

Thieves by Birth.

I was invited to a jail in Massachusetts by a young lawyer, who has since become United States Senator, to examine the head of a client of his whom he was to defend on the charge of stealing.

All this point the lawyer told the young man he might tell me what he had told him (the lawyer). He went on to relate that he had been in the habit of stealing everything, whether he wanted it or not; that he would go to prayer meetings and take the opportunity of praying two or three times during the evening, and sometimes on the way home he would be inspired with a devotional kneeling, and would kneel down in the corner of the fence alone and have a season of prayer that was sweet and heavenly to him; and, strange as it may seem, if he saw a hanging on a farmer's fence or a whistle-tree chain, or pin of a cartnap, or a beetle and wedges, or an old axe half worn, he would steal it, and afterward it would occur to him that he could not use the articles, nobody would buy them, and his only way was to conceal them; and he remarked that there was a hollow log lying in a small piece of wood in which he had secreted the articles which he had stolen because he dare not carry them home nor offer them for sale.

A man who was a minister called for an examination, and at the end of a long sharp analysis of his character, which acquiescence and secretiveness had been described as strongly developed and very active, and also conscientiousness and cautiousness had been estimated as large, he seemed unwilling to go, but walked up and down the room for several minutes, as if he had some burdened question he wanted to ask and yet was afraid to ask. Turning to him, I said: "Do you wish to ask any questions?" "Yes," he said; "there is one thing about me which you do not seem to have described. If you will tell me that, I will believe in phrenology. I instantly replied: "You have an inclination to steal; but probably manage to refrain from it."

He opened his eyes with terror and astonishment, and giving me such a fierce gaze as never will be forgotten, remarked: "Sir, that is true. That is my trouble. I am a clergyman, sir, and hope that I am a true one; yet I have all my life long been tempted to steal, and in my parochial visits often have an impulse come over me to take something; and if left alone in a room I do take it; and sometimes it requires half an hour to find a convenient opportunity to get the article thus taken out of my pocket and back upon the shelves of the table where it may be a shell which every Sunday-school child in the parish knows; it may be an old hymn-book with a name written on it, and half worn out—things which I do not need, and could not use if I did need them, without the theft being detected." And he remarked, with tears tumbling down his face, "By the help of God I have been able, hitherto, to refrain from carrying away anything which I had thus, under the impulse, stolen."

Twenty-five years ago there was a well-to-do farmer's wife in Connecticut who had an impulse to steal only one kind of an article, and that was blue stockings. If she were driving, in the middle of a bright afternoon, a man from home, where she and the horse and wagon were well known, and she caught sight of a pair of blue stockings hanging on a line in the yard with other clothing, she would stop her team, get out of the wagon, go into the house, and in front of the room where the family were working, and jerk those stockings off the line, leaving a dozen pairs of other colors, return to her wagon, whip up the team and get out of the way. If she had been a stranger, whose peculiarity was unknown, she would have been allowed, and arrested, and punished; but every body knew that she had that queer monomania for blue stockings.

I examined a man's head and described to him as having a money, money, happening, of course, to use that word, money, instead of property, and it made quite a sensation because it was known that he would steal money, and he did not hesitate to talk about it himself. But he would steal nothing else; no matter how valuable, though he knew he might be detected.

RECOVERY FROM ELECTRIC SHOCK.—The Philadelphia Inquirer describes a case which is somewhat unusual. It says a young man named Warwick, who lives near Chew's Landing, New Jersey, was struck by lightning while in a field near his house. The stroke shattered a tree, and some distance from where he was standing, and prostrated him. It was believed he was dead when picked up, and for several hours afterward he gave no sign of life. His father applied to Dr. Urquhart, who advised Mr. Warwick to apply to his son's spine and waist cloth soaked in a mixture which the doctor made for him out of oil of cayenne and water, and with whiskey, of which about three table-spoonfuls were added to the cup full of water. Dr. Warwick's son was directed, and his son, although he had been lying in a stupor for 16 hours before the application of the cloths was made, spoke in about five hours after the first application. He has since been progressing favorably, and it is not unlikely that he will fully recover.

A Nono Preacher had elaborated a new theory of the Exodus, to wit, that the Red Sea got frozen over, and afforded the Israelites a safe passage, but when Pharaoh with his heavy iron chariots attempted it, they broke through and were drowned. A brother rose and asked for an explanation on that point. "I've been reading geography, and the geography says that very warm country—where dey have de tropics. And de tropics too hot for freezin'. De point to be 'splain'd is, 'bout breakin' through de ice." The preacher straightened up and said: "Bradder, glad you axed dat question. It give me 'casion to 'plain it. You see dat was great while 'go—in de ole times dey had any jography—'fo dare was any tropics."

Montenegro.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE BRAVE MOUNTAINEER—WITHDRAWAL OF THE TURKISH TROOPS.

The withdrawal of the Turkish forces from Montenegro is an acknowledgment either that it is impossible to reduce this principality on the rocks, or confession that the Turkish forces have been operating there more urgently needed south of the Danube. What ever the motive, the triumph of the rebels in the Black Mountains is complete, and, for the first time in several years, there is liberty to resume the habits of peace and the customs of civilized government, so far as they are acquainted with them. The ultimate success of Russia being conceded, the subordination of Montenegro to the Porte is, no doubt, forever at an end, and another change is accomplished on the map of Europe.

