## EX-SENATOR FERRY.

### The Michigan Politician an Exile from His Country.

"It is not very generally known," said a Michigan man to a reporter for *The New York World*, "that ex-Senator Thomas W. Ferry is an exile from his state and country. He dare not return until the matters pending against him are either outlawed or settled. There is an indictment against him for forgery."

"Up to the time of his defeat for re-election a few years ago he passed as a very rich man."

"Yes, but that was far from the truth. Ten or fifteen years ago he was worth considerable money. He had an interest with his brother in some Michigan pine lands, and together they operated an extensive lumber yard in Chicago. I say together, but Thomas never had anything to do with the management of the business. They made considerable money for a time, and as usual their fortune was greatly overestimated by the outside public. Reverses came, however, and in addition to this the senator got to leading a very wild life in Washington. He spent more than his salary in dissipation, and became involved in several disgraceful scandals. You remember how he was horsewhipped in his rooms at the National hotel by an irate young lady and her father. Poor Ferry crept under the bed and howled for mercy, but his assailants only stopped when they were completely exhausted. The story told at the time was to the effect that Ferry had insulted the young lady in some way, and that was the method chosen to avenge it. Ferry never made any complaint, but the father of the young lady received a note from the senator a couple of days after the attack. He opened it, expecting to find at least a challenge, but instead he found an annual pass for himself and family over the Pennsylvania railroad. Queer way of demanding satisfaction, wasn't it?

"Ferry's exposure would have come several years before it did but for the fact that he held a seat in the United States senate, and if he had been reelected I presume his affairs would have been hushed up somehow; but when he became a common citizen, with no patronage at his disposal, then all of his creditors jumped on him. It was learned that he had been engaged in a number of very questionable transactions, among which was the charge of trying to imitate another man's signature. Ferry made a desperate effort to get back to the senate, and the machine discipline organized by Zach Chandler in Michigan held his forces in line down to the eighty-first ballot. Then a break came, and the present Senator Palmer was the result. Ferry fled at once to Europe, and had scarcely got out of the country before warrants were issued for his arrest on several different counts. This was three years ago. He has never returned, and he may die in exile. The ex-senator's brother, however, is devoted to Tom, and he has been trying to build up the fortunes of the family. He is by far the better man of the two, and has considerable business ability and push. I am told that he has been very fortunate in some silvermine investments and may become rich again. In that case I suppose all the claims against Thomas where a criminal prosecution could be brought will be settled up and the exile will find it safe to return. But he never can again be a factor in Michigan politics. Of late years he has become a victim of the morphine habit, which has almost completely undermined his intellect."

"Where is he living?"

"I believe he has passed most of his exile in Italy, but he has been roaming all over Europe. A great effort was made to persuade President Authur to give Ferry the Russian mission just after the death of Minister Hunt, but Mr. Arthur concluded that it was not best to appoint a man who could not visit his own country to present his application. Senator Conger made the effort, I believe, out of Charity.

"It's a little bit singular that a man who served eighteen years in the senate—six years as president pro tempore of that body, acting vice president, and acting president for a day, on the Sunday intervening between Gen. Grant's retirement and President Hayes' inauguration—should find himself an exile from his own country and a fugitive from justice. It illustrates the ups and downs of politics with a vengeance."

### A Strange Coincidence.

The truthfulness of the old saying that misfortunes never come singly is sustained, says *The San Francisco Chronicle*, in the strange fatality following John and Maurice Nugent, brothers, who reside in Oakland. Both men are candy-makers by trade, and Maurice had been employed in San Jose for the past six months. On Wednesday afternoon he determined to come to this city, and as he was boarding the train in the San Jose depot he slipped and fell. Before he could recover himself his left arm was so badly crushed by the wheels of the moving train that it was found necessary to amputate it near the shoulder.

His brother Jonn Nugent, was in San Jose in search of employment at the time, but he did not hear of the accident which had befallen Maurice. He was without money, and, being desirous of returning to this city, he started out to walk. He reached Menlo Park early yesterday morning as the freight train was passing, and he boarded the cars with the intention of stealing a ride. He rode as far as San Mateo, and while endeavoring to climb to the roof of one the cars he lost his balance and fell to the track, the wheels of the cars passing over his left arm, above the elbow. His cries for help attracted the attention of a brakeman, who had the train stopped, and the unfortunate man was picked up and brought to this city. He was afterward removed to the receiving hospital and the injured member was amputated near the shoulder joint. His left leg was also badly lacerated and a number of stitches were taken in the flesh to draw it together.

