and at my left sweet Love, strange friend of m o banishes the old, but brings new care. not Work, who walked behind our clan, me not Work, who waited behind our clan, list Lore was wounded by an unknown dart; hinding she sank beside the road and died; And Pleasure, hating my sad face and heart, And proper and the same of the same of the same proper face of the same of t Work crept up and brought me joy again. And now we walk as comrades through the plai and now we walk as comrades through the plai -A. W. Emerson in Boston Transcript.

## A HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE.

I had not been very long in the postion of confidential clerk to Messrs. Friar Brothers & Bowman-we are ow Messrs. Friar, Bowman & Knox (amKnox)-when one of those unexpected and most perplexing crises ocarred in the financial world which by even cautious and steady going irms such as ours was and is, most ererely, and bring less well balanced uses down with a sudden and awful

I may say now, without fear of he ing thought boastful, that I was someshat a favorite of Friar Brothers; the fact that William, the senior partner, used to ask me down to Henley from Saturday to Monday, and allowed me to take his pretty daughter out on the ever, speaks for itself.

At the time of which I speak not a day passed without some failure or ned stoppage, and I knew that Friar Brothers & Bowman were unasy about the Liverpool branch of or house. They were, therefore, not sholly unprepared when one afterpoon news came that if left without mmediate help its doors must close, help needed was not more than Friar Brothers could give with perfect ase; but the question was how could the sum of £30,000 in hard cash be conveyed from London to Liverpool within the next four-and-twenty The money was all righthours? that amount, if necessary, could be supplied; but by whom was to be carried! There lay the diffi-

Friar Brothers - Bowman was rarely in the counting house-held a consulption with their manager, and the result was that I was sent for. Would go to Liverpool and take charge of he money? There could be but one nswer. Even if I had bunked the job, which was not the case, I could not refuse to help my employers out of their difficulty. Accordingly, I said I was quite ready to start at any moment, and it was quickly decided that should travel by the night mail

By one of those fortunate coincidenes which sometimes occur, a large sum had been drawn out that very morn-mg to meet bills that would fall due sext day; so that nothing remained for us to do but to dispose of the gold bags; the notes I was to place in a ocked leather case suspended round my neck by a steel chain long enough allow the case to hang at my back, idden under my coat. As soon as the money was put away Mr. William friar gave me a revolver, which he generally kept in his own desk. This andy weapon I placed in the pocket of my own coat when I was ready to start; and for greater security, and prompted also by an impulse I could seither account for nor resist, I placed much smaller revolver of my own in he breast pocket of my ordinary coat. "I hope you will have no occasion defend yourself," my kind employer sid; and then he added that he erisk as much as possible by getting

detective from Scotland Yard to cavel with me. More to please him than myself, for was not nervous, I agreed to the position, and drove at once to the Yard" to secure my man. It was con done. I was to be accompanied my journey by a detective in plain slothes, called Buckland-a slight, viry looking man of about five-andhirty. He had full dark brown whiskes and beard, and gave me the impression of being disguised. Our train left at 10 p. m., and we arranged to neet at Euston five or six minutes before the hour in order that we might sot attract attention.

I dined at a chop house in the city, and went back to the counting house or the money and my great coat. The ase containing the notes I disposed of round my neck by the chain; and the bags of gold were placed in a small ralise. When I lifted it, it fairly dragged me down; and it was with the realest difficulty that I was able to alk along as if not burdened by a reighty object.

I reached Euston at 9:45; tipped the and to give me and my companion compartment to ourselves-it wanted at three minutes to the hour, and ackland had not arrived. The guard egan to bang the doors; then the shistle sounded and the train had acham on the platform. With a dexterous swing of the door and an agile pring he was in the compartment and brew himself panting on the seat, sying that it was a "close shave this Then, as soon as he recovered beath a little, he asked if I had the

ash all right. I nodded and glanced up at the netmg. He followed the direction of eyes, and said, "Oh! up there, is

nodded again and then looked at He was slight and wiry lookbut there was not a particle of on his face. He caught my curi-

and laughed an easy, jaunty litaugh Lord bless you," he said, "you

a't suppose they was real, do you! I dly ever wears hair when I'm on Indeed!" I answered dubiously. chow, I was not attracted by my

panion's look as he now appeared. and shorn, for a most villianous sinister looking mouth was too exposed. For one moment the flashed across me that he was somehow got wind of my busi-

and meant to rob, and, perhaps, der me during the night journey. But then the secret was known to one except the partners, the man-er, Buckland and myself.

