Listen to the water mill
Through the live-long day;
How the clinking of its wheels
Wears the hours away.
Languidly the auturun wind
Stirs the green wood leaves;
From the field the reapers sing.
Binding up their aheaves.
And a provert in my mind,
Asa spell is cost—
The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past.

Aniumn leves revive no move,
Leaves that once are shed;
And the sickle cannot reap
Corn once gathered.
And the ruffled stream flows on,
Tranquil, deep and still,
Never gliding back again
To the water mill. Truly speaks the proverts old,
With a meaning vast—
The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past.

Take the lesson to thyself, Leving heart and trust Leving beart and true!
Gelden years are fleeting by,
Youth is pessing too.
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day;
Time will never bring thee back
Chances thrown away.
Leave no tender word unsaid,
Love while shall last,
The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past.

Work while the daylight shines, Man of strength and will! Never does the little streamlet glide Useless by a mill. Wast until to-morrow's sun Wait until to-morrow's sun
Beams upon thy way;
All that thou can call thy own
Lives in thy "to-day!"
Fower, intellect and health,
May not always last—
The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past,

Oh, the wasted hours of life That have drifted by, Ob, the good that might have been, Lost without a sigh! Love that we might once have saved By a single word; Thoughts conceived but ne'er penned Parishing unbeard. Take the proverb to thine heart, Take and hold it fast— The mill cannot grind With the water that is past.

The Bevil's Cross

There is no more superstitious crea ture on the face of the globe than the Spanish peasant. He believes in every-thing ghostly and supernatural, and likes nothing better then to relate to an likes nothing better than to relate to an attentive and awe struck audience, while sitting around some "posada" kitchen fire the traditions of his especial "pais," or the tales of unearthly things he has heard from his childhood. The bare stretches of wild country and lonely road existing between city and city and once infested by bandits, over the sierra and in the plain, add not a little to the natural credulity and fear of the Spaniard. The following is one of the most thrilling legends which the Spaniard of the lower class loves to tell in a hushed and solemn voice on the night of Good Fri solemn voice on the night of Good Fri-day or on All-hallowe'en.

elever is a small hamlet on the banks of the Segre, not far from Urgel in Catbehind which rises the snowy dim out-line of the Pyrenees, like the steps of a colossal amphitheater of granite. White the undulating green plain like a flock of white doves stopped to quench their thirst at the waters of the river. A bold and naked rock rises sheer into the air, foot of which curves the river and on the summit of which are the ruins of an old castle, evidently destroyed by fire. To the right of this ancient ruin stands a dismal black cross, popularly known as "La cruz del diablo."

The shaft and the arms are of iron; the round base is of marble, but there is a split, rusty appearance about it, as of having been struck by lightning. Be-tween the crevices plants have sprung up and nearly crowned it, while an ancient rugged oak hangs over it like a canopy. It is a gruesome spot and has a gruesome legend. In centuries gone by, while the Moors still occupied the greater part of Spain and called the Spanish kings "counts," the villages and namlets swore fealty to certain lords, who, in their turn, did homage to other lords still more powerful. The village of Belever and a few others formed a battlements upon that bare rock. This exploits and the abandoned castle baron was bold in wickedness. His our shelter, because owing to its isola baron was bold in wickedness. from choice or necessity no man can tell, their nest of stone, and racked his brains is subjects and beating his servants. A happy thought came into his head. He mined to go to Palestine with the Christians of other lands and wrest the holy sepulcher from the hands of the

he managed by pinching and scraping to get together the sum required, and reserving buly his barren rock and castle, he suddenly disappeared. Great was the joy of his subjects. The whole country breathed again. They could now enjoy breathed again. They could have was their liberty unrestrained. There was peace throughout the land; no more men were found hanging from the trees; the maidena of the village no longer feared to go to the fountain with their pitchers; pherds were not driven to seek in nestered spots pasture for their flocks.
eral years passed tranquilly away and
memory of the "wicked caballero," as he was called, became a tradition for and was called, became a trained for and mothers told the story with bated broath to the little ones in the long winter evenings, and threatened naughty babies with the instant return of the "Bar-