### An Appropriate Song.

"Grandma," said a little girl, "why don't you sing to the baby while you are rocking it to sleep?"

"I cannot sing," replied grandma, "I haven't any teeth."

"Well, I guess you can hum a song, can't you?"

"Maybe I can, what song would you like to have me hum?"

"I guess the 'Rock of Ages' would be a good one just now," replied the little girl.—*National Weekly.*

## SWINDLING THE GOVERNMENT.

### How Canceled Stamps are Cleaned and Used a Second Time.

"The most troublesome offenders against government laws are the experts who use canceled postage-stamps!" said a postoffice official the other day. "They have a system of washing out the cancellation marks that is so successful as to make detection almost impossible. In the offices of large cities like New York and Chicago, where so many letters are handled daily, and where rapidity is the most desirable feature, it is impossible for the men who cancel stamps to examine each one carefully. Then, too, a great deal of the work is done by gas-light, and this is a point which tends to aid the conspirator against the government's income.

"Anyone who has seen a postoffice employe in the New York office grab a bundle of letters and cancel the stamps with lightning-like rapidity can readily see how impossible it is for him to detect bad stamps unless they are particularly bad. The men engaged in the business of using canceled stamps are extremely clever. They have an acid in which they wash the stamps. The acid acts upon the cancellation marks, and not upon the colors of the stamp. In this way a stamp that has once been used is relieved almost entirely of its black marks. If any black remains after the washing process, the operator takes a sharp knife, which he has made for the purpose, and deftly scratches the stamp until the remaining black marks are almost, if not entirely, removed. This can be done readily when the marks are upon the bald head or face of the historic personage whose vignette adorns the stamp, as this portion is white; and upon a white space the stamp can be scratched until it is nearly through without detection.

"Another clever trick that is employed is the cutting of stamps. Often in the hurry of postoffice work the cancellation-mark does not cover the stamp, but falls only upon one corner, the rest going upon the envelope. The operator takes a stamp that has a black mark, say upon the left-hand lower corner. He carefully cuts a square piece out of that corner, making it large enough to cut away all of the canceled portion. He then secures a stamp on which the cancellation mark has fallen in some other corner. He carefully cuts out the same-sized square from the lower left-hand corner of this stamp, and joining it with the first stamp he has a whole stamp upon which there are no cancellation marks. These stamps are used upon packages which are tied with a string, and the string is ingeniously placed over the cut stamps.

"Take any package of a dozen letters and you will see how easy it is to find stamps for this business." As he spoke the official drew from his pocket a bundle of half a dozen letters. Upon the first letter the cancellation mark was only upon the lower right corner of the stamp. The second was canceled completely, and the third was marked only upon the upper left-hand corner. So a combination could have been easily made with the stamps upon the first and third letters.

"Many of these operators," continued the official, "grew expert in the work. They have clever tools and the right kind of mucilage, and some go even so far as to have coloring processes for touching up a Garfield black eye or a Washington soiled check. What do they do with the worked-over stamps? They do not sell them, as many suppose, and that fact renders detection more difficult. When a man becomes successful in working over canceled stamps he endeavors to get into some business which will require the sending and receipt of many registered letters and packages. The most popular scheme is to go into the cheap jewelry and fancy-trick business. The operator lays in a stock of the cheapest kind of jewelry and advertises thoroughly through the country, especially in rural districts. A gold watch with chain and charm for $4.50 is a bait that catches a great many green speculators and as they are instructed to send remittances by registered letter, the operator receives a number of 5 and 10-cent stamps. These stamps he operates on, and when he returns the jewelry he pays the postage in whole or in part with canceled stamps. He makes 100 or 200 per cent. on the jewelry, and does a thriving business in illegal stamps at the same time.

