CALDWELL TRIBUNE.

STEUNENBERG BROS., Publishers.

CALDWELL, : : IDAHO.

THEY have begun to ship coal from Japan to San Francisco.

THE furniture workers' co-operative factory at Baltimore has closed its doors.

AT Courtland, Cal., thirty Chinamen struck for $1.50 per day instead of $1.25.

GERMAN working-men average $150 per year; iron workers make from $200 to $250.

THE owner of the gold mines at Transvaal, South Africa, says that American machinery is the best.

AN electric motor company of New York has proposed to run one of the Carnegie mills with a ninety-horse power motor.

THE Knights of Troy, N. Y. purchased the State armory in 1886, but have had to let it drop through because of lack of funds to pay for the structure.

JAPANESE make their own ships, and they claim the manufacture of the finest repeating gun in the world. They buy mining machinery in this country.

THE strike in the Green Ridge rolling mill, at Scranton, Pa., against a 10 per cent. reduction, has been decided in favor of the employes. The company will return to a monthly pay day.

THE pig-iron export from Birmingham, Ala., is steadily increasing. They are sending it to Pittsburgh and from there to Eastern cities and sell it cheaper than the Pittsburg market.

THE labor organizations of Minneapolis, Minn., will probably win their demand for conductors on all street cars. Their members will not put their nickels in the box, and other people are following their example.

THE saw-mill hands at Gravenhurst, Canada have struck for a ten-hour day. Last year they reduced the day from 12 to 11 hours. Two thousand men left their work. Some employers have granted the demand.

FALLS RIVER, MASS., weavers have asked for a ten per cent. advance, or as much as the spinners conceded some time ago. At the Crescent mill the men have averaged $5 a week on work that they say ought to pay $9.

EIGHTEEN special agents of the National Bureau of Labor are now engaged collecting statistics regarding employment on railroads in Maine, New Hampshire Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad company will erect a number of new shops at Altoona, Pa. A cabinet shop, a paint shop and a new round house are among the improvements contemplated. It is said that $285,000 will be expended, and the force of workmen will be largely increased.

THE Tailors' Union has adopted a new constitution with the following objects: Abolition of tenement, contract and prison competition; eight hours a day's work; the adoption of a minimum rate of wages, ranging according to location; the prohibition of child labor; the regulation of female labor, and the establishment of manual training schools.

A COMPANY with a capital of $1,000,000 will develop 20,000 acres of iron and timber lands in Cherokee county, Tex. The product of the iron beds they say, can not be excelled. A furnace operated by convicts has been established three years, and the output has been sent all over the west. The new State House at Austin used $100,000 worth of the prison's output.

THE American Flint Glass Workers' Union decided to refuse admission into the union to the packers. The packers number 900 people, and for three years have been trying to gain admittance into the union. The difficulty seems to be in that all the packers are not organized. In case they make a better showing next year the probabilities are they will be admitted.

THE property of the Schuylkill valley Knights of Labor foundry at Spring City, Pa., was sold by the sheriff, the execution creditors being some of the stockholders who were employed in the works and sued the managment for about $1,800 wages due. The plant and patterns are secured by chattel mortgages and can not be sold as yet, and the sale made was confined to coal, lumber, office furniture, etc., for which less than $100 was obtained.

THE Wolverhampton correspondent of the London *Times* states that during a recent heavy thunderstorm a collier named Bates, who had lost his sight through an accident, was being led home when a flash of lightning was reflected on the spectacles he wore to conceal his disfigurement. After the peal of thunder which followed he complained of pain in his head. The next moment, to his surprise, he found that he had regained possession of his eyesight.

THE colored people of Maryland are to hold a state fair at Baltimore the first seven days of October, and more than 500 applications for space have already been applied for. The *American* says the exhibition will be a surprise to the public. The colored people of Maryland have advanced more substantially than their contemporaries of any other state. In Baltimore alone they pay taxes on between two and three million dollars' worth of property.

IN the address of the president of the National Union of Operative Boot and Shoe Rivetters and Finishers of England some vegy interesting expressions occur. He says their "motto is not an aggressive policy, but to maintain their just right, a fair remuneration for labor, with the right, to live as honest citizens of a free country." He also declaims against over time, laments the tendency of the trade to become a season trade, and expects much from the eight hour working day.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Experiments Showing That Hanging Produces Death Quicker Than Electricity.

At a recent meeting of the Medico-Legal Society, Dr. William A. Hammond, the eminent specialist and physiologist, discussed the subject of capital punishment by hanging and electricity. He and several of his colleagues were of the opinion that hanging was the more painless and certain of the two methods of inflicting legal death. As New York has changed its laws, substituting electricity for the classic rope, the subject was one of great interest from a medico-legal point of view.

For interest of science and the enthanasia of would-be murderers in general, several well-known surgeons determined to perform a series of experiments on living animals to decide the question, and their results, which are about to be published in a scientific journal, are considered of special importance. The experimenters were Dr. B. Curtiss, Dr. George Brown Phelps, and H. S. Lewis. They were assisted by three medical students.