The train moved slowly, and I imed my head and looked buck at brilliantly lighted station. As I so we began slowly to move on n, and I saw a man rushing wildom the booking office and along platform after us, gesticulating

but not until I had time to notice the strong resemblance he bore to Buckland as I had seen him in Scotland Yard. I went back to my seat feeling bewildered and uncomfortable, and a horrible idea took possession of me that I had been tricked and caught like a rat in a trap.

It did not last long, happily, for I set to work and reasoned with my-self on the folly of my suspicions. Despite his evil mouth, my companion looked harmless enough; and, besides I was armed and on the alert. Somewhat reassured, set to work to make myself comfortable. The value with the gold took from the netting opposite and placed beside me on the seat. Then I readjusted my rug over my knees, and, in doing so, partly covered the bag. Then I ostentatiously, and per-haps foolishly, took the revolver from the pocket of my great coat, and placed it also beside me, but outside the

"Hallo! you've got a 'barker,' I see," said Buckland, who was watching me. And he grinned.

Finally, I took out a pair of smoked spectacles, with which I always protect my eyes when I make a long journey, put them on, and then searched for my cigar case in order to smoke. I could not find it, and yet I could have sworn that I dropped it into the right hand pocket of my great coat be-

fore I left the city. "Want a weed?" said Buckland. "Here; help yourself." And he handed me a case. "I'll answer for it that you never smoked a finer in your

I tried the cigar, and after a puff or two I acknowledged that it was first

Buckland lighted one also, and we smoked in silence while the train flew on through the darkness. Suddenly I gave a great start. A

nod forward woke me up, and I roused myself, feeling rather queer. "Hallo!" I said. "That will never do. I was just off."

I opened the window and flung away the end of the cigar. The fresh cold air that rushed in refreshed me, and I took up one of the papers I was provided with and prepared to read. But very soon I felt that I was going off again, and, after a few frantic ef forts, I must have succumbed, for at that point my memory is a blank.

What woke me thoroughly at last have not the faintest idea; but I seemed to come suddenly to myself. And what the instinct was that impelled me to keep perfectly quiet, as if I were still asleep. I do not know to this day. All I know is I had a most vivid impression that something was wrong, and that my life depended upon silence and quietude. Through my smoked glasses, which were, luckily, still upon my eyes, I could venture to look at my companion; and very cautiously I did so. He was now seated in the other corner of the same side of the carriage, and before him, on the opposite seat, was my revolver. By a slight pressure of my arm against my side I found I still had the smaller one in my inside pocket. Beside the stolen the same as those I had in my valise filled with the gold, and I at once jumped to the conclusion that these sham detective. Also, that they were guard the £30,000. filled with some heavy substance-

money that was to tide the Liverpool house over the fatal morrow the personator of Buckland had transferred aght it would be as well to lessen safe on my person; but how long ficed, he telegraphed to the authorities wood growths gives a sweep to high would they remain so-that was the question? When quickly and quietly the thief

had finished his task, he rose and approached my corner, valise in hand, I closed my eyes and began to breathe heavily as if asleep; but, in spite of my pretended calm, a tremor passed over me. Suppose the villain were to make all secure by quietly shooting me as I lay there at his mercy! But murder as well as plunder had not apparently, up to that moment at least, entered his head. He leaned over me. I suppose, to ascertain if I were really asleep; then he replaced the valise under the rug, went back to his corner, and, closing his eyes, feigned sleep. I say "feigned," for I am sure sleep was far away from him at that moment.

Suddenly an expedient occurred to me, and I hailed it as positive inspiration. If I could but get my hand on his throat! I was younger then, and stronger, you understand, and more athletic, so there were several chances in my favor. But to get him into position for attack I must employ a ruse. The first act in my little drama was to wake up from my long nap artistically; so, calling all my histrionic powers to my aid, I made a sort of half strangled sound between a sigh and a yawn-turned half over, righted myself; threw up my arms with a vigorous stretch, sat up broad awake, and took off my glasses.

The noise I made woke up my enemy in the corner; or rather started him in private theatricals on his own account, for, of course, he had not

slept a wink. "Hullo!" he said, lazily rubbing his eyes, "Been asleep? Weil, I rather think I must have dozed myself. I

wonder how the time goes?" "Do you often sleep at your post?" I "Lord bless you, we often nod at

Scotland Yard-the whole lot of us,' he answered with a covert sneer. A few more remarks passed between

a and inquiring gaze fixed upon us; then, with a shrick from the engine, we plunged into a tunnel, and I knew the moment had come. If I did not act, perhaps he would.

