His First Appearance as Richard III., as His Father's Own Substi-

Exchange. In 1851, his fa her being announced as Richard III., led indirectly to Edwin attempt ny that character. One particular night, as he and his son were preparing to go to the theatre, he suddenly changed his mood and refused to start, saying he was ill and unable to perform. Edwin suggested that he should rouse himself to the effort at least present himself at the theatre, thinking when within the building he would forego his strange resolve. He reminded his father how well he had rehearsed, and how well in health he had been all day, but no argument could move him.

"What will they do without you father?" the son said in despair. "What can they substitute at the last mo. ment?

"Go on and act it yourself," was the curt reply.

After some further altercation his father insisted that his son should assome and act the character of Richard on that night. There was great dismay at the old man's sudden freak.

"No matter," said John R. Scott, 'you can can do it?" 'That's what my father says; he is

at the hotel, and has sent me here to act in his place.

So he dressed himself in his father's clothes and, greatly excited, he "went on." The costame was "a world to-wide" for his slight figure. All was confusion behind the scenes, and the unwilling substitute hurried to the first entrance. The theatre was crowded. At his appearance the applause rang out in a wild burst, but it suddenly ceased. No apology had been made, and the astonished spectators allowed the play to proceed. He, who had absorbed into his own being every word, look and tone of his father, soon wrung from the audience a gratified applause. John R. Scott showed great concern throughout the play, fearing the breaking down of his young Richard, but in answer to the prolonged call at the close, he led him proudly before the curtain and introduced him as the "worthy scion of a noble stock," adding in sotto voce, "I wager they do not know what that means.

On Edwin's return to the hotel he was questioned coldly by his father as to his success. The elder Booth was found apparently exactly as he had left him, unchanged in mood or position: but it is believed now by Edwin that he witnessed the whole performance and was not dissatisfied with the result.

ten, Sherman Abroad.

[E. V. Smalley.] In 1871 and 1872 Gen. Sherman spent a year in Old World, visiting the Mediterranean countries, Turkey, the Caucasus, Russia, Austria, Germany, and the nations of western Europe. He kept a journal of the tour-a big, solidly bound volume, written in a clean, graceful hand, intended only for a personal record, but abounding in vigorous descriptions of people and places. Friends who are privileged to read it do not find much about the armies of Europe. He attended reviews when invited, but he cared more for the affairs of peacethe people, their ways of living, and their comparative standing in the scale of civilization; the cities and their characteristics; the railways, ports, agriculture and manufactures of the regions he visited.

In time of peace he is evidently more a citizen than a soldier. He went to the battle-fields of the then recent Franco-Prussian war, however, and, remembering with what vigor his antagonist at Atlanta, Gen. Hood, had resisted the movements to coop him up, what tremendous blows he had struck in quick succession at different points on the steadily enveloping line, and how he had finally escaped with his whole army, he came to the conclusion that, with courage and good generalship, Napoleon could have cut his way out of Sedan, or Bazaine out of Metz.

A Free Pass Over All Rathroads

Mrs. James P. Caldwell rode on a free pass the other day from Mexico, Mo., to Leadville, Col., to see her son. This pass was given to her husband and herself twenty years ago, and is a life pass for both, and will pass them over any railroad in the United States. It was given them by the North Missouri Railroad company after they had respectfully declined the company's offer of a gift of \$10,000. How the company happened to offer the couple-who were well-to-do in the world-a gift of \$10,000, is told by The Hannibal Journal: In January, 1861, the Confederate bushwhackers set fire to the bridge over Young's creek, and Mr. Caldwell got out of bed in season to check the flames with a pail of water. Then he hurried to Centralia to give the alarm, leaving his wife and children to keep the fire in check. It was a bitter cold night, and Mrs. Caldwell had to wrap her children in blankets, but despite the cold they worked and extinguished the flames, The bridge, however, had been reduced to a mere shell. Mrs. Caldwell knew that it could not bear up a train that was almost due, and, hurrying to her house, she got a lantern and stood on the bridge in the biting blasts of a January night until that train with its freight of human life had been warned and stopped.

A "Spring" Chicken.