Their programme was:

1. Time required to produce death by hanging.
2. Time required to produce death by electricity.
3. Post-mortem appearances.
4. Resuscitation after death by either method.

The experiments were chiefly carried on at the Carnegie laboratory. Boys were employed to obtain the unfortunate canines, and all collision with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was carefully avoided by secrecy.

The room, or laboratory, in which the experiments were made at the rear of the building on the fifth floor. A powerful electric dynamo was obtained and a gibbet of the most approved pattern erected. Room was also provided for the dogs who should be resuscitated after apparent death by either means. The animals were securely muzzled before the experiments were attempted, but this did not prevent their howling. The details of each experiment will be published by the experimenters. The results were greatly in favor of hanging. Out of 100 dogs fifty were hung and fifty submitted to the electric discharge. Of those hung twenty were dead in less than five minutes, and from post mortem examination it was apparent that they died almost instantly. Five out of the fifty were resuscitated and are alive, but they are all small. It was found that the heavier the animal the quicker the result of death was obtained, and where a weight was added to the dog's weight, death seemed to take place instantaneously. Of the fifty submitted to the electric discharge of the strength and in the manner prescribed by the State law for the death of criminals, instant death was produced in only five experiments. It required on the average ten minutes to kill, and in eighteen instances the animal were easily resuscitated. In seven he came to without the slightest treatment within two hours after apparent death. The prescribed discharge entirely failed to produce death in three instances, and one of these three dogs came to after double the strength of electric discharge had been given.

From the post-mortem appearance of the brain and nerve centers, and from other things observed, the experimenter concluded that the electric discharge caused the intensest agony, especially when not strong enough to kill at once, while in the case of hanging the evidence pointed to immediate paralysis of the nerve centers and a painless death. Such are the chief results of their investigations.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SHE ANSWERS THE PREACHER.

A Fashionable Woman Who Believes the Majority of Humanity Sinful.

"There is nothing on earth more farcical to me," said one of the gayest of married society women, "than the sermons of preachers about the wretched inward lives and heart sickness of society women.

"I just read a sermon the other day in which an uproarious revivalist was deploring the misery of a hollow life. What does this sanctimonious old brother know about hollow lives? Why does he take hollow lives to ring his changes upon? Why don't he speak of the hopeless lives of women at the wash tub and the cooking stove? There are just as many Godless women at those occupations as in the whirl of society. Women can be hollow anywhere, society has nothing to do with it. We are more caviled at simply because we make a show. We dress well and drive in carriages, and the crowd stares, and good, religious people, pointing out someone among us, shake their heads in pity and say:

"'Look at that gay butterfly creature. She married that old man for his money, She is utterly heartless, and yet she must suffer sometimes when midnight leaves her alone with her soul.'

"Not nearly so wretched, my dear good people, is this heartless devotee of fashion as a young girl living in the country near Atlanta who recently married a rich old codger for his ducats. The old fellow makes her work, she hates him and has no diversions in the way of balls, operas and fine clothes. Women in every station of life are constantly selling themselves. It's not a crime patented by fashionable society.

"There are more alleviations to a sale marriage in gay life than any other. People may talk conscience till they die, but conscience can be kept pretty quiet in the body of a beautiful woman surrounded by admiration and luxury."

"But don't you believe that there is such a thing as a pure, high, Christian life?"

"Certainly I do, and I believe it's the only life that brings all perfect peace, but how few women of any class know such a life. The majority of humanity is sinful. There is selfishness and want of heart equally distributed in every class. A lot of ranting is done about the worldly mother who leaves her children to the care of servants. Of course such a woman is not an ideal mother, but the children are not as much to be pitied as those of the equally heartless mother of a lower class who is too slovenly and trifling to take proper care of her offspring and too poor to hire servants to take care of them. I tell you the preachers are all wrong. The worldly society woman, next to the perfect and rarely found Christian woman, is the happiest on earth.

"In my girlhood I gave a romance a few smiles and tears. I played at love but my fearing by a worldly mother did not leave me with a large amount of heart at eighteen. We were in moderate circumstances, and my mother taught me to think money the greatest good. I had quite a desperate love affair the year before I made my money match. He was a blonde and sang tenor. I met him the other day threadbare, with a string of little children at his heels. He had that exhausted, hacked look common to men with empty pockets and large families.

"I was driving by in my carriage with my page and my two little girls. I leaned over and kissed the lot as a a prayer of thankfulnes, for my present happy state welled up from my heart."

"And you didn't have an instant's heart throb or a momentary regret?"

"Do you know," listing large, laughing eyes, "that I wouldn't be the mother of that seedy singer and those decidedly rusty little brats for anything in Christendom!

"It was a little hard to give him up at the time. We made beautiful pictures of love in a cottage, and all that, but when my husband came along with money and a four-story brown stone residence, the cottage tumbled, never to be regretted."

