

WOMAN AND ARTIST.

I thought to win me a name
Should ring in the ear of the world!
How can I work with small pink lips
About my fingers curled?
Then adieu to name and to fame!
They scarce are worth at the best
One touch of this wet little, warm little mouth
With its lips against my breast.
—Alice Williams Brotherton in The Century.

A FAMOUS DUELIST.

About half way up the Rue du Jour, near the St. Eustache church, in Paris, is an old house, rendered conspicuous by a wide porch and an extensive stock in trade of china. This, two centuries ago, was the Hotel du Royanmont, built by Philippe Hurault, bishop of Chartres and abbe of Royanmont. Later on it was occupied by Francois de Montmorency, Comte de Bouteville, who made it a generous rendezvous for the duellists in Paris. All the gentlemen of the court, eager to challenge any of their peers over some love intrigue, or who for some personal motive looked daggers at each other on the Place Royale or the Cour la Reine, met at the mansion in the Rue du Jour. Here they were hospitably received and entertained; they were offered a cold collation with wines and liquors before entering the lists, and those who had forgotten to bring weapons were provided with a goodly selection of polished steel. Throughout the morning there was an incessant clank of blades, each thrust and parry being watched with intense interest by veterans, who, after old scores had been wiped off, and the resident surgeon had bandaged the combatants' wounds, were invited, with the duellists and their seconds, to luncheon with the Comte de Bouteville.

It would doubtless be a vain quest to seek, nowadays, for a single representative of this defunct race of duellists, a race to which Choquet evidently belonged. He must have had ancestors among the exquisites of the reign of Louis XIII, the swash busters of the Hotel de Royanmont, or the splendid corps of musketeers of Louis XV. Choquet's mania for dueling, his ever recurring provocations to decide a difference at the sword's point made of him a public character, and his reputation was perhaps heightened rather than diminished by the fact that his most terrible challenges were unable to withstand the offer of a peaceful solution over a bowl of punch. His guileless talk and southern accent, his peculiar way of lapsing and other physical oddities, gave to his daily Odyssey a smack of the most genuine comic buffoonery.

When the mania for fighting was strong within him it was difficult to evade his mood. One day he would enter a coffee house, take a seat and say to a near neighbor:
"After you, The Figaro, please."
"Sir," the other would politely respond, "it is not The Figaro but The Constitutionnel that I am reading."

"Oh! you would give me the lie, would you? Take care, sir, or, by God! I'll teach you better manners."
On another occasion he would introduce a like scene after this fashion:
"Now, don't keep staring at me in that offensive manner, please!"
"I," expostulated the customer, "Lord bless me, sir, I didn't even see you. I was looking the other way."

"Oh! then I am a liar, am I?" And Choquet would rise from his seat in a threatening attitude.
Even the most peaceful person could scarcely put up with such insolence. They felt like tucking up their sleeves and knocking Choquet down. Nor did he fall, at times, to meet with his deserts. He more than once stumbled on a Tartar. His best known scrape that way is worth relating. Choquet one day entered a courtyard to challenge a master builder, who was pumping water at a fountain. The master builder looked up surprised, caught hold of Choquet by the scruff of his neck, doubled him up, put him under the pump and soused him like a dead rat.

The story of Choquet's adventures would fill a volume, but I will relate only one, wherein I acted as his second.
One night, at a masked ball, Choquet quarreled with a Turk. Cards were exchanged. The following day Choquet, with his two seconds, went to his adversary's house. The Turk of the previous evening turned out to be a well-to-do upholsterer, who carried on business in the Saint Martin quarter. On entering the premises Choquet inquired after M. Ballu.

"What can I do for you?" asked a young and pretty woman, who came forward from the back of the shop.
"Stuff and nonsense! I don't like joking in matters of serious importance. My name is Choquet. I come for an affair of honor. A gentleman shouldn't be made to wait in this manner. Your husband is an ill bred dog."
"Oh, excuse me, now I know what brings you. This is what I have to say. My husband went out yesterday to spend the carnival, and it has made him ill. He is in bed, and spits blood."

