

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH.

An Episode in Connection With the Tower of Vienna's Grandest Sanctuary.

The street terminates at the Stephen's Platz, and here in the heart of all business is the Church of St. Stephen, the most important one in the city. To enumerate all its details would demand too much time and space in this letter, but a few may interest the reader. Facing the platz is the "Riesenthor" or Giant's Door, which is opened on great occasions only. Of the stained glass windows but two are real ancientones. In front of the vestry steps is a stone which closes the entrance to the old burial vault of the sovereigns of Austria. The pulpit is of 1512 and executed in stone. Extensive reparations are still being carried on in the interior. The exterior is much blanchied, and is covered with sculptures, some of which are in a very bad condition. The tower, which rises above every thing else in the city, is 449 feet high. It was erected in 1860-4 in place of the old one, which, owing to its condition, had to be taken down. The finest view over the city is to be had from the top of this tower.

There is a little episode in connection with this tower worth giving. It illustrates how Kaiser Joseph is thought of by his subjects. The evening preceding the King's birthday a man gained access to the tower room and commenced to climb to the top of the tower. This had to be done by ascending from the outside, and as he had nothing to cling to one may well imagine his task. Fancy, reader, that you see a man climbing heavenward upon the steeple of St. Peter's, State street, Albany, which well illustrates that of St. Stephen's. The hour midnight, a fierce wind blowing, around his body is wrapped a flag. For two long hours he toils upward. All below are unconscious of the unusual proceeding which is going on save a comrade, who breathlessly awaits the result of his companion's venture. At this stage the fire watchmen, who inhabit the tower in order to give alarm in case of fire breaking out in the city, discern an object above them and call out: "Who is there?" The climber, now near the summit, hears and answers: "Only I, I am going to hang out a flag for the Emperor's birthday." Upon this word is telegraphed to a police station that a man is climbing the tower. Policemen come upon the scene. The waiting comrade is seen with the climber's boots and, asked who they belong to, replies: "Oh, to my companion, who is aloft." Meanwhile the climber has reached the top, and he manages to get the flag from his body, and what is more, a huge pole which he had carried over his back, and then at then at the height of 449 feet he clings with one hand to his frail support, ties the pole to the top of the tower and the flag to it. After remaining there half an hour he makes the descent in two more hours, and is met by a policeman, who inquires: "Are these your boots?" "Yes." "Then put them on," and he is marched off to the station. Upon being questioned he stated that he merely wished to give his Emperor a surprise, and he was immediately released. And for over a week many persons could be seen standing gazing up at the flag and prophesying that it would fall. After this the tower was inclosed for a way up by boards, but the feat was again attempted by a youth, who, after going a short distance, gave it up and returned to "fourteen days" for his smartness. Now spikes may be seen in place of boards, and the one who next attempts the ascent will doubtless soon be in need of a tailor.—*Cor. Albany (N. Y.) Argus.*

CHINESE TRADE-UNIONS.

Despotic Organizations Which Control Every Branch of Trade.

The Minister of the United States at Peking, China, transmits to the State Department at Washington an interesting article on the Chinese guilds, in which it is shown that every branch of business and every trade is arbitrarily controlled by these despotic organizations. The trade unions boycott oppressively, regulate hours, apprentices, cause strikes, and adjust prices in a very complete manner. The guilds all have guild halls, with very expensive decorations, they being arranged for the use of the members somewhat as are our club houses. The methods of the trade guilds are somewhat novel. One member of the gold leaf craft at Sochow recently violated the rules, and took more than one apprentice at one time. His union punished him by biting him to death. The union was composed of 125 men, and each member set his teeth in the flesh of the offending brother. Other penalties for slight infractions of the rules are: the furnishing of a theatrical performance, a feast for over ten, and quantities of liquors. While their rule is, undoubtedly, very despotic, the Minister considers them not altogether harmful, as they administer justice and compel their members to act honestly.—*Scientific American.*

—W. D. Ogden, of Jakimo, W. T., has in his possession a sperm whale's tooth that has an interesting history. It is about five inches in length and on its polished sides is a portrait of a Spanish lady tattooed with India ink. The tooth was originally owned by Captain Gray, of the ship Columbia, and was in the cabin of his ship when he sailed up the Pacific Coast on the voyage of exploration which resulted in the discovery of the great river which now bears the name of his vessel.

—A Danber is the name of a portrait painter in Brooklyn.

DAKOTA JOURNALISM.