"But how could you bear to marry a man without loving him? It seems to me a woman must love or hate the man she marries."

"So I've read in books and been told by romantic young women. I'm neither a novel heroine nor the embodiment of romance.

"My husband is not an Apollo. He has stiff, black hair and very large teeth, two things I had ever railed against in early girlhood, and he is not as old as my desire to become a widow would have him; still, as a husband he is about the best a woman could have. He pays my bills and never grumbles, is submissive, uncomplaining, thinks me the most beautiful woman on earth, and likes for me to go out and have attention."

"But what are you going to do when you grow old and the attention ceases?"

"I won't care for the kind of admiration then that I have now. The young fellows will be nice to me then for my girls. They are both lovely children, and will make handsome women. I shall be young again in their love affairs and entertainments."

"Are you bringing them up with the same view of life as presented by your own mother?"

"Why, of course; my girls must marry rich. If they really fall in love with rich men, I shall consider their destiny complete; but if not, I shall urge the marrying of money without love as the next best thing, and shall be content in believing their lives as happy as my own."

The Woes of an Inventor.

When an inventor receives a patient his name is immortalized in the Official Gazette, and he immediately becomes an object of attack from a horde of hungry aspirants for money, among whom are ex-clerks, patent brokers and pretended leading lights of varying degrees. The patentee is deluged with circulars and letters from this class of gentry. Some write to inform him confidentially that his patent is good for nothing, but on receipt of a certain fee they will set it right and make it sound as a silver dollar. Others pleasantly inform the new-fledged inventor that they have read of his patent with great pleasure and consider it to be a very valuble invention. If properly introduced much money can be realized. The State of Iowa, they say, is worth $50,000; Ohio, $45,000; Pennsylvania, $65,000, and so on. All that is necessary is to print some circulars and do a little blowing, which the broker generously offers to do on receipt from the inventor of ten to fifty dollars cash in advance. Another writes to say that he has an actual offer of $10,000 for the patent for Canada, provided the patent is at once taken, which he will procure on receipt of the necessary money. It is almost needless to suggest these schemes are designed to fleece the inventor. The so-called patent-sellers rarely effect a bona-fide sale. They depend upon the advance fees obtained as above for a livelyhood. Some of them have thus grown rich and prosperous.

These pretended sellers try to make it appear they are reliable by giving respectable reference and cite names of patentees for whom they purport to have sold patents. One mode of procuring these references is as follows: They write the patentee they have a customer who will buy a county right in Minnesota for $500 and pay by deeding twenty-five acres of land in Arkansas, really worth $1,000, but the parties are so anxious to obtain the patent right they are willing to let the land go and take the right, in settlement, provided $50 cash is paid and a mortgage given for $500. This done, the patent broker closes the transaction, receives the $50 cash, which is the full value of the land, also receives a mortgage for $500, together with the patent deed. At the same time the broker is careful to obtain a written certificate from the inventor stating, "I take pleasure in saying that X. Y. Z. & Co. have sold a patent right for me, at my price and on my terms satisfactory, and I recommend them," &c. In this way references are secured which make quite an impressive show on circulars, while the inventor is so ashamed of having been so easily duped he keeps mum.

One of the latest tricks is the following: The patentee receives a letter from A. & B. asking for how much he will sell his patent for such and such a State. He replies, giving a price, say $5,000. The patentee soon after receives another letter from X. Y. Z., saying that A. & B. write they "have corresponded with you, and now they say have decided to purchase the patent on the terms named, provided the title and claims are found to be correct. To ascertain this they require that X. Y. Z. shall examine and report upon the patent, otherwise A. & B. will not purchase; that if the patentee wishes to complete the sale he must remit $50 to pay for the examination, which is a work independent of the sale and must be independently paid." The inventor sends the money; a report is made adverse to the patentee; no purchase is made; none was ever intended. Such are a few of the adroit schemes now in vogue for swindling "innocent" inventors.

Bills have been introduced in Congress to protect innocent purchasers of patents, i. e., infringers. Might it not also be well for somebody to formulate a law to protect innocent inventors?

The Last Ten Thousand.

PART I.

On a wet gloomy afternoon in the April of 187- Mr. James Heath sat in a house in Strand-street, Strand, and in the curiously-furnished apartments which he called his office. The very dirty window curtains of the room were of the richest silk. The costly Turkey carpet was covered with dust and littered with bundles of old law papers and newspapers, besides letters and other documents, which, having been torn up, had evidently lain on the floor untouched for weeks or months. On the walls of the room were hung a number of valuable oil paintings, water colors and engravings. Madonnas and Holy Families of the early Spanish and Italian schools, pets of the ballet and the prize ring, Dutch boors, landscapes, portraits and racing scenes—mingled as they were without the least regard to style or subject, the general effect was altogether novel and surprising. About the chamber were a number of chairs and couches, mostly of antique patterns, but all of them made of the most costly materials, and covered, like the carpet, with dust. In the corners of the room were piles of well-bound volumes, and two massive sideboards—one of oak, the other of ebony—were piled with miscellaneous heaps of books, glasses, and silver plate. Everything about the chamber, in short, was dirty, costly, and incongruous.

