

A PROFITABLE INDUSTRY.

A Novel Means of Livelihood in Which Citizens of Detroit are Engaged.

[Detroit Post and Tribune.]

There is an enterprise carried on in Detroit which is not generally known, and never appears in the statement of the city's varied prosperous industries. Its novelty is such that it has never as yet attained the dignity of a name. It is carried on when a majority of citizens are asleep. Those engaged in it prosper upon the carelessness and misfortunes of others. Their income defies definite prediction, but can be depended on for a handsome return on the capital invested. The few engaged in this industry might be termed "lighters." The pioneers in the business were gas-lighters. Scarcely one of their number, who has been engaged with the craft for any considerable length of time, has failed to find one or more articles which afforded a handsome addition to his regular income. Almost every night there was a valuable find or two, and as a knowledge of the fact came to a few men who were waiting for something to turn up, they saw in it a golden opportunity, and are now laying up treasures from what they can find.

One of these individuals lives in Close's alley and is a negro. At the very peep of day he may be seen abroad, traveling at a good round space, scanning the sidewalk and doorways, and swooping down on anything of sufficient value to repay the loss of a minute or so. There are also three men who travel together, their rounds generally beginning about midnight and continuing until daylight. They walk abreast, taking in the sidewalk, scanning it as they go, the center man carrying a bull's-eye lantern attached to the front of his coat. They go as rapidly as is consistent with their business, and nothing of value escapes their notice. A basket is the receptacle for many articles, money goes into their pockets, and heavier finds sometimes necessitate the sending of a detail of one or two for assistance or a wagon. What they pick up comprises almost every movable commodity worn or carried upon the streets. They secure hats, handkerchiefs without number, coats, money, umbrellas, feathers of value, occasionally a valuable watch dropped by some night marauder, purses, rings, breastpins, canes, chains, bracelets, keys, letters, gloves, furs, skirts, and even hose, dropped by some luckless adventurer. An invoice of these findings would show an immense annual aggregate. A plume picked up not long since netted eight dollars to the finder. A watch was quietly disposed of for fifty dollars, and the purchaser had a bargain. Much of the jewelry is sent to a distant market. Ready money is tucked away and tells no tales.

Curious finds are also made. An old lamp-lighter said to a reporter: "I have picked up two bushels of potatoes when they were worth a dollar and a half per bushel, and no one even called for the bags."

Another had found a new suit of clothes, neatly done up, and found them a good fit without the change of a button. Some disciple of Bacchus tucked a twenty-dollar bill outside his vest pocket and the eagle-eyed finder gathered it in. Purses containing several times that amount have been picked up, and the business is said by those informed to be a lucrative one.

A peculiar case is that of an aged negro who is found around the market building at an early hour during the hot weather. He gathers up the heads and feet of chickens, declaring when questioned: "Boss, dem am de quintessence ob de fowl. De possum am de only bird dat obberates dese foh regalah ole-time soup." He never misses a squash, bunch of vegetables, or some other bit of diet.

Forrest and O'Connor.

"The true story" of how the late Charles O'Connor came to act as counsel in the Forrest divorce case is told by The Syracuse Herald. Mrs. Forrest's friends at first tried to engage him, but he refused positively to have anything to do with the case. But they had spread abroad reports of their intention to engage him, hoping thus to frighten Mr. Forrest, and Forrest heard and believed them. A few hours after his final refusal to be Mrs. Forrest's counsel, Mr. O'Connor took his seat in a horse-car to go home. A moment later Forrest entered. His eye fell upon O'Connor and flashed fire. Believing the lawyer to be his wife's counsel, he strode up to him, and in the presence of the assembled passengers he deliberately trod on his toes. Mr. O'Connor rose, quitted the car, and returned to his office. There he wrote a brief note to Mrs. Forrest, accepting her case without a retainer; and a more remorseless warfare was never waged by counsel upon an adversary's client than that which Mr. O'Connor opened against the great actor the next day.

Wood as Food.

[Popular Science Monthly.]

Certain animals have a remarkable power of digesting ligneous tissue. The beaver is an example of this. The whole of its stomach, and more especially that secondary stomach, the cecum, is often found crammed or plugged with fragments of wood and bark. I have opened the crops of several Norwegian ptarmigans, and found them filled with no other food than the needles of pines, upon which they evidently feed during the winter. The birds, when cooked, were scarcely eatable on account of the strong resinous flavor of their flesh.