Now an Unenterprising Editor Lost His Hold on the Community.

"Have you a newspaper here?" I asked of a man who came over to where we were camped on the edge of a little Dakota town.

"Yes, got one; did have two, but the other fellow pulled out last week."

"Didn't it pay?"

"Naw, he wa'n't no good—got out the weakest paper you ever seen."

"What was the trouble with it?"

"No news, or least none to 'mount to any thing. Course, if something big happened that he couldn't help seein' he'd git it in, but ev'ry week there'd be a whole lot o' spivy things that he'd keep still's a mouse about, an' stick in a lot o' pieces on free trade, or protection, or mobby sometimes the tariff. But the other man wa'n't that style—no blowin' pieces in his'n, but all the spivy an' interestin' news that happened."

"So you froze the long editorial man man out?"

"Had to do it, I tell you—he didn't know enough to pound sand. W'y, lemme tell you a little case: Couple o' months ago I built me a new chicken-coop—not a very big un, 'cause I only got six hens an' a fightin' rooster—but I made it very keorfal an' put in two round roosts an' whitewashed 'em, an' three nests. I figured on half the hens rostin' an' scratchin' while the other 'shift was layin', an' nailed some slats over a box in one corner to shut up the settlers in an' make 'em quit their monkey business, an' fixed her up in style generally. Pretty soon old Cooper, this man that's gone, come along an' I called him in an' says: 'Jes' get out the new hen-house I seen a-buildin'. 'That looks first-rate,' says he. 'Wiggle it,' says I. He wiggleed it. 'I 'pears solid,' says he. 'I claim it's the best hen-house in the city,' says I. 'Wor'dn't wonder,' says he. Then he walked off with his head down, a-thinkin', I reckoned, what he should say 'bout it. Somehow I didn't manage to see the other fellow to tell him 'bout it, but lowdy, how do you think it come out?"

"Haven't any idea. How did it?"

"W'y, sir, I went over to Hank Cooper's an' borrowed his copy of Cooper's paper soon's it come out—Hank hadn't got look at it yet himself—an' took it home an' waded through it, but not a line 'bout my hen-coop! Not a line! Not a word! Didn't say nothing 'bout it—my name wa'n't in the paper! I went so far as to even read clear through a long piece on 'Our Common School System,' thinkin' mabey that he stuck in so nothing 'bout my hen-house in it somewhere, but he hadn't. Well, I was mad, an' I think I had a right to be. I throwed the paper down an' didn't even take it back to Hank. But next mornin' when I seen one of the other fellow's papers down in the store my eyes stuck out so you could 'a' hung your hat on 'em. There it was in his paper 'bout my hen-coop big's a Mexican dollar! It read like this: 'We hear that Uncle Abner Doty has jes' completed a large an' convenient hen-house for his fine flock of Shanghis, Beams, Plymouth Rocks, an' so forth, together with his famous fightin' rooster, Ben Butler. We haven't yet had the pleasure of samplin' any of the eggs laid in this new hen-house, but we know that Uncle Abner is not the man to long forget ye editor.' That's the very way he had it, word for word, flame an' all. 'Jes' soon's I read it I went right out an' told ev'rybody we couldn't 'ford to support Old Cooper no longer 'cause he was hurtin' the town by not mentionin' the improvements, and I jes' kep' up the talk till what little business he did have dropped off an' nobody wouldn't have nothing to do with him, an' he's left. You can see yourself that we couldn't very well do anything else after the way he used me on that hen-house."—*F. H. Carruth, in Chicago Tribune.*

KEPT HIS PROMISE.

A Small Boy Saved from a Ruined Life by a Kind Word.

I remember a case that happened years ago in Illinois. A lawyer friend of my father defended a lad for stealing apples. The owner of the orchard without pity, but the lawyer pleaded that the child's act was merely one of gluttony and that he ought to be indulgently treated. This was the view of the matter taken by the justice and he spoke to the accused in a fatherly way.

"You hear," he said, "what has been said about you, that you are no thief; now I am going to acquit you, but you must first promise that in future you will behave in a way to redeem this fault you have committed."

"The boy, who had been crying bitterly, looked up, wiped away his tears, and gave the required answer in a firm voice. Years passed away. One day as the lawyer stepped off the train at Detroit he was accosted by a gentleman who asked if he remembered him.

"No, I do not recall ever having seen you before," was his reply.