One day, one awful day, he re-appeared among his vassals; whether fallen from the skies or come up from the infernal regions no one could tell, but there

he was in flesh and blood. The effects of this disagreeable surprise can be bet-ter imagined than described, and bad as he was in character when he left for the wars, he was far worse when he return-ed. In material things he was none the ed. In material things he was none the better, for he went away with his pock-ets full but he came back with nothing save his lance, his idleness and a half-dozen of followers as wicked and aband-

save his lance, his inlieness and a hairdozen of followers as wicked and abandoned as himself. He began by exacting
from his vassals the back fealty taxes,
and when the villages resisted the baron
set fire to their properties and farmhouses. The simple peasants appealed
for justice to the king; but the baron
langhed to scorn the expostulations of
his brother peers, disregarded the royal
and papal mandates, nailed them up on
the towers of the castle, and hung the
bearers to the oaks. Exasperated beyond
endurance and seeing no other way of
rescue, the whole village recommended
itself to God, and took to arms; but the
baron collected his followers, called
upon the devil for aid, shut himself up
in his stronghold and prepared for battle. A sanguinary warefare ensued.
They fought with fire and sword, in
mountain and plain by day and by night.
But at last the cause of justice and light
prevailed. On one fearfully dark, still
night, so dark that not a star shone in
the heavens, and so still that a sound was
to be heard on the earth, the lords of the to be heard on the earth, the lords of the castle were carousing after a recent victory and in the midst of their wild and noisy orgies sang sacriligious songs, in honor of their patron. Nothing was to be heard outside the castle save the echoes of their blasphemies which rang out into the still air and resounded far

one bound from dreams to death. The drawbridge, portcullis and casmate were insolent and contemptuous air which fired and the baron and his followers exasperated them. Three times they When daylight began to whiten the tops of the juniper trees, the castle ru-ins still smoking and through the breaches in the walls could be seen the figure of the "wicked caballero"

fully armed, hanging to one of the beams of the banqueting hall. For a time the village was at peace. Thistles began to grow in the deserted "patios," ivy crept over the charred ruins and only the wailing of the wind, the whooping of owls and the rustling of snakes disturbed the silence of death which reigned in that accursed spot.
Unburried bones lay white in the moonlight and still that bundle of armor of the Senior del Segre could be seen hang-ing to the blackened rafters.

One day the village saw an extraordinary phenomenon. At twilight, from a distance, mysterious lights were seen here and there on the hill of the Segre, now following the curves of the river, now waving in and out among the ruins of the castle. This strange apparition was repeated three or four nights during the month and the bewildered villagers the month. awaited new developments with anxious honses were burnt, cattle were " lifted," and the bodies of unfortunate travelers were found hanging from the trees. Mur- Belever. ders became frequent and the terror of the villagers increased each day. The "regime" appeared to have returned adungeon until theycould receive orders For the armor of the wicked caballero cisive. had disappeared from the pillar in the banqueting hall, and it was whispered about that he marched at the head of the freebooters, covered from head to foot in mail with visor closed. In the battles which began afresh, victory was pretty evenly divided. The prisoners made shortly shriven. The confession of one of the band made the peasants quake