Finally, muffled up in a thick overcoat, and with his back to the fire-place, in which there was no fire, sat Mr. Heath. He was a rather stout man of about sixty, with keen, gray eyes white hair, and a very rubicund complexion. On the table before him stood among a number of paper a bottle of brandy and a tumbler, and he was engaged in reading a long letter, which, was written in a rather sprawling, boyish hand:

"Dear Sir," the letter ran, "I must have £500 by Monday, and I want at least £500 besides. This, with what I owe you at present, will make £4,000. I propose, in consideration of that £1,000 which I now ask you to advance, to assign to you the whole of my life interest in the £15,000 3 per cent. consols, together with the whole interest under the policy of assurance for the £3,000. The premiums on the policy amounts to £200 per annum, so that the £450 odd which accrues from the consols will leave a balance of about 250 per cent. interest on the £4,000 until the policy falls in. In other words, for £4,000 you get an absolute reversion in £10,000, together with £250 a year until the reversion is realized. I am aware that I could do better than this, but I want the money at once and I am ready to submit to the sacrifice for immediate payment. I shall call on you to-morrow afternoon at 4 o'clock, when I hope you will let me have a check. Yours, faithfully,

ROBERT OSWALD."

Mr. Heath read the letter very carefully through two or three times, after which he laid it on the table and leaned back in his chair, while he indulged in a soliloquy which he muttered half aloud.

"Yes," he said, "the terms are good enough. The young fool in in consumption already, though he's barely twenty-three, and this season will kill him. Chapman says his right lung is nearly gone—lucky I got him to insure for the big sum at once. Wants the money, I suppose, to meet his losses on the City and Suburban. What's he going to do, I wonder, when he has parted with his interest in the £15,000? Fall back on his mother, I suppose. She's supposed to be wealthy, but her money is all in American stocks, they say, and if report is true she knows how to keep it. The widow of a Scotchman, who made a fortune in America, they came back to England about five years since to get into society and put young hopeful through Oxford. The father died three years ago, and the mother has been leading a rather retired life since, so they say. But, nonsense, what has all this to do with me? Young Mr. Oswald, who has got himself into consumption through dissipation, is practically offering me £10,000 for a further advance of £1,000. Even if I had to wait a few years it's good enough. But he hasn't twelve months' life in him. Three months more, at the rate he is going at present, ought to finish him. And then?"

Mr. Heath continued almost aloud, and in an excited manner:

"Then I have made the £100,000 which it has been the ambition of my life to be worth. This is the last ten thousand. With this I shall be worth almost exactly one hundred and two thousand pounds in hard cash, besides the good-will of this cursed business, and all the things, which I shall dispose of at once, Why, I ought to have nearly one hundred and ten thousand pounds; but never mind, once I have a hundred thousand pounds in hard cash. I shall give up. To that I have made up my mind. And then? Well, I shall go on the Continent for a time. I'd be pretty well forgotten in the course of two or three years, and my name is not in particularly good odor just now—hasn't been for years past. Never mind that—when a man has four or five thousand a year, people are not too particular about his antecedents. I may take a place a little way out of London—be a sort of county magnate for a bit—and work my way into a decent club. Let them say what they like behind my back, they'd be bound to be civil to my face, and that's all that any one need care. Half the peers in England would go crazy if they only knew what their servants were saying about them. Fools, we're all, more or less, tarred with the same brush, thinking vermin as we are, if this new theory of evolution or what ever it's called be true. No, if I once get foot into a good club, they could not get out of it again, if I only can afford to act respectably. Let them whisper what they like behind my back, all that I have to deal with is what is said or done before my face, and the hounds would be silent, for they can prove nothing. If the brutes have to lick me, what do I care if they would like to bite. 'Heavens, what a contemptible thing is human nature!' the great Napoleon used to say when he was a young man starving in Paris. Contemptible is not the word. Worthless—indifferent—unworthy of even contempt—poor wretched puppets. You band together, and club your wretched selfishness into what you call respectability. Respect? Why, you will have more real respect for me, who'll force my way, and walk alone among you, then you have for the sleekest creature of your back. Yes: 'Lions walk alone, jackals hold together,' as Pitt used to say, and one can play the Pitt of the Napoleon in private, as well as in public life, if need be. Yes: I have only to wait now till Mr. Oswald smashes up the little that's left of his constitution. Not many months at the furthest. Strange that the last 10,000 should come altogether in this way; I might have been three or four years getting it together. Perhaps longer. Who can tell? We make more bad debts than people think, and, like the snail crawling up the post, I might, now and then, have slipped down at night twice as far as I had crawled during the day.