[Detroit Free Press.] "Is this a spring chicken?" asked a traveler at a hotel dinner. "Yes, sah," answered the waiter

promptly. "How do you know?" asked the eater,

solemnly. "Cos, sah, when de cook tried to pull de jints open dey spring right back

again, sound as ever sah. "Conclusive," said the traveler with

a sigh as he "passed" on spring chicken.

Bennett Growing Old.
[Chicago Herald.]
Mr. Bennett, the owner of The New York Herald, is said by persons who have seen him in Paris lately to have be-come "prematurely old. His hair is turning gray and he is as slow and precise in movement as an old man."

Poetry and Huscle,

[Cor. Phrenological Journal.] Neither can the poetical gift be explained on physiological grounds. Nothing is more common than to find persons of either sex, with the cranial and physiological conditions united, which, according to popular belief, should furnish the possessor with light and heat divine in tropical abundance. But, however, much the lustrous eye may roll, the cheeks grow hollow, and the Byronic melancholy be impor tuned to come at once and come to stay, still the anxious friends are only rewarded, in most instances, with the nervous irritability of a poetical patient, and the disgusting doggerel of a future maniac. He may get dyspepsia, "get up on his ear," get drunk, or get his friends out of patience with him, like full grown poet, but the inspiration of the latter he can never get. On the other hand, it is not hard to

call to mind mighty monarchs in the realms of verse, who might, with proper training, have rivaled John C. Heenan in muscular power. Burns—"Robert the plowman," "Love-sick Robin," "So-cial Bob," or "Ranting Rob," just as you want him-could not only write the air of a popular song. best poetry of any man in his time, but stontest stonemason in Ayrshire. Keats, "the most poetical of all the poets," could write "Hyperion," "Endymion," "Ode to a Dead Urn," or whip a could draw up from his soul-wells the finest and sweetest draughts of poetical or swim the Hellespont at his pleasure. poacher, was a good-sized poet, not- sight but within hearing of the young withstanding.

A Story of Whittier.

[Harriet Prescott Spofford in Harper's.] People come to him, also, in their tortured soul has he given peace. The story is told of a friend of his early days, in the time when religion held was pursued by the idea of the sin against the Holy Ghost, and felt himself doomed to damnation.

listening to the tale of torment.

"Oh, I am sure of it," cried the sufferer.

"Does thee hate thy fellow-men?" asked Mr. Whittier.

"No, no," said his unhappy friend.
"Don't thee hate God, then?" came the next question. "I love Him," was the enswer, "what-

ever happen to me." "Don't thee hate God, who would send thee to hell, and let others, who thee knows have led worse lives, go to heaven?

"No. I am glad of every one that is saved, even if I am to be a castaway." "Now what does thee think the devil will do with thee? How can he use thee-one who loves the God that condemns him to torment, one who loves his fellow-men, and would keep them out of the clutches of Satan -how can the devil employ thee or endure thee?" For the first time in months the wretched man laughed with his old heartiness, and from that moment began to shake off his morbid terrors.

Horace Greeley and the manko Man,

[New York World.] Horace Greeley, although he 'took the papers," was once sought to be vicpocketbook" game. The man who picked up the book, plethoric with bogus money, right at Mr. Greeley's feet. was compelled to go out of town immediately to his sick wife, and begged the loan of \$50 in advance of the award which would surely be offered if Mr. Greeley would keep the book. Mr. Greeley consented, and only saved himself by taking the \$50 out of the book. The man remonstrated. "It will not do to touch the money," he said: "you had better give me \$50 out of your own "Bless my soul, my friend," expocket. claimed the innocent Horace, "I never carried as much money as that with me in my life!" The man impatiently snatched the book out of Mr. G. celev's hands and hurriedly left to visit his sick wife.

A Professional Adonis Suggested.

New York World By the way, why should not the princess of Wales discover some Adonissome exquisitely handsome young manand have his portrait painted by a distinguished artist and set in a diamond mounted frame? This professional beauty game, as at present conducted, is very one-sided. If married men may go into raptures over a professional beauty and sit enthralled over her picture, why may not married women have a similar privilege in regard to professional Adonises? What is sauce for the married goose ought to be sauce for the married gander, and the husband who runs after the portraits of lovely women can not fairly object if his wife should run after the portraits of handsome

Which of our enterprising artists will start the enterprise of the professional Adonis as a companion to the professional beauty?