"I belong," he said, "to a noble family. My extravagances, vices and crimes brought on me the anger of my father, who cursed me when he died. Having no means of living I persuaded other youths in as bad a condition as myself to part of the patrimony of a baron whose form a band and live as free-booters. We stle for many centuries had reared its chose this country for the scene of our our shelter, because owing to its isolated eruelty made his vassals detest him; his position and bad name we thought ourvices were so terrible that the king selves secure from interference. One meighbors into their houses. Whether ruined arches, we were debating who should be chief of the band. Each asserted his claims; some were quarrelbut he shut himself up alone with his bad temper and his retainers on top of the rock where his ancestors had perched toxicated placed their hands on their toxicated placed their hands on their dagger hilts to emphasize their words. to discover some fresh amusement in harmony with his character. This was difficult to find, as he had got tired of waging war with his neighbors, hanging his servants. A swords, determined to sell our lives dearly, when suddenly a man, tremend-ous of stature, armed from head to foot with vizor down and brandishing an Perhaps he imagined that shading his blood in so sacred a cause might atone in some measure for his sins. At any rate, whatever his object, he decided to depart. It was a hard task to collect money enough for his increase. enormous broadsword, strode toward us. lect money enough for his journey, but speech, with one voice we proclaimed having promised his vassals a total exemption from fealty tax in the future, by tremendous caths. From that hour we were one. Our mysterious chief always led the way. Fire never touched him; bullets never hurt him. Never once has he taken off his armor or raised his vizor; he never joined us in our revelry or shut his eyes in sleep. Swords pierced the joints of his mail, but they neither wounded him nor drew blood. He despises gold and abhors beauty. Only when our hands were red with human blood, when women screamed

tived outside the town in a small her-mitage dedicated to St. Bartholomew.

close and very frequent personal encoun-ters with the devil), advised them to lie in wait for the enemy at the foot of a crooked path which led from the castle, and to use no other arms to seize him than a short prayer, which they were to eommit to memory, and with which, so the chronicles states, St. Bartholomew

took the devil prisoner.

The result exceeded their wildest The result exceeded their wildest hopes, and another sun had not risen upon the village of Belever before groups of peasants were relating to each other in the Plaza Mayor, with mysterious air, how that night the famous captain of the Segre had been brought into the village on the back of a mule, and chained hand and foot. Hardly had the news averaged from mouth to mouth than chained hand and root. Hardry had the news spread from mouth to mouth than the whole village surged toward the prison. The parish bells summoned the authorities to the town hall and all waited anxiously the hour when the prisoner should appear in court. The judges, in such cases, were authorized to administer sharp and summary jus-tice. After deliberating among themselves for a few minutes, they sent for

the culprit to hear his sentence.

The Plaza Mayor as well as the narrow streets through which the prisoner had to pass was packed to overflowing with people. The popular indignation was so intense around the prison doors that the guards became alarmed for their own safety and were much relieved when the order came to bring out the pris-

When he appeared dressed in armor from head to foot, vizor down, a deep murmur of delight thrilled through the densely crowded ranks, which slowly opened to let him pass. All recognized the armor of the old Senor del Segre and wide over the plain. The tired sentinels, having turned their eyes several times below, and finding all quiet, gave the armor of the old Senor del Segre, which had terrified them so much in days gone by; that black plume had been days gone by; that black plume had been pose and fell asleep at their posts. But a few desperate villagers had determined either to free themselves and their families from their oppressors or die in the armor rattling and creaking as he attempt. Protected and favored by the moved. The judge in a trembling voice attempt. Protected and favored by the darkness they scaled the sheer precipice from the river side and reached the top asked him his name. The silence was oppressive. All strained to catch the slightest whisper from the prisoner, but at midnight. The sentinels passed at the captain stared at his judges with an repeated the question and three times he answered nothing.

"Lift his vizor! Uncover him! shricked the populace. "Let us see whether he will dare to insult us face to face!"

"Uncover your face," commanded the judge.

The captain stood perfectly still. "We order you by our authority to uncover." No movement yet on the part of the

We cammand you to uncover in the name of our sovereign counts," shricked down with trouble,

Still no sign of comprehension.

At last public indignations reached such a pitch that one of the guards threw himself upon the culprit, and by force tore the vizor open up to the fore-head and down to the throat. A cry of horror broke from the assembled crowd. The helmet was empty, entirely varant,

"regime" appeared to have returned and matters came to such a pass that no one dared to stir outside of his door for fear of meeting the ghost of the old baron. The answer, which, when it came, was short and de-

"Hang the armor in the Plaza Mayor of the village; if the devil occupies it he must then either abandon it or hang

This ingenious answer delighted th people of Belever, and they forthwith prepared a gallows in the middle of the square. When it was ready they went to fetch the armor from prison. On the threshold they were met by the alcalde imploring pardon. His face was frightened and pale as death itself.

