

BANDON RECORDER.

Sword of a Thousand Pieces.

What do you think of a sword blade that contains a thousand sheets of metal? Yet they are not uncommon and, as you will readily imagine, are of oriental workmanship.

Our painstaking, patient Japanese friends are the makers of them, and a few days ago I had the pleasure of seeing one in a Fourth avenue curiosity shop and had its method of manufacture explained.

The blades of these sabers are made from magnetic iron ores. The steel is produced in small, very thin sheets, and the workman begins by fixing one of them to the end of an iron rod which serves as a handle.

To this are soldered other small sheets until the mass has a length of about eight inches, a width of about two inches and a thickness of a little more than a quarter of an inch.

This bar is brought to a white heat, doubled on itself and hammered until it is down to its original dimensions. This process is repeated 15 times. Four similar bars are then soldered together, doubled upon themselves, resoldered and heated, the operation being repeated five times.

This process makes the superposed layers so thin that a sifter contains at least a thousand sheets of metal.

If you find one of these swords that has a weird appearance, you may know it is caused by alternate layers of iron and steel being soldered together.

A Word Kept Him Up.

An absenteeism rascal was the cause of much amusement at a Memphis hotel a few nights ago. He registered early after supper, but did not go to his room right off.

About 9 o'clock, his usual bedtime, he remarked to the clerk that he believed he would "remain."

"All right," said the obliging man behind the counter. The big clock ticked off another hour, and the old man addressed the clerk again:

"I say I believe I'll remain." "You have my permission, sir."

When the hands on the dial pointed to 11, the old fellow, who was so sleepy he hardly knew where he was "at," called out in a half angry voice:

"By the eternal, I say I believe I'll remain!"

Again the clerk assured him of his permission, but the situation was becoming critical, and something had to be done.

"When you are ready to retire," said the clerk, "you can get your key at this desk."

"Retire," said the exasperated guest. "That is the very word I've been trying to think of for two hours. Give me the key to my room. I'll sleep up till 10 o'clock in the morning to make up for lost time!"

Competent, but Unconvinced. A. A. Gallagher, district passenger agent of the Missouri Pacific railroad, while en route south was taken quite ill and was compelled to stop at Mont gomery, Ala.

He went to a hotel and sent for a physician. The medical man said: "You have a case of pneumonia and must have a nurse."

"All right," said Gallagher. "Do you know a good nurse you can send to look after me?"

The doctor said he did and would have the nurse at the hotel within an hour. In about an hour a colored woman who measured about nine feet in girth put in an appearance, and Gallagher asked her if she had ever nursed sick people.

"Yes, indeed," she replied. "I've had considerable experience with ailing persons. I nursed Marster John, and he died; then I nursed Mistress Lucy, and she died; then I nursed Mistress Lucy's sister. The doctor didn't think she was so very poorly, but she done died."

"Have you had any other experience in nursing?" asked Gallagher. "Yes, indeed. Only last week I left Colonel Carter's house, where I nursed the colonel for five days."

"Well, did the colonel get well?" asked Gallagher. "No. The colonel died, too, but Dr. Jones, who 'tended him, run a big knife into the colonel and opened him up. The doctor had been out late the night before and was a little nervous. The knife sort of slipped and just about cut the colonel's heart out. Then the doctor said all he couldn't save him."

"You seem to be a good nurse," said Gallagher, "and you're engaged." Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mistook Him For Guy Fawkes. The bishop of Ely, Lord Alwyn Compton, is a general "all around favorite" with the royal family. A few months ago his lordship was visiting the Duke and Duchess of York at York House and, being passionately fond of children, asked if he could see and have a chat with the young York "hopefuls."

Prince Edward of York was brought into the room. "Who is this kind gentleman who has come to see you?" asked very politely the duchess of Bonnie Prince Edward. "What are you going to say to him?" said "How do you do, Lord-Lord what, now?"

Little Prince Edward looked curiously at his lordship's gaiters and long coat and then gravely replied: "How do you do, Lord-Lord help us!"

His lordship was humbly tickled at this salutation and said later to the Duke of York: "Why, the future king of England mistook me for Guy Fawkes!" London M. A. F.