"Dear me," remarked Choquet, turning toward his seconds, "what a mischance! He spits blood, did you say?"
"Alas, yes, sir," answered the young woman, who seemed much affected, "and the doctor says that he has not six months to live."
"Dear me!" went on repeating Choquet, "spits blood. How shall we settle matters, then? Hasn't six months to live. Well, madame, I'm not a bad fellow, whatever others may think. Now listen to what I have to say. We are in January, aren't we? Just so. Well, I'll give your husband six months to be buried in. I shall call around and pay my respects six months hence. If, in July next, your husband isn't dead and buried, I'll treat him as a knave and deceiver, and placard his name in all the barracks of Paris."

This threat, which constantly fell from Choquet's lips, was a reminiscence of his soldier life. The thought never suggested itself that an upholsterer might not care the jingle of a brass farding whether his name were placarded or not in all the barracks of the country.
One fine afternoon in July of that same year, Choquet took hold of my arm at the Varieties coffee house, and said:
"Come along with me, old boy; I have a small matter which I really must clear up without further loss of time."
We took a road which led toward the Saint Martin quarter, and, as we walked along, Choquet entered circumstantially into the particulars of the case. The upholsterer's day of reckoning had arrived, and Choquet was bent on finding out whether his former Turk had paid the funeral draft. Indorsed six months previously by his wife.

"If," soliloquized Choquet, "the rogue is still alive, I'll cut off both his ears, you know. I'm justified in so doing, am I not?"
"Of course you are, my dear fellow. But, let me ask, the thing occurred long ago, didn't it, and in the carnival season? And again, what did the fellow do to warrant such a feud?"
"What did he do, the villain? Just listen and I'll tell you. I was at a masked ball given at the Renaissance theatre. I walked into the greenroom in my dress suit. I am spars of limb, as you can see. Suddenly a Turk stopped directly in front of me and bowed out: 'Halloo, there goes the Fat Ox!'

Make way, please, for the Fat Ox! Everybody roared at this salutation. I was downright vexed, as you may suppose. So I made up to him and said: 'My merry friend, at noon to-morrow you shall be a dead man!'
"He was in the wrong, certainly," I pleaded, "to insinuate so injurious a comparison between a thin man like you and a fat ox; but—"
We had reached our destination. Entering the shop, we came upon M. Ballu, the upholsterer, who, all budding and blooming, was busy working at a parcel of goods.

"Oh, that's your little game, is it?" began Choquet, as soon as he set his eyes on his intended victim. "You're alive, then! I thought as much. But you don't play the monkey with me any longer, Mister Turk; you've caught the wrong sow by the ear this time, let me tell you!"
"M. Choquet!" exclaimed the merchant.
"Yes, sir, my name is Choquet—Choquet, do you hear, sir—who'll have none of this tomfoolery. Your wife—where is she, your wife! She's young and pretty, but I want to run a rig upon me. Your wife, I say, averred that you were on your last legs and would be as dead as a herring in less than six months, and here you are, alive and kicking. Now, is that the way you keep your engagements?"

"Ah! M. Choquet," rejoined the merchant, who had somewhat recovered from his first fright, "I have been ill, very ill, indeed. You'll never see me don the Turkish garb again. 'Tis over now. So let me ask you to forgive and forget any improper thing I may have said on that eventful night."
"One moment," said Choquet, "not quite so fast, please. Do you tender your excuses in the regular form?"
"Faith, I don't quite understand what form that is. But this I know, for I have inquired about you and learned that you were a right good fellow. Come, I have a roasted leg of mutton with kidney beans. Will you do me the honor to dine with me, you and your friend? My wife will be overjoyed. Aglare, why don't you come! Here is M. Choquet who accepts an invitation to dine with us."

Of course I nodded assent, while it was not over difficult to read on Choquet's relaxing countenance that the roasted leg of mutton had found the way to his heart.
"Then, again," added M. Ballu, who now felt that he had the game in his own hands, "I have a certain Madeira about which I would like to have your opinion, M. Choquet."
"You have no Madeira, sir," retorted Choquet, with a deep frown over his eyelids.

"I say you have no Madeira, sir," exclaimed the duelist, raising his voice and gesticulating like a madman. "And please take notice that I am not to be contradicted on this point. I have drunk but one glass of genuine Madeira during the whole course of my life. 'Twas at the Tuileries. Yes, sir, I had just recovered from sickness, and was on duty at the king's dinner. A glass of Madeira having been poured out for Louis XVIII, his majesty, turning toward the cup bearer, said: 'Hand that to Choquet, and give him my compliments! Do you hear me now!'"

