A CACTUS MONSTER.

Thrilling Recital of a Tramp at the Springfield Station-House, as Related to "Cabriolet."

Bitten by a Tropical Snake—Its Strange Effect on the Mind—The Cactus Which Became a Horrible Living Serpent.

Last Wednesday evening a REPUBLIC reporter entered the Spring street station-house on his customary rounds. The clock had just struck twelve. Outside the air was crisp and raw and biting and full of the sentiment of coming snow. The sky was dark with scurrying clouds which had blotted out the slender crescent of the young moon, before it would have dipped its head behind the friendly cover of the horizon.

Inside the comfortable base burner glowed and sent out a wealth of drowsy heat. A kettle on the burnished rack near the pipe sang and spattered merrily, and every once in a while a little stream of condensed steam would drop upon the stove and worry down the header iron with a laughing little hiss, as though it enjoyed the joke. Colonel Dolze, the genial and efficient keeper, lay stretched upon the inviting couch, and pulled at a cigar drowsily and contemplatively. He scanned a newspaper idly and was the picture of cheerful coolness. He greeted the reporter in his customary hearty fashion, and, after exchanging the compliments of the day, said:

"I've got a collection tonight, a rare one.

"Composed of whom?"

"Tramps mostly. They're a queer lot. I've got some characters here tonight. Like to see them as they sleep? The cells are all full of prisoners and the transients are all stretched in cozy and picturesque attitudes along the central corridors. Come in and see my guests."

Col. Dolze led the way. The reporter followed. The heavy iron door swung back on its hinges with a clank that has meant a world of misery into many a poor human heart.

A dozen or more men were strewn around on the floor. The air, well, it was cosmopolitan, just manage to say the least. The prison hall had certain offensive emanations from the clothes of the tourists, and there was a bouquet from which Colgate might have gathered pointers. Colonel Dolze's foot touched one of the sleepers—legs, by accident. The human raised his head, muttered something in an language that was probably Scandinavian, and after glaring in the face intruders as opened with sleepy red eyes that peered through the matted strands of hair which lay in confusion on his forehead, replaced his head on his arm and closed his eyes again. But it was plainly evident that he was watching the tramps and the visitor. Both seemed fascinated one that those sharp, deep eyes were following their movements. The sounds were made, the inspection of men with curiosity satisfied and the reporter and his chaperone were about leaving. As passing out it was noticed a man raise the form of the prostrate female again. He rose to an erect, jaunty position on one hand and sound the fair face from his brow with the disposition of one used to broken sleep. The chance of work the errand will not allowed to speculate.

"Is a prisoner?"

The query answered in the affirmative and waited for something further. The fair face turned to speak again, when a transparent hand—it is the same tattooed one which had so recently relieved or spoken—gently but firmly pushed back a few low words to a man in politics. But the first speaker raised from off fingers and rose wearily to her feet. He stretched himself by stretching the long arms. Then for the first time the reporter noticed the extreme brightness of his eyes—the kind that showed disease was lurking within. His cheeks were flushed with a warm glow and he panted as he stretched.

The lady "said his companion, hurriedly. The newspaper man did not linger on the man's profile. It was something interesting to a left that was not less than 130 in the aggregate. The man was in a raging fever.

The lady leaned against the bars and drew himself upon to them, as though he longed to speak more but feared to unfortunate. Then raised his hand with a quick passionate involuntary motion to his throat. There he looked at his companion and muttered words too affectionately for a man to say. He said

The reporter turned his hands deprecatingly and leant his head half in unwilling acquiescence. The work was commenced.

Mr. Johnson (Paul Bethel) came to this country two years ago from Stockholm. I suppose you were young and landed in New Orleans. There I obtained work in a large fruit house. We handled a great quantity of tropical fruit, it was my duty to help unpack green bunches of bananas, etc., from the vessels in the Mississippi. One day one bunch, by I think a crate of pineapples and—you see I am a bit down. I felt a sharp, stinging pain in my wrist. I looked at it and a drop of blood had oozed out. I turned to speak to a fellow workman and occupied so minutely in that wriggled and coiled underneath my feet. I looked down and saw a little serpent, not over a foot in length, writhing and disturbing its bed in the fruit in the agonies of death. I had dropped upon its head with my heavy bunch fruit. It was a bright green, a delicate green, the summer foliage in shadow and a nearly approaching color and banded like a ribbon, as it lay and twisted on the floor. I was everything around got indistinct and I leaned the wound of serpent together. The snake grew and grew in size till it cried off my escape. Then I—I guess I died. I didn't know anything for a long time. That was in Mobile. When I found out that I was alive again, the fever had left me. I recovered.