The recent census taken throughout Switzerland has shown a remarkable increase in the number of inhabitants. Perhaps the most extraordinary growth is in the canton of Zurich, whose population in 1888 numbered 337,183, but now it is 428,030, an increase of 90,847 inhabitants in 12 years. This is considered a world's record. Geneva has increased by 21,412 persons during the same period.

Philadelphia Felina Duplicity. It was during the natural history hour. "Give me," asked the teacher, "an example of the alleged deceitful character of the cat."

"In restaurants it is sometimes said to pass itself off for a rabbit," answered the head boy. Philadelphia Times.

Polly Larkin.

I think teachers make a terrible mistake sometimes in the way they talk to little folks in the school-room. Harsh words are spoken and forgotten by the teacher; not so with the little ones. The words pierce their hearts like a thorn long after the teacher has inflicted the wound, and it gives them an insight into anything but the beautiful and enviable side of life of the teacher.

Most children look upon their teacher at first as something bordering on perfection, and harsh and unkind words leave a mark and shake their faith to an extent that is positively cruel. The other day a tiny little girl who had just entered the school a few days before left the lunch unattended that she had taken with her and ran all the way home to get a beautiful rosebud for her teacher that her mother had promised her.

Securing the coveted rosebud her little feet fairly flew to get back in time for the afternoon session. She had no time to eat her lunch, but she was happy in picturing how pleased her teacher would be with the lovely rosebud when she gave it to her as she passed out in the evening. The teacher placed a sentence for each scholar on the blackboard, and this particular little girl's sentence proved to be interesting or dry. She knew nearly all the rest on the board, but her own had slipped her mind. "I despise stupid girls," said the teacher, when the little girl had to own that she had forgotten her sentence. The sensitive little face paled and her great blue eyes filled with tears. She could not give her the lovely rosebud now, for the teacher "despised stupid girls," and she would not care for it. All the gladness went out of that little heart, and when school was over she passed out holding the rosebud in the folds of her dress, and when she got out of the building she handed it to a little girl. All its beauty was gone and she felt only the cruel thorns that could pain her no worse than the teacher's unkind words. No matter what the teacher may do in the future, she can never blot out the words that hurt this little child and brought tears to the big blue eyes. Her faith was sadly shaken and the teacher would not have soon forgotten it had she heard the child say in her little heart-broken way, "You can have the rosebud; I don't want it now." Some children would not have cared, for they would possess that happy-go-lucky disposition that never broods and never takes anything to heart; but there are hosts of little children as sensitive to harsh words and manners as the most delicate and fragile flowers are to the frost's icy touch. Polly's heart goes out to the wee folks, and again I say teachers make a cruel mistake when they so far forget themselves as to speak harshly and in a way that holds the child up to the ridicule of the other scholars. Trials and tribulations will come soon enough without encountering sorrow in their mere babyhood.

Frequently you hear the remark on the street as well as other places in regard to some petty crime committed or the disturbing of the peace, as the legal fraternity would have it, "Oh, it's only the work of a drunken soldier," and with an air of indifference that would make one shudder who understood and was familiar with scenes in the lives of the young enlisted soldiers who lived in the white tents that spread out over the bleak sandhills of the Presidio, when the country was crying for volunteers to go to the front during the war with Spain. "Only a drunken soldier," and who is responsible for the downfall of many of these boys? Polly remembers distinctly going out to the Presidio one evening when the fog was falling like rain. The sandhills were dotted as thickly with white tents as the meadows are with white daisies in the spring time. Campfires flickered and smoldered, sending out more gray smoke than cherry blaze. The many of them were boys—sat around the poor apology for a fire and tried to keep up their courage the best way possible. Some of them sang, others told jokes, and some few found comfort in talking of the pleasures of home. Many of them were blue and despondent with homesickness, and added to their unhappiness from that source were the attacks of bad colds that ended in pneumonia and carried many a homesick soldier boy to his long home and his last rest in the cemetery of the Presidio. Most of them would not have thought it hard had they fallen in fighting for their country, but to be exposed to the fogs that penetrated their thin clothing purchased for a warmer climate than San Francisco, and to die of pneumonia and homesickness, teardrop dependent from the first to the last of the effects of the disease, was more than they had signed for.