"But, Monsieur Choquet, I assure you—" "I say that you have no Madeira, sir," screamed Choquet, who had grown furious, and brought his hand down with terrific force on the wooden counter. "If you once more dare to say that you have Madeira wine I'll tear your head clean off from your shoulders!—And what else did you say you had?"

"Well," said the merchant, who was somewhat staggered at this sudden fit of passion, "I've a leg of mutton with kidney beans." "A leg of mutton," said Choquet, in a soft tone of voice, "that's good, when well roasted. But I'm confident 'twill be overdone. Have you got such a thing as a spit?" "A spit! I should say I had," burst out M. Ballu, with kindling eyes. "Just cut this way, gentlemen, and see for yourselves." The merchant led us into a comfortable back shop, which answered the purpose of a dining room. There on the hearth, in front of a bright blazing fire, a fine leg of mutton majestically turned on a spit, like the planet round the sun.

"That looks nice," remarked Choquet, after a moment of silent contemplation. "You are not altogether an idiot. A man who knows the worth of a spit deserves to live. But why don't you baste your leg of mutton?" So saying Choquet took up the ladle and began pouring over the meat the rich steaming juice. At that moment the merchant's wife came in.

"Ah, good day, madame, good day to you!" said Choquet, as he leaned over and deluged the savory roast. "Well, you see what has happened. Your husband isn't dead after all. Dear me, how shall we get to arrange the matter? 'Tis very provoking, very."
"Alas, sir," was a severe trial. God, in his goodness, has spared his life. I trust the lesson will be of service to him."
"God, in his goodness!" went on muttering Choquet. "That's all very well. But we haven't settled our little difficulty as yet."
"Come now, Choquet," said I, interrupting him pretty sharply, "we've had enough on that score. M. Ballu has tendered you his best excuses in my presence, and cordially invites you to dinner; what more do you want?"

"Dear me," said Choquet, still fascinated by the leg of mutton, "I do think it is beginning to burn at the joint."
The difficulty was now over, and the duelist completely disarmed. We all had dinner. Choquet recounted his duels to the upholsterer, and drank with great gusto his "spurious" Madeira.

Choquet died in poverty. For over twenty years he had lived on a small pension granted him by the Comte de Chambord. When, however, he received 500 francs, his wont was to give his friends a supper which cost the same sum, so that on certain days of the year he went superfluous to bed. Still, he was extremely punctilious in money matters.—Boston Courier Translation from the French of Auguste Villemont.

Shooting at the Shah's Yacht.
The Shah of Persia is coming to Europe next April, and will visit all of the principal capitals, invitations having been received at Teheran from London, Petersburg and Paris. The Shah is to travel overland, as his dignity will not permit him to cross the Caspian sea in a Russian steamer. The Persian flag was formerly paramount in these waters, but it has seldom been seen in the Caspian since a tragical affair which recently occurred at Baku. The Shah's yacht was entering the harbor with the Persian flag flying, when a shot was fired from the fort, which struck the water near her. The Persian captain thought he was being saluted by the Russians, and pursued his course; but presently three more shots came in rapid succession, each one in more dangerous proximity to the vessel, wherewith he hauled down the flag. The Russians are morbidly tenacious on such points in eastern waters, but this manifestation of zeal was regarded as ill timed at St. Petersburg, the obnoxious vessel being a royal yacht, and it is said that the Shah was so enraged that he caused his luckless captain's head to be chopped off.—London Truth.

Russia will celebrate, on Oct. 30, the fifty-first anniversary of the opening of her first railroad. The country has now 17,000 miles of railroad.

HOTEL DETECTIVES.

ONE OF THEM GIVES SOME OF HIS EXPERIENCES.

No False Whiskers and Hair Dye Disguises—The Class of Guests Who Occupy Their Attention—Sneak Thieves and Swindlers in Hotels—Extra Work.

One of the best known of the hotel detectives of New York is Mr. David J. Larkins, who, although young in years, has had a great deal of valuable experience in the detective line. He is a fine looking man, but could go anywhere without attracting special attention for any peculiarities. Of him, a reporter recently made some inquiries regarding the work of a hotel detective.