I gave a sudden groan-thrust m hand under my legs which stuck out straight before me, and called out to my companion that I had got the cramp so badly I could not move. "Catch my foot and bend it up, like a good fellow?" I said. "The pain is aw-

He hastened to my aid at once, and as he stooped I seized him by the Buckland, but a cutthroat who throat thrust my fingers into his neckcloth, and pressed him down with both my knees against the door. Then the blood burst from his nose, and he struggled madly to throw me off.

In the tussle our positions shifted somewhat; and, with a frantic effort, he threw out one arm, seized my little revolver, and fired wildly. The bulwounded my shoulder, and when I felt the sharp sting of the shot I pressed my fingers more flercely than before upon his windpipe, and pushed him once more down against the door. I could not attempt to disarm him; I knew not where on his person the y, and apparently shouting to knew not where on his person the the train stopped for him. But other revolver might be concealed, speed was increasing every mo and I felt that if he fired again I was at and I soon lost sight of him, probably a dead man!

strength was beginning to fail, and my grasp was becoming fainter. Then ne a second deadly crack! I was wounded in the hand; and immediately my nerveless, shattered fingers relaxed their hold, and I was at the rufflan's mercy. As I let him go I reeled back in a half sitting posture on the seat; while he, with a blood stained and most ghastly face, glared at me with the expression of a fiend. I knew that if he recovered strength enough to fire again he would kill me; and weak and wounded as I was, I resolved to make one more desperate bid for life. We were out of the tunnel now, and the speed had slackened a little. thought, I could but let down the

Some awful moments passed. My

past or over Buckland get out on the footboard and make my way along it to another carriage, I might yet be I was dizzy and sick with pain; but nerved with the determination of despair and the mad longing I felt to out wit the cunning of the thief, I managed to get hold of the strap of the window and let it down. Again the sudden rush of cold night air revived me; but, alas! I could see that it also revived my companion, for, as I put out my arm and turned the handle of the door, he was trying hard to steady his arm and fire at me again. I might perhaps, have knocked the pistol from his hand; but I might have failed to do so, and I knew that it would have been foolhardy in the extreme for me to put myself at close quarters with him in order to step out on the foot-

board. Besides, the door was stiff, and

resisted the feeble push I gave it. So

I left it and determined to try the win-

dow at the other side of the carriage if

I could drag myself over, although I felt sure that the door on that side was locked. But even had it stood wide open I could not reach it. The exertion I had already made had exhausted me, and I once more fell down on the seat and within easier reach of the dying wretch-for dying he surely was-who meant that I should die with him. Twice I saw the shining weapon within a foot of my head, but he had not the strength to fire, and I had not the strength to twist it from his hand. The third time he raised it, and I felt that this time he would not fail. With a superhuman effort I pulled myself together, and jerked up his arm as he at last pulled the trigger. The bullet hit the ceiling of the car riage, and at the same moment my would be murderer fell back with a heavy thud against the door. It flew open, and I had one glimpse of his malignant, terrified face as he fell out

head foremost on the track. When the train reached Liverpool ! was found half fainting upon the floor of the carriage, and the body of Buckland-or Foreman, as his name turned out to be-was found dead on the line with the bags of gold upon his per-son; so the credit of the branch house was saved. Foreman was a detective also; but he meant, if the robbery was successful, to abscond to America. He and Buckland were close friends, weapon were a number of bags exactly and the latter, it appeared, wanted to get off the job and spend the night in another fashion, and, not having the slightest suspicion of his comrade, he bags were duplicates belonging to the sent him to travel with me to help to

But, through some mysterious chanlead, probably—in order that, when nel, a warning was conveyed to Buck-they were placed in my valise, I land of Foreman's intended treachery, show i not miss the weight. The and too late he had seen how culpable he had been to trust him in such a serious matter. He reached Euston in time to see the train steaming out of to his own pocket. This is, he had se- the station, and, feeling convinced cured the gold. The notes were still that my life would probably be sacri- many ways. The clearing away of at Laverpool to have Foreman arrested on the arrival of the 10 o'clock express if I was not safe and the money

But nothing could undo the damning fact that he had passed on his duty to another man without permission, and Buckland was dismissed; but, at the earnest request of myself and wife -for as soon as I recovered from my wounds I became not only partner in the firm but son-in-law of Mr. Friara post was found for him in the counting house; and I must say for him that, from the hour he entered the service of Friar Brothers, Bowman & Knox, he did everything in his power to atone for the unlucky evening that he failed to catch the Liverpool express. - Detroit Free Press.