Strange to say, saloons spring up in the vicinity as thick as mushrooms after a warm rain. The doors were thrown wide open, and there was music, laughter, jokes, and above all the warmth that thawed the cold out of the half-frozen boys who had come from a warmer climate. They were vengeful on pneumonia and were advised to drink the cheap whiskey that would counteract the disease and make them forget as well the agony of homesickness. Boys who were models of propriety got their first taste for liquor in these wretched places that held out inducements of mirth and forgetfulness to these soldiers right on our own shores.

"Why were they allowed?" has often been a query with Polly. In place of these dens of distraction why were not coffee-houses started, with music and music and plenty of sandwiches and steaming hot tea and coffee that would have cheered but not intoxicated and helped to tide them over the discomforts of the long, dreary wait for hundreds of the despondent boys who had never been away from home before and who wanted impatiently on the fog-swept shores of the Pacific for the orders that would send them to foreign shores to fight for their country. If death came by shot and shell they were prepared for it, for having enlisted they must take their chances, but they did not calculate on dying like sheep on the shores of the Golden Gate from typhoid fever (which could have been avoided) and pneumonia. Is it any wonder that many of them fell and sought oblivion from trouble, homesickness, etc., in the saloons that made them welcome? Knowing the circumstances, Polly never likes to hear any one say, "It was only a drunken soldier," for right here, on our own coast, he became addicted to the habit.

Polly heard of a bright little boy the other day, whose first impression of San Francisco Bay is worth recording. On being carried out to one of the ferry boats he became very much interested, and, gazing around, exclaimed: "It must have been raining down here—big puddles." It was in keeping with the remark of another bright boy on seeing the bay for the first time. He was dumfounded for a moment, and astonished his parents by saying, "The Lord's got the biggest bathtub I ever saw."

Italy's King Studies Politics. Victor Emmanuel III is new to parliamentary life, as during his father's reign he kept quite out of politics. The only time he is ever known to have expressed an opinion was after the disaster of Adowa, when he came expressly to Rome to warn King Humbert against Crispi, his reward being a month's confinement in a fortress. He is now extremely busy studying the practical working of Parliament, to which end every deputy has free audience to him daily at 11 a. m. He is represented as a man of sterling honesty, so that his initiation into political intrigues cannot fail to be a great disillusion, but will naturally help to a just estimate of persons and things. He certainly starts well equipped for the race, as no sooner had he ascended the throne than by a series of acts he gained, at one bound, the love and confidence of the nation, which before had been something less than lukewarm. Now what is required for a triumphant finish is to prove himself above all energetic, and to have the true interests of a suffering country at heart. So far he has shown every disposition to fulfill this ideal.

Stationery and Fuel. Benjamin Harrison, an ancestor of our ex-President and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, was fond of the good things of this life and a high liver. While a member of the First Congress, which met in Philadelphia, on one occasion he was joined by a friend as he left the congressional hall. Wishing to ask his friend to join him in a bumper, he took him to a certain place and called for two glasses of brandy and water. The man in charge replied that liquor was not included in the supplies furnished Congressmen.

"What is it, then, that I see the New England members come here and drink?"

"Molasses and water, which they have charged to stationery," was the reply.

"Very well," said Harrison, "give me brandy and water and charge it as fuel."

Treasurer of the White House. There are doubtless in every large city in the country larger and more valuable collections of bric-a-brac and art furniture than are to be found in the private apartments of the Executive Mansion, but it is a question whether there is in the length and breadth of the land any other half so interesting. Rarely is, of course, a universal characteristic of the artistic gems scattered through the home of the Presidents, but better than that is the fact that almost every piece is fraught with memories and associations that make it a prized possession. Of the whole number probably half are the gifts of kings and rulers—tokens of appreciation from friendly nations—and the remainder having been fashioned especially for the White House, have no duplicates anywhere else in the world.

Mrs. Laurence Atina Tallonia, daughter of the artist, announces herself as the author of a new periodical called The Herb of Grace. Its aim will be to bring about a return to a simpler life and its distinctive features will be the absence of advertisements, fashions, personalities and illustrations.

A Cleveland inventor has been granted a patent for a novel hill-climbing device for automobiles, which automatically lowers the seat of the vehicle according to the steepness of the incline to be mounted.