"The very essence of good detective work is to be a good shadower," said Mr. Larkins. "You want to be able to follow a man from the time he gets up until he is in bed again, and never let him know that he is being followed; you must watch him, but must never attract his attention. And this is not done by any petty personal disguises, such as the story books and weekly papers tell about. Detectives don't go around with their pockets filled with false whiskers and hair dye, nor do they change their clothes every half hour when they are following a man. If you follow a man from one city to another it is sometimes well to shave off your mustache or have your hair cut a different style, but there is a limit to all that sort of dress. That describes detective work in general, and there is nothing which really distinguishes hotel detectives from others."

"But what are the special and peculiar duties of a hotel detective?"
"It is the business of a hotel detective, first of all, to keep an eye on all arrivals at the hotel. Of course, it is impossible for him to stand at the door at all hours and minutely note the physiognomy of every man who approaches with a grip sack in his hand, but within a few hours after a stranger has arrived the detective is supposed to have seen him and sized him up. The greater part of the guests in any hotel are always either permanent residents there, or, at least, very regular transients. That is to say, of all those persons from out of town who may be stopping at a hotel at a particular time the majority have put up at the same place before. With all these regular guests the detective is supposed to be acquainted just as thoroughly as the clerk is, and as soon as one of them comes into the house he is supposed to be able to recall everything he ever knew about the man. But every actual stranger is to be noted and observed until the detective is satisfied that he is straight. So long as he has any doubts about a man at all he is to keep that man under watch. Of course, however, this does not mean that a detective is to make himself conspicuous in following every man about whom he does not happen to know. He is to exercise judgment in the matter."

"What class of criminals frequent the big hotels?"
"First of all, the high grade class of sneak thief. One of this class will take a room at a first class hotel for the opportunities he may have to go through the rooms of the other guests. Such a man will post himself about the people in the house just as thoroughly as a detective would. He will observe the people who have the best clothes, the most money and finest jewelry, and he will learn where each one has his room. Then he will learn something about the hours they keep, and sometimes when they are away he will go through their rooms. The favorite time for such operations is dinner time. Having selected the rooms to be gone through he lets himself in with a skeleton key, and selects whatever he can best get away with. These professionals can tell very quickly just where the ordinary man or woman will hide valuables, and it does not take them long to go through a room. Then they skip out. On such expeditions crooks do not carry much baggage, although, for the sake of appearance, they may have a large valise or trunk stuffed with bricks and old papers. Crankily when they make a haul they do not hesitate to abandon all their baggage, and it is needless to say that they forget to pay their hotel bill."

"And how do you look out for such fellows?"
"Well, as I said before, if we see anything suspicious about a man we watch him, and if we see that a guest is unduly inquisitive regarding the plan of the house that is suspicious. If we find a man wandering about a hall where he has no business we watch where he goes, and if we see him several times that way we set a regular watch upon him, and caution the servants to look out for him. It may be that such a man is simply a masquerader, trying to flirt with one of the female guests, or simply following one of the chambermaids about. But it is always well to watch a man when you see him wandering about the hallways a great deal with no apparent object."
"But you cannot keep a watch on a man all the time."
"That is true, and because we can't, we sometimes get left. I remember the case of a man who came here several years ago, and had the name of Watson. I saw him when he first came in, and, from the looks of his eyes, I thought he was a thief. When he was registering I tried to tell the clerk not to let him have a room, but the clerk did not notice me, and he gave him a room now used for washing dishes. This room had a window near the ceiling, opening into an adjoining room where a lawyer was stopping. Well, I watched that fellow close for nearly a week, and saw nothing wrong. Finally the lawyer went over to Baltimore, and in the afternoon I was sent down town to cash a check. When I got back I could not see the fellow Watson, and after a time I went into his room. There were scratches on the wall under the window I spoke of, and the dust had been brushed off from the sill. Two days afterward the lawyer returned and found that he was minus \$200 worth of clothes. Watson had walked right out the side door, and as he was a genteel looking fellow, the side door man never bothered him at all. Well, I watched for that fellow for a month, and then I saw him one day just about to register at the Grand Central hotel. I touched him on the arm and told him to come with me. He was very indignant, and declared he did not even know where the New York hotel was. I showed him where it was, and when the clerk recognized him, too, he weakened. We recovered the clothes from a Philadelphia pawnbroker, and one on the Bowery, and Watson went up for three years."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Morosini's Home on the Hudson.
The home of Mr. Giovanni P. Morosini, at Riverdale, on the Hudson, has many other peculiar and attractive features beside the museum of military arms, about which so much has been published. Persons driving along River avenue in front of the house are greeted by the cries of parrots and other tropical birds. In the kennels are a score or more of dogs, the stables contain nearly as many horses, while a flock of sheep graze in the meadow beyond along with a herd of rare cattle.—New York Tribune.