"The armor has gone," he said, in tremulous tones.

The crowd stood paralyzed and the al

calde went on to say:
"I had always believed this story of the armor to be a fable invented to protect some noble of high rank, who, for reasons of state, could not be punished. Under this impression I made up my mind to watch the armor and surprise some one getting into it. Night after night I crept down noiselessly to cell door and listened at the key-hole but not a sound was to be heard. In vain I looked through a little hole near the door. The armor remained on the straw where it had been flung. Last night the armor and convince myself that it was empty. I was fumbling for the key, when the cell door was thrown open and a gauntleted hand dashed me forcibly

ple shricked with disappointment and rage, and could hardly be restrained from tearing the author of this new mis fortune to pieces. But knowing the prayer by which the captain could be recaptured, it was not very difficult to get him once more into their hands. time they nailed the pieces of armor separately on the gallows, where they ke vigilant guard over them. But all in vain. A black cloud was seen scuading across the sky. It increased until it was directly over the gallows, and, descend-ing in the shape of a huge arm of light, lifted the armor down and was gone, scattering and killing the unfortunate

fainted white. Showers of sparks danced before their eyes and twisted and struggled like a legion of devils to free their master from his torment.

But the operation of forming the mol-ten mass into the cross was the most terrible of all. Twenty strong men ham-mered at the metal which gave great groans at every stroke. As often as they got the arms of the cross ready and be gan forming the shaft, the heated mass writhed again in a horrible convulsion and twisted around the bodies of the unfortunate workmen (who struggled to disengage themselves from its deadly grasp) it culed in rings like a snake or darted like lightning.

By dint of relays of men, of constant

prayers and spinkling of holy water the infernal spirit was conquered at last and the cross raised. And there it stands on the banks of the Segre, accursed, gaunt and grim.

Wolves collect under its shadows in the winter and descend in packs upon the valleys. Robbers there wait for un-wary travelers; lightning plays round its summit and split the steps of its pedes-tal. It is shunned by all and held in horror, and is rightly named the Devil's Cross.

A Princely Boy.

In the palace of a small German capi tal a German duchess, distinguished for her good sense and kindness of heart, was celebrating her birthday.

The court congratulations were over and the lady retired from the scene of festivity to the seclusion of her private room. Presently she heard light footsteps coming up the stairs.
"Ah!" she said, "there are my two

little grandsons coming to congratulate

Two rosy lads ten and twelve years of age came in, one named Albert, the other Ernest. They affectionstely greet ed the duchess, who gave each of the customary present of ten louis d'or (about forty-eight dollars), and related to them the following suggestive anec-

Rome who used to say that no one should go away sorrowing from an in-terview with a prince. He was always doing good and caring for his people, and when, one evening at supper, he remembered that he had not done an act of kindness to anyone during the day, he exclaimed, with regret and sor-row, 'My friends, I have lost a day.' My children, take this emperor for your model, and live in a princely way, like him.

The boys went down the stairs delighted. At the palace gate they met a poor woman wrinkled and old, and bowed

"Ah, my good young gentlemen," aid she, "bestow a trifle on an aged said she, creature. My cottage is going to be sold for a debt, and I shall not have any where to lay my head. My goat, the only means of support I have, has been seized; pity an old woman and be chari-

table Earnest assured her that he had no change and so passed on. But Albert hesitated. He thought a moment of her pleading looks, and tears came to her eyes. The story of the the news soon spread through the village that at the death of the "wicked caballero," the death of the special that at the special that the special that the special that the special that at the special that the special that th lero," the devil had inherited the fiefs of man. Turning away with a heart light Belever. weeping for joy. The boy was Prince Albert of England, justly called "Albert

Herding Lumber.