The jewels belonging to the British crown are supposed to be worth fifteen millions of money.

The only two great European capitals that have never been occupied by a foreign force are London and St. Petersburg.

If the earth's surface were level the water of the ocean would cover it to a depth of 600 feet.

A man breathes about twenty times a minute, or 120 times an hour.

"HEAP SMELL."

The Indian Knew What He Wanted and Where to Get It.

Some Indians from Buffalo Bill's Wild West, arrayed in bright colored blankets and an exceptional amount of face paint, were taking in the sights of the city one afternoon. They strolled down Walnut street, single file, and headed by a buck who now and then gave a grunt of satisfaction when something that pleased him caught his eye. They halted in front of a drug store and gazed at the window display for a moment. Then the head filed into the establishment and began to look around.

The clerk thought the place was going to be besieged and that he was likely to lose his scalp, but when the "big chief," who acted as spokesman, addressed him with the customary Indian greeting of "How," the clerk regained his composure enough to ask the Indian what he wanted.

"Heap smell," was the reply. Directed by the Indian's finger to a showcase, the clerk produced a bar of soap. The brave took it gingerly, removed the wrapper, sniffed it and bit into the toothsome looking article. With a deep grunt of deprecation he landed it back to the drug clerk. With a disgusted look he remarked: "Heap smell."

The clerk began to tremble, and the Indian pointed to a perfume bottle in the showcase. The bottle of perfume was handed to him. The Indian held it in both hands for a moment, closely scrutinizing it. He slowly removed the stopper, closely watching it as if he expected it to explode, and took a long sniff at the bottle, gave a grunt of satisfaction, handed the clerk some money and led his band of braves out of the store, to the delight of the frightened clerk, who had not been in the practice of waiting on real Indians.—Kansas City Journal.

Yellow Journalism.

Yellow journalism is successful from a financial standpoint. The profits of the New York Herald last year amounted to nearly \$750,000, or about \$2,000 per day. Mr. Pulitzer's net profits for the same time were \$390,000, his income having fallen off since the New York World dropped from 2 cents to 1 cent.

General Forrest of the Confederate army," said an ex-Confederate officer, "was a military genius of the first rank. Without previous training or any developed taste in that direction he went into the army from a place as overcast and attained commanding rank absolutely by merit. Rough and uncouth at first, he became in later life a courtly gentleman whom it was a pleasure to meet and to know. I remember on one occasion some time after the war coming up to Richmond with him. I wanted to introduce a young woman who was under my escort. He said he was flattered by the request, but that he could not meet her unless she knew perfectly well who he was and that he was not held in high esteem by the northern people chiefly on account of the Fort Pillow affair. I assured him that she was fully apprised of his record, and then he went with me to meet her, and she told me later she had never met a more attractive man.

Earlier in his career—that is, before he had learned to spell—he was asked by a young lady to put his autograph in her album. He wrote his name as requested and under it his title, "major general of cavalry," as he spelled it. The lady called his attention to it in a very delicate way, and he looked at it a moment, and with a full consciousness that he was lacking in that regard and with a beautiful and scarcely to be expected humility he said, "Let it stand to show how ignorant General Forrest is." There are not many men who would have done that, I imagine, and it was the little things that showed the man's true greatness." New York Sun.

As Mud as a Batter.

Probably very few persons who frequently use the expression "as mud as a batter" have any idea as to what it means or why a batter is necessarily any more subject to fits of anger than a plumber, a blacksmith or a carpenter. The expression is said to have come into use half a century ago, when the manufacture of hats was done wholly by hand. The most striking thing about the process was that of the beating of the felt. The latter first dipped the mass of wool and hair frequently into hot water, then, seizing a stick in each hand, he leaped the mass most vigorously, stopping now and then to get his breath, until the material was matted together in a tough sort of felt. The freely beating administered to the felt as if the work man were actually incensed, gave rise to the trothful simile.

An Uneven Contest.

"They had a lively boxing match at Splitter's the other night."

"How was that?"

"Splitter came home late, and as he passed through the hall his wife's tailcoat palm touched him on the cheek. Splitter was in an excited condition and thought it was somebody's finger. So he struck out wildly with both fists and succeeded in knocking over two palms and severely bumping his own head."

"But why do you call it a boxing match?"