I may here, by the way, correct the commonly accepted version of a popular story. We are told that when Marie Antoinette was informed of a famine in the neighborhood of the

Tyrol, and of the starving of some of the peasants there, she replied: "I would rather eat pie-crust" (some of the story-tellers say pastry) "than starve." Thereupon the courtiers giggled at the ignorance of the pampered princess who supposed that starving peasants had such an alternative food as pastry. The ignorance, however, was all on the side of the courtiers and those who repeat the story in its ordinary form. The princess was the only person in the court who really understood the habits of the peasants of the particular district in question. They cook their meat, chiefly young veal, by rolling it in a kind of dough made of sawdust, mixed with a little coarse flour as will hold it together; then place this in an oven or in wood embers until the dough is hardened to a tough crust, and the meat raised throughout to the cooking point. Marie Antoinette said that she would rather eat croutons than starve, knowing that these croutons, or meat pie-crusts, were given to the pigs; that the pigs digested them, and were nourished by them in spite of the wood

C. R. SIMS' DRAMATIC METHOD.

Planning the Story—Building It Up—Dialogue and Completion.

[Fall Mail Gazette.]

When I get a commission to write a play the first thing I do, as a rule, is to decline it, because I know it means from three to six months of mental misery and a long period of physical prostration after the work is finished. I have declined six commissions within the last few months, because I dread the task so much. Writing a play is the most exhausting and the most distressing of all forms of literary labor I have yet tried, and I have tried my hand at a good many branches of the profession. When I have conquered my repugnance so far as to undertake a play, however, this is how I proceed. I begin to plan my story, building it up scene by scene. This I write out in a book, and alter and alter until I have a clear story which I can tell act by act to a friend, taking care to let the end of each act be as effective as possible.

As soon as the story is clear I begin to look at the motives which actuate the villain and the hero. If these are weak, I cast about for stronger ones. When I think that the motives are those that will account reasonably for all that happens, I set to work to write the play—that is to say, I complete the piece act by act, writing in the dialogue as I proceed. Playwriting is both an art and a trick. There are certain "tricks of the trade" which, being unknown, lead the greatest artist into difficulties. An audience must be written for, not at, and different audiences require different treatment. A play which would be an enormous success at one house would be a failure at another. It is, therefore, essential to bear in mind the house you are writing your play for, and pay attention to all the points which are known to tell best with those who will pay their money to be amused at the theater for which your play is intended. The great secret of success in dramatic work I believe to be the knowledge of what not to write.

Half the plays that fail, do so because among the good stuff there is that which annoys an audience, or distracts its attention from the main points of the story. I endeavor as far as possible to remove every element of danger from a play when I have written it. A line that is capable of a double meaning, has wrecked a play at a critical point more than once, and a dangerous sentiment has often turned the scale against the author, at a moment when a safe sentiment would have turned it in his favor. I am writing of course of that branch of play writing which I practice—ordinary melodrama. Grand poetical plays, where the language and the main idea carry the listener up into a region removed from the bustle and strife of ordinary life, are not judged by the same rules. The absurdity of a situation or a sentiment is lost sight of, because the audience, never having lived in the clouds, cannot judge what they hear or see by their own experience. But in melodrama, where the most exciting situations, and the strongest passions of human nature are dealt with, the greatest care is necessary to see that the thin line which separates the sublime from the ridiculous is not overstepped.

A Smart Colored Boy.

[Arkansas Traveler.]

"Dat boy," said a colored gentleman, referring to his son, "w'y, he's de smartest chile in de lan'. Dat boy, w'y, he is got er high education."

"How far advanced is he?" some one asked.

"Who, dat chile? W'y, he's mighty aigh got all de way, dat's how fur 'vanced he is."

"Well, but what can he do?"

"Who, dat boy? What is it he kain' do? He ken read dese beah signs whut de white folks paints on de fences, an' it takes er mighty sharp chile ter do dat, lemme tell yer. But dat ain't de climax o' whut he kin do. He kin read dese leather-kivered books. Mos' any boy ken read one o' dese beah paper-back books, an' any ordinary pussen ken han'le de newspapers an' famflets, but when he takes down one o' dese here leather-kivered books at' reads off de talk, w'y he's gwine ter be a lawyer, shose yer bo'n. Doan talk ter me 'bout dat chile, 'case I knows him. I see seed him han'lin' figgers wid bof han's."

WE SHALL KNOW ALL.

[Owen Meredith.]

Whom we first love, you know, we seldom wed.

Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not the thing we planned it out ere hope was dead.

And then, we women cannot choose our lot.

Much must be borne which it is hard to bear; Much given away which it were sweet to keep.

God help us all who need, indeed, His care. And yet, I know, the Shepherd loves His sheep.

My little boy begins to babble now Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer. He has his father's eager eyes I know.

And, they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.

But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee, And I can feel his light breath come and go, I think of one (Heaven help and pity me) Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago.

Who might have been * * * ah, what I dare not think!

We all are changed, God judges for us best. God help us do our duty, and not shrink, And trust in Heaven humbly for the rest.

But blame us women not, if some appear Too cold at times, and some too gay and light.