He Should Have Nine Lives. George W. Keene, of South Boston, de serves to live until he is 99 years old, in order to complete his regard of nines. His father died in 1859, at the age of 69, and was buried on Jan. 29. Mr. Keene himself was married May 29, enlisted in the civil war July 19, 1863, was mustered out June 29, 1865, and was discharged July 9. His son was married Oct. 29. On the 9th of August he received an injury which secessitated his removal to the city hospital, but he was discharged on the 19th. He is 50 years old. - Exchange.

A new invention in musical instruments has been brought out by a German which is causing a good deal of interest. This is called a bowed piano, but is really a cas resembling a pianoforte frame, and con-taining six violins, two violas and two violincellos, the strings of which are tuned to different notes. The instruments are connected by circular bands, which are brought into contact with the strings by means of the keyboard, the hammers of which bear upon the bands with varying pressure.-New York Journal.

Old Trees in Maine.

John Plummer, who drives the stage from Scarboro station to Higgins beach, says that the other day he carried a man over the route who said that he couldn't see as those big elm trees, which stand between the station and the beach, had grown any for sixty years. It is thought that their age must be nearly 200 years. There are six of them in a line by the roadside, and they are fine specimens of the elm.-

Lewiston Journal.

The wooden leg is now made of hollow willow. It has very little weight, and is curely fastened to the limb by means of leather cylinder, which fits securely to the stump as near the thigh as it can be brought. This cylinder is a foot long, and is joined to the wooden calf by a steel joint. A good wooden leg, with a rubber foot, is worth \$100.-Cincinnati Times-Star.

Improving His First Opportunity. Chief (to fireman throwing water nto a burning church)—Why are you keeping a stream on after the fire's out! Fireman-It's the first time in my life that I ever had a chance to play on the organ.-Philadelphia Saturday

"Please to give me something, sir, aid an old woman. "I had a blind child, who was my only means of subsistence; but the poor boy has recov-ered his sight "-Exchange. HE HELPED THE TRAMP.

A Case of Double Gratitude Observed is

As we stood in a group in the depot waiting room at Elmira, there was a scuffle and loud words, and we turned to see the depot policeman shoving a trampish looking man out of the place It was a scene to make most of the crowd smile, as the officer was a big nan and his victim a small one, but before he had him outdoors a dressed, fine looking man stepped forward and demanded:

"Officer, has this man been guilty of any offense? "He's no business in here, sir," was

the reply. glass, open the door, and by stepping "Why hasn't he?" "Because he's a tramp. My orders

are to put 'em out.' "Just wait. He brought out his wallet, handed

the forlorn looking stranger two crisp, ten dollar bills, and then turned to the officer with: Now, let him alone. A man with

\$20 in his pocket is no tramp. "God bless you, sir!" whispered the recipient of this bounty as he looked at the money in the greatest astonishment. "I'm no vagabond; I'm simply down on my luck. I was wanting to get to Buffalo, where I hope to hit job, and I'm willing to work at any-

thing and for any price."

Some one ventured to ask the gentleman for an explanation of his liberality, and he replied:

Just a year ago to-night, in one of the towns on the Erie road, a tramp struck me for a quarter and got it. He must have gone off on a freight train right away, and he got a lift of twenty odd miles before he was bounced Four hours later I took a train, and while passing from one coach to another lost my footing and was thrown off. I struck on my head and shoulders and was rendered unconscious, though not very badly hurt. When I came to there was a quarrel over my oody. Two men wanted to rob me while a third was holding them off, and when they attacked him he gave them such a drubbing that they hauled off. Then he ran to a farmhouse a quarter of a mile away, routed out the people, and helped carry me there. While I could not speak, I heard all that was said. I heard him say that he recognized me as the one who had befriended him that evening; and before he went away he insisted on takng an inventory of my personal property. I had a watch, a diamond pin, and over a thousand dollars in money; and everything was kept safe for me during the two weeks I was in the

"But what became of the tramp?" "I have never seen him since. After seeing me safe at the house he started off, saying he would send a doctor from the nearest town, and I never even had the chance to thank him."-New York Sun.