Turkey obtained possession of the principality toward the end of the fourteenth century. Its semi-independence was stubbornly maintained, however, and its local government was exercised for three centuries by Prince-Bishops, until the last of them, Danilo I., proclaimed himself a secular monarch. The conflict between Montenegro and Turkey has been incessant, the mountaineers and the Porte supplying each other with a constant stream of troubles. The Turks have sent at various times, an army of upward of 100,000 men to subjugate a little sterile rookery, 1,700 miles in area, having an entire population of about 200,000 notwithstanding army of 30,000 Montenegrins prisoners. In 1796, 30,000 Turks were slain in the mountain fastnesses. Wars occurred, with periodical interruptions, from the beginning to the present century; and, in 1858, treason in the Montenegrin camp attempted to accomplish what the arms of the Turkish empire had so repeatedly undertaken in vain. An uncle of Prince Danilo was detected in collusion with Ottoman emissaries, and in 1858, treason in the Montenegrin camp attempted to accomplish what the arms of the Turkish empire had so repeatedly undertaken in vain. An uncle of Prince Danilo was detected in collusion with Ottoman emissaries, and in 1858, treason in the Montenegrin camp attempted to accomplish what the arms of the Turkish empire had so repeatedly undertaken in vain.

The war terminating by the abrupt withdrawal of the Turkish forces was begun in the autumn of 1876, on account of the sympathy of the Montenegrins with the insurgents of Herzegovina and Bosnia. The blockade of the fortress of Nisic, commenced in April, 1876, was stubbornly resisted, but it finally yielded, and was garrisoned by Ottoman troops. On July 2, 1876, Montenegro and Serbia jointly declared war against Turkey. Montenegro's specific demand being that the Turkish garrison should be withdrawn, and the fortress manned by her own troops. Defeats of the Servians by the Turks, and of the Turks by the Montenegrins was the almost inevitable order of battle until after the capture of Alexina, Servia, on Oct. 31. Mukhtar Pasha was then able to consolidate his forces against Montenegro. An armistice of six weeks was arranged, which was afterward extended during the sitting of the conference at Constantinople. Peace was established with Serbia, but the Porte refused to cede Nisic and the mountaineers resumed the offensive. How many thousands of Turks have fallen in this most strenuously contested it is impossible even to speculate; not less than 25,000, upon Turkish statements of the troops sent to operate there. It is not hazardous, in the light of impending events, to surmise that the last Turkish commander, who fell in a most heroic manner, was a famous epicure of the day.

The fate of Montenegro, in the readjustment of tributaries which must follow a settlement of the subjection of Turkey by Russia, lies between Russia and Austria. The people are Slavs of the non-United Greek church; but geographically their natural dependence is upon Austria.—Chicago Times.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF BLOOD.—It is stated that Dr. J. G. Richardson, for the purpose of illustrating in criminal cases the distinguishable appearances of different kinds of blood, has flooded drops of blood from different animals so nearly in contact on the glass slide, that portions of the two drops appear on the same field, and can be photographed together. Dr. C. Leo Mees has modified this method, and obtained exquisite results in specimens presented to the microscopic section of the "Medical Association." He sprayed the blood by Johnston's method, which is to touch a drop of blood to the accurately ground edge of a slide, and then draw it gently over the face of the other slide, leaving a beautifully spread film. In this way one kind of blood is sprayed over the slide, and another on the cover. When dry, one-half of each is carefully scraped off with a smoothly sharpened knife, and the cover inverted upon the slide in such position as to bring the remaining portions of the film into contact. Under the microscope, and in the photograph, the two kinds of blood appear in remarkably fine contrast, even those bloods that are too nearly alike for safe discrimination in criminal cases being easily distinguished when thus prepared from fresh material.

REVOLUTIONARY OTOGRAPHY.—This is the exact fashion in which the brave and brilliant Francis Marion once wrote to Gen. Greene—as in a letter just published for the first time: "Sk—I had the honor of writing you the 10th Instant, & Inclosed a treaty made with Gainey since which I find the greatest part of those people will submit to you, and then pretends to stand out & I am Just on the march to mars blud where I shall pass the river and march to the north line where the Disappointed live & hope to see you to put an end to the Expedition and Leave this part of the country in peace. Fanning went off two days ago with sixty-one men to Chastoun, he was seen at Black river but can not learn where his men is gone, but Francis has taken the same route as their Leader." The gallant soldier was not hampered by any abused punctilios of spelling.

Two friends just married were, a few days ago, discussing rapturously, as they congratulated each other, the merits and charms of their spouses. Said one: "My wife has got the loveliest head of hair I ever saw, even on the hair-renovator labels. When she lets her hair down the ends fall to the floor." "That's nothing," replied the other. "When my wife lets down her hair, it all falls to the floor."

Dr. HALL says that for the period of a month before marriage, and a month after death, men regard their wives as angels.

Lunatics.

THEIR SINGULAR VAGARIES.

"Yes, sir, I'm the light of the world," said a hatched-faced, emaciated man in the City Hospital for the Insane on Ward's Island. And he looked at the Superintendent, Dr. A. P. Macdonald, seemingly expecting some acknowledgment of the truth of his assertion.

Getting from the doctor a nod of respectful assent, the patient continued: "You know, Doctor, that I have been skinned alive here—burned alive, scalded alive. You know it, Doctor. My bones have been taken out of my body one by one. My head has been screwed off and screwed on again."

"Why did they take your head off?" the Doctor inquired.

"Oh, you know, Doctor, you know my mind," the patient replied reproachfully. "You know that my head is the moon and my skin is the stars. Where would you get your light at night, I should like to know, if it wasn't for me? Doesn't my blