

INDUSTRIAL BRIEFLETS.

Various Topics of Interest Snatched from the Wayside.

The chemists explain that it is the great quantity of nitrogen in the succulent green plants that works the chief part of the miracle, while the decomposition of the fresh vegetable matter undergirds gives off carbonic acid, which attacks the inert silicates and turns them into assimilable salts.

The receipts of flaxseed in Chicago during the last month reached the following astounding aggregate of 1,857,000 bushels of fifty-six pounds each, and during one week the receipts of seed actually exceeded those of wheat.

Prof. Arthur states, in his late report from the New York experiment station, that he examined peach orchards near King's Ferry, on Cayuga lake, and found a hillside orchard which had become entirely worthless, and only waited a convenient time to be uprooted.

J. S. Harris, of Minnesota, stated, at a meeting of the Wisconsin Horticultural society that a native plum, called the Rolling Stone, had been introduced by O. M. Lord, of Minnesota City, the fruit keeping nine days after picking, while the skin peels as easily as that of a tomato for table use or for canning.

A bee's working tools comprise a variety equal to that of the average mechanic. The feet of the common working bee exhibit the combination of a basket, a brush, and a pair of pincers.

Joseph Arch, who commenced a movement in favor of elevating the condition of farm laborers in England some twenty years ago has been elected to parliament from the northwestern district of Norfolk county.

In the horse, a good width between the eyes, the eyes prominent but placid, with a good height from the eye to the ear, indicates intelligence. If the forehead is prominent and smooth it indicates a mild, equable temper.

In a memoir by Sir J. B. Lawes it is maintained that while the atmosphere is the main, if not the exclusive, source of carbon for crops, the soil is the principal, if not the only source of their nitrogen.

Recently a call was issued for delegates to the meeting of the International Range Cattle and Horse Growers' association, to be held at Denver, Jan. 27, next.

The annual meeting of the Indiana Shorthorn Cattle Breeders' association will be held at the rooms of the state board of agriculture in Indianapolis on Tuesday, Jan. 26, beginning at 10:30 a. m.

Prof. C. V. Riley has given the National museum at Washington his collection of over 20,000 species of insects and 115,000 mounted specimens, besides additional unmounted material, books and pamphlets, making one of the most valuable gifts of the sort ever offered to the government.

Musk rats should be hunted from ponds and other breeding places of fish. A muskrat got into a large box containing water one foot deep, near Spirit lake, Iowa, where there were minnows from two to four inches long.

During the last year bees in Ohio gathered 1,731,085 pounds of honey, estimated to be worth \$276,975, while the fowls produced 32,602,321 dozen of eggs valued at \$4,890,348.

Electricity is now utilized in Russia for bleaching cotton. Manufacturers near St. Petersburg steep their material in water, which is then decomposed by electric currents.

It is estimated that the following are the numbers of shorthorns, with the average prices, sold in Scotland during the past three years: In 1882, 557 head, \$127.28; in 1883, 481 head, \$141.84; in 1884, 762 head, \$132.50.

American purchasers in the English stud market are becoming so numerous and so frequently outbid English purchasers that the United States is rapidly acquiring the best English horses.

The Buckeye Land and Cattle company, of Grant county, New Mexico, is reported to have recently bought fifteen hundred heifers in Texas, which it will add to the herds on its range near Deming.

The corn-canning industry in Maine has fallen off very greatly during the past two years, the amount packed in the season of 1885 being less than one half the amount packed in 1883.

The governor of Maine is master of the State grange of the Patrons of Husbandry.

Wanted a Civil Answer.

"What is this about the president's message?" he confidentially asked of a man occupying a window-sill in the postoffice corridor.

"Why, the president has written a message."

"He has, eh? Writes a purty good hand, I suppose? Who got the message?"

"It was sent to congress."

"Exactly. That's purty white in the president, eh? I'll be hanged if I would do it unless they paid me purty well. What did congress want of the message?"

"Why, don't you know what the president's message is?" exclaimed the man.

"Of course I do! Haven't I been Overseer of Highways in my town for the last thirteen years? You needn't snap a man's head off because he asks a civil question! Was the message in poetry?"

"Did you ever see a president's message in poetry?"

"No, sir, but I don't claim to have seen the hull earth! The message hasn't anything to do with a play, has it?"

"See here—you go home! You don't know enough to pound sand!"

"You're a liar!" was the prompt response. "I come up to you in a gentlemanly way and ask you a civil question, and you fly mad and abuse me! You are no gentleman, sir! I didn't know but the message was to be dramatized."

"Well, did I ever!"

"There you go again! Seems as if you don't know 'nuff to answer a civil question. I'll bet a bushel of 'taters to a cent that you don't know nothing about the message yourself!"

"I won't talk with you!"

"Neither will I talk with you! You go your way and I'll go mine, but don't you try to bluff nor bulldoze me any more or I'll crack your heels agin the ceiling! I know what the president's message is as well as you do, and don't you dare feel yourself higher'n I am!"

—Detroit Free Press.

How Women Wash Their Faces.

A woman was in disguise and was fleeing from some crime she had committed. She was traveling in a stage coach and stopped at a country inn. The travelers alighted and the supposed man got out with the others.

All went to the wash shelf at the end of the porch. A man was sitting leaning against the post of the porch. He was watching the woman in disguise as she washed her face and hands, and when she was done he at once arrested her.

He discovered her sex by her manner of applying the water in washing her face. All men rub up and down and snort. All women apply the water and stroke gently downward.—Chicago Tribune.

Trot Him Away Out.

"I dreamt a strange, strange dream of bliss; I thought that some one came and held my soul in one long kiss and softly spoke my name."

SANDBAGGERS AT WORK.

An Interesting Chat with a Veteran Detective—The Tools Used by Expert Criminals.

"The season for sandbagging is rapidly coming round," said the detective to the Mail reporter.

"I should think it would be a risky business. They might sometime wake up the wrong passenger."

"Sometimes they do," he replied. "If they don't lay out their man the first crack and he happens to have a gun he usually uses it. But he usually sizes up his man, if he understands his business. These recent daring robberies of ladies in the aristocratic portion of the city around Twenty-second street, among the elegant residences toward the lake, were without danger," said the party in a position to know.

"Why, I—"

"I'll tell you. There was in all probability a double play to the scheme. These ladies, elegantly attired, board the Cottage Grove avenue and State street cars, and on many of them there is at least one watchful woman. She may be handsome, young and giddy, but she is always splendidly attired. She has a keen eye, however, and observes as her lady companions pay their fares. The party with the pithoric pocket-book is closely watched. The spotter alights when the other does, goes into the same store, possibly buys a trifle, and, if possible, engages her lady friend in conversation in order to ascertain more freely the 'depth' of her wallet. If satisfied the game is worth the powder she goes out and imparts the information to her accomplice on the corner. He is usually a fine, but seriously dressed individual, frequently wearing whiskers carefully combed. The woman gives him the 'tip' and returns to the store until such time as the intended victim has made her purchases and departed. If the investment exhausts her cash, the 'spotter' gives the 'queer' sign and starts on another lay. If everything is right, however, she gives him the 'wink' and he follows the victim until he either picks her pocket or strangles her after she leaves the car. The spotter in the meantime is practicing her legitimate vocation of shoplifting. These short days are just the thing for this kind of work. A lady goes shopping in the afternoon, and it will be dark almost invariably before she returns home. You may call us suspicious of everybody, but we have reason to be so. The fact is, you don't know, unless you happen to be personally acquainted with the person, who you are sitting next to in a street-car."

The reporter thought of his morning stock yard airings, the awful risks he was running, and said nothing.

"Now, the burglar has harder lines," he continued. "He has to run all the chances. He has to not only plan how to get into a house, but to know all the avenues of escape in the event of an emergency. Besides, he needs tools for his nefarious work, while the ordinary thief only needs quick wit."

The police know all the tools of these gentlemen, from the "nippers" of the hotel thief, who sneaks into your room by turning the key from the outside, to those of the audacious burglar who cracks a bank. These latter are made of the finest steel usually, and of most ingenious construction. There is said to be an obscure "smithy" which turns out "kits" by the dozen. Saws, files, chisels, pocket jack-screws, breast-bits, nippers—all neat and highly finished. It would be almost impossible to duplicate them elsewhere. The nippers are long, slender pinchers, used to turn the key which has been left on the inside after retiring. It is the simplest implement in the entire outfit, and the work accomplished by it is spoken of lightly by the "profession." A steady hand can insert the instrument, and, catching the stem of the key in a vise-like grip, withdraw the bolt as noiselessly as the tread of a cat. Burglars rarely use knives or pistols. Not that they have any scruples about taking human life. A man who would stealthily enter your residence for the purpose of plunder would kill you to evade capture. But these weapons are not sufficiently sudden or stunning—the victim is liable to give the alarm before unconscious. A set of brass "knucks" or a "billy" are considered by old timers the most effective. The latter is essential in a hand-to-hand encounter, but the "billy" in certain emergencies is the best. A blow can be dealt from behind which will produce insensibility instantly, and yet, if the burglar is captured, he cannot be accused of murder, because his victim was only rendered senseless for the time being, by concussion. Experienced burglars rarely carry guns because they might on the spur of the moment and in excitement draw and fire, thus causing alarm and their almost certain arrest. The "jimmy" is used mainly in forcing open doors or windows which can not be operated by the skeleton keys. It is in the shape of a crowbar, about eighteen inches long, and can be deftly slipped up the sleeve. The skeleton key and all the other paraphernalia occupy but little space, and one can brush against a burglar perfectly prepared for action and never suspect him. The skeleton keys are very essential, however. They are so constructed that they can be pushed into a day or night lock and draw the bolt. One may not accomplish the desired end, but out of an assortment—sometimes fifty—the burglar usually