The Destruction of Forests. "We are daily wanting one of nature's richest gifts to us in our wholesale destruction of the forests," said Theodore B. Baselin of the forestry commission to a New York reporter. 'And it is destroying what nature was hundreds of years in building up and which cannot be replaced for many years to come. Year after year has seen our people cutting down the woods for almost the sole purpose of getting them out of the way and with no thought of the future, until today, with the exception of the Adirondacks, New York is almost deplete of its timber growth. This is an evil in waters and heavy rains, which washes away much of the rich surface soil and depletes in a marked degree the fertility of the land. And this waste of fertility increases each year and must in time render the land almost sterile. Then, again, the destroying of the forests has a marked influence upon the rainfall, and one of the greatest arguments for the preservation of the Adirondacks is its protection to the great watershed of eastern New York. Scientific men claim that the forests exercise a great influence also upon the public health by the proper distribution of carbonic and other gases and regulating the equilibrium of the atmosphere. So far no state in the Union has done much in the way of protecting existing forests and but little tending to the creation of new ones. It is a subject that must receive attention some of these days and upon which the legislative bodies

In the Azores.

Balconies in the Azores are as unirersal as in Havana, Lisbon or Madrid. Some project from supports of carved stone; others rest with airy insecurity upon fancifully wrought timbers; and still others may be seen in the daintiest patterns into which brass and iron may be wrought. All are latticed, and in this lattice work are odd little slides and gates.

From these, as you pass, you will catch glances from fair eyes, and often see smiles and coquetting looks from lovely roguish faces. The Fayal maidens must not look upon you in the street; but social custom gives them the blessed right to flirt with you desperately from the lofty and safe out-posts of their balconied alcobas.

The courtyards or sagaos have an inviting look through these carelessly kept entradas. There is a suggestion snugness in the high inclosing walls. The open court shelters the home gatherings and belongings of the average family. All its members

are more or less there. Many lovely flowers and clamber ng vines light up the place in winter well as summer days. Frequently nterior galleries add to the picturesqueness, for people live in these courts, and on these galleries more than in the cheerless alcobas to which they lead.

Besides, there are none so poor that the gladdening songs of matchless rown Azorean canaries are not al rays heard above, or blending with the gay and murmurous undertones of lazily done domestic affairs. - New York Journal.

The History of Pepper.

The value of pepper in cooking seems to have been known long ago. Its use as a dicine was common in the days of Hippocrates, who applied it, moistened with alcohol, to his patients. Just as sugar and tea have been in past times so dear as only to be within the reach of the wealthy so pepper was in the Middle Ages a very costndiment. So much was it valued that a small packet was at that time deemed a suitable present to offer a great person. Common or black pepper is now grown in many tropical countries. It is a climbing plant some twelve feet high, bearing fruit of a bright red color the size of a pea, which when dried turns black.—Exchange.

AN OLD LADY TAKING NOTES.

The Streams She Crossed on the Chatta neegs to Atlanta. "Now, Mr. Conductor."

looking old lady as she boarded the sleeping car at Chattanooga, "I want you to tell me the names of all the places of interest we pass on the way to Atlanta, for this, I believe, is the road along which Sherman marched. "Yesm'm," replied Mr. J. B. Jack-

son, the conductor, as he cast his eyes at two pretty girls with the old lady.
"Jane," said the old lady to one of the girls, "you get a piece of paper now and take down the names the

gentleman tells you. Yes, ma," replied the girl with a smile that made the conductor's heart I dare say, have suffered more or less

ache "What stream is that?" asked the old lady, as the train passed over a

trestle

"That's Chickamauga creek," replied the conductor. "Take that down, Jane."

A half mile further another stream vas crossed. "What stream is that?" again asked the old lady.

"Chickamauga creek," replied the conductor. "Take that down, Jane." "What stream is that?" interrogated

the old lady. "Chiekamauga." The old lady began to look suspici-

ous, but said: "Take that down, Jane." "What stream is that one yonder, "What stream is that one yonder, \$30 apiece, you know—and they have running into those woods; now we are all vanished. The last set I fastened crossing it?"

'Chickamauga." "Take that down, Jane." An ominous silence followed until the same creek had been crossed four as I was about to remark"-

Another stream was seen babbling ver the rocky bed. With a timid glance at the yellow waters the old lady asked:

additional times.

"And what creek is this?" "Chickamauga," came the reply in despairing tone, and the girls looked like they could bite the conductor's brass knob and a crook at the wrong head off as the old lady said snap- end. I am convinced to this day that pishly

"Take that down, Jane." Another creek was crossed, but the old lady said nothing. Still another vas crossed, and she asked: "And that stream is what?" "Chickamauga."

