof top collection the other day. The star of the lot is Duffer, now an old bird, kept only because of his fine record. Duffer, during the season of 1887-1888, won nine first prizes in hotly competed races of from 100 to 500 miles.

"All of the fanciers in this quarter of town," said Mr. Spangehl, "are members of the Manhattan Homing Pigeon Club. There are about forty of us in the club. We are a district of the National Federation of American Homing Pigeon Fanciers. We are now training our birds for the spring races, which begin about the middle of May. The stations at which pigeons are liberated are Wilmington, Del., Magnolia, Md., Washington, Charlottesville, Va., Salesville, N. C., and Greenville, S. C. The distances between the loft of each federation member and these stations is carefully measured by the official surveyor, Peter Witzel, of Newark. These are, of course, in airline distances. I will show you how the federation protects the American record."

The last words were spoken half way up the great ladder. Once upon the roof the fancier walked to a large coop.

"Those aluminum bands about the foot of each bird are put on when the bird is from 8 to 16 days old. They each bear an official number given by the federation officials, which tells the owner and the year of birth of the bird. All homers are divided into two classes, young birds of a year and those older. The races are run with regard to these classes.

"The races are under the direction of a federation officer, the national race secretary. The distances, as I have told you, are measured by the surveyor, under his direction. This officer directs every flight made in America. In each district he has three responsible assistants, who mark and ship all birds sent from their station. At each place of liberation a sub-official releases the birds. The shipping committee countermarks each bird in the absence of the owner, who does not know what device the band then put upon the homer's leg bears. Then, still under the care of the shipping committee, the birds are sent to the officer at the liberating station. When he sets the birds at liberty he telegraphs the time of release to the owner that he may be upon the lookout for his birds. Later he sends a certificate of liberation. When the birds arrive at their coops they fly into a Belgium trap, where the owner quickly catches them, and, securing the countermark band, deposits it in the official timing machine, which both secures the band and marks the time at which it is inserted. Thus the registry is perfect from start to finish. The wide area covered by the owners entering birds makes a compensating balance for different wind and weather conditions."

The flock of some hundred birds was released. They did not go far from their cote, merely circling overhead in a narrow radius.

"The birds are caring for their young now," explained the owner; "the coops are full of young. At this time the birds never go far from home. When their young are fully capable of caring for themselves, however, they will even visit Jersey and Brooklyn."

Soon the cocks of the flock dropped back into the coop and sat upon the temporarily vacated nests. The fancier explained that the cocks always allowed their hens entire liberty during the day. The hens sit upon the nests at night alone, while during the day the fathers look after the eggs or the young. Indeed, the cocks are jealous of their turn and will force the hens from the nests at daybreak.

In answer to a question the fancier said that a great advance had been made in speed during the past few years. The present record is 700 miles between sunrise and sunset. The birds do not fly at nighttime. Formerly 200 miles in that time was considered good.

England Leads in Cookery.

From the Dublin Independent.

Mr. Docquois, president of the international culinary exhibition that has just been held in Paris, admits that England has within the last twenty years taken the lead in international cookery. Europe is fast imitating her grills, joints, water-cooked or steamed vegetables, and some of her sauces. But the yearning for choice, plain food has damaged the fine art of Brillat Savarin. The modern and complex 5 o'clock tea is loudly condemned by caterers to the palate of "Tout Paris." It spoils the tardy dinner, to which the guests pay scant attention, because they are afraid of being late for the theater.

One Thing at a Time.

From Puck.

"Now," said the promoter, "we propose to call the company 'The Chikoot Pass Packing and Transportation Company—'"

"How do you propose to carry goods across the Chilkoot pass?"

"We haven't reached that problem yet. At present we're figuring out how we can float the stock."

The Alternative.

From the Detroit Journal.

The doctors had consulted; it was appendicitis.

"Shall we operate?"

The sufferer glared up into their faces.

"No!" he cried, savagely.

For, strange to say, there are persons in the world to whom life is dearer than social prestige.

Her Chance of Success.

From the Philadelphia Record.

"Well, you see, it's this way," explained the manager of the theater when the young lady who wanted to star in society plays asked him about her chances; "you certainly have a future before you, provided you have a past."

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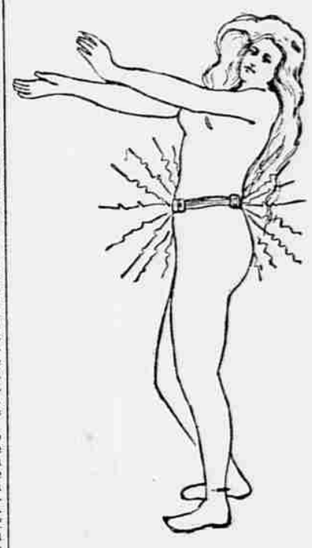

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Mankind suffering from early indiscretion, too fast living, emissions, impotency, lame back, sciatica, rheumatism in any form, weak kidneys, scalding from urine, no control of power, we will guarantee a permanent cure in from 30 to 90 days' time.

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Our claim and guarantee is, a superior article at a much lower price, and Dr. Bennett's Belt will not (for it cannot) burn or blister you. It has soft, silken, baby sponges, chamois covered electrodes, making it a physical impossibility to burn or blister. On all other electric and so-called electric belts, the electrodes are bare metal, which do burn and scar the flesh, sear the wearer beyond all endurance. Bare metal electrodes accumulate verdigris, and cause the burns to become very sore, and take a long time to heal. Dr. Bennett's Belt is guaranteed four times stronger than any other, and not to burn or blister. The battery can be renewed at any time, the cells separately or collectively. We renew the battery any time within one year free of cost. After that time for only 75c. Soliciting correspondence from one and all who are affected or afflicted in any manner, shape or form, we ask you to remember that Dr. Bennett's Electric Belt is never sold in stores or by traveling agents; only by

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J. A. Bradley, Sedalia, Mo., says: I would not take $100 for what Professor Axtell did for me in one treatment. Relieved a cough and cold that had kept me up six nights and was fast developing into pneumonia. Mrs. Mary Kaiser, Sedalia, Mo., says: I suffered intensely with rheumatism in my ankle. I took a week's treatment from Professor Axtell and was cured. Have not been bothered since. Mrs. J. Hohn, 1815 East Eighteenth street, Kansas City, Mo., says: I suffered for years with neuralgia of the heart. Three regular physicians did me no good. Medicine did not have good effect on me. Professor Axtell cured me in two weeks.

More remarkable still are the wonderful cures performed by his **"Absent Method."** Chronic diseases of long standing readily yield to his treatment. A gentleman in Oklahoma writes: After taking the first absent treatment my neuralgia entirely disappeared. I believe I am cured of it. A Kansas farmer writes: My catarrh is so much improved that it does not worry me at all. I will be cured before my month is up. Mrs. M. F. Johnson, San Angelo, Tex., writes: I suffered for years with womb trouble, and tried all the doctors and medicine to no good effect. One month absent treatment cured me. I owe my life to the method of treatment. Miss Lena Carpenter, Lamonte, Mo., writes: Was taken sick with nervous prostration and stomach trouble. Doctors gave me no relief. My friends finally gave me up. Sent to Professor Axtell and took two weeks' absent treatment from him and was then able to go to him. Now I feel entirely well.

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