"But here the whole thing is done. The last ten thousand made, as the saying is, by a stroke of my pen. And yet, it's curious how I have had a suspicion from the first moment I set eyes upon this brat that he'd be at once my making and my ruin. Tush! such nonsense; the thing is perfectly legal, and the money is perfectly safe. Even if I lost it, I'd be very far from ruined; but it is quite safe. So, Mr. Oswald, you shall have your thousand pounds, more especially as you are pretty certain to kill yourself with it. Still I have a strange liking for the lad. He has good qualities with all his folly; But oh, humbug! what have I to do with these feelings? If I had any one to leave my money to—a child of my own to inherit my wealth—I might wish to leave it a little cleaner than it is. Yes, it's hard to think that the riches for which I have toiled will go to people who curse my name—If I don't leave them to the nation, or turn them into cash and fling it into the sea before I die. Come in!"

The last two words were in answer to a knock at the door.

"Mr. Oswald, Sir," said a boy who acted as a sort of a clerk to Mr. Heath.

"Show him in," said the latter as he resumed his seat at the table.

A tall, handsome, but very delicate young man entered the room.

"Well, young Sir, what can I do for you?" said Heath in a gruff voice, which was intended to be pleasing and assuring.

One of Mr. Heath's peculiarities was that he seemed to take a delight in making his clients state their business as often as possible, however well he might be acquainted with it.

"You can offer me a chair if you want to be civil, and a glass of brandy if you're inclined to be friendly," replied Oswald in a languid familiar manner, which just bordered on being contemptuous.

"Oh, please be seated, my dear Sir, if you insist on ceremony," said Heath, pushing a bottle and a glass toward his visitor as he spoke. "And how, beside offering you a chair and a little brandy, what else can I do for you?"

"Well, confound it! you know what I have come about. You have had my letter. What's the use of asking such a question?" was the impatient rejoinder.

"Yes. I have had your letter, but I don't like the business. I tell you frankly, I don't like to see a young man ruining himself as you are doing—"

"Oh, curse it all! I have not come here to be lectured," interrupted Oswald, angrily. "Will you do the thing or not? This is Thursday. I must have the money by Saturday night."

"I would have to give notice to the Trustees of this fresh charge, and there is barely time to get the thing through. I would rather you took the matter somewhere else," replied Heath, dubiously.

"But that is impossible, and I must meet my engagements on Monday," was the answer.

The result of some further conversation was that Mr. Heath, with a great show of reluctance, suffered himself to be persuaded to have everything ready to make this further and final advance an Saturday.

"You will have twenty pounds in gold, eight ten-pound notes, and the remaining nine hundred pounds 'short,'" said Oswald as he was leaving the room.

"Yes, I hope you will take care of it," replied Heath.

"I shall win twenty thousand over the Guineas. Good evening," was the answer, and Mr. Oswald took his departure.

On Saturday Oswald duly received the £1,000 after he had executed a deed, by which he assigned the policy of assurance and his life interest in the £15,000 consols to Mr. Heath. According to the will of the late Mr. Oswald, the £15,000 was, if Robert Oswald died without issue, to be paid to a distant relative who lived in America.

Mrs. Oswald, I may add, derived her income from certain investments in American railway stocks. She was supposed to be very well off, but it was a curious thing that, though she went a good deal into society, nobody seemed to know much about either her or her late husband. They had come from America about five years before and taken a house in Porchester Terrace, Bayswater.

The late Mr. Oswald brought very satisfactory references from Chicago, kept a very good balance at his bank, and entertained, as did Mrs. Oswald, in a very hospitable manner. This, however, was really all that was known about them. As to their son, Robert, he had unluckily taken to betting, and got into the clutches of Mr. Heath, with what result, so far, we have seen above.

It is not necessary to say more than that Robert Oswald lost his money, and brought himself to his death-bed during the next two months. As Mr. Heath knew, he was in consumption when he sold his annuity, and the effect of his losses and constant dissipation precipitated the collapse of his system. "When sorrows come, they come not single spies but in battalions." On the morning after the race for the "Two Thousand Guineas," when Robert was left utterly penniless, and in debt to a number of bookmakers, Mrs. Oswald received a letter from her stock broker, saying that he would like to see her at her earliest convenience. Accordingly she went at once to the City, where she learned that the two American railways in which nearly all her money was invested had ceased to pay dividens. That, in short, the shares were almost unsalable, as it was highly probable that the concerns would be sole under foreclosure of mortgages. Mrs. Oswald did all she could under the circumstances. She gave up her house in Porchester Terrace and took lodgings in St. Paul's road, Camden Town, where she devoted herself to the task of nursing her son, who was now fast sinking in consumption.

PART II.

In the second week of the following June, Mr. Heath, who had a small house in Notting Hill, was sitting in his parlor at a little after 8 o'clock in the evening, when a servant came in to say that a Mr. Bailey wished to see him.

"Show him in at once," said Heath, who rose from his seat and went to the door to meet him.

"Well," said Heath, in his usual gruff way, when he had closed the door, which he did very carefully as if he were afraid that some one might be listening outside.