"Because Splitter put up his knuckles against his wife's palms."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Good Man's Joke.

Two gentlemen of the cloth were standing on a corner the other day. Evidently they were talking about extraneous things to be held during the week.

"I anticipate a great awakening in my church," said the first speaker.

"My people never go to sleep," said the second.

"There comes my car," replied the first, and they parted company.—Albany Journal.

Too Well Disguised.

"After all," suggested the cheerful one, "it may be a blessing in disguise."

"If so," returned the disgruntled one, "I may say that I never saw a more perfect disguise."—Washington Post.

Suspicious.

Benevolent Old Gentleman (to fellow passenger)—How fast we travel! But, oh, young man, have you ever thought of the flight of time? Think of the fleeting hours of youth, the golden days that swiftly pass away. Have you ever counted the minutes?

Battered (in conversation and suspicious)—What are you trying to do? Sell me a watch!—London Nuggets.

SHOULD THEY GO TO WAR?

In the days of the Franco-Great Britain war, the first and most important part of the struggle would be for the command of the sea. Should Great Britain succeed in retaining the command of the sea, France would thereby be reduced to a condition of impotence so far as offensive operations are concerned and would sooner or later be obliged to submit to the will of her rival, although it is true, she might last for a long time. If, on the other hand, France should succeed in wresting from Great Britain the command of the sea and in keeping it, Great Britain would be so much more helpless and impotent than France in similar plight would be that the war would terminate quickly.

In a word, France, even without the command of the sea or anything approaching it, remains capable of prolonged resistance—firstly, because she is a self-supporting country; secondly, because the French national sentiment and strength are already concentrated within her borders, and, thirdly, because she stands among the best equipped of the military powers, while Great Britain, deprived of the command of the sea, would collapse with relative rapidity—firstly, because she is in no sense a self-supporting country; secondly, because her national sentiment and strength are scattered over the world and cannot be concentrated save by way of the sea, and, thirdly, because she is not a military power according to the standard set up by Germany, France, Russia and Austria-Hungary.—W. Laird Clowes in Nineteenth Century.

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NEW SHORT STORIES.

Senator Stewart as a Wrestler—An Intelligent Horse—Mistook Him For Guy Fawkes.

Although threescore years and ten, Senator Stewart is still a hale and vigorous man and would willingly challenge any man of 50 to a wrestling match. In his early days Senator Stewart was a great athlete, and wrestling was his particular forte.

The early days of the century go back to the first half of the century, Mr. Stewart remembers, for instance, the Tippecanoe campaign. The political meetings of that famous struggle were enlivened by wrestling matches, and one especially competent wrestler traveled around the country seeking contests with persons who had been attracted to the meetings. Mr. Stewart, then a boy in Ohio, had some reputation as a wrestler, and he was induced to challenge the professional. "I noticed," said the senator yesterday as he laughed in recalling the episode, "that the man had one faulty movement. I watched him carefully, and then I was willing to meet him. In less than a minute I had thrown him an arm's length away. Of course I did not attempt to repeat the trick, for he had seen his error."

One of Senator Stewart's diversions was to throw two men at once. He says that this is a much easier task than throwing one man and chuckled as he remembered how he had vanquished two ambitious athletes in the presence of a large crowd.

An Intelligent Horse.

A funny story is going the rounds in Paris, says a correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, concerning an intelligent horse belonging to Baron Rene Lalleuville. The baron is one of the heaviest drinkers in Paris clubland. He is said to be eclipsed by only one man in Paris. The latter is Lalleuville's newly arrived English coachman, who never has been sober long enough to learn the Paris streets.

Several of his clubmates asked the baron how he found his way home nights. He replied that his horse knew Paris from end to end and that he only needed to say where he wanted to go.

His hearers being incredulous, the baron offered to wager any one \$200.

It is stated that a South American shrub called yerba or yerba mate is destined to attract considerable attention in the near future. From its leaves a tea is infused which possesses the properties of invigorating without intoxicating, to which may be added the sustaining properties usually attributed to coffee. The plant is a small evergreen shrub of the holly family. Yerba is the native name for the places where it is found growing wild along the Paraguary river. Natives have for centuries prepared the tea by gently roasting the green leaves and dry enough to grind to a powder. Systematic attempts at cultivation are now being made, the belief being held that one should hold a place in the markets of the world equal to tea or coffee. Others say the taste must be acquired, like eating olives.—London Globe.