"Take that down, Jane," was heard in an almost inaudible voice. Two more streams were crossed, but the old lady was silent. Suddenly her face brightened with

new hope as the train pulled up at a the bric-a-brac retainer little station. "What place is this?" she asked, onfidently. "Chickamauga!" came the monoto-

nous reply.

"Jane, throw that paper out of the window. That horrid"— "Hold on, madam!" exclaimed the conductor; and to save his scalp he had to explain that the state road crossed Chickamauga creek fourteen my set, but my receptions-even sometimes before reaching the station by

the same name. It took the old lady some time to recover her spirits, but she did after a while, and the smile and the sweet cial. High public office may have its words she and her daughters gave the words she and her daughters gave the conductor on leaving him in Atlanta cheered him for many miles along his

way .- Atlanta Journal. He Wanted to Take Lessons. A young South Sider approached Ned Williamson, the big Brotherhood shortstop, the other day, called him aside and whispered: My boy, when you begin your out of door practice for the season I should like to have n give me a few le throwing. I have so often seen you nail a grounder and send it shooting Anson's hands that I know you would be a good tutor. Now, I'll tell you why I want to get points on throwing. I've had sickness in my family lately, and the other night I heard a cat yowling around the front of the house. I went out on the front steps and saw the dark object on the sidewalk. The howling was something frightful. I sneaked in and got a lot of coal and began pegging at the dark object. It didn't move, and the yowl-

ing continued. After I had scattered about half a ton of coal around the neighborhood the cat walked up from the area beneath me, looked up at me and howled worse than ever. I had been throw-ing coal at a shadow. I got another half ton and threw it at the cat. He looked at me and howled louder. Now, when I can't hit a cat with a ton of large egg I begin to think that the coal dealers are getting even with me, and I want some lessons in throwing. The big shortstop said he would be pleased to give him a few points and show him wherein baseball was an improvement over "one old cat."-Chicago Herald.

A Poet's Lot Is Not A Moneyed One.

I was talking a few evenings ago with a young poet whose name is familiar to every magazine reader, and whose work the editors of periodicals receive with more favor than that of any other of the young school of versiflers. In fact, he is accepted by the public and recognized by his brother authors as one of the most successful young poets of today. Now, what does this mean in dollars and cents? I will tell you exactly. This young verse builder has sold during 1889 thirty-eight poems in all, and the prices he has received for them I copy here direct from his memorandum book.

8 poems to The Century, at \$10 and \$15 ... \$60 00 3 poems to Scribber's at \$10 ... 30 00 7 poems to Puck and Judge, in all ... 53 25 I poem to Lippinecti's.
5 poems to The Harper's periodicals Il poems to Life. poems to St. Nicholas. 4 poems to various other periodicals

-Cor. Boston Journal.

Introduction of Envelopes Before Sir Rowland Hill introduced

the penny post, envelopes were little used, as a double charge was made for a paper inclosed in another, however thin each might be; even the smallest clipping from a newspaper necessitated an extra fee. The us envelopes became common after May 6, 1840, when stamped and adhesive envelopes were introduced. The first envelope making machine was invent ed by Edwin Hill, brother of Rowland Hill; and De La Rue's machine for folding envelopes was patented March 17, 1845. The invention of envelopes has been attributed to S. K. Bower, a bookseller and stationer of Brighton, about 1830. He had some small sheets of paper on which it was difficult to write the address; he invented for these a small envelope, and had metal plates made for cutting them to the THE BRIC-A-BRAC RETAINER.

An Invention Intended to Check the Depredations of Robber Guests. The shabby man who had gained netant admission to the Connectiut avenue mansion sat down on the

go of a damask covered fauteuil and inted patiently for the appearance of mistress of the house. Madam," he said, rising respectfully as she entered, "my only apology for this intrusion is that I have some thing of exceptional value to offersomething that in the course of a year will save you both loss and annovance. The article in question I have just patented. It is a novelty cheap at many times its actual price, and it called the 'bric-a-brac ratainer.' You from the raids of predatory guests

if they were lawful spoil. "It is true, I must confess," replied the lady. "During the last four years I suppose I have twice filled my house with articles of a decorative nature. buying them from time to time, and yet I have left at present scarcely one thing of the sort that is worth carrying away. Everything readily portable seems to have gone. I don't know how. Only this I am sure of, that after every ball or reception certain pieces of my property have been found missing. In the chamber used as a dressing room for ladies I have had four sets of silver backed brushes and combs-such luxuries cost from \$20 to to the bureau with heavy silver chains, but they were bitten off with pincers, chains and all."