Some griefs gnaw deep; some woes are hard to bear.

Who knows the past? and who can judge us right?

Ah, were we judged by what we might have been,

And not by what we are, too apt to fall! My little child—he sleeps and smiles between These thoughts and me. In Heaven we shall know all!

THE DONKEY BOYS OF CAIRO.

The Drollest Street Gamins in the World—The Brutes' Noted Names.

[Cairo Cor. St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

Cairo would not be Cairo without its donkeys and donkey boys. They are a unique institution.

These Arab donkey boys know a smattering of the principal European languages, and can tell instantly in what tongue to address you. Not only are they thus keen, but they are also the drollest and most humorous street gamins I have ever seen. They are great at pantomime, and you cannot forbear laughing at their good-humored antics. The donkeys are exceedingly small, but gentle and long-suffering. The majority of them are much abused, and bear around on their bodies the marks of the merciless donkey boys. "Mine berry good donkey, sar," said one. "Mine name Yankee Doodle, sar," said another, keener even than the rest. Then the others took up the keynote, and "Gen. Grant," "Mrs. Langtry," and other similar celebrities were at my disposal. Had I been French, it would have been "monsieur" instead of "sar" and the donkeys would have been named "Napoleon," "Waterloo," etc.

I did not make any bargain beforehand. When I inquired at the hotel as to what was the proper tariff, the answer was: "Give the beggars—a great word with the English—a plastro or two per hour. There is no regular rate." Of course the boys always grumble and demand backsheesh, whatever the fee bestowed, but no one minds that. So on this particular morning I bade the boy hold the opposite stirrup while I mounted—the stirrups are not fastened, but in the event of a fall the distance is ridiculously slight. On each donkey's forehead is a brass tablet with his number inscribed upon it.

\$1.

13 WEEKS 13

The POLICE GAZETTE will be mailed, securely wrapped, to any address in the United States for three months on receipt of

\$1. ONE DOLLAR \$1

Liberal discounts allowed to postmasters, agents and clubs. Sample copies mailed free.

Address all orders to RICHARD K. FOX, FRANKLIN SQUARE, N. Y.

HUBERT MORIN,

Carpenter, Contractor and Builder.

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

Estimates on all kinds of buildings furnished on application.

Correspondence solicited.

Job Work a Specialty.

Shop opposite Great Falls Livery Stable.

BERT HUY,

Architect.

GREAT FALLS, MONT.

A. C. LORING, PARIS GIBSON, H. O. CHOWEN,

President.

Vice President.

Sec. and Treas.

CATARACT

-Mill Company-

MERCHANT MILLERS.

Manufacturers of the following brands of High Grade Flour—

DIAMOND, CATARACT, GOLD DUST, SILVER LEAF.

Cash Paid FOR Wheat.

MILL FEED FOR SALE.

Great Falls,

Mont.

William H McKay.

James F McK

McKay Brothers, -Brick Makers,- Contractors and Builders.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Brick, Stone, Lime & General BUILDING MATERIAL.

Great Falls,

Montana

Great Falls Blacksmith Shop,

WM. J. PRATT, PROP.

Blacksmithing and Repairing of all Kinds

I am prepared to any class of work in my line, and in a most thorough and workmanlike manner. All work done on short notice. All

pieces of the feet treated successfully.

Livery, Draft, and Mule Shoeing.

BEACHLEY BRO. & HICKORY,

General News Dealers and Stationers.

CANDIES, NUTS, TOBACCO AND SMOKER'S ARTICLES.

Prices to Suit the Times.

Great Falls,

Mont.

LARGENT HOTEL Sun River, Mont.

James Gibb, Proprietor.

Travelers Will Find Good Accommodations

Dexter's Ferry

Across the Missouri River above the mouth of Sun River is now running. A new wagon road connecting with this Ferry which intersects the Helena road near Eagle

Rock, and effects a saving in distance of TEN MILES between Great Falls and Helena. The road is plain and good.

REMOVED SPURGIN & CROWDER, Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Corner 1st. Ave Sth. & 2d. St.

NEW BRICK.

Great Falls.

Great - Falls - Exchange,

JERRY QUESNELL & HERMAN WILDEKOPF Props

Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars. BILLIARD and POOL Table.

GREAT FALLS,

MONT.

First National Bank,

OF FT. BENTON.

DIRECTORS: S. T. Power, W. G. Conrad, J. W. Power, C. E. Conrad, T. A. Cummings, E. G. Maclay.

Wm. G. Conrad,

John W. Power,

E. G. Maclay,

President

Vice-Pres

Cashier

J. K. C. K.,

LIQUOR STORE & ROOM

Cal

Carries a complete and select stock

Foreign and Domestic Wines, Liq-

uors, Cigars & Tobacco

Standard goods and warranted pure

Great Falls.