"Well, I am the little apple thief whom you once defended. I want to let you know that I have kept the promise I made on that occasion. I now own a wagon factory in this place, am a married man and the happy father of several children. It is to you and the good justice of that day that I am indebted for all this. I am sure that had I been sent to the reform school I would very likely have grown up to be any thing but an honest man."—*Cor. N. O. Picayune.*

—Flimsy—"I don't know how it is, but the smallest specimens of men invariably get the best wives." Mrs. F. (archly)—"O, you flatterer!"—*Boston Transcript.*

THE NEVER-REST CURE.

Beneficial Effects of Regular Muscular Exercise and Recreation.

As there are many degrees of nervous exhaustion, so are there many methods of restoration. What would be pleasant exercise to one might prove laborious exertion to another, and what might be soothing to one might be irritating to another. In all cases, however, complete nerve rest implies the maintenance of agreeable sensation and the avoidance of nervous agitation. It may not be possible to obtain such absolute rest as is here indicated, but he, aim of treatment is to secure as near an approach to it as can be attained by legitimate means. No means are used which might injure the general health.

The fact that women are more liable than men to the severer forms of nervous exhaustion is one reason why the cases quoted in these pages are chiefly those of women. Another reason is that, in men, it is rarely possible to study this stage of the disease uncomplicated by the effects of alcoholic indulgence. Most men who find themselves becoming victims of nervousness endeavor to escape the worries of life by taking refuge in drink; so they usually bring upon themselves other diseases of alcoholic origin. In women this was not formerly the habit, but there is reason to believe that the late increase of inebriety among them is largely due to the spread of nervous exhaustion. On the other hand there are many cases in both sexes where alcoholic indulgence has undoubtedly been the chief cause of the ailment.

Although the most severe forms of this disease have alone been discussed, it must not be supposed that milder forms do not also require special nerve rest. This can not be secured without more or less change being made in the ordinary mode of life. Nervous agitation is the chief cause of nervous exhaustion. It is almost impossible even for a healthy man to avoid a certain amount of agitation in connection with his affairs, while for the nervous man it is absolutely impossible. For the latter, therefore, a frequent holiday is essential. The way of spending such a holiday is a matter of urgent importance.

Many nervous sufferers return home worse than when they left. They climb mountains in Switzerland when they ought to be loitering on the sea shore or lounging the deck of an ocean steamer. They rise early to make the best of to-day when they had better lie several hours longer to fix the benefits of yesterday. Like the unskilled rider, who dismounts for relief, they are frequently driven to bed to recover from their holiday exertions.

The amount of exercise must be regulated by its effects on head or spine. Mere muscular fatigue may be overcome by regular walking, but nervous fatigue must be entirely avoided. If the patient can not take sufficient exercise to sustain his appetite and digestion he had better undergo an hour's massage daily. And when he has once gained the power of walking from five to ten miles a day without fatigue to head or spine, he ought, by constant practice, endeavor to retain it.

There is no better preventive of nervous exhaustion than regular unhurried muscular exercise. If we could moderate our hurry, lessen our worry, and increase our open-air exercise, a large portion of nervous diseases would be abolished.

For those who can not get a sufficient holiday the best substitute is an occasional day in bed. Many whose nerves are constantly strained in their daily vocation have discovered this for themselves. A Spanish merchant in Barcelona told his medical man that he always went to bed for two or three days whenever he could be spared from his business, and he laughed at those who spent their holidays on toilsome mountains. One of the hardest-worked women in England, who has for many years conducted a large wholesale business, retains excellent nerves at an advanced age, owing to it, is believed, to her habit of taking one day a week in bed. If we can not avoid frequent agitation we ought, if possible, to give the nervous system time to recover itself between the shocks.

Even an hour's seclusion after a good lunch will deprive a hurried, anxious day of much of its injury. The nerves can often be overcome by strategem when they refuse to be controlled by strength of will.—*Nineteenth Century.*

Manhood in Criminals.

Speaking of his experience with criminals, Judge Gresham says: My experience with criminals, when I was on a district bench, taught me that there was no man devoid of manhood. Place anybody, however depraved, on his manhood, and he will observe his eye brighten up. I have taken men who have been convicted of serious offenses, and after sentencing them to the penitentiary, have said: "Now, I intend to place you on your manhood, for I believe you have manhood in you. I will give you a mittimus, and the marshal will provide you with money to go home and bid your family good-bye. After you have stayed there a day or two I want you to report at the door of the penitentiary named in the papers you will receive, and serve out your sentence like a man. And when you are through I want you to return to me, and I want to see what can be done to restore you to the confidence of your fellow-men in society." Inevitably was disappointed in a man I thus trusted, and those convicts whom I have helped in their return from prison have always been faithful to the trusts imposed upon them.—*Chicago Journal.*

CHARITY IN CHINA.