There are two ministers in the Fifty-fifth congress—Stewart, of Georgia, and McKinney, of New Hampshire.

FOR KERAMICAL MANIACS.

There's joy without canker or cark,
There's a pleasure eternally new—
'Tis to gloat on the glare and the mark
Of china that ancient and blue;
Unchipped all the centuries through
They morted, since the chime of it rang,
And they fashioned it, figure and hue,
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

These dragons (their tails, you remark,
Into bunches of glycyflora grew),
When Noah came out of his ark
Did these lay in wait for his crew?
They were mighty of fin and of fang,
And their portraits Celestials drew
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

Here's a pot with a cot in a park,
In a park where peach blossoms blow,
Where the lovers eloped in the dark,
Lived, died and were changed into two
Bright birds that eternally flew
Through the boughs of the may as they sang;
'Tis a tale was undoubtedly true,
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

Come snarl at my castles, do,
Kind critic, your tongue has a twang,
But a sace never, never needed a shaw
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.
—Andrew Lang in Detroit Free Press.

BURDETTE.
Witty and Inclusive Comments on Current Topics.
A Kentucky farmer has trained a lot of monkeys to work in his hemp fields. Well, so, another, another. Many a man has reaped a harvest of hemp because of monkeying around too much.

CLOSE AFTER HILL.
The great American condor lays its eggs on the surface of rocks 15,000 feet above the level of the sea. That's pretty high for eggs, but at the latest market quotations the common American hen wasn't very far below the condor. A rise of another cent or two a dozen will put her on top.

A COLD PLACE FOR EMPERORS.
Scientists note a great diminution of forest fires in Russia and say it is because the climate is growing colder all the time. Russia has always been a cold place to grow treason. That is to say, it has the Siberian climate in the world. Now don't say that's Don thin, my son. Neva be Volga, even for the sake of Russia in a joke. There now, take the combination and run it out. I like to see you amuse yourself.

RIGHT ON TIME.
"I'm sorry I can't accommodate you, Mr. Paperwit," said Mrs. McKerrel, shaking her head resolutely, as she often did on a Saturday evening, "but all my boarders settle weekly; my motto is 'Pay as you go.'" "Oh, yes," exclaimed Paperwit, cheerfully, "so is mine, so is mine. But I'm not going yet, you know; I'll be here six months yet." And a happier man never vetoed a bill.

A REGULAR PINNACLE.
After leaving the railway station, which was in the middle of a prairie, the travelers drove down half a day and at sunset halted at Summit heights, the new summer resort. "Great Scott!" roared the indignant tourists, "is this basin your idea of a mountain? Your prospectus says your house is 1,300 feet above the level of the sea." "So it is, gents," replied Barabab, the host, for it was he, "so it is; above the level of the Dead Sea. That's high about 1,400 feet lower than the bottom of the ocean, I reckon." And when the tourists thought upon their homes in the Catskills which they had abandoned in search of summer board, they lifted up their voices and wept, whereupon Barabab charged them extra bus fare for expressing emotion. And it was so.

BEYOND THE BREAKERS.
"This is Pure Old Government Rio, is it, Mr. Lightweight?" asked the customer.
"Oh, yes," replied the grocer, "that's coffee from Coffeeville."
"But you charge as much for it as you did last week, and I have been told that the panic in the coffee market had reduced the price greatly."
"Oh, yes, I know," said the honest grocer, abstractedly removing a handful of grains from the scales to make them weigh more, "but you know a break in the coffee market has no effect on the price of chicory. There you are: 17 cents a pound, and as you're an old customer I've put five pounds for \$1; the nutmegs 11 cents, soap 18, yeast cakes 4, clove thimbles 23—that was a \$3 bill you gave me. Yes, yes, \$1.81 out of \$2; yes, yes, 11 cents, here you are; much obliged; call again. Oh no, we make no charge for delivering goods."

ALL OUT FOR WAYBACK!
"Oh, Rowena," exclaimed Voltiger Tape-measure, dropping on his knees without a struggle, "your beauty fires my heart!"
"My daughter," said old Hengist Wheat-corn, entering the room, "I will divide the contract with you; I will fire the rest of him." Which he did.

WITH ONE BUT.
We have received a prospectus of "Seven Gables," which is the name of a girl's school. It is an excellent school, but we don't take much stock in the new spelling reform that leaves out one of all double letters.

A PILGRIMAGE OF SIGHTS.
"Life has been for me a succession of sad blows," said Mr. Breather. "Ah!" said the new pastor, sympathetically. "Yes, indeed," replied the parishioner; "I've had the asthma twenty-two years."

MIDSUMMER MADNESS.
"Bring hither, bring hither my red bandbox, Bring hither my bandbox green, And my bandbox brown from London town And my box of silvers sheen."
"And it's oh for my trunk of leather tough And my trunk of oak ribbed zinc, And my trunk so tough, of canvas stuff, That will bulge, but will not shrink."
"Oh, pile them high with the robes I wear, Till their lids they overflow, My love'll be still there, and she'll be will wear, But in they will lay for me."

"Oh, waly, waly, my lady fair, Now whither and will ye flee?"
"To Mount Saint Bushalloff, Worri-Ancarr On Coyble—by-the-Sea."

They have seized her boxes one and all, In the Tavern Lafitte de Kidd, And loudly for help the porters call, As they smack them up in entry and hall, And pile them high against bulkhead and wall; But wherever they stow them, great and small, Far out of her reach they are slid.

Her room is a cell a fathom long, Her bed is a thing of fears, Where all night long the wretched song Of the wingless bird she hears.
And her lord lies in a hallway lone On a sleep destroying cot, Where she hears him groan in a wrathful tone—"It's—(Hush)—'It's" (sh! Hush)—"hot!"

And all this time in their home in town, A mansion of cool gray stone, There are peaceful glooms in seventeen rooms, Where the burglar sleeps alone.
—Brooklyn Eagle.

More Unjust Discrimination.
Omaha Girl—Oh! oh!
Chicago Girl—What's the matter?
"That man winked at me."
"That handsome man over there?"
"Yes, the brute."
"Brute! I should say he was a brute. He didn't even look at me."—Omaha World.

CAVALRY EXPERIENCE.

HOW DESERTERS WERE CAPTURED NEAR THE END OF THE WAR.

Searching Down Men Like Beasts and Compelling Them to Do Further Duty for the South—A Strange Hiding Place, Successfully Disguised.

Among the southern soldier's duties, not the least important toward the close of the war was that of bringing in from the hills and forests and habitations in the wilderness deserters from the army and slippery conscripts who sought to evade the service. The cavalryman's soul delighted in this work for a while. A detail for such an expedition meant relaxation from the hardships of the camp, exemption from the hardships of the march and variety in place of irksome routine. There was also a spice of adventure, for deserters would sometimes fight, though skulking was their strong point. The writer was one of twenty men, under the command of a lieutenant, sent during the early part of 1864 into Scott and Lake counties, in Mississippi, on a man hunting errand. Game was abundant and our officer was provided with a formidable list of those to be run down. We took a guide from a neighboring county, who knew the country and the people, and he went disguised.

The first house we visited was watched in vain for several days. Authentic information said there should be two deserters thereabouts. Two of our party lay all night under the building listening to the conversation of the inmates, but not a word was dropped of advantage to our quest. Openly in daylight the house was visited and diplomacy used in vain. The women would not be led into betraying themselves or their lords, but received with keen suspicion and reserve all our advances. Surrounding and searching the house in the small hours after midnight gave only our labor for our pains. Yet the men were known to be at least in communication with their home and our orders to take them were imperative. The visible members of the household were a bed ridden old woman, two middle aged women and a small army of white haired scions. A second time spies were placed under the house and about midnight one of them came to the rendezvous and reported that he and his companion had heard whispering overhead and believed they had detected a man's voice. At once the house was surrounded and admittance demanded. The door opened and the women suddenly demanded to know why we continued to persecute them. They asserted, in the strongest terms, that the whereabouts of their husbands was absolutely unknown to them, and declared that they had not seen or heard of them for months. Disregarding all their protestations we proceeded to turn the cabin topsy turvy. The scant furniture was moved and the loft ransacked in vain. Nothing remained but the bed on which the helpless old woman lay. When called upon to rise that it might be overhauled she wept and her daughters remonstrated violently. They vowed that she could not get up and to move her would kill her. The lieutenant approached to lift her, when she sprang at him and attacked him with the ferocity and celerity of a tigress. Leaving him to defend himself against her long talons, we tore away the bed clothing and under the boards was revealed a box like structure wherein lay the objects of our search. They were wretched, craven looking creatures and shivered and whined as we dragged their limp carcasses out.