who carry off from your receptions

and parties ornaments and so forth as

"It is really dreadful, madame; but,

'Yes, as you were saying, nothing seems to escape these people who take things. They must simply grab. One night last January I missed my new fire iron, and then I remembered hav-ing seen an unidentified gentleman on his way out through the hall swinging a queer looking cane with a it was my best poker. I have more than once lost the entire paraphernalia of a mantelpiece or etagere at a single swoop. A woman was once caught operating at a reception, I have heard with an enormous pocket in her dress, into which she could readily sweep, at a moment's notice, a whole shelf full ornaments. Some such wholesale robber must have gained admittance here beyond a doubt,

"That, madame, is precisely where "Even my table silver has disappeared at such a rate that I have been really distressed at the loss. You see, owing to my husband's position, I am obliged to entertain rather more indiscriminately than I should otherwise, perhaps, and you know what that means. Not only do many people come to my house by invitation whom I would scarce regard as belonging to times my parties—are not infrequently attended by guests who are not invited der in the first degree, as charged in at all. No pains are taken to turn in-

truders out, for reasons strictly offiprefer the independence of common-place mediocrity. My husband seems to have a passion for serving the pub-lic, but I don't know a more disagreeable master, and I would rather be in the employ of somebody who had not the right to invade my home at will. You know how well the notion has gone abroad that in Washington it is not necessary, if one wishes to attend an entertainment, to wait for a bidding, But, goodness me! how it would gratify me to snub such interlopers, if I were only not a semi-public personage. The incidental loss of small furniture is only a trifling part of the affliction. It is bad enough, however." "I sympathize with you heartily,

madame: but this invention of mine' "Indeed, it is almost too much for endurance. My plan for putting a stop to the nuisance, if it were only practicable-and I don't think any other could be so-is to put a chain on each guest upon entering the house, allowing them a reasonable range and have him or her rigidly searched by specially employed private detec-tives before departure. As things are now one is altogether defenseless. If I caught any one in the act of carrying off my property it would hardly be worth making a rumpus about. At the worst the verdict would be 'kleptomania,' that being the word in vogue in polite society for stealing. have actually seen ornaments of mine on the mantlepiece of somebody else's house, but I said nothing."

"But, madam," said the shabby man, "this bric-a-brac retainer of which I have been speaking will solve the difficulty. Permit me to attach it to so peculiarly shaped an article as that vase on the chimney shelf. It is made, you see, of steel and vulcanized rub-I have now with a single motion applied it, and I will defy you to move the vase an inch. The device is readily every shape, and nothing to which it hallooed. is fastened can possibly be removed, unless with a hatchet and cold chisel. It may be that guests would bring to halloo while the answering voice those instruments with them, but for the fact that the noise they make would be too great. However, this feet ready to spring upon him. His means absolute safety for your orna-ments; the retainer does not show a srmed, was a friendly sapling which particle, being small and adjusted behind the objects to be protected, and you have all the satisfaction of feeling on the side of an adjacent tree. secure in the possession of your household decorations. I may put you down for two dozen for trial? you, madam. They will be delivered this afternoon and I will drop in next tion of the camp, the panther finally week for further orders."—Washing-left. When he thought the coast was ton Star.

An Opinion of Antipyria. A medical correspondent writes to The London Lancet: "I firmly believe that chemistry has in antipyrin found a most invaluable remedy for migranie and other forms of headache that seem to be due to worry and overwork. In those cases where I have tried it, its effect has simply been marvelous. In one case of a lady who for years has been the subject of most distressing periodical attacks of intense pain, referred to the occiput, which defied all ordinary remedies, this drug relieved at once, and in this case the depressing fear of impending attacks is now a thing of the past. presume in these cases it acts as a powerful sedative to the nervous system, and happily leaves no ill effects
—a great desideratum. Ten grains repeated every hour for two or three hours is my plan of giving it, and then at intervals of six hours for a day

or two after, to prevent all chance of

a recurrence, this generally being at the desire of the sufferer."

AN ABIDING MYSTERY.

What the Cogitations of a Petit Jury WIII Bring Forth.