"Mr. Oswald's dead, Sir. Died at 5 o'clock this evening. I only heard of it within the last hour, and I came on at once to tell you."

For a moment there was silence, during which the little man stood twirling his hat in his hands.

At last Heath said, "Are you quite certain of this?"

"Quite certain, Sir," was the answer. "I have it from the servant in the house. I had been expecting the the news all day, and directly Mrs. Wilmot told me I thought I'd make assurance doubly sure by seeing the servant myself. As I told you, I knew her before she went to live in St. Paul's road. I told you how I heard from Mrs. Wilmot everything that went on in the house."

"Well, well, that will do. Here is a sovereign for your trouble in coming here. Look into my office next week and I shall pay you what we have arranged, when I have the formal proofs of his death. Good-night."

"Good-night, Sir, thank you," said Bailey, as he left the room.

Bailey was a nondescript character who was occasionally employed by Heath, sometimes as a broker, sometimes as a private detective. In the present instance, by virtue of his having some relatives living in St. Paul's road, he had been engaged to bring Mr. Heath the earliest intelligence of Robert Oswald's death. When he had gone Heath walked up and down the room for some minutes in silence. At length he muttered to himself:

"One hundred and two thousand pounds in hard cash, made at last! I shall sell everything I own within a fortnight's time—furniture, bills, pictures, all. They will fetch another six thousand; but, whatever they bring, they shall be sold at once. I am determined to enjoy my wealth while I have time, and to do that I must cut the life I have been leading at once. Yes, my 'pile' is made. I have at last what years ago I said I would make, and I shall be out of England this day fortnight. What may I not do yet, with over a hundred thousand pounds and the brains and knowledge which I possess! Good heavens, how suddenly the last ten thousand has come! What a lucky chance it was that threw the young fool into my clutches! I managed him properly, there's no doubt. But yet it was a lucky chance that brought him to me. Still it's strange the presentiment I have always had about him. Oh, bother such nonsense! what have I to do with presentiments? I shall be believing in ghosts and hobgoblins next! Yet I seem to be sorry instead of glad, and there is that fear of some impending evil which I seemed to have every time I saw him. What on earth can this be?"

The last question was caused by a sharp knock and ring at the hall door. In a few seconds the servant came in with a telegram. Mr. Heath looked at the envelope nervously before he opened it. At last he took out the telegram, which he read two or three times over, as if he doubted the evidence of his eyesight. Then he put the telegram in his pocket, whispering to himself in a trembling voice as he did so—

"What can it be? What can it be?"

The telegram which evidently caused him so much uneasiness was as follows:

"Mrs. Oswald, To James Heath, Esq., St. Paul's Road. Stanhope Terrace, Camden Town, Notting Hill.

"It is of great importance that I should see you to-night. Robert Oswald died at five o'clock this evening. Please come here at once on receiving this telegram."

"Could it be some conspiracy to get me into the house and murder me?" thought Mr. Heath, as he walked about the room, with the telegram in his pocket. "Oh, nonsense! I need not be afraid of that. They are very respectable people in the house. No, depend upon it, it is either that the mother wants to beg or borrow from me; or that there is some screw loose about the policy of assurance. Curse it! Like my usual luck. But I had better be off there at once. What a curious authoritative way she telegraphs in, though."

He left the house, and, hailing the first hansom he met, was driven rapidly to St. Paul's road. A servant opened the hall door before he could knock, and having asked if he was Mr. Heath, conducted him up stairs to the drawing room. Though it was just 9:30 o'clock, and getting rather dark, no lamp or candle was lighted in the room, and as Mr. Heath entered he could just discern through the deep twilight the figure of a tall woman who was sitting by one of the windows dressed in black. She rose as he entered and asked him to take the chair which was a few yards from where she was sitting. From the position in which she sat, and the darkness of the room, Mr. Heath could not discern her features very clearly, and to tell the truth he felt exceedingly uncomfortable. He was pretty well case-hardened of course; few men had more curious experiences, and some of the scenes he had witnessed in the pursuit of his vocation were not a little appalling. But just as one of the first things that is taught to every medical student is that he must disregard the pain which he has to inflict on his patients, so, from the very outset of his career, Mr. Heath had trained himself to be perfectly callous about the feelings and interests of the people with whom he was brought in contact. Still, all the teaching in the world cannot make a surgeon insensible to pain which is inflicted on himself, and it was just because he was apprehensive that some calamity was about to fall upon him that Mr. Heath felt on the present occasion a sense of fear which almost amounted to terror.

"You have been prompt in responding to my telegram," said the lady in a hard, defiant voice. "My son, as I told you, is dead. You have stripped him of his little property. He died a pauper. You make £10,000 by his death. I have lately lost nearly all that I was worth. I have spent pretty nearly the rest in nursing him through his last illness. I want twenty pounds in ready money to pay his funeral expenses. You are the proper person to give it to me. Do you refuse?"