We watched another house for days, and passed a small field where two women cultivated a crop of corn. The man we wanted was not to be seen. The women gave no indication that they knew the nature of our errand, but would talk at any time with apparent frankness. The wife of the deserter said that her husband had abandoned her and that she and his sister, who lived with her, had a hard struggle to keep the wolf from the door. We were all but convinced of this fact, and should have been wholly so but for the direct and authentic manner in which we had been informed to the contrary. Finally we were compelled to abandon this case from sheer lack of any clue to work upon, as, in spite of constant and rigid espionage, we made no headway and saw no suggestive actions on the part of the two poor women. The detective instinct must have been utterly lacking in every member of the squad, for we learned some time after that the alleged sister-in-law with whom we had frequently conversed and whom we had many times seen at work in the field, was simply the deserter himself, clothed in one of his wife's homespun gowns.

Another case was that of a man who had no family. He was a shaggy bearded giant and owned two old negroes, who guarded him and the secret of his haunts with a sagacity and fidelity almost superhuman. His habit was to lie out in the woods, seldom approaching the house, and his negro servants contrived to provide for his daily sustenance in spite of all our efforts to prevent it. It would have been easy to prevent the negroes from going to him by placing them in dress, or by removing them altogether from the scene. But this might have defeated our ends, for we knew not how close the hider might be lying and had no assurance that ourselves were not under his eyes, and that the dense woods and thickets encroached directly upon the small clearing in which the house stood. In default of a better plan, we at length took measures to keep the old servants under close surveillance for twenty-four hours uninterruptedly. At break of day their cabin was entered by two men and they were given certain instructions and informed that the slightest violation or attempted infraction would result in immediate death to both. But one was permitted to pass the door at a time, and the dead line, which lay near at hand, must not be crossed. They were cautioned against any signaling and assured that such an attempt would be promptly punished. Men were lying in ambush all around and at dark our line was drawn in to closely encircle the buildings. Shortly before midnight a stealthy form crept past me in the gloom and the game was in the toils. Swiftly passing around the cordon I notified the men that Stowers had entered the house and we at once took positions at every door and window. As soon as the lieutenant's step sounded upon the porch the fugitive leaped from a back window into the iron grip of Sergt. Howard. The man fought and bit and swore and yelled like a demon, but strong arms bore him down and strong cords bound his writhing limbs. His hair and beard fell down his back and breast in matted masses, his hands and face were black with the accumulated grime for months, and the nails of his fingers resembled the long curved talons of some great bird of prey. His eyes glared like a madman's, and every struggling motion reminded us of those of a baffled, raging wild beast. The sight was terrible and one who witnessed it can never forget it.

Weeks were spent in such work, but finally, when orders came to rejoin our command, we gladly obeyed, for all were sated and willing to encounter all the restraints and hardships of a regular campaign, rather than play bloodhounds longer.—William B. Field in Philadelphia Times.

What a Humorist Says.
I think my jokes bind themselves, they get even into my business correspondence, however bravely I resist their encroachments. Why, I assure you that they have even entered into letters of condolence which circumstances have recently obliged me to write to the bereaved family of a whilom newspaper editor.

I can say, though, that of the different styles of humorous writing, the brief paragraph is the hardest. A column of graphs daily would put any man who has not sod in twelve months, whereas a few sketches, especially if they are in a new and the easiest work a professional humorist would do. I can write a couple of columns of sketches without any great mental wear, and a half column of paragraphs makes me feel like a popular preacher going to Europe for three months' rest at the expense of a mingling congregation.

Working up ideas for cartoons is almost hard as paragrahping. It is enough to give the general idea, but to make the sketch harmonious is laborious. There is a quantity happens that before you have a picture complete in your mind, public opinion in its subject has died out and your work has gone for naught.—Alexander E. Stewart in New York Commercial Advertiser.

A California paper states that a porcupine tooth of a shark was picked out of a rock at a depth of thirteen feet while diving a well at Nipomo a short time ago. The shark has retained its enamel and is highly valued.

RETALIATION.