Yesterday afternoon, when the lawyers in Justice Cary's Court were waiting for a verdict in a petty larceny case, several stories were told by the legal lights which provoked considerable surprise. Judge Cary evidenced the greatest in-

terest in these weird tales and edged up to the group. These are curious yarns, gentlemen but I believe them all. I had a dog once,

back in Nebraska, that I kept to herd lumber." "Beg pardon, Judge; did you say the dog herded lumber?"
"Yes, sir, cottonwood boards. We al-

ber in at night.

mer I lived in Brownville over ten thousand feet of lumber skipped out to the hills the day before I advertised a house raisin'. I went to the county seat to attend a law suit, and when I got back there wasn't a stick of timber left. It had strayed away into the uplands. An ordinary board hot week, and when it struck the timber it would keep wormin' in and out among the trees like a garter snake. Every farmer in the State had to keep shepherd dogs to follow his lumber around the country, keep it together and show where it was in the morning. We didn't need any flumes there for lumber. We sawed it east of the place we wanted to use it and let it warp itself to its destination; with men and dogs to head it off at the proper time, and we never lost a stick. Well, here comes the jury," continued the Judge. "The witnesses lied so I guess they will disagree."—[Carson (Nev.) Appeal, March 6th.

The salary list of the British Government shows the relative rank assigned and prayed for mercy, and old men fell dead before our blows, only then did our captain exult and laugh aloud."

Many were the prisoners who followed the speaker to the scaffold, but the mysterious captain was invisible, and added daily fresh recruits to his standard. The descriptions respectively preserved to the standard of the st desperate peasants at last made up their some pieces of wood from the castle at Washington Sir Edward Thornton is shape it into a cross.

Horrors accumulated. When the arconsiderable number of allowances. In mitage dedicated to St. Bartholomew. In mor was put into the amelting furnace, point of grade the Europeans rank plored divine pity through his guardian saint (who, as we all know, had very felt the flames. Strong men and to Lisbon.

young heads turned French Journalists Twenty Years Ago.

The most influential man on the Charivari was "Cham," the best and witties on the staff. To get into his good graces, however, it was previously necessary to acquire the favorable opinion of "Madame." The future Comtesse de Noe arrived at the office in the Rue du Croissant regularly at 4 o'clock every afternoon, and, after arranging financia and other business matters with Louis Huart, she frequently asked me to escort her home. Of course the request was really in order, as it was impossible to refuse the wife of the leading contrib-utor to the paper so small a service. On her road home, however, the good lady was accustomed to make a number of purchases, of all of which of course I had to take charge, and many a time have I toiled up the Fanbourg Mo.t-martre with my pockets full of chocolate, tea and sugar, carrying under my less arm three pour ds of coffee, a couple of packets of candles, a langue ecarlate, etc., etc., and a huge shad hanging from my right hand. All this I had to do, plus fifteen articles, be it remembere., for 150 france a mouth. What think for 150 francs a month. What think you of that, my young colleagues?

I may remark here, however, that when I say 150 francs a month I am a little under the mark, because this regular and certain salary might be generally increased by 30 francs for half a dozen mottoes at 100 sous spiece, to be appended to Daumier's lithographs. Louis Huart used to shut us ap in his cabinet de travail, and placing each in front of an engraved stone, would say: "If you can hit upon a witty, humorous motto for each design, you sholl have 20 francs apiece." In spite of this means of adding to our incomes, it was up-hill work to earn half a louis, but luckily politics got us out of our troubles, as a man who is worth his salt can always concoct a political article.

When my imagination failed me labitually took refuge in Poland, so to say. Those were the days of "sanguinary repression" in that country, and it would be almost impossible to reckon up the innumerable articles, all very much alike, which generally began somewhat as follows: "A tap was heard. 'Who is there? 'I, the genie sanglant of Poland.' At these words Mentchikoff, the bourreau of that unhappy country, trembled as he sat in his tent, etc." When I wanted 10 francs I made Meutchikoff tremble, and I may say, without boasting, that no Pole ever made the terrible Russian tremble as much as I.