How Food is Dispensed to the Poor and Needy of Peking.

On the first day of the tenth moon (15th of November) the winter charities are opened in Peking for the dispensing of food. When the cold season is further advanced the distribution of clothing is made and the almshouses become filled. Two of our reporters recently made a tour of inspection among the charities in the south city of Peking. All the institutions visited were supported by imperial bounty. The first one reached was a porridge kitchen, a little east of the great central city gate Ch'ien Men. The "granary rice" was already cooked and waiting hot in the great wooden tubs usually found in such places; but although it was nine o'clock none of the poor people had arrived. The explanation of this unusual lateness is that at a place half a mile away they were drawing the rations of good millet porridge first. The granary rice is of bad quality, and the people much prefer the millet. The second place visited was one where sound millet porridge was served, and there men, women and children to the number of 1,200 were waiting in great rooms or barracoons the distribution of the food. It soon began. Two files marched out simultaneously, men on one side, women and children on the other, each person carrying a vessel of some kind into which with great expedition a dipper of hot millet porridge was ladled. Most of the recipients returned to their homes to eat, but many homeless ones found quiet places in wood-yards and sunny corners of the streets to finish up the millet while hot, and then go to the place where the rice already mentioned was waiting for them. At the third place visited the dispensing was already over, only five hundred applicants having presented themselves to-day, most of them, as usual, being women and children.

This was one of the departments or branches of a large and expensive charity under the title "Hundred Goodnesses." The functionary in charge informed us that several thousand sometimes were fed. A few steps further on were the free schools of this same charity, and still further to the west at a short distance the winter's lodgings known as "The Warm Quarters." This is appropriated for women and children, fifty or sixty of whom had already arrived. They receive porridge of millet and granary rice twice a day, on which they subsist during the winter. The "warm quarters" number eight in the south city, and were opened about two years ago in addition to the regular almshouses. The administration of the charity leaves little to be desired, many thousands of poor people being housed, fed and clothed during the winter in a perfectly efficient manner.—*Chinese Times.*

CHEAP FUEL GAS.

A Valuable Invention Perfected by a Pittsburgh Syndicate.

For eighteen months and over Mr. George Westinghouse, Jr., after associating with himself the most skilled gas and engineering experts, has been endeavoring to solve the problem of manufacturing fuel gas. Associated with him, among others, were S. T. Wellman and T. Goetz. These gentlemen now announce the entire success of their labors, and recently gave a public exhibition of the fuel gas they are making at the Fuel Gas and Electric Engineering Company's works. The problem these gentlemen had to unravel was by no means an easy one. It was, briefly summed up, to discover how to manufacture a maximum amount of fuel gas having a high heating power, from a single ton of any class of coal, with a minimum loss during process of manufacture, of the total heat units originally contained in coal.

The obstacles which had rendered all former inventions for this purpose useless were many. They each required a special character of coal: too great a proportion of the coal was consumed in gasification, and too little converted into gas; the manufactured gas was odorless, and consequently dangerous, the amount of incombustible gas contained was so great as to render pipeline transportation expensive.

The process of manufacture employed by the new company is quite simple. The coal or illuminating gas is first driven out of the gas, the coke, which is an essential part of the process, being then used either alone or with raw coal to produce generator gas, but of a much higher efficiency than other gases. Ordinary water gas is made from the coke not used. These gaseous products are then mixed and form the ultimate product of the process in its entirety.

The mechanical appliances employed, although new and elaborate in design, are so simple in operation that a plant capable of manufacturing 1,000,000 cubic feet of gas every twenty-four hours can be operated by three men and a boy, with alternate shifts of twelve hours each. The low cost at which this gas can be manufactured renders it a substantial rival to natural gas, and will prove of immense advantage to Pittsburgh. Should the natural supply run out, fuel gas could be manufactured at prices to enable local manufacturers to maintain their supremacy.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

—"Lady Clare Vere De Vere," said Queen Victoria to one of the ladies of the royal household the other day, "hand me the morning paper. It contains my speech in Parliament yesterday, and I have not yet read it. I have a woman's curiosity to know what I said on that occasion."—*Norristown Herald.*

ON BEING PLEASANT.