"Ah, yes, there are a great many in the business, and their success is wonderful. All that we can do is to keep on the lookout and catch one of them when we can. We get an idea that a man is doing crooked work, and then watch him. When we once get an idea it does not take us long to ascertain the truth. Whenever the person presents a package for registration we have it held for inspection, and if there are canceled stamps upon it we are pretty sure to find them. Often the bad stamps are detected before they reach the cancellation clerks. When they are being taken from the receiving-baskets they are sometimes detected. There is now awaiting the action of the grand jury a man who is held for doing a rushing business in canceled stamps from his store on Broadway. He followed the usual plan."—*New York Star.*

### Gladstone's Egg-Flip.

Observers familiar with the house of commons for a great many years are a good deal scandalized at the recent adoption of an American freedom of manners by some of the most distinguished members. It is all very well for Mr. Gladstone, at his time of life, to refresh himself from time to time with a mouthful of egg-flip, but the custom which now seems to have come into fashion with some much younger orators on the front opposition bench of having a brandy and soda on the table to sip from while they are speaking is decidedly to be reprobated. Even in the old hard-drinking days Mr. Pitt used to go behind the speaker's chair to drink his tumbler of port wine before addressing the house. Another objectionable and even disgusting habit introduced by some occupants of the front opposition bench is that of reclining back in their seats and planting their feet on the historic table of the house of commons. Spittoons will probably be the next innovation.—*London Cor. Cardiff Mail.*

### Might Have Been Worse.

Æsthetic Young lady—"Can you conceive of anything more sombrely and poetically solemn than the denouement of Romeo and Juliet? Could the poet have made their fate more weirdly tragic?"

Cynical Bachelor—"Oh, yes; he might have married them."—*The Hatchet.*

## THE BENDER DEN.

### Recollections and Observations of a Pack Peddler.

"I have been a pack-peddler for more than twenty years," said the old man, as he whiffed away at his pipe to get it alight, "and you may suppose I have met with some stirring adventures. I have traveled a great deal in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Minnesota, and for weeks and months I have been on the alert, not only to preserve the contents of my pack, but to defend my life.

"My line of trade has been Yankee notions with jewelry added. I have had with me at one time as much as $2,000 worth of gold and silver watches, ear-rings, finger-rings, etc. I have sat on a log beside a highway in Kansas and sold $400 worth of stock to three or four men, and I have disposed of $50 worth of ladies' jewelry at a pioneer cabin which had neither floors nor partitions. On two different occasions I ate dinner at the cabin of old Bender, the Kansas fiend. On the first occasion the old man was away, and I saw only two women about the place. Six months later, when I called again, it was about 11 o'clock in the forenoon. Then I saw old Bender for the first time. I have heard him described as a pleasant-faced old man whom no one would suspect, but I tell you the very first look at him put me on my guard. For the first time in a year I felt that my

LIFE WAS IN DANGER.

The same two slatternly women were about the house and there was a young man whom I took to be old Bender's son. This young man disappeared soon after I arrived, but whether he hid in the house or rode of across the prairie I never knew. Bender's women purchased about $2 worth of notions, and the old man dickered with me for an hour over a gold watch. It seemed he had but a small stock of cash, but he offered me personal property in exchange. He had three or four silver watches, all of which had been carried, two or three revolvers, two bosom pins made of lumps of pure gold, and three or four pairs of valuable cuff buttons. We had nearly effected an exchange when he suddenly decided to leave the matter open until after dinner.

"Months afterward, when the discovery of his crimes came out, I thought the matter over and could remember just how nicely he played me. Without seeming to interrogate me for information, he asked how long a trip I had made, what success I had met with, who I was, where I lived, and whom I knew in that locality. The old murderer was figuring up the chances of my being missed in case he put an end to me. And he had a curiosity to know before hand what the harvest would be. While I told you that I did not like his looks, and that I had a creepy feeling in his presence, I had no idea of an attempt to murder by daylight and in the manner he was planning for. I had a trusty revolver and I had the courage to defend myself. Had I met him out on the prairie, or had we been jogging together along some lonely highway, I should have been prepared to pull my pistol at his first movement.

IN THE JAWS OF DEATH.