El Madhi and His Followers.

[Chicago Tribune.] The Rev. Dr. Dichtl, an Austrian missionary priest who spent some time in the Soudan, gives the following description of the Madhi:

"He is about 40 years old, tall, and of coppery-red complexion. An emissary sent to interview him some time ago found the Madhi at Abba, surrounded deavoring to recover the pillow case by 500 or 600 followers, all of them naked, with iron chain belts round their Billy in this world if he perseveres. waist, and with broad drawn swords in their hands. The Madhi occupied a raised seat in their midst, and in his right hand he held a prophet's staff. is not difficult to one who knows them, The three marks by which he knew the Egyptian government to be false to Islam were that they allowed Christians to have churches of their own, that they afforded them protection, and that the government levied taxes."

CANARIES FOR THE MARKET.

Where They Are Ilnised ... Methods of Musical Training.

(Philadelphia Times.) Most of the birds brought to America are bred in the Hartz mountains, of Hanover, a range in the famous Black Forest of Germany. Here the industry is carried on extensively by the peasants, who derive from it their chief means of subsistence. The majority of them are so poor that the agents of the two New York firms who enjoy a monopoly of the importations are obliged to advance at the beginning of the breeding season enough money to provide the food necessary to rear the young birds. One firm at the opening of the present season thus laid out about \$10,000. The superiority of the German birds lies in their training, great attention being paid to improving their song qualities. The canary is a great imitator of sounds, and will learn almost any thing that is thrust upon his attention when young. He may acquire the chirp of the robin if he hears no other song, or may be taught the

A dealer on Ridge avenue exhibited he could out-lift, "for the drinks," the a canary at the Centennial exhibition which could sing Yankee Doodle, and which he sold for \$100. Another, owned by the same man, rendered "Die Lauderbach Maidchen" in an excellent butcher, just as he saw fit. Byron manner. I have even known of a canary that could talk. Its owner got it when it was young and kept it where it nectar, or could "whip fellows," get fat, could hear no other bird sing, and finally succeeded in teaching it to pronounce Rare Ben Jonson-do you think he its own name, the name of its mistress had no flakes of fat lining his ribs, or and one or two other words. The Geroily chunks hung to his jaws? If so, man peasants take advantage of this read a description of his elegant faculty in teaching the young birds to anatomy and becorrected. Shakespeare sing. One plan is to place them in a (no matter how you spell him) had no large cage, partitioned so as to prevent cheeks hollow enough to hold a gill of its immates from seeing each other; any water, but the most obstinate must con- fine singing bird, either a canary, a skyfess that Mr. Shakespeare, deer lark or nightingale, is placed out of

canaries. After six months of this imprisonment the pupils, who have never seen their teacher, will have become perfect musicians. Another plan is to place grief and trouble, and to more than one the young ones in a room barely light enough for them to see to eat, where an instrument called a bird-organ is played for an hour or more each day in the men by crueler bonds than now, who hearing of the learners, who listen very attentively if they are not disturbed, and, by practicing the notes heard, are soon able to sing them perfectly. Birds "And so thee really thinks thee will go to hell?" said Mr. Whittier, after "Andreaslerg rollers," and become very "Andreasberg rollers," and become very proficient in the "water roll," the bell and flute notes and various trills. After this course of training is completed the birds are separated. Each one is placed in a small cage, made by the peasants from fir wood, and fastened together with pegs instead of nails. They remain in these narrow quarters until they cease to be merchandise, and are finally domiciled in the homes, where they become the pets of the fam-

Gossip About Senator Joe Brown.