Nowadays, when at first representa-tions I notice my young colleagues, spruce, happy, well-paid, white-cravated, curled, pomaded, and obviously looked after by a good tailor, I always think of our own miserable debuts, when the five of us did not earn what is now paid the chronicler of theatrical odds and ends by any respectable journal. If I except from the quintette Louis Leroy, the other four had only one dress coat between them—Rochefort's threadbare and old-fashioned "swallow-tail." It was the famous "misere en habit noir" with a vengeance. Beside his income from the Charivari, Rochefort received 100 francs a month from the Municipality; he was the support of all his family, and I can still see him shivering in the depths of winter, in an old coat buttoned up to his throat, summer trowsers, and nally redound to Rochefort's credit .-Figuro.

A Little Charmer.

out-of the-way place in Hancock county, about three miles west of Mount Blanchard-a very remarkable child only five years old, who seems to have the power to charm birds at will. Her mother first noticed this strange fascination the child possesses about a year ago. The little girl was out in the door-yard among a bevy of snow-birds, and when she spoke to them they would come and light upon her, twittering with glee. On taking them in her hands and stroking them, tne birds, instead of trying to get away from their fair captor, seemed to be highly pleased, and when let loose would fly away a short distance and imme-diately return to the child again. She took several of them into the house to show to her mother, who, thinking she ways kept a dog there to bring the lum- might hurt them, put them out of doors, but no sooner was Everybody now paid the closest atten-tion, as they knew that the boss was at into the room again, lit upon the girl's head and began to chirp. The birds "It was this way. Cottonwood boards remained about the premises all winter, warp like thunder in the sun. A board flying to the the little girl whenever the would begin to hump its back up about door opened. The parents of the child 9 in the morning, and in half an hour it became alarmed, believing that this would turn over. By 11 it would warp the other way with the heat and make another flop. Each time it turned it moved a couple of feet, always following the sun toward the west. The first summer the child has had many pet birds. mer the child has had many pet birds. The child handles the birds so gently that a humming bird once in her hands does not fail to return. Last winter a bevy of birds kept her company, and she played with them for hours at a time. Every morning the birds fly to her window, and leave only when the sun sinks in the west. The parents of the little would climb a two mile hill during a girl are poor, superstitious people, and have been reticent about the matter un-til lately, fearing that some calamity was about to befall them. Men are continually indulging

small expenses, saying to themselves, that it's only a trifle, yet forgetting that the aggregate is serious, that even the seashore is made up of pretty grains of sand. Ten cents a day is even thirty-six dollars and a half a year, and that is the interest of a capital of six hundred dollars' The man that saves ten cents a day only is so much richer than he who does not, as if he owned a life estate in a house worth six hundred dollars; and if invested quarterly, does not take half that time. But ten cents a day is child's play, some will exclaim. Well, then, John Jacob Astor used to say, that when a man who wishes to be rich, has saved ten thousand dollars, he has won half the battle. Not that Astor thought ten thousand much, but he knew that, in making such a sum, a man acquired habits of prudent economy, which would keep him advancing in wealth. How many, however, spend ten thousand in a few years in extra expenses, and then on looking back, cannot tell, as they say, "where the money went to." To save, is to get rich. To squander, even in small sums, is the first steps towards the poor-

Coaxing Sarah.

Justice alley had hardly been opened to business yesterday morning when a sieigh containing seven or eight persons from beyond the city limits drove up to the door of a popular Justice and piled out with an air of business. His honor was poking up the fire when an old man besterned him into beckoned him into a corner and whis-

"Got a job of splicing here for ye! My darter Sarah here is going to hitch on to that chap there with the blue comforter, and then we're going to have some oystars.

"All right-all right," was the reply, and in two minutes the official was all

peeled his overcoat, laid aside his hat and extended his hand to Sarah, "I won't do it-I'll die first!" she said. as she shrank away.