She was a woman in her present bloom
I was a boy, by careless fancy led
I loved her as I loved the flowers
Or playful sunbeam o'er my forehead
I told my love in innocence and truth
Her proud lip curled, she scorned me
youth!

Time passed—and when does ever
still—
Her charms had suffered as the years
I was a man—slave only of my will
She had her couriers, but they would
Fain would she then my heart restore
But no! She scorned my youth!
—William B. Field

ECONOMY IN FUEL.
A New Process by Which Waste Heat is Utilized—Recent Experiments—Improved Methods for Obtaining Heat—A subject of interest to the time to get heat at as low a cost as possible. The manufacturers of water gas are very successful, and as it can be produced at a very low price, without the usual ashes and smoke, it is growing in popularity. Efforts are being made to run it into pipes for use for heating as well as for other purposes.

Another method of heating which is being made to be believed, is the pulverized coal. A company has been formed in Philadelphia within a short time, and within next sixty days the process will be in general use. The claims made for this process are many, and if one-half of them are founded there can be no doubt of its success. One of the company said to-day that in their country there are about 20,000,000 tons of coal annually wasted, being too fine for use in the total coal mined it is estimated that 10 per cent. of waste is made by blasting and grinding, and that 6 1/2 per cent. is wasted in a breaker. Many attempts have been made to utilize this immense amount of waste, but until now nothing has been successful.

"Until now only a very small quantity of this fine dust has been used. The process for success are, first, simple and efficient; second, to reduce the coal to dust of a small cost; second, reduction to a fine powder; third, an automatic means of coal dust and air, each capable of being regulated at will; fourth, the feeding of the coal and the simultaneous feeding of the air into the fire box by the same means; fifth, the intimate mixture of the dust and air, so that each particle of dust is surrounded by air as it enters the fire box, thus insuring complete combustion. These conditions have been completely filled by a new process. The method of the dust is as follows: The coal, of whatever size it is, is fed into a pulverizer which it is ground to an impalpable powder. This is done by means of the friction of particles, one against the other. The coal is ground in a mill, which is a simple roller, and on coming out it is met by a blast of air from a blower, which sends it into a nozzle into a combustion chamber beneath the boiler. This combustion chamber has to be specially constructed, and is about as long as the ordinary one which is used. The arch will last a year or two, and side walls two years. The supply of dust and air is automatically regulated, and a complete combustion is the result. Some escapes from the chimney, and there is a loss of heat in that way. We feel confident at least thirty-five per cent. of fuel is saved by using the machine.

"In Philadelphia the past month experiments have been made with this process. The Harrison safety boiler works, and engineer made the statement that when 100 pounds of coal per day were used in a small boiler, at a cost of \$3 per ton, 90 per cent. of dust were used at a cost of about \$1.65. The machine for that boiler cost about \$165, and he thinks there is a saving of at least fifty per cent. The cost of the machine will not exceed \$10 per ton. One result of using the refuse coal will be the price of ordinary coal will have to come down."—New York Post.

The Plebe at "the Point."
"Fall in!" the command was sharp, and should have seen those green boys sharply get in ranks. There were now about "beasts," and they looked like a herd of steers, though more subdued. After the "beasts," including my trembling self, were strung out into a long, wavering and a cadet corporal commenced to read roll of candidates. Each one was asked to answer "Heve!" Some who were "Present" were snipped in the bud and had a lesson in cadet discipline. One poor fellow, who was rather tardy in replying to the name, was commanded to "step out" in answer to his name. "Step out" is the Point slang to "make haste," and was "beast" actually did step out of rank and was surprised at the celerity with which he was made to step back. The formation was dimmer, and we were retained until the tallion of cadets had started. They were off, headed by the drum corps, with accuracy and beauty of a vast number. Finally our time came. The platoon head of the column interpreted the command, "Forward, march," and procession started for the large structure known as the mess hall.

It was like running the gauntlet. A cadet in the rear of the line bellowed at a voice of special envy: "I drag in your about a yard, mister!" "Was it me slouching among you beasts; stand up, I tried to obey. Each plebe had his coat torn full up, the palms of his hands were front, and all the while his toes dug into the gravel of the area.—Philadelphia Times

What a Humorist Says.
I think my jokes bind themselves, they get even into my business correspondence, however bravely I resist their encroachments. Why, I assure you that they have even entered into letters of condolence which circumstances have recently obliged me to write to the bereaved family of a whilom newspaper editor.