"Dinner was announced soon after 12 o'clock. I took my pack with me into the dining-room where I found the table set for one. There were three rooms in the house. The front room was a general sitting-room and office combined. Bender kept a sort of tavern, you know, and travelers had this front room. The next room back was the dining-room and family room combined. There was a bedroom leading off. On the walls of this family room were a few old-fashioned prints in old-fashioned frames, a shelf on which stood a clock and a few scant evidences of women's presence. The back room was the kitchen. I had my eyes wide open when I entered that dining-room and the very first thing I noticed was that the table was set lengthwise of the room and that my chair and plate had been so placed that my back would be toward the kitchen door, which was not over five or six feet away. Had it been it been at the other end my back would have been toward the office door. The first move I made was to turn the chair around to the side and sit down. I now faced the bed room and had the other doors to my right and left, while there was no window behind me. The younger woman was in the room and she looked at me in a queer, strange way as I upset the arrangements she had perfected. Bender did not look into the room for two or three minutes, and then retired without speaking. A minute later he passed around the house and entered the kitchen by the back door. While I could not see him, I heard him and the woman whispering together, and I caught the words as spoken by her: 'I tell you he did it himself.'

RIGHT ONTO THEIR GAME.

"I could not catch a word from him, and directly he went out and she came in with the rest of the eatables. Her face was flushed and her manner very nervous. She put on a plate of bread and a platter of meat and then went out for the coffee. As she set the cup and saucer on the board she partly upset the cup and spilled half the contents on the table. 'Excuse me, I'm sorry,' she said, as I shoved back to keep the hot liquid from dripping on my legs. 'Never mind, no harm done,' I replied. 'it was so careless of me. You had better change your seat to the end while I sop it up.' 'Oh, don't mind. I'm not hungry, and shall eat but a few mouthfuls anyway. I forget to tell you that I preferred water to coffee.' 'But—you—you'—'I'm all right.' She gave me one of the queerest looks I ever got, first flushing up and then turning pale. Spilling that coffee was a put up job to get my back to the kitchen door. I suspected it then. A few moments later I had plenty of horrible proofs.

IN SUSPENSE.

"Before the meat was finished, Bender looked in from the kitchen door and drew back and when I shoved away and entered the office he was not there and did not show up for five minutes. When I went to dinner, a double-barrelled shotgun stood in a corner of the office. When I came out it was gone. The old man came in after awhile, and it was easy to see that he had to force himself to converse. I paid him for the meal and was ready to go. It was a lonely road I had to travel, with no other house for miles, and it suddenly struck me that the younger man had gone on to lie in ambush and shoot me in case I escaped assassination at the house. For a minute or two I quite lost my sand, and you can judge what a relief it was to see a team drive up with three men in the vehicle and room for one more. They stopped to water the horses and chat a few moments and readily gave me a lift on my way. I did not impart my suspicions to them, and it was not until the horrible stories came out that I felt sure in my own mind what a close call I had had.

FATE OF THE BENDERS.

"Do I know what became of old Bender and his family? You remember that they fled the country, or that the papers so reported, and for months we used to hear from one locality and another of the fugitives being seen or captured. I have reason to believe they never got out of the state, nor yet a hundred miles from that lone tavern on the prairie, with its horrible cellar underneath and its graveyard in the rear. Bands of men were riding in this or that direction bent on vengeance, and one of these over-hauled the party. I have been told this on the best authority. As Bender had no mercy towards the unsuspecting travelers, who were shot in the back from that kitchen door as they ate at his table none was shown to him or his. They were wiped out and planted where their bones will never be turned up to the light of day." N. Y. Sun.

Cannot be washed off. The color produced by Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

As an antidote for malarial disorders, Ayer's Ague Cure has no equal. It never fails.

New Hampshire contributes to the strike news something at once unique and strange. A dispatch from Laconia says: "The laborers in this section are satisfied that better wages are paid here than elsewhere, and there is no cause for alarm concerning a strike."

What is there so noble, so generous as to raise up the broken in heart,

## A LIBERAL OFFER.

### Five Thousand Dollars to any Charitable Institution.

#### If It Cannot Be Done as It Is Stated.

Friends of Ex-President Arthur are very much disquieted.

Of course he is not going to die! He is in the hands of a very particular physician.

His doctor does not call it Bright's Disease! No, it is stomach disorder that he is suffering from now, and every few hours he takes a cold, and from time to time many other symptoms are developed. These symptoms the public should know are really secondary to Bright's Disease.

His physicians say that everything that medical skill can do for him is being done. That is not so!

This case is a prominent one because the general is an ex president; and yet there are thousands of farmers quiety dying, in their farm houses, of secondary symptoms of Bright's Disease, called by every other conceivable name; thousands of workmen, likewise dying, leaving helpless families; hundreds of thousands in all walks of life who have sickened, and are likewise dying, helpless victims of powerless physicians.