"She's a leetle timid-a leetle timid," explained the old man, while the mother observed: "Sarah, don't you make a fool of your-

self here. William will make you a good husband. "And don't you forget it!" added Wil-

liam. "Come, Sarah." "I won't unless we can go to New York on a bridle tower!" she snapped. "You'd look nice bridle towering around New York with no better duds on than you've got!" said the mother.

"Now Sarah, you stand up and git married!" "Be keerful, mother-don' make 'er ad!" warned the old man. "Now, Sarah, if you back out everybody will

laff at us. "I don't keer! I want to travel!" "You shall!" answered William, "Where?"

"We'll all go up to the house of Correction. " Taint far 'nuff."

The old man beckoned William and Sarah aside and began: "Now, Sarah, William jist dotes on

"But I want a bridle tower." "Yes, but ye can't have one. The railroads are all snowed under, and towers have gone out of fashion, anyhow.

"Then I want a diamond ring. "Now don't say that, Sarah, fur I went to every store last Saturday and they was all out of diamond rings."

"Then I want a set of mink furs."
"Mink furs! William, I know you'd buy 'em for her in a second, but they have gone out of style and can't be had. Sarah, I'm yer father, haint I? "Yes, dad."
"And I've allus bin tender of ye?"

"Then be tender to me. I want to see ye married to William. You can't have a tower, nor a diamond ring, nor a set of furs, but I'll buy ye a pair of new gaiters. William will pay fur the oysters, and I'll see that mother divides to the dishes and headling with "Yes." up the dishes and bedding with ye. Sarah, do you want to see my grey hairs bowed down ?"

"Then don't flunk out." "Will they be \$2 gaiters?" she asked.

"Yes." "And all the oysters we can eat?" "Yes, all you kin stuff." "And a tower next fall, if the wheat

does well?" "Then I guess I will. Come, Bill, I don't care two cents for you, but I want to oblige father."-[Detroit Free

Press.

Not to be Caught. There lives near Harrisburg, Ohio-an Mr. William Pinkerton, the famous detective, relates the following incidents which occurred in the career of the noted thief Papes:

"There used to be a very celebrated detective in the East named Taggart, who was employed at a large railroad depot. Papes wanted to work the passengers, and one day, slipping up behind Taggart, he placed a twenty-dollar gold coin over each of the detective's eyes, at the same time asking him if he could

"No." responded Taggart, as he clutched the money, "I can't see a wink."
Papes started into the crowd assembled, but Taggart called him back. "What is the matter now?" cried

Papes. "Put one in my mouth," answered Taggart, "and I can't speak."
It should be stated here that the de tective Papes referred to is not Uncle Billy Taggart, the jolly detective sta-tioned at the P., W. & B. Railroad depot

at Philadelphia. Another incident in which Paper figured was as follows: An officer or station-house keeper had died in New York, and the captain of de-

bury him.

Meeting Papes, the captain told him about the death of the man and asked for a dollar toward the fund. 'What?" blurted Papes, "a dollar to bury a policeman ?"

tectives went around collecting money to

'Yes, that's all." "By Herod!" ejaculated Papes, "here is a five-dollar bill. Take it and plant four more."

COMETS AND METEORS.—Professor Daniel Kirkwood has an interesting article in the last number of Science, in which he traces the connection between the first comet of 1961 and the meteor showers of April 20 — the Lyriads. This comet was discovered by Thatcher April 4. It was visible to the naked eye and had a tail three degrees long. Its period is 415.4 years, and its orbit intersects that of the earth's in longitude 210 degrees, the point passed by the earth in the spoch of the great meteoric shower of April 20, 1803. From the facts collated, Professor Kirkwood thinks that the comet and the meteors formed a system in space before entering the solar domain; that the orbits were transformed into ellipses by planetary perturbations; and that this transformation was probably due to the influence of Saturn about B. C. 683 and B. C. 625.

WM. DEWART, of Rochester, has patented a device for ventilating houses using the well-known facts that plants give off ozone and oxygen and absorb and use carbonic acid in their growth. His invention consists of a small conservatory, from which pipes issue to every room of the house intended to convey the necessary oxygen.