The man paused and passed the hand mentally and vacantly across his face. His companion leaned at him and shook his head with a strange gesture, indicative of compassion and sympathy.

"Well, I was sick right up a year after I was bitten," said Bethel, after a moment, "and then the worst. I fell queerly I remember at day while I was working. Cramps and that I was crazy. I knew it was because they were coming.

"One day I fell in. African in a tin-plant where I was a city road of hardness. It was a bright, soft, fairy green, just like the snake that bit me. It had a terrible fascination for me to look at. The color of the venom, and the so plant it and I seized it. I took him, he did it just the same, the way he wriggle with the rest of them. The stick I had a bundle of rich fruit down under the dark and carried it to my room. I watch the cactus down deep into the earth and twined it against the wall of the room where he lay in which I lived. I turned into a house of leather and gave it to the Dominican saint to keep it in shape.

The rest came in from the miserable hole in which I slept. One night I heard one of them whisper up and stretching. I looked in the half gloom to see the cactus plant. In the moonlight I thought I saw it wriggle and waving about. The moon crossed and I went to sleep. The next morning the lower upper change of leather which had over the cactus plant against the wall, was torn and the dried body of a rat, green of hair to be, lay on the window sill. I was sick that day, and it commenced days and months in the hospital. It began to have a vague. It twined and twisted next to a day. I saw a half-shaped thing was in sight.

I went on a week's trip across the Gulf and got back to my room late one night. I slept soon. It was a rough night outside. The wind was howling and the air was close and breathless. Something suddenly awakened me. I opened my eyes with a shudder. The room was filled with a deathly, sickly odor. I heard a slow, gliding rustle in the corner. It came nearer. A feeling of dread and horror came over me. Then a wild, insane longing to laugh. A minute more and a cold, corpse-like and slimy something crawled across my bare arm. I rolled off my pallet and struck a match. Good God! The sight I saw was horrible. Between me and the door was a great, green monster snake, half of its body coiled—the other raised high in the air and waving to and fro. It was that devilish cactus plant, become imbued with the spirit of the devil and turned into a reptile. A little branch that had formerly shot out from the larger stem, was a smaller serpent and wriggled from side to side. It had great iridescent eyes and it hissed—hissed like a demon. Slowly it approached me. I was spell-bound—powerless, frozen with horror. I threw myself forward upon it, and clasped its awful head to my breast. I squeezed it to death—but, oh! how its awful fangs tore at my very vitals! I killed it—but ever since I have been so ill—so ill!"

Hornay sank down on the floor and sobbed. His companion knelt over him and smoothed back his hair. He raised his suffused eyes and said:

"I have heard that tale many times. He thinks it true. He was bitten by a snake in a crate of pine-apples years ago, and has been nearly insane ever since. He has his bad spells, and after one of these worst one night we found him prostrated across the crushed stalk of a cactus plant which he had tried to grow in his room. Poor Hornay!"

CABRIOLET.

A VISIT TO GEORGE ELIOT.

Olive Harper's Pen Picture of the Noted Novelist—Not a Handsome Woman.

While we were sitting in the reception room a tall gentleman with a very smooth low voice came in and said that George Eliot was quite indisposed that day and that she would receive us in spite of that fact, knowing that she had had some so far for that purpose. The gentleman was probably Mr. Lewes, though he did not say so. We were then led into a still darker and more sombre room, which was lighted up as a study. In this room seated before a glowing fire, though it was May, in a great easy chair and wrapped and bundled up in a fleecy white shawl, was the famous woman. She had a sort of turban, also of white wool, thrown over her head, and the ends held under the shawl. Her figure was all curled up in the chair, so that it was impossible to judge of her height or form, but I judged her to be rather under the medium height and very thin, as her hands were thin, long and bony. Her face was rather thin and very long, with the under jaw setting out in a very unlovely manner. Her eyes were deep set, and her mouth and nose quite worthable, but very ugly in shape. Though her features bore the indefinable stamp of rare intellectuality, they were cold and unsympathetic.

Her voice was clear and every word was distinct, though she spoke in a low tone, and her eyes showed very little change as she spoke, as if she had no deep sympathy, or, rather, as if she did not care to waste such a sentiment on such one but her fictitious characters. Her conversation lacked warmth or vivacity, though her apathetic manner may have been due to weakness. Somehow she managed to convey the impression that her mind was too great for her body, and that she was physically wasting while her mental faculties burned low brightly.

In the course of conversation she said that she thought she her work while resting bodily, and then in the forenoon, while her physical condition was at its best, she wrote it down rapidly, writing over sixty lines a day. After she had finished one of her books she immediately left the city, and went traveling for several months before she could recuperate her strength. During the visit she was gentle but not sympathetic, was not silent nor talkative, and thought as far as I was concerned I did not find any womanly charm about her to love. I was very glad to have seen so famous a woman. She kindly invited us to visit her again upon my return from the continent, but before I came back Mr. Lewes was dead, and I never saw her again.—Olive Harper in New York Mail and Express.

A Pretty Mean Man.

Old Billy W. was one of the oldest men who lived, some fifteen years ago, in that part of West Philadelphia called Mantua, and one of the meanest men who ever drew breath. One day he took a Lancaster avenue car for the city, carrying in his hand a basket of superb white grapes, raised in his own greenhouse. Old Billy W. sat in one corner of the car and a poor mother with a sickly child in her lap sat in the corner opposite. The child looked at the grapes wistfully as the car rolled on, square after square. At last the old man, in a tone of rasping curiosity, asked the child where she was going.

"To the park, sir, to see the grass and the birds.

"Do you like grapes?

"Yes, sir, and the pale little face brightened up as the child half rose from her mother's lap.

The old man lifted up his basket of luscious fruit, and plucking one green from a gigantic bunch, gave it to the child.

The rest of the passengers sat waiting, but the way they looked at the old man would have spilt a stone jug.—Philadelphia News.

Development of Cholera.

M. Thoinnet is of the opinion that cholera, in the progressive stage, has a marked tendency to follow the basins of rivers and water courses, and that its development is usually more frequent and remarkable along the smaller streams and rivers. Water, in fact, is he alleges, a powerful medium in propagating the disease, whether at short or at great distances. Cholera develops itself around wells and cisterns, when the water has been polluted by the cholera germ, and it has been observed that if there are two sorts of drinkable water in a country, the one contaminated and the other not, cholera will attack those who use the first and spare those who use the second. Given also two or more centers of population suffering from cholera, it will be found, other conditions of health being equal, that the victims in the disease are proportionate where the best potable water is to be had.—Cleveland Leader.

Newest Scare in Hygiene.

Speaking of the bath tub, it is the newest scare going up for your benefit, it's good by The Southern News. What damage can be done to the bath tub? Why can fill it with—And we say, What? It says, if made of copper, if enamel lined, acetone, oil, kerosene, known as vertigris. Lead and compounds thereof, oxides which are soluble in water, which means lead poisoning. Hence the folly of copper, tin, lead, iron or wood should ever become dull, tarnished or foul, and then all sorts of dreadful things happen. Cleaning and scouring. The News thinks is the effectual. The remedy is simple as it is practical in one word, glass. Glass, then, is—the porcelain lined iron or enameled fire clay tubs with rounded corners. With glass surfaces to our bath tubs. The News will let us bathe in peace.—New York Graphic.

New Spring Stock.

Just beginning to arrive at R. F. Brandon & Co.'s piano and organ warerooms. Call and see the fine instruments.

Persons contemplating a trip to California on or about the 9th of February, will find it to your interest to call at No. 7 Arcade, Springfield, Ohio.

CLARK COUNTY CONVICTS.

Pen Pictures of Each of the Clark County Men in the Ohio State Penitentiary.

When and Why They Were Sent to Prison—The Life-Men and Their Hopes—Frank Jones's Position—Glances at Other Prisoners.

There are now serving terms in the Ohio penitentiary thirty prisoners from Clark county.

The oldest of these is Cornelius Heatherton, who was received at the "pen" to begin a life sentence, for murder in the second degree, March 4, 1873. Con. is now sixty-four years old. During the fourteen years of his confinement there, he has enjoyed remarkably good health, and that, together with the hope he entertains of executive clemency reaching him at some future day, tends to make him an obedient prisoner. He has committed not one single infraction of the rules of discipline since his incarceration, and by his cheerful disposition and ready compliance with all the rules and and orders of the institution he has won the respect of the officers and guards.

Francis M. Noble, another Clark county prisoner, entered upon his ten-year sentence for an assault to rape June 20, 1881. Noble has

AN UNENVIABLE RECORD

both in and out of prison. He is now on his third term for the same offense, and he has about eighteen months of his sentence yet to serve.

Leonard Kitzloman, sent to the "pen" for life in the fall of 1882, for killing his daughter, is at work in the finishing shop of the Brown, Hinman & Huntington Co., contract. He is one of the best-behaved prisoners in the institution, and like all "life men," he expects to be released from there some day.

William Eberling, convicted of the crime of manslaughter, and sentenced for a term of seven years, has been assigned the light employment of runner for one of the enamel shops. William is broken down in health and is therefore unable to do any heavy work. His prison record is fair.

John Warren is working out his five-year sentence for robbery on the Hayden contract.

Henry Coble, who killed his wife in the summer of 1884, and was convicted and sentenced therefor to the penitentiary for a term of twenty years, is in declining health, and will probably never live to serve the remainder of his sentence. He is at work on the Patton contract and maintains an excellent prison record.

William H. Bare, the forger, and the only prisoner from Clark county serving an indeterminate sentence, is on duty at one of the large gates. On the 23d of last July, while William was at work in the Hayden blacksmith shop, he had the misfortune to meet with a serious accident which necessitated the amputation of his right arm. This, together with his good record, may serve to hasten the board of managers in restoring him to freedom.

Frank B. Jones, the late bookkeeper of the Champion Machine company, who was sent there on an accumulatives, aggregating in all

TEN YEARS

for embezzling the funds of the company is employed as a bookkeeper in the auditor's office. He is considered by the officers of the institution to be a valuable and trustworthy prisoner.

George Seese is doing good work in Enamel No. 1 of the Patton contract.

James Stapleton received there May 14th, 1886, for burglary and larceny, is working out his two and one-half year sentence in the state shop. He has about eighteen months yet to do penance in.

Alexander Moss, alias Edward Moore, has his old position in the Patton foundry, where he is very familiar with the work, having served his term of ten years on that contract. His last conviction was for burglary and larceny for which he received five years. His prison record thus far is good.

Joseph Van Gill alias Burt Webster alias Joseph Van Guilder is now doing his third term from Clark county. Grand larceny is the last crime of which he was convicted and for which he was sentenced to the "pen" for a period of six years. Under the present law Joe is entitled to a home in the penitentiary for life. He takes a philosophical view of the matter as he does of all other things that pertain to him, and says "It's all right."

Harry Jones, who is serving out a five year sentence for grand larceny is in the plane shop of the Ohio Tool contract. This shop is considered by the prisoners to be one of the "snaps" for easy work. Harry's sentence will expire if his demeanor warrants it, in about thirteen months.

John Welsh, better known as "Reddy," is employed at the useful art of making agricultural implements.

HIS FIVE YEARS

for grand larceny will keep him there fourteen months yet. His record in the prison is about as fair as that which he had outside.

Charles S. May is expiating his crime of burglary and larceny in the state shop. He has ample time yet to make atonement for his guilt, for his short time will not terminate before February, 1890. Charles has a very good prison record, and it is may help him to obtain a parole.

Daniel Hartney, who is serving a term of one and one-half years for grand larceny, is moulding pots in Patton's foundry. He will be discharged from there by expiration of sentence in a few weeks.

Frank Rockford is in the twine shop. He strictly observes all the rules of the prison and will thereby, shorten his term of two years by four months and thirteen days.

John Sullivan—not John, of pugilistic fame—is in the prison hospital sick with pulmonary consumption. His sentence of two years, for pocket-picking, may be to him a sentence of life. He has about eight months yet to serve.

William Ray is one of the prison barbers. He, with the aid of four other prisoners, shaves the fourteen hundred and forty inmates of the "pen" weekly, and clip their hair on each days as directed by the officer in charge. William makes a better barber than horse-thief.

S. G. Daile was in the hospital, by reason of sickness, for some time after he was received at the prison. Since his health has returned to him, he has been put to work on the Gill contract, as runner, which is about as light employment as any in the prison.

CONVICTED OF THE CRIME.

Joshua Joosh, burglary and larceny sentenced for a term of one year and received at the "pen" May 15, 1886, is working at the gas house.

Edward Williams is working in the Hayden blacksmith shop. He received a sentence of two years for burglary and larceny, and by good conduct there will be able to shorten his term to nineteen months and thirteen days.

Herman McKinnie and Ethan Steiner, who were convicted of the crime of burglary and larceny and sentenced for a term of one and one-half years each, are working respectively in the new hall and in the chair shop.

Charles Tutt, the good-natured colored man, who is serving a one-year sentence for manslaughter, is driving a cart. He has a good record and is well liked by all the prison officials.

The last two prisoners from Clark county, who have cause and time to regret their evil way, were received at the prison on January 27th, 1887. Their respective names are Isaiah Golightly and Wm. Jennings.

Golightly is to be confined therein for two years, for grand larceny. He was put to work immediately after his arrival in the gas works.

Wm. Jennings is a well-known thief and has served more than one term in the "pen." His last discharge therefrom was in September, 1886, when he had served a

ONE-YEAR TERM

for grand larceny.

He was out only five months when he was sent back on an accumulative sentence of six, four and two years, which he regards with that stoicism that notes the second termer. He has found a place to work in Hayden's annealing room.

A SINGULAR SUPERSTITION.

Farmer Stokes and His Soul Inhabited Rocks.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 31.—Superstition plays a more important part in determining the actions of men than most people are willing to admit, and almost every one has his pet belief as to what will bring good or ill luck. Hallucinations of one sort or another, too, often take possession of people who are otherwise quite sane.

One of the strangest hallucinations on record is the singular notion of a farmer named Edgar G. Stokes, who used to live and very likely still lives near Middletown in Connecticut. He is a man of culture and some thirty odd years ago was graduated with high honor from a noted New England college.

He believes that the souls of dead persons reside in rocks and pebbles. This post mortem existence in stones is ordained, he believes, for the purpose of purifying and refining the spirits. But only the souls of the great are thus purified. And acting on a sort of theory that it is well to be near the departed spirits of great persons, he has collected from every part of the state, and even from outside its boundaries, such stones as he fancies are now inhabited by certain individuals whose career in the flesh he admires. It doesn't matter whether the stones be large or small, handsome or ugly; by some theory of his own which he only understands, he thinks he can tell what particular soul is now the inhabitant of any given stone. And when he has found such a stone he instantly procures it, and gives it a place upon his farm.

Of course this does not enhance the value of the farm to any one but himself. In fact, it decreases the practical worth of the place, for the stones are often placed just where they interfere with cultivation.

Sometimes he secures a stone that is, as yet, uninhabited. Close by his door is a smooth granite boulder brought all the way from the Rocky mountains which had not been taken possession of at last advices. Not far away from this now lifeless rock is a rough jagged stone, whereon abides the soul of George Washington. Over there is a smooth faced crystal which by and by will receive the soul of Farmer Stokes himself. Beyond is a granite spar possessed by good Queen Bess. Napoleon Bonaparte is apart from the rest in a "back lot." Hannibal is in another field and not far from him is Cæsar. Many other great men of the past are in the collection, but it is not known if Grant, or Garfield, or Tilden, or Hendricks have yet found a resting place on the Stokes farm.

It was only a few years ago that any one knew why Farmer Stokes collected the rocks that adorn his farm, and his neighbors always treat his idiosyncracy with respect now, for he is a shrewd business man and in every other respect of well-balanced mind.

SOME ALBANY REMINISCENCES.

Brought to Mind by the Contests of the Present Year.

[Special Correspondence.]

ALBANY, Jan. 31.—The latter contest waged here this year for a seat in the United States senate and election of Jimmy Husted speaker of the assembly after he had announced himself "retired," and his declaration for Miller very late in the contest, call to mind some incidents which came under my observation a few years ago when business, not entirely non-political, made my presence in New York's capital for a time a matter of convenience. It was the year that Cookling and Platt resigned and contested their seats again. But unfortunately before that time I was called away from Albany.