I dare say that Mr. Heath would gladly have paid twenty pounds, or more, for the relief he experienced when he heard this speech. So it was only a begging appeal after all.

"Thank heavens!" he muttered to himself, and for the first time since he heard of Robert Oswald's death he felt really easy in his mind.

"My good madam," he said, in his usual tone of gruff determination, "your son sought me voluntarily He had ample value for what he sold me. I have nothing more to say on the matter, and I must wish you good night."

"But I have something more to say to you," said the lady, who rose from her chair at the same time that he did. "Had you given me the twenty pounds I would have been content to let you go in peace. As it is you must hear why you are the proper person to pay for the funeral of my son. Come here; I have something to tell you which you will remember to the last day of your life. See—"

She threw open the folding doors that separated the drawing room from a bedroom which was brilliantly lighted with candles. On a bed lay the body of Robert Oswald. His mother went round and stood at the far side of the bed, facing Heath, who advanced a little way into the inner room as if he were drawn by a spell.

"Now, Sir," she exclaimed, "do you recognize me?"

"I can't say I do, madam," said Heath, whose eyes were fixed on the face of the corpse, and who hardly looked at her.

"Twenty-two years make a difference, no doubt," she said as she removed a scarf which was tied around her head, and let her long auburn hair fall about her shoulders. "Now Philip Arnott, look at me again and see if you recognize the face of the wife whom you forced to leave you. Look on that bed and see if you recognize your own features in the face of your dead son."

"My son!" exclaimed Heath—or Arnott, as he really was.

"Yes," said his wife, "it is not many days since, by an accident, I found out that you, whom I knew to have ruined him and from whom I tried to save him, were also his father. When you forced me to fly from you twenty-two years ago I found a protector for myself and child. We went to America, where we lived for years as man and wife. In an evil hour we came back to England. God or fate brought your son and you together—the little darling child whom you used to nurse on your lap—the little child who used to pull your whiskers and throw his arms around your neck. You loved him, though you did not love me; but, oh, see—there is the result!"

For a moment Arnott, who was deadly pale, looked in her face, and uttered one word, "Alice." Then he looked at the corpse again, and said mechanically, as his eyes were riveted on it, "Bob"

"Yes, Bob and Alice," cried his wife. "You recognize us now; but what is the matter—?"

Phillip Arnott was swaying from side to side. Suddenly he fell senseless on the floor. It was many hours before he returned to consciousness, out when he did so he was in a state of idiocy, in which condition he remained until he died, about three months afterward. As he had made no will his property was divided under the Statute of Distributions. I have only to add that Alice Arnott succeeded, as his widow, to her share of the property, and returned to America shortly after his death.—Belgravia.

A Spiritualistic Test.

Special to The Washington Post.

Courtlandt Palmer and Stephen Pearl Andrews had an agreement that the one who died first was, if possible, to communicate from the spirit land with the survivor. A year was to be allowed for the phenomenon to take place, and in case it did not, the conclusion was to be that the theory of spiritualistic intercourse was false. Andrews was a spiritualist. It was he who did most of the writing for Victoria Woodhull and Jennie C. Clafin at the time of their spiritualistic fame. Palmer was an unbelieving investigator. He and Andrews, who was commonly called the Pantarch, together founded the Colloquium, a society of philosophers of diverse views, to meet for discussions. That was the origin of the Nineteenth Century Club, of which Palmer was president and chief financial sustainer. The two men were anxious to settle the question, while at least one lived, whether the spirits of the dead communicated with the living. So they made the agreement described. Each memorized a sentence, and this was, if feasible, to be sent by the one who died to the one who yet lived through some medium miles away. Nobody else was to know the words. Andrews died last Autumn, and Palmer, although without faith, waited for the promised message. It did not come. The Pantarch was frequently represented as speaking through various mediums here and there, but he did not mention Palmer or the compact.

Not long before Courtlandt Palmer's death he talked with several friends about the unkept promise by Stephen Pearl Andrews, and declared that if the expiration of the year did not bring the proof to the contrary, he should set down spiritualism as a sure delusion. As he died before the end of the year, and without, so far as known, disclosing the test sentence to anybody, this attempt by two of the Nineteenth Century Club men to ascertain the truth as to spiritualism comes to nothing satisfactory.

He Lost His Coffin.

Down at Albuquerque there was one special consumptive who, being that, felt that somehow no other consumptive should be permitted in the place. He was a character noted for going on frequent "benders" until he came very near to having the jim-jams and then sobering up. He had a kind of privilege in the town and became jealous of it. One day another consumptive put in an appearance, much to the prior resident's disgust. They met. The old resident eyed the new comer all over. Then he said:

"Say, you've come here to die, I s'pose. Well, there ain't much life between us. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go across the way and shake the dice with you for a coffin."

"Goes!" said the other.

The old resident lost the shake, and he went off at once on a terrific jamberee and died. The new comer was so mad he went raving about the place.

"He did it to get out of paying for that coffin. That's the meanest trick I ever had done to me."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Before the Era of Matches.