Eight years ago a very well known gentleman was about to enter upon large commercial transactions. His medical adviser quietly dropped into his office one day and told his confidential clerk that he would be dead in three months, and that he ought to settle up his business affairs at once!

That man is alive and well to-day, yet he was given up as incurable with the same disease that is killing General Arthur!

Our reporter met this gentleman yesterday and in conversation about the General's case, he said:

"I will give $5,000 to any charitable institution in the state of New York, to be designated by the editor of the New York World, the editor of the Buffalo News and W. E Kisselburgh of the Troy Times, if Warner's safe cure (taken according to my directions) which cured me eight years ago, cannot cure General Chester A. Arthur of Bright's disease from which he is now suffering."

"Now I want you to understand," he said, "that we do not profess to make new kidneys, but we do know from personal experience and from the experience of many thousands of similar cases, that we stop the consumption of the kidneys. Many a man has gone through life with one kidney without inconvenience. Thousands of people have lived a majority of their life with one lung. They did not have a new lung made. We do not make new kidneys, but if the kidney is not consumed too much we can stop disease and prolong life if taken in time."

This offer comes from H. H. Warner, proprietor of Warner's safe cure, of this city.

Mr. Warner also said, "My dear sir, there are governors, senators, presidential candidates, members of congress, prominent men and women all over the country whom I personally know have been cured of disease, such as General Arthur suffers from, by our Warner's safe cure, but owing to the circles in which they move do not care to give public testimonial to the fact."

Mr. Warner is interested in General Arthur's case because he is personally acquainted with him and he says that it is a shame that any man should be allowed to die under the operation of old-fashioned powerful catharics, which have no curative effects, rather than that a modern, conceded specific for kidney disease whose worth is acknowledged world-wide, should save him.

"If you doubt the efficacy of Warner's safe cure," say the proprietors, "ask your friends and neighbors about it. This is asking but little. They can tell you all you want to know."

"We have kept a standing offer before the public for four years," says Mr. Warner, that we will give $5,000 to any person who can successfully dispute the genuineness, so far as we know, of the testimonials we publish, and none have done it."

Were General Arthur a poor man, unable to be left "in the hands, of his physician," he would use that great remedy, as many thousands of others have done, and get well. How absurd then for people to say that everything that can be done is being done for the ex-president, when the one successful remedy in the world that has cured, or that can cure a case like his, has not been used by them.

### She Knew Her Man.

Prof. X., an excellent educator and profound student, who does not spurn a reasonable share of homely household duties that falls to the lot of every head of a New England family of moderate circumstances, was in his den deeply absorbed in the contemplation of an abstruse subject, when his wife opened the door and called softly to him:

"My dear, could you help us in our house-cleaning by beating just three rugs that you'll find out under the south window of the parlor? If you will, please take them out into the back yard, and beat them and hang them on the line, and I'll be so much obliged."

The professor arose, seized his most serviceable walking stick and went out into the yard still deeply absorbed in the learned meditations that had occupied him in the house. He took one of the three rugs from under the parlor window, transferred it to the back yard, beat it long and manfully and hung it on the line. When he came back for another rug he was still too much absorbed to notice that there were still three rugs under the window, and when he had beaten another and had hung that out, and had come back again, and there were still three rugs under the window, his meditations never switched off from the subject of their concentration to the regular and mysterious renewal of the third rug.

And so he kept on beating those three rugs and meditating until the morning wore to midday, and the professor began to grow hungry; and when the yearnings of appetite actually brought his contemplation down to sublunary things it occurred to him to look at the clothesline, and there counted no less than sixteen rugs, all beautifully beaten. Boston Record.

### Two Qualifications.

"Bromley, I see that Congressmen Collins is going to abandon official life on account of the pressure of profitable private business."

"So I understand, Darringer. Stanford I notice, will decline a renomination on account of his great wealth."

"Bromley, why don't you run for Congress? There's a possible chance."

"How so?"

"Well, if men of business will not have the office, and men of fortune don't care about it, it strikes me that it is your opportunity. The field's open to men who have neither business nor fortune. You have both qualifications to a wonderful extent. Phil. Call.

### Little Foxes Which Spoil the Vines.

One little fox is "By and By." If you track him you come to his home—Never.

Another little fox is "I Can't." You had better set on him a spry, plucky little thing. "I Can" by name. It does wonders.