Husted's "slickness," to use a word that is both slangy and expressive, is proverbial, and if he were in Washington he would doubtless cut a some eye opening. He showed it this year in the way he swooped down on the speakership. During the session I speak of he differed materially with a member from New York city—a tall, impetuous young fellow, whose name need not be mentioned here. In the course of the discussion that ensued, which took place during an executive session of the judiciary committee of which both were members, our young friend called Husted a liar.

The Bald Eagle didn't allow a feather to become ruffled. Rising from his place with the utmost suavity he left the room, saying as he did so:

"Gentlemen, I cannot take part in any further deliberations of this committee until that epithet is withdrawn."

And he didn't. Neither did he speak of the matter outside, and as the executive proceedings of committees are always secret, this is the first time the matter has seen cold type. It was a bitter pill for the young New Yorker to swallow, but in time—say a week or ten days after—he did it, and his retraction was accompanied by an apology, made the more easily, perhaps, by the fact that Husted had not blurted the matter abroad.

Once a number of clergymen came here to secure the passage of a law restricting the sale of Sunday newspapers. To them Husted was more than attention, as he was last year to the advocates of woman's suffrage and those who wanted to shut out reporters from witnessing hangings. But it was very hard to tell which way he cast the most influence. It is needless to say that none of these measures were adopted by the legislature.

The most amusing thing Husted ever did was the way he dressed himself this year for his first appearance as speaker. He not only wore a full dress suit but his vest was cut away down, and gold chains and jewels galore sparkled upon various portions of his person.

M. J. DEXTER.

The Duke's Old Clothes.

The Duke of Wellington's old clothes may not interest housewives, but they may like to know that over fifty uniforms of his have recently been found in good condition, owing to the fact that his old valet packed them away in the bureau drawers, "with two common tallow candles in each one to keep out the moths." So successfully were they preserved in a small room at Apsley house that the duke's son, the late duke, did not know of their existence, and it was not till after his death that they were found. Boehm, the sculptor, had access to these uniforms and trappings in modeling the duke's statue.—Boston Transcript.

Overheated Passengers.

An eastern physician says he believes that 50 per cent. of pneumonia is caused by overheated passengers rushing from a warm car into the open air. Besides the danger of a sudden change of air, there is another cause of alarm from the risk of contagion, when thirty or forty people, some of whom may have been in sick rooms or may be convalescent, are placed in a car where the heated air is unventilated and foul.—Chicago Times.

A Parisian hotel, recently established, is being run on the "American method."

Always read what R. F. Brandon & Co. say to public institutions. It will pay those interested.

A set of teeth, $8. Extracting, 25 cents. Rowland, dentist, Black's opera house.

SPIES ON THE RAIL.

PULLMAN CONDUCTORS WATCHED BY PRETTY FEMALE DETECTIVES.

How the Little Breaks are Reported at Headquarters—The Detective Service a Very Perfect One—Spotting the Spotter. Good Results.

A brunette, plump, petite and pretty, with something of the fearless freedom of an actress about her, was one of the first passengers to board the Chicago limited at the Union depot a night or two ago. Many eyes followed the trim figure, and many masculine hearts envied the colored porter who held her arm for a moment as she climbed into the car. A reporter would not have noticed the lady, for pretty women are not unusual sights in the depot, had she not been pointed out to him in New York three years ago as a wonderfully clever detective in Pinkerton's service. As the reporter was talking to a Pullman car conductor a few minutes later, the attractive lady passenger came out on the front platform of the car. Nodding his head toward her, the conductor said:

"There's my shadow. She was a faithful one all yesterday, as faithful as she is pretty. I should have flattered myself that she was kind of sweet on me, if I had not been told by a porter who recognized her who she is."

BRIGHT BROWN EYES.

"Then you know her calling?"

"Certainly; she's a detective, a spy, one of the agents of the secret service of the Pullman Car company. Those bright bright brown eyes of hers watched me during a trip of about 500 miles, they watched the porters and they kept a lookout for the passengers as well. I'll bet that she could give a pretty accurate account of everything we did for those twelve hours. I remember I used pretty strong language to a thick headed porter early on the journey before I discovered her ladyship. At the end of the month I shall receive a report from headquarters notifying me that on such a day and on such a train I used bad language, and warning me not to do it again. Every little break a conductor makes is recorded, and he is told all about it at the end of the month. The conductor who commits any serious indiscretion or puts money into his own pockets instead of the company's, and the secret service agent sees the act, has to get down and out very suddenly."