Probably there are few children of the present day who have seen or who have ever heard of the old-fashioned tinder box and matches. Yet fifty years ago the friction match, now so universally used, had but just been invented, and did not come into general use for many years. Before the year 1836, or thereabouts, housekeepers were obliged to use matches of domestic manufacture. These were pieces of small white pine wood, perhaps twice the size of our match, the ends of which had been dipped in brimstone. A small iron skillet in which to melt the brimstone was a common kitchen utensil in many families in New England, if not elsewhere.

The only way to light one of these brimstone matches was to bring it in contact with a spark of fire. For this purpose there used to be kept in every house a small tin box filled with burnt rags and this was called a tinder box. In order to obtain a light a common gun flint was struck with considerable force against a piece o steel made of convenient size, which produced a few sparks; these, lodging upon the burnt rags, made sufficient fire to enable one to readily light the match.

These smouldering rags—for the sparks thus obtained did not produce a blaze—were afterwards extinguished by a round tin cover called a damper. To thus create fire required some experience, especially in damp weather, or with cold fingers on a winter mornings. We have known people to make "a bad piece of work" with the flint and steel, and to succeed only with great patience in "striking a light." If one happened to be cross or nervous the chances were that he could not succeed at all; nor was it an infrequent sight to see the good wife of the house running across the street with a shovel to borrow a shovelful of "live coals" from a neighbor, the chimney smoke of whose dwelling proclaimed that she had a fire. The change to the match of commerce was one of the first of what we now consider modern conveniences. In many families it was one of the "children's chores" to prepare wood for matches and to dip the ends in melted brimstone. These matches were sometimes to be bought in shops, but New England economy more frequently led each family to prepare its own. Still it was not uncommon for poor children to make a trifle of money by selling matches to their more fortunate neighbors. In sparsely settled neighborhoods great care was exercised at night by the head of the house to "keep the fire." He took precaution that there should be a good bed of "live coals" at the hour of re retiring; these he covered with many shovelfuls of ashes to prevent them from burning out. The next morning the coals were usually found to be "live" on raking open the ashes and served to start the day's fire. It was not an impossible feat to thus preserve the family fire through the year, without recourse to tinder box and matches.

The modern friction match was welcomed by most housekeepers, although here and there some old people objected to it, considering it a dangerous article, as no doubt it is when carelessly used or left lying about. The first friction match invented required to be drawn across a piece of fine sandpaper in order to produce a light. This was called a lucifer, and was much safer, although not so convenient, as the present match. Then came the present patent friction matches, which used to be called "loco-focos." There were no fancy match boxes in "old times," and the tinder box was not considered an ornamental article, but was kept out of sight in the cupboard or on the kitchen mantelpiece.

We find in a Salem newspaper of June 20, 1836, the following: "Notwithstanding the convenience of these dangerous little articles, friction matches, which are in almost everybody's hands, but which with all charms bid fair to prove a heavy curse to the community, we learn that there is one man in Salem, a respectable tradesman who keeps a store, where we should generally expect to find such things, but who has never sold them nor allowed them to be used on his premises. At his house and shop he sticks to the old-fashioned flint, steel and tinder. He shows his wisdom by so doing. How many more can say as much?"

Encounter With an Alligator.

From the Gainesville (Fla.) Advocate.

L. W. Jackson lost some cattle and started out to hunt them, accompanied by his dog. In hunting around they came across an immense alligator, but as his 'gatorship was engaged in watching some calves, he did notice Mr. Jackson and his party (he having been joined by two friends.) Mr. Jackson's dog not being very well up in the 'gator business, commenced the attack at once. As soon as his 'gatorship could change his mind from colves to dog he made a sweep with his tail that brought the canine around to his business end, and before the dog had time to think of his past, made a snap that would have ended his career then and there, but the 'gator miscalculated his distance, and instead of taking the whole dog, tail and all, he got his tail only. The dog being thus freed, started on a home-run; but the 'gator wanted dog if he could not get calf, and therefore started after him, rolling over and over. This method of locomotion was so unusual that the dog became disgusted, and made such good time that the 'gator gave it up, and turned his attention to his human enemies. They in their turn armed themselves with fence rails, and then the fight was fast and furious. The 'gator would take the rails between his teeth and crunch them as if he enjoyed them as a diet. To vary the exercises he would snatch a rail and sweep it round over that section of the country, making his assailants give him plenty of room. Finally, after a terrible struggle, he was forced to go where all 'gators go—and hunt calves and dogs no more

The Ruling Passion.

Having been a postmaster myself, I naturally hover around the general delivery yet and love the flavor of a postage stamp as well as I ever did. The stolen glance at a postal card addressed to some one else sends a thrill the entire length of my spine, and to be able to make change with one hand, jerk a canceling stamp with the other, and at the same time converse with a glorious being through the window while drawing a salary I regard as a pinnacle of success by which any American boy may not be ashamed to perspire.—Bill Nye.