["Carp" in Cleveland Leader.] So Joe Brown is being denominated the chain gang senator because he has a lot of penitentiary convicts who work in his coal mines in Georgia. They cost him less than \$20 a year apiece, and I warrant you they have to work hard, for Brown was brought up to labor. He was born in the Pickins district of South Carolina 62 years ago, and when a boy used to haul vegetables to the county seat, and had a team with which he used to plow the garden plats of the villagers. He has a brother in South Carolina who now has a good plantation, and is worth some money, but nothing like that of the saintly Joe, who is worth, I am told, perhaps \$5,timized at the well-worn "dropped 000,000, and keeps adding to his pile by compound interest. Senator Brown lives here at the Metropolitan hotel, where he has three rooms and an office. He has a seat down near the speaker's desk, and is the most patriarchal-looking of the senators. He has a dark complexion, flat cheeks, and a long beard of yellowish gray. He is not fond of newspaper men, and will seldom submit to an interview. He is now the biggest man in Georgia, next to Bob Toombs, but I believe that Toombs is the better liked.

Toombs and Brown have been running on different platforms since the war. Bob Toombs would never consent to reconstruction, but Brown accepted the inevitable at once and turned the change to his own advantage. It is said that this difference of opinion came once near causing a duel between Toombs and Brown. The challenge was issued, but for some reason the matter was adjusted without firing. The actions of the two men in regard to this duel, if reports tell the truth, show well the character of each. Gen. Toombs, easy and confident, trusting to luck, made no preparations for the fight. Gov. Brown did just the contrary. He put all his papers in perfect order, drew up a will, and then set up a target and commenced practicing. Long was ready for it, and I doubt not he would have shot to kill. Fortunately for both parties, for Toombs is a dead shot, the quarrel was peacefully settled.

Hope for Mr. Birch. [Utica Observer,] Billy Birch, of the San Francisco minstrels, has experienced religion, and is confessing all of his former misdeeds. To a reporter he admitted to have told one story for five years; and to have dropped it then only because he was of it. The public, he said, laughed just as heartily over it the last time he told it as on the first night, The story was undoubtedly the one about his uncle "Jim" Blackstone, of Kirkland, sending him a bag of pippin apples, and then going to New York and remaining a week with him, in enthat held them. There is hope for

Prof. Joseph Landon: To teach sons to bring children frequently into tears

Roger A. Pryor says that they have very peculiar newspaper reporters in London. When he told them he had nothing to say they left at once.

Various Ways to Wed, as Practiced by Different Nationalities. [Chicago News.]

In Bayaria the peasant girl tells her love, and after her engagement dance, her mother relieves her of all housework, and sets about fattening her up for the wedding-day. Though relieved of domestic cares, she is by no means idle, and finds the days and long nights too short for finishing her sewing, which includes dresses and underclothes, sheets, pillow-slips, quilts, mats, tidies. table-linen and stockings enough to last her for a dozen years. Any fantastic goods will make her toilet, but be the color or fabric what it will a veil is indispensible, with a wreath of orange blossoms and a little satin pillow on which the wedding-ring is carried. This cushion is usually about eight inches square and radiantly decorated with embroidery or bead-work, in which all the village maidens have a finger, if but to do a single stitch.

of blue, with a short, full veil fastened on the hair with a wreath of silver leaves. which may be made of solid silver or fine wire, but where this extravagance is beyond the means of the bride, silver paper or tin-foil is substituted, unless coronet is plaited with silver ribbon. In the ceremony two rings are used, the bride decorating ber husband after accepting his ring. In farther India the couple are married while seated on a circular matting placed in the sun. All the girls in the place constitute the bridesmaids. Each carries a staff bound with blue and finished at the end with a bunch of fiery-red feathers. They dance round the happy couple, who are not permitted to rise till the girls have exhausted their vocal selections, and are too tired to vary their graceful motions.

An Egyptian bride wears a gorgeous robe of blood-red satin, embroidered with roses, birds of gay plumage, and graceful little cupids, thrown out into broad relief by outlines of silver thread or gold lace. The veil is carelessly draped over the left shoulder, so as to partially obscure her face from the view of the groom, and fastened on

with a diadem of glittering gems. In Natal the bride wears a dress of feathers, with metallic flowers in her hair. She kneels on a brass wire mat, with a shield in one hand and a knife in the other. Her attendants, who are selected because of strong lung power. dance round her in circles, stamping, jumping, kicking any impediment that comes in their way, and making the air resound with their hideous screans.