"The detective service is a very perfect one, then?"

"Yes, as perfect as any other part of the Pullman Car company's system. Until a few weeks ago the detectives were called inspectors. That title has been abolished and the ladies and gentlemen who so kindly wait upon the conductors like angels unawares are now known as special agents. They are numerous, but exactly how many of them there are of course I don't know. Nobody but the highest executive officials are supposed to know who these agents are. I know a dozen or so by sight, most of them men. They travel in all sorts of shapes. They buy their railroad tickets and purchase their berths in sleepers just like the rest of the world. In every way possible their true identity is shielded and suspicion diverted from them.

SPOTTING THE SPOTTER.

"Yet the conductor who is unable to spot the spotter is the exception. You catch a pair of eyes looking at you a little too attentively; you detect a touch of the pump handle in a casual conversation, and then before your mind has hardly had time to lead you to any conclusion you find yourself given over to the pleasant occupation of watching your shadow. A new man, and I suppose a dishonest man, will not enjoy the idea of always being under surveillance; but, bless your soul, I've grown rather to like it. Of course the spying is not always going on, although the company by its monthly report to its employes tries to make us believe that we are never out of the sight of the special agents.

"Is there much chance for a Pullman conductor to rob the company?"

"There are not very many opportunities. Here is one: it occurred on the last trip I made. The pretty woman whom I pointed out to you as a special agent had a lower berth. The upper berth was not taken. After we had gotten out a few miles on our journey she called to me and asked me to fold up the upper berth, to give her the entire stateroom, in fact. According to the rules of the company this could only be done on the payment of $2.50. I told the lady so. 'Oh,' she said, with a beseeching look at me, 'you wouldn't charge me that.' I replied that I was sorry, but I couldn't make the change for a penny less. She tried to persuade me, but I wouldn't give in. Then she carried the war into Africa, but I whispered a word to the colored porters and they resisted the smiles and even the $1 which the lady offered. I know she's put out with me, and she'll paint my profane spell in very bad colors, I know, when she reports it. A conductor who did not know he was dealing with a special agent accepted a reduction on the regular tariff, and got his discharge before his next trip came round.

"I rather like some of the results of the special agent system. If it does not keep some of us out of temptation, it at least renders us invulnerable in a great degree."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Preservation of the Dead.

Edward I. who died in 1307, was found not decayed 463 years subsequently. The flesh on the face was a little wasted, but not putrid. The body of Canute, who died in 1017, was found fresh in 1766. Those of William the Conqueror and his wife were perfect in 1522. In 1589 three Roman soldiers, in the dress of their country, fully equipped with arms, were dug out of a peat mass near Aberdeen. They were quite fresh and plump after a lapse of about 1,500 years.

In 1717 the bodies of Lady Kilsyth and her infant were embalmed. In 1796 they were found as perfect as in the hour they were embalmed. Every feature and limb was full. The infant's features were as composed as if he had only been asleep for eighty years. His color was as fresh and his flesh as plump and full as in the perfect glow of health. The smile of infancy and innocence was on his lips. At a little distance it was difficult to distinguish whether Lady Kilsyth was alive or dead. The question is: What preservative was used, and how applied?—Gaillard's Medical Monthly.

Reading and Thought.

For every hour of reading two hours should be given to thought; indeed, one can better afford to stop reading than thinking. Many great readers are woefully barren of ideas, but there was never a great thinker—a frequent thinker—who was not strong in individuality.—Denver Tribune.

Opals in Favor.

As evidence of the return of opals to favor, the lists of wedding presents printed in The London Court Journal now contain a liberal allowance of these beautiful stones mingled with diamonds. If fashion ordains the wearing of this tricksy gem the ban must be off, and we shall hear no more of the ill luck it brings its possessor.—Boston Herald.

A new industry recently developed in Hancock county, Maine, is the gathering of white pine and spruce cones for French and German markets.—Chicago Times.

A good many fables begin: "Once on a time." Oddly enough, too, when married men have been once on a time they are apt to invent fables.

LOCAL NOTICES.