Any man who should attempt to amuse his hearers nowadays by telling a story of a jury who brought in a verdict "Not guilty, but if he does it again he will get the full penalty, would be greeted with cries of "Chestnut, chestnut," and would be assured that thing was credited years ago to the far west, was immortalized by Mark Twain in one of his book, and that nobody believed that it ever did happen anyway. Yet the newspapers reported, and what the newspapers say must be true, that only a week ago a jury at Newark, N. J., trying a case at quarter sessions, brought in a verdict of "Not guilty, but we don't want him to do it again," and the verdict was accepted.

In the court of general sessions in this city last month, a jury, after spending an unusually long time in considering their verdict, came into court and the clerk asked: 'Are you agreed upon your verdiet?"

"We have agreed," replied the intelligent foreman.

"What is your verdict, then?" said the clerk 'We find," said the foreman, sagely and with deliberation, "that we stand seven for acquittal and five for convic-

"Then you have not agreed at all,"

said the clerk testily. "I guess you have agreed to disa-gree," said the judge. "but you had bet-

ter try it again." A poor fellow who was on trial for his life in the same court not long ago got a terrible shock by the sudden change from keenly anxious hope to glad certainty of release, and then back again to black despair, in the course of one minute, brought about by the precise and exact pomposity of the jury which was trying him. They too had taken a long time to consider their verdict and the prisoner, a desperate and hardened villian, who had poor case and had looked for nothing but the worst, began to think that they might, after all, disagree. The anxiety apparent on his face told how the suspense had racked him when he

again faced the jury as they filed into court and took their seats. In murder cases, as a rule, more for mality is used than for ordinary crimes, and so the clerk said: "Gentlemen of the jury, do you find the prisoner guilty of murder in the first gree, as charged in the indictment?

Now, the foreman was a young lawyer himself, and he felt that he ought to show his legal and fine judicial mind. So he paused a moment, evidently repeating the question to himself, and finally said complacently, Not guilty." There was a stir of surprise all over

the court, and the prisoner almost fainted with joy as he heard the words. But the jurymen began to remonstrate with their foreman, and he condeseended to explain. "I mean, of course," he said, "that we find the prisoner not guilty of mur-

the indictment. That was the question asked me. But we do find him guilty of murder in the second degree."

The prisoner burst into tears over the disappointment, though he at one time contemplated a worse result with stolidity, but the legal gentleman had properly upheld the reputation of his

profession for exactitude and verbosity. The recognized locality at present for story tellers to lay the scenes of jury dramas is in the new south, where the "darkies" furnish ample material to draw from. In Florida a jury in the Indian river country not ago found that "the diseased died by the will of God or some other disease unknown to this jury." Another dusky panel, bound to show that they were not going to shield one of their own color, found a negro prisoner "guilty, with considerable doubt as to whether he is the man."

A man had shot his neighbor's hog and the owner had him prosecuted for malicious injury to property and wanted him fined beavily, but the jury

found "the defendant guilty in the sum of \$1.50 in favor of the hog."

"We find the man who stole the mule not guilty," is another verdict vouched for on good authority, and a weary judge in despair over the tardiness of his colored jurymen, who designt to speed hours and hours "get." light to spend hours and hours "arguefying" among themselves over the most trilling points and often ending them by tossing a penny, is said to have blurted out in his wrath: "If you can't find a verdict of your own, take the one the last jury used." Whether these clear instructions were followed explicitly or not, the records do not show.—New York Tribune.

Robert Warren, who has a logging camp out on Little river, had an expe rience which he will not soon forget. He had gone along across the river look at a brake of cypress timber with a view of buying it. Night overtook him and he lost his way, and in order adjustable to brica-brac of any and to attract the attention of the camp,

Warren was seemingly answered by a human voice, and he continued rapidly approached, until he discovered an immense panther within a few was at hand; up this he sprang, and the panther at the same time jumped

After remaining in this position for over an hour, during which time Mr. Warren kept up a wail of distress, with the hope of attracting the attenleft. When he thought the coast was clear he descended and pursued his way, and when he again hallooed to attract attention the panther returned, this time accompanied by his mate. Up a sapling he again went, armed with a stout club and determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. In the meantime the boys in camp

had become alarmed at his absence and had started out to search for him, They had reached a point within a quarter of a mile where he was treed when they caught the sound of his call for help, and, as an answering sig-nal, fired off a gun, which had the effect of frightening off the panthers. -Osceola (La.) Times.

The women of Germany subscribed sum of money which was presented to the late Empress Augusta as a free gift on the occasion of her golden wedding. The fund has been placed at interest and is called by the appropriate name of "Frauen Trost," or "Comfort to Women." Two-thirds of the income can be used each year to relieve sudden distress.