In some of the Barbary states the bride is contided to the care of her mother-in-law for forty-eight hours, in which time her hands are painted with ugly figures and complicated difficulties, and miseries that will certainly cross her path.

An Australian groom has to face the village maidens, who force him to run a

shower of spear-shaped arrows. Tricks of New York Girls.

Clara Belle in Cincinnati Enquirer. Bewitching magicians are what a good many of the New York girls are trying. with variable success, to make of themselves. Their dear little fingers (and I have observed that only those with nice hands take to the diversion) are apt to be deft and deceptive in manipulating such simple apparatus as they select from those originally intended for boys to play with. Among the apparatus which they employ is the marble and vase, consisting of a pedestal of hard wood, in which a ball is placed and caused to suddenly disappear, apparently shot into the ceiling or into the air out of sight. It suddenly reappears in your hand, or at any place that may be designated. Also the magic nail, an illusion in which the performer exhibits a common sixpenny nail, which may be passed round among the spectators. Immediately upon its return she passes it through her finger. Still another is a box for a wedding ring. It causes the greatest consternation at the supposed loss of a wedding ring that slips out of it in the most mysterious manner, and is as suddenly recovered. Then there is a handerchief that showers bon-bons on the table and can be made to disappear in a twinkling. The magic finger can be had. This trick enables the performer to thrust one of her fingers through the crown of a hat, which is distinctly seen, and after exhibition she pulls her finger out of the hole and returns it uninjured to the owner.

Goodness me!" she exclaims, as she hands an impressionable caller his hat, what has happened to this?"

He sees what looks like one of her digits thrust right through his new tile. and the sensational situation is dra-

An Edition of Six.

Charles Francis \dams, Jr., is amusing himself in a de. atful, if somewhat expensive fashion says a Boston letter to The Chicago Tribune. He has written a book and had six copies printed for his own use. More properly speaking before the duel was to have come off he he has written only the first volume of what is in the end to be a four-volume work. This first volume is printed in admirable style, and contains about 450 pages. About two-thirds of it is occupied with an account of the early settlement of Boston, while the remainder is taken up with the narrative of the Antinomian controversy. Several papers which have before appeared in print are substantially included in the work; as the account of Morton and Merry Mount. Sir Francis Gardener and Blackstone. the first settlers on the peninsula. The six copies are none of them given away they are loaned to men who are adepts in Boston history, and the criticisms of the readers are invited. Ultimately the work, revised, if revisions from these criticisms are necessary, will be pubished.

Something Besides Music.

[Boston Transcript.]
"Oh, bother!" exclaimed Banger: what's the use? The boys are sick of music. Music, music, music; that's all you give them, week in and week out. At our meeting to-night why can't we get up something new—something. I don't care what, so long as it isn't music?" "A good idea, Banger!" cried Fogg: "a splendid idea. We have had a little too much music, as you say, an it is time we had something new. Suppose you sing for us, Banger."

WANDERINGS IN VENICE.

First Impressions... Bridges and Canals... The Charm of the Condolas ... Venice's Picturesque Beauty.

(San Francisco Chronicle.) It takes a good many days to get accustomed to Venice and many more to appreciate it. First impressions are not always agreeable ones. It is damp and chilly, and the canals are full of none too clear water, and the hotel is too quiet and large, and you lose all identity in its vaulted salons and interminable corridors. At first you do not know of any place you can walk to, and gondola riding is for a few days monotonous. You came perhaps for rest and quiet, but there is too much stillness. The buildings are soiled; the posts in front of the houses are clammy and wet; the windows are vacant; the guides are too loquacious and too preserving, as they offer to show you the treasures of the city. You have heard so much The Russian bride wears a trousseau of Venice, and you see so little of it at first that you are disappointed, and almost feel ready to vote the place a fraud. The interior of St. Mark's is dark, the galleries in the ducal palace