An Air Torpedo.

The newest war engine is an air torpedo which, after a slight initial velocity is given to it, propels itself for a distance of nearly four miles. It is of secret construction and has been patented by Sweden, Major Unger, whose government has granted money to him for the undertaking of experiments.

The forward movement of the projectile is effected by means of a gas which, escaping and blowing out through the channels of a turbine fixed at the bottom, drives the torpedo with increasing speed.

Any kind of percussion explosive may be used. This projectile is fired from a specially constructed cannon and is noiseless. The initial velocity being low, there is no recoil and not the slightest danger to the firing party.

Bar Business in Lent.

"The bar business," says a bartender quoted by the Philadelphia Record, "always falls off after the first of the year and during Lent. The fellows who swear off at New Year's seldom keep their pledges very long, though, and the depression really only lasts for about a month or so. Then Lent comes along, and that always means a falling off in trade. You would be surprised to know how many men there are who abstain from liquor all during Lent. It is a case of total abstinence, too, and the men who make up their minds to it stick to their vow, too. The same men usually abstain during Lent every year."

The Queen's Will.

The will of Queen Victoria will not be proved, for the probate court has no power over the testament of the sovereign, and there exists no machinery by which probate can be granted. The exact contents of the will will therefore, not be made known to the public, though doubtless some information will be forthcoming as to the general tenor of the document. The only royal will which has been published since that of Henry VIII is, we believe, that of George I.—London Globe.

Why His Life Was a Failure.

"Yes, I consider my life a failure."

"Oh, Henry, how sad! Why should you say that?"

"I spent all my time making money enough to buy food and clothes, and the food disagrees with me, and my clothes don't fit"—Life.

His Present Hope.

Mrs. Sleepy—Henry, the alarm clock just went off.

Mrs. Sleepy—Thank goodness! I hope the thing'll never come back.—Ohio State Journal.

A LONDON CRIMINAL.

THE FOG THIEF AND HOW HE PLIES HIS PECULIAR TRADE.

He operates boldly both in the City and on the Thames—Carries Off His Plunder From Vans and Cabs Shrouded in the Dense Gloom.

Thousands of thieves long for fog with a great longing. Incredible as it may seem, property worth tens of thousands of pounds is every year stolen from vans and lorries alone in London streets. Quite nine-tenths of this property disappears during fogs.

The leaders of the fog thief gangs usually have some little capital to start with. One of them affects to be a carriage contractor on a small scale. He takes very quiet promises that have a high boarding round and that are not overlooked, if he has plenty of courage, all the better. He has at least one smart trap and horse and two and sometimes three rogues to go with it.

It is during the late foggy afternoons and early evenings of winter that the hauls are made. Streets with warehouses—and not shops that are lighted brilliantly and early—on each side and that are often congested with traffic are mostly chosen. The small and smart trap plunges into the thick of the traffic. It soon, in the gloom and murk, places itself immediately behind a van or lorry piled with packages of various kinds.

The men in the quick trap are all on the alert. One of them, a man chosen for his immense physical strength, goes to the head of the pony on some pretext. He soon has a package down from the van in front. He is provided with sharp cutting instruments, and he has a powerful piece of strap with a hook at one end. If there is a boy sitting behind the van, the men in the trap contrive to get him down by diverting his attention. Even with a view to distracting the possible attention of carters, the thieves generally get up an altercation, or "barney," among themselves or with others. They are men of colossal impudence and powers of abuse, and all attention becomes riveted upon them. In one case not far from Farringdon street last December worth £500, the van boy being temporarily blinded, as alleged, by a snuff into his face from a pea shooter and then disappearing.

One of the most notorious of these fog thieves was a little young fellow who crept along the back of a pony to its head, American jockey fashion, and looked what he could from out of the van in front.

The great hands of these men are when they follow cabs and private carriages from a railway station. In such cases they generally use two traps and horses. A cab is marked that has apparently valuable luggage on the top. This is followed till some dark street is reached where the way is narrow or congested; then the driver of one of the traps, that has a very swift pony harnessed to