There is no one article in the line of medicines that gives so large a return for the money as a good porous strengthening plaster, such as Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. 47r

Sleeplessness.

Narcotics and sedatives murder sleep; the unnatural stupor is soon followed by ill effects. Simmons Liver Regulator removes the cause of restlessness and sleeplessness by regulating the bowels, by establishing good digestion and by quieting the nerves. "I have been a great sufferer from dyspepsia and loss of sleep. As soon as I feel the least nervous I take a dose of Simmons Liver Regulator, and sleep all night."
MRS. R. BRYANT, Griswoldville, Ga.

No matter what part it may finally affect, catarrh always starts in the head, and belongs to the head. There is no mystery about the origin of this direful disease. It begins in a neglected cold. One of the kind that is "sure to be better in a few days." Thousands of victims know how it is by sad experience. Ely's Cream Balm cures colds in the head and catarrh in all its stages. Not a snuff nor a liquid.

How to Gain Flesh and Strength.

Use after each meal Scott's Emulsion; it is as palatable as milk and easily digested. Delicate people improve rapidly with its use. For Consumption, Throat affections and Bronchitis it is unequaled. Dr. Thos. Fenn, Ala., says: "I used Scott's Emulsion on a child eight months old; he gained four pounds in a month."

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething, is the prescription of one of the best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and has been used for years with never-failing success by millions of mothers for their children. During the process of teething its value is incalculable. It relieves the child from pain, cures dysentery and diarrhœa, griping in the bowels and wind colic. By giving health to the child it rests the mother. Price 25c a bottle.

A KIND and GENEROUS DEED.—Rev. A. Barber, superannuate member of St. Louis Conf. M. E. church, writes from Moran, Kansas: "This recommendation is written without solicitation from anyone, but I owe it to those similarly afflicted to say that by the use of the Shaker Extract of Roots (Siegel's Syrup) I was cured of an obstinate and almost fatal indigestion—both stomach and liver being completely torpid. I was reduced to a living skeleton. Friends, family and physician had given me up. I was keeping the spark of life alive with a diet of raw eggs and milk. Now both stomach and liver are performing their functions. I have many friends in Western Ohio, N. E. Iowa and S. W. Mo. who would like to know this."

THE HONEST SHAKER, although he does not boast of his purity, always makes goods that can be relied upon; for instance, his Shaker Extract of Roots (Siegel's Syrup) is really a valuable article. It is not recommended as a cure-all, but as a remedy for one single disease, viz: Indigestion, in which disease it works like a charm.

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Do you want a pure, blooming Complexion? If so, a few applications of Hagan's MAGNOLIA BALM will gratify you to your heart's content. It does away with Sallowness, Redness, Pimples, Blotches, and all diseases and imperfections of the skin. It overcomes the flushed appearance of heat, fatigue and excitement. It makes a lady of THIRTY appear but TWENTY; and so natural, gradual, and perfect are its effects, that it is impossible to detect its application.

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Madame Adelina Patti.

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Fanny Janauschek.
I find it far superior to the one I generally bring over from Paris.

Clara Louise Kellogg.
It gives me pleasure to add my name to the list of those who have already recommended your "Liquid Pearl," and to express the satisfaction it has afforded me.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons.
For the hands, arms and neck I find it superior to any cosmetic, will does not rub off on the garments.

Jennie Victoria and Rosina Vokes.
We also find a pleasure to add our testimonials of its superior merits as a cosmetic for the complexion. We have used it with entire satisfaction.

Theresa Tittens.
Your "Liquid Pearl" is an excellent cosmetic, and has given me much satisfaction in using it.

Fanny Davenport.
I find your "Liquid Pearl" most excellent. I shall certainly recommend it to any lady friends.

Jane Coombs.
I consider it far superior to any article of its kind in use in this country.

Agnes Ethel.
I find your "Liquid Pearl" to be the best article I know of.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers.
Enthusiastic, emphatic in a word, and free from injurious effects, for which I cheerfully recommend it.

Charlotte Thompson.
Consider it to be the best cosmetic for the skin I have ever used. I cordially recommend it to all my friends and the public generally.

Sara Jewett.
Permit me to add my testimony as to the excellency of your "Liquid Pearl."

Minnie Cummings.
For beautifying the complexion without harm to the skin your "Liquid Pearl" is incomparable.

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