> Beggars are as numerous as the pigeons that fly about the piazza, there is too much listlessness and too little activity. You cannot throw off all animation and life at first and you feel cramped, and the water makes you feel cold. Altogether one gets impatient and is inclined to pay his bill at the hotel and get away. He begins to feel that Ruskin, Byron and Howells are rash enthusiasts and that they have overrated the beauties of Venice. But one does not go away. The inclination to do so grows less and less as the weather begins to brighten and the sun to shine upon the canals and out upon the lagoon. We had wished to leave on our second day and now regret going for weeks to come. The silence oppresses us no longer. We like it because it lets us hear the bells of the city and the songs of the gondoliers, who sing every evening in front of the hotel. We have found, too, a succession of

narrow alleys leading from the hotel to

St. Mark's square, and when we do not

are dark, the pictures by the masters

are faded and blackened.

wish to be rowed over there we walk. It is a quaint stroll this, and the way leads in and out between long rows of high houses and across half a dozen little bridges which span the side canals. The path is narrow, to be sure, but there is always a doorway to get into when a vegetable seller comes toward us with his goods, and at the bridges there are always boats to be seen coming and going up the twisting roads. I have grown immensely fond of these Venetian bypaths, which are so narrow and so quiet, and where there are no horses or heavy teams. You see the real life of the city in them, too, for here are the shops and the people who work. In some of the stores I have found choice bits of woodwork and old brass goods, and odds and ends of every description. Here I meet the darkeyed women and the men who wear rings in their ears, and a slouch hat and knee-breeches. Here Venice is natural and not on exhibition, as she is in the better known places, and there are no guides to trouble you. I wander where I please and take as much time as I wish, and linger on the bridges walled gardens where there were flowers, and where the sunlight was warm and delightful, and where a

fountain played. There is a deal of hospitality in watery Venice when once you know the town. I have found it an easy matter to gain entrance to the houses I know and to the balconies that look out upon the canals or into secluded gardens. Some of these places are owned or occupied for the season by American artists or men of leisure, or writers, and they form a little colony of their own, and enjoy Venice every day of their stay. I should think they would, and I envy them. I am ready even now to defend the city in its claim of being attractive, picturesque and beautiful. It has been in existence for nearly eighteen centuries, and why should it not be richly stored with attractions? It was a rich metropolis years ago, and for centuries its merchants ruled the commerce of the world. Were not the Doges, the grand dukes who ruled the city from 697 to nearly 1500, the most fastidious and richest men who ever held the sceptre of power? Why shouldn't they have the best of everything?

In the days of the Doges the gondolas were brilliant with the work of decoration lavished on them; and to-day, robbed as they are of all their finery and having a uniform blackness, they are the treasured carriers of the people. They fill the grand canal as thickly as wagons do Brosdway; they swing gracefully around sharp corners, dart up narrow but still watery ways, plunge under bridges and are rowed over the lagoon and across to neighboring islands. And these strange boats, gliding up streets of water, these curious carriages without horses that meet you at your doorsteps, that are hired to go on errands with, that are so comfortable, so easily managed, so fleet, so silent, so well rowed, constitute one great charm of Venice.

No other city has them; no other ever will. They are purely local; as much a part of the city as the churches are, or as the ducal palace is. They meet you on arrival at the station and carry you to your hotel, and they never leave you. By their aid you see the city. Lazily settled back in their embrace you be hold the sunsets from near San Giorgio Maggiore, or see the tall Campanile rising beyond the water out of St. Mark's square. They carry you to Della Salute, the Lido and to and under the Rialto. Seated in them and noiselessly darting here and there and everywhere, one needs not the presence of Gothic columns and Byzantine architecture, and the timestained works of the old masters to tell him that he is in an ancient city and in one that has the richest art and the most novel features of any in Europe. Venice is an unnatural reality; it is an existing curiosity that seems though it must have been forced up out of the conundrum "Under which king?"

sea, upon which it rests, instead of having been built where it is because its founders had nothing but submerged sand-bars to use.

"sampling" the Grocery Man. [New York Tribune.]

"There are samplers and samplers." said a down-town grocer, as he carefully covered up a barrel of cut-loaf sugar with a wire protector and took a seat on "Talk about mean people, a soap box. I don't believe there's anbody in this world meaner than a fullfledged sampler. There are two general classes of samplers—those who are honest and ask for samples for the purpose of testing the desired article, and, if satisfactory, of purchasing quantities of the same afterward, and those who are dishonest and get samples simply for the purpose of sponging their supplies out of the grocer, I have had considerable experience with both classes as I have been in business on this corner for twenty years, and have had plenty of opportnnities to study human nature.