A third little fox is "No Use in Trying." He has spoiled more vines and hindered the growth of more fruit than a worse looking enemy.

A fourth little fox is "I Forgot." He is very provoking; he is a great cheat; he slips through your fingers like time; he is seldom caught up with.

A fifth little fox is "Don't Care." Oh, the mischief he has done!

### Didn't Wait.

Child (to visitor)—"Mamma has gone to put on another dress."

Visitor—"Ah?"

Child—"Yes. Saw you comin' an' run upstairs."

Visitor—"Ah, hah."

Child—"Said there comes that hateful Mrs. Anson. I wish she would stay away. Oh, don't be in a hurry. Wait till mamma comes down."

### Beautiful Women

are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will infallibly cure Thousands of testimonials. By druggists.

Arrangements are being made in England and Scotland to establish danger signals, in connection with the weather service, for the purpose of making known such atmospheric changes as may affect the working of the mines.

### Is It Not Singular

that consumptives should be the least apprehensive of their own condition, while all their friends are urging and beseeching them to be more careful about exposure and overdoing. It may well be considered one of the most alarming symptoms of the disease, where the patient is reckless and will not believe that he is in danger. Reader, if you are in this condition, do not neglect the only means of recovery. Avoid exposure and fatigue, be regular in your habits, and use faithfully of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It has saved thousands who were steadily failing.

The cut in overland rates caused a big rush of emigrants to the Pacific coast.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it.

## FIFTY THOUSAND CHARACTERS.

### Chinese Type Cases Sixty Feet Long and what they Contain.

The feature of the Tokio Niehi Niohi Shinbus office was its type case—for there was only one of body type. And such a case! It is divided for utility into two sections sloping toward an alley five feet wide. Each section is four feet wide by thirty feet long—four by sixty feet. This is divided into small compartments or boxes into which the type is laid in regular piles, several piles in a box, with faces all towards the compositors, mostly boys, big and little.

Each holds a wooden "stick" with brass rule, says the Pall Mall Gazette. The type is all of a size, the "stick" is not set to the measure of the column, which is twenty ems pica, but to about half the measure, it being the business of the other workmen to impose the lines in columns, take proof and make up forms.

Armed with sticks and rule and copy the dozen compositors read the last in an earnest, sing-song way, each rushing to some box far or near for the needed letter then back ten or twelve feet to the needed one.

All are on the lively move, rushing and skipping to and fro, right and left, up and down, chasse, balance to partners, swing the corners, up and back singing the copy, catching one letter here another there, prancing and dodging, humming and skipping—a promenade, cotilion, Virginia reel, racquet and all-hands-around upon the same floor at the same time and the same dancers in each—a perfect maze of noise and confusion yet out of confusion bringing printed order. It was asight to be seen.

"How many different characters are there in this case, anyhow?" was asked of the guide. Then the guide asked the printers and none could answer better than say: "Nobody knows, sir! Nobody knows—many thousand."

Later on ne repeated the same question to a more intelligent person, who said: "At least 50,000." That will account for the remarkable size of the case and the racing to and fro of the compositors.

### For Selling Bibles.

A party of ladies were being shown through the Arkansaw penitentiary. One of the party, upon noticing a handsome young fellow, thus addressed him:

"You are a very young man to be in such a place as this."

"Yes'um."

"What must your father think?"

"Think that if I could get out I'd do it."

"How long are you in for?"

"Five years."

"What was your crime?"

"Selling bibles."

"What!" the lady exclaimed in astonishment,

"Yes, selling bibles."

"Why, is it a crime to sell bibles in this state?"

"It seems to be, mum."

"Oh, what a heathenish country. I am a correspondent for the Apostle at Work and I shall write up your case. Now," taking out a note book, "please give me the particulars."

"Well, while I was selling bibles on the street a man came up and arrested me. I was taken before the court and sentenced to penitentiary."

"You don't tell me so."

"Yes'um."

"And all this for selling the precious book. Where did you get the bibles?"

"Stole them."

The note book closed with a snap.

### Counterfeit Coins.

Jingling a coin is not always a sure way by which to detect its baseness. In explanation of this Mr. Tanda, of the Coin Department in the Sub-Treasury, New York, tells a reporter: "Many good coins lack ring, and many bad ones have it—especially gold coins filled with platinum. If a silver coin is of lead its color will betray it; if it is filled a sharp eye can always detect the joint between the two halves. The absence of ring is easily explained. Silver dollars are stamped from long strips, the ends of which strips are apt to get curled in such a manner as to break the laminæ of the metal, so that the coins cut from it have flaws which destroy the ring.