finds one which will do the work. No well-regulated burglar goes without a full line of them. Electric bells, burglar alarms, and hosts of devices for protection of property have been devised, but all to no purpose. The midnight marauder will persist in stealthily creeping in, however. What shall be done in the premises? It has been suggested that inch steel shutters be provided for the windows, the kitchen stove be made adjustable, so that it can be wheeled against the back door, while the piano can block up the front entrance. With these precautions and a shotgun in easy reach the most nervous man can pull the night-cap over his ears and snooze contentedly.—Chicago Mail.

A Profound Secret.

When Mr. "Citizen" writes a communication for the morning paper, he—in presenting the manuscript to the editor—says: "You see, I don't want my name to be known in connection with this affair."

"I understand."

"I don't suppose that any one will guess me, but if any one should, you know how to act."

"Yes, I'll attend to it."

"This thing's going to raise Cain around town but the censure is deserved."

"I think so."

"You don't think the article is too strong, do you?"

"No, I think not."

The next morning Mr. "Citizen" eagerly seizes the paper and reads his communication again and again. He is filled with the idea that he is a great reformer and that a literary career is possibly opening unto him. He leisurely walks down town. He has already begun to assume what he fancies is a literary air. He meets Mr. Smith.

"Citizen"—"Did you read that article in this morning's paper—the one calling attention to certain abuses?"

Smith—"Yes, I read it."

"Citizen"—"Who do you reckon wrote it?"

Smith—"I don't know."

"Citizen"—"A man up the street accused me of writing it. Said it was my style, exactly."

Smith—"But you didn't write it, did you?"

"Citizen"—"Why, you must think that I am a literary man. I can't write that well. So long."

Shortly afterward, Mr. "Citizen" meets Johnson:

"Citizen"—"Say, Johnson, did you read that article in this morning's paper—article headed 'Much-needed Reform'?"

Johnson—"Yes."

"Citizen"—"I met Smith just now and he accused me of writing it. Well, sir, I never was caught so. He pinned me down and made me acknowledge it. I never saw such a town as this is. A man can't keep anything a secret; but, with regard to writing, I suppose there is much in a man's style. I used to write editorials, you know, and after awhile—although I tried to keep the matter a profound secret—the people found me out."

At night, Mr. "Citizen" calls on the editor and says:

"Didn't tell anybody who wrote that article, did you?"

"Of course not."

"Well, sir, I don't understand it, but nearly every man I met this morning accused me of writing it. Some time when I'm not very busy I'll write you another article."—Arkansas Traveler

Utilizing the Ugly Pug.

A young lady whose father is one of the wealthy men of the city went abroad last summer in company with two relatives. They sailed from this port and returned hither. They allowed their general baggage to be inspected without protest. The young lady carried a diminutive pug dog in her arms. The animal was particularly ill-natured and vicious, but the young lady appeared to be fond of her brute and carried him in her arms all the time. He wore a blanket and had a collar around his neck.

I got close enough to see that the blanket was a mass of expensive lace tacked on to the blanket, to enable her evade duty on it, and that the collar was literally studded with diamonds. What could we do? If we had held the dog there would have been a great howl over the indignity, and the girl's father had influence enough to have us all discharged. We consequently allowed the \$10 pug, with his \$2,000 blanket and his \$10,000 collar, to pass free of duty.—Philadelphia Times.

Standing by Patsy.

"Is Patsy Kelly locked up here?" inquired a bright-eyed little lad in knee britches of Deputy Sheriff Conway at the jail on Sunday. "Yes," responded the officer. "May I see him?" the boy asked. "No, we cannot let little fellow's up," said Mr. Conway. "Well, if I can't see him, will you give him something for me?" the lad asked. "Yes, put it on the table there and mark his name on it," was Mr. Conway's reply. The little visitor did as directed and left the building. In a little while Mr. Conway was asking himself what the boy had left. He went to the table and found a small roll of paper with Kelly's name on it. Opening it, he found a partially consumed cigarette.—Troy Press.

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