"I will give you an illustration of the way in which some of these samplers conduct their little game. A richly dressed lady one day entered my store and asked to look at some of my best grades of coffee. The clerk showed her samples. She examined them with much care, and at length turned to the young man and said:

Would you be kind enough to give me samples of this coffee to take home? My husband is particular about his coffee and so I would like to try these three kinds before purchasing. She looked sweet and innocent as she said this, and her face lit up with a gratified smile as the obliging clerk reluctantly complied with her request. I had been watching the transaction from behind my desk, and feeling somewhat suspicious of the lady I called one of my boys aside and told him to follow her when she left the store. In the course of an hour he returned and reported that the woman had visited four other stores, and had obtained from each samples in the same way as from us. I made inquiries, and found that she was the wife of a well-to-do merchant down town. She tried to play the same game on us afterward, but didn't succeed.

"There's another class of people who give us trouble," remarked the grocer, as he bit off the end of a eigar and passed another to the reporter.

"I mean petty thieves. If your clerks are not supplied with eyes in the back part of their neck you will lose enough groceries in the course of a year to supply a boarding-house. A woman wearing a shawl, or loose cloak, can grab a handful of sugar, or a potato, or something of that sort, and conceal it quickly, when no one is watching her. I caught an old Irishwoman trying to get away with a cabbage which she had deftly slipped into her basket when the clerk's back was turned. There are some people, too, who have no idea that it is thieving to appropriate things in this way. How hard it seems to be for folks to learn that honesty is the best policy, especially when dealing with the grocer. When I catch any of my substantial customers trying to confiscate a codfish or something else of value, I say nothing about it, but charge it on the books. I never knew one of them to object when he saw the and ask questions of the traders. In items in his bill. I will tell you consome of my walks I have been led into | fidentially that I never have any seruples in charging such persons a double price for the articles they have stolen. Tis a sort of reminder, you know, that the way of the transgressor is hard,' and the grocer laughed till the tears rolled off the end of his nose and a clerk shouted "Cash."

Cigar-Box Labels. Chicago Herald,

An importantitem in the manufacture of cigar-boxes is the label, which costs from 60 cents to \$6 a thousand. A few especially fine labels, made for special brands, cost \$9 and \$10 a thousand. The larger box factories have a printing-room attached to their establishments, and print the ordinary quality of labels themselves, while the more elaborate qualities of more or less artistic design, and printed in from three to a dozen colors, are made by the lithographic establishments, where designers for this particular branch are kept steadily at work.

It is a noticeable fact that in a great many cases one may judge of the quality of cigar by the kind of label attached to the box. The "loud" label with flaming colors, presenting all kinds of impossible birds and flowers, or females more or less decollette, do not, as a rule, speak favorably for the quality of the eigars. The habitual smoker knows his label, although some of the favorite brands of "three-for-a quarter," or "straight tens," such as "Corono," "Prof. Morse," "Mark Twain," 'La Rosa," "Henry Clay" and others, are sold in numerous imitations. The better quality of cigars, like the better quality of men, do not "show off" in a very elaborate style, they have a welldesigned and artistically executed label in unobtrusive colors, and some of the very best cigars have very plain packing. Cigars for private sales are generally packed in boxes which are fastened with brass clasps instead of

the old-fashioned silk ribbons. There is one firm of lithographers in this city who do nothing else but print eigar labels, and there are eight box factories, employing 250 hands, and a capital of \$100,000, while the annual production is valued at \$400,000.

Don't Know to Whom They Belong-[Philadelphia Press.]

There is said to be a little piece of territory in Germany whose citizens actually do not know to what sovereignty they belong. The size of this strip of land is about 370 square yards. It is situated on the Prusso-Wurtemberg frontier, between the villages of Dettensee, in Prussia, and Nordstetten, in Wurtemberg. The archives could not settle the dispute, and the inhabitants of the little plat had a hard time of it when the tax-gatherers on their last rounds swooped down on them from both sides. A partial adjustment of the boundary has been reached, but even now one family cannot solve the