We do not judge coins by the ring, but by the appearance. A counterfeit among a number of dollars spread out on a table will instantly be detected by an expert judge. It looks larger than the real dollar in most cases, and if all of base metal its color is always bad. A coin made of lead, zinc and powdered glass has a ring, but it is always larger than the genuine dollar. Ring, therefore means but little. We have about thirty bad silver dollars brought in here every day, and the business seems to be on the increase.

"With gold coins the detection of counterfeit is more difficult. Those filled with platinum have a fair ring and the joint in the edge is effaced by remilling. Platinum is worth only about one-third of the value of gold, weight for weight. I have $40 gold pieces out of which $14 worth of gold had been taken and replaced by platinum, making an exceedingly dangerous counterfeit, which only a good judge of coin can detect. The ring is good and the weight is there, while the whole outside of the coin is genuine."

## A STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

### Two Pockets Unintentionately Picked of Watches.

While Policeman Andrew Sullivan of the Thirty fifth street squad was getting off a Third avenue elevated railway train at Thirty fourth street, about 8 o'clock yesterday morning, one of his brass buttons caught the watch chain of a man boarding the train. As neither noticed the entanglement, this resulted in drawing the watch out of the pocket of its owner, who hurried on the train, leaving his timepiece dangling at Sullivan's button. Sullivan did not realize what had happened until the train had gone. He reported the matter to Capt. Ryan later in the day, and a general alarm calling for the owner of the watch was sent out.

While a reporter of The Sun was pressing through the crush to board an elevated train on Saturday evening, after returning from the Cedarhurst steeplechases, he felt a strong tug at his watch chain. Placing his hand over his vest, he felt a chain hanging straight down. Then it flashed through his mind that somebody had stolen his watch. Further investigation discovered a strange watch at the end of the chain, while his own watch was safe in his pocket. Two watch chains had caught together, and the weaker one had given way. N. Y. Sun.

Bowen's Budget, Fort Plain, N. Y., for March, 1886, says: In the multiplicity of medicines placed upon the market, it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between the meritorious and the worthless. There are at least two excellent remedies widely used, the efficiency of which are unquestioned. We refer to St. Jacobs Oil and Red Star Cough Cure.

A bunch of very dark purple pansies with one or two white ones, makes a pretty breast knot for any young woman who has arrayed herself in Lenton black or gray.

Solicitor of Patents, F. O. McCleary, of Washington, D. C., says the only thing that did him any good, when suffering with a severe cough of several weeks standing, was Red Star Cough Cure, which is purely vegetable and free from opiates and poison.

The countenance is the very portrait of the soul, and the eye works its intention.

### Maxwell's Trial.

Judge E. A. Noonan will publish, after the Maxwell trial is closed, a 100-page volume under the name of the Trunk Tragedy, which will contain a complete history of the murder of Preller, and the trial of Maxwell, carefully compiled from the statements of the officers and testimony of the witnesses in the great case, with interesting incidental details. The book which will be handsomely and profusely illustrated, will be sold for 25 cents, and will be placed on sale by the St. Louis News Company. Judge Noonan is a strong and graceful writer and in his hands the story of the most sensational trial of modern years will be told so effectively that the book cannot fail to achieve immediate popularity and have an enormous sale. St. Louis Sunday Sayings.

A foreigner and an alien ought to attend to nothing but his own business, never to meddle with the affairs of others, and least of all to pry into the concerns of a foreign state.

Relief is immediate, and a cure sure. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. 50 cents.

The master ought not to be ennobled by his house, but the house by the master.

Faithfulness is necessary in all kinds of work. Especially is it necessary, in treating a cold, to procure the best remedy, which is Allen's Lung Balsam, and take it faithfully according to directions, and it will cure a cold every time and prevent fatal results. Sold by all druggists at 25c., 50c., and $1.00 a bottle.

When you are aspiring to the first place, it it honorable to reach the second.

One pair of boots saved yearly by using Lyon's Patent Metallic Heel Stiffeners.

If you wish to destroy avarice, you must destroy luxury, which is its mother.

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