It Makes People Jolly and Changes Frowns Into Pleasant Smiles.

Says Mr. Thackeray about that nice boy Clive Newcome, "I don't know that Clive was especially brilliant, but he was pleasant."

Occasionally we meet people to whom it seems to come natural to be pleasant; such are as welcome wherever they go as flowers in May, and the most charming thing about them is that they help to make other people pleasant too. Their pleasantness is contagious.

The other morning we were in the midst of a three days' rain. The fire smoked, the dining-room was chilly, and when we assembled for breakfast, papa looked rather grim, and mamma tired, for the baby had been restless all night. Polly was plainly inclined to fretfulness, and Bridget was undeniably cross, when Jack came in with the breakfast rolls from the baker's. He had taken off his rubber coat and boots in the entry, and he came in rosy and smiling.

"Here's the paper, sir," said he to his father with such a cheerful tone that his father's brow relaxed, and he said "Ah, Jack, thank you," quite pleasantly.

His mother looked up at him smiling, and he just touched her cheek gently as he passed.

"The top of the morning to you, Polly-wog," he said to his little sister, and delivered the rolls to Bridget with a "Here you are, Bridget. Aren't you sorry you didn't go yourself this beautiful day?"

He gave the fire a poke and opened a damper. The smoke ceased, and presently the coals began to glow, and five minutes after Jack came in we had gathered around the table and were eating our oatmeal as cheerily as possible. This seems very simple in the telling, and Jack never knew he had done anything at all, but he had in fact changed the whole moral atmosphere of the room, and had started a gloomy day pleasantly for five people.

"He is always so," said his mother when I spoke to her about it afterward. "Just so sunny and kind, and ready all the time. I suppose there are more brilliant boys in the world than mine, but none with a kinder heart or a sweeter temper. I am sure of that."

And I thought: Why isn't a cheerful disposition worth cultivating? Isn't it one's duty to be pleasant, just as well as to be honest, or truthful, or industrious, or generous? And yet, while there are a good many honest, truthful, industrious, and generous souls in the world, and people who are unselfish too, after a fashion, a person who is habitually pleasant is rather a rarity. I suppose the reason is because it is such hard work to act pleasant when one feels cross. Very few people have the courage of that cheeriest of men, Mr. Mark Tapley, who made it a point of honor to "keep jolly" under the most depressing circumstances.

People whose dispositions are naturally irritable or unhappy, think it is no use trying to be otherwise; but that is a mistake. If they will patiently and perseveringly try to keep always pleasant, after a while they will get in the habit of smiling instead of frowning, of looking bright instead of surly, and of giving a kind word instead of a cross one. And the beauty of it is, as I said before, that pleasantness is catching, and before long they will find themselves in the midst of a world full of bright and happy people, where every one is as good-natured and contented as they are.—*Christian at Work.*

MUSIC AT FUNERALS.

Grand Old Tunes That Are Now Sung in Waltz and Polka Time.

I am sorry to observe that the old psalm tunes are getting obsolete. A day or two ago I attended a funeral and it was requested by a member of the family that some good old-fashioned hymn, of which the deceased was very fond, should be sung. I believe the tunes selected were: "I Would Not Live Alone" and "Just As I Am, Without One Plea." Imagine my surprise as well as that of the "mourners" to hear the former hymn sung in a genuine polka time with a soprano and bass solo. Some time ago I attended the funeral of a celebrated criminal lawyer in a North Side church, and a hired quartette was to furnish the music. The grand old song "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," than which a grander tune was never written, was rendered in beautiful waltz time. Ed Jordan was the officiating undertaker, and I momentarily expected Ed to invite some young lady out into the vestibule to have a little waltz around. An old gentleman, living on the South Side, and who has been reared in the Methodist Church, has left \$50 to be given the choir that will sing at his funeral to the original music:

Our days are like the grass,
Or like the morning flower.
The other is:
Why do we mourn departed friends
Or shake at death's alarm?

In this large city of nearly a million inhabitants I doubt if such a choir or quartette can be found now that know the music. One day a dear friend of mine died, and knowing his love for three beautiful old hymns, that he had been wont to hear in the little village church far away, and which was to us so hallowed by sacred and tender recollections, I meekly and hesitatingly asked his widow that one of these tunes might be sung. Was it? O no, but she gazed upon me in a pitiful way, as much as to say I pity your ignorance, and replied: "That is very old-fashioned and is not sung at all at the very latest funerals."

It was then that I was obliged to admit to myself that there was a latest fad in funeral music.—*Chicago Journal.*

GERMAN AND YANKEE.

How an Independent Tin-Peddler Astonished an Unhospitable Teuton.

A German farmer, living in Maryland, was notorious for his stinginess, and had never been known when any one entered his house whilst he was at table to practice those rites of hospitality so common among country people. He was in the habit, however, of getting over the omission by an impudent sort of a turn that was inimitable. If a traveler entered the house about noon, which is the usual hour for dinner with American farmers, who are generally a very hospitable race of people, he would say, in his Anglo-Germanic dialect: "How t'ye do? Heb you make your dinner?" And if he received an affirmative answer, would say: "Well, den, you peats us." If he got a negative answer, his regular response was: "Well, den, you peats you." With this established character, an impudent Yankee tin-peddler once tried an experiment upon his patience. This fellow had a prodigious canine appetite, and was for this reason the dread of the whole circuit in which he was accustomed to sell his tins. He had, therefore, thought it prudent to annex to his perambulations a new district in Maryland; and, hearing of this German farmer, and being in his neighborhood, he, one day, presented himself just at the dinner hour. "How t'ye do? Heb you make your dinner?" said the farmer. "I guess I have," answered the peddler. "Well, den, you peats us," he replied. "You see," said the Yankee, "I am one of those critters that likes his dinner as soon as he can get it; howsumever, I'll just take a look at your taters till the woman has done, and then, perhaps, we can trade a little." Upon this he sat down, and helping himself to one-half of the pork that was on the table, he shot it down so rapidly that all eyes became fixed upon him, little suspecting that the corned beef on the table was doomed to follow it instantaneously. Having achieved the beef, he perceived near to him two fine young cabbages, the first that had been gathered that summer; these, which were the German's own dear dish, he had the inexpressible horror to see disappear in a twinkling, down the implacable throat of the omnivorous tin-peddler. Rising from his seat, full of wrath, the farmer now shored a huge dish of unskinned, seedy potatoes to the fellow, that were there for the family, and screamed out: "Will you swallow de potatoes, too, mit me dish und de skins? I should like to see dat." "No," said the Yankee, "I guess I telled you I'd only just look at your taters; it ain't so long to supper time, but I can hold on."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

CLEVER DETECTIVES.

Inspector Byrne Talks About the Traits They Must Possess.

"How do men become detectives, anyway? What training and natural traits must a man have?" asked a New York reporter of Inspector Byrne.

"That is a hard question to answer off-hand," said the inspector, slowly. "The most important thing, I should say, is that men have a distinct liking—an undoubted passion—for this line of duty. That is essential.

"A man must like the business and know that he likes it, that he has a natural aptitude for it. That is the indispensable prerequisite. Then he must have perseverance, youth, intelligence, enthusiasm for his work. He must be thorough and zealous, and especially he must be tenacious. A good officer will lay his plans and go over a case, and perhaps fail; then he goes back and begins all over again, doing his work in the second line as carefully as at first; perhaps he will fail again, perhaps a half dozen times, but he has the bull-dog in him and is up and at it again. That's the kind of a man that succeeds in this business; the man who does something hard does it by patience, persistence and tenacity. Why, I wouldn't give a cent to do something any body can do, if a man is shot down here in the street and an officer on the opposite side runs across and arrests the murderer, there's no credit in it.

"But in talking about the personal traits a detective should possess to do good work, I must not neglect to say that all these are of no avail if he does not have a thorough knowledge of professional criminals. Without this he can do nothing. Of course the large proportion of crimes are crimes against property—stealing in one form or another."

"How is the knowledge acquired?" I asked.

"O, in various ways; by visiting their haunts, perhaps, or some naturally pick it up in knocking about New York. If a young man of inquiring turn of mind sees a fellow who seems a little suspicious he inquires about him, takes notes and perhaps talks with him. This local knowledge of criminals gradually widens, for all professionals come here at one time or another, the budding detective sees new faces and keeps his records as he picks up information. Then he must study classes of crime. Professional criminals are very clanish; they run in gangs, the bank sneaks together, the hotel men, and so on through all classes of work. They are all grouped and classified."—*N. Y. Daily News.*

—An instance of throwing one's self about was witnessed a few evenings ago at a party, in the case of a young lady, who, when asked to sing, first tossed her head, and then pitched her voice.

—It is estimated that in the year 1900 the United States will have a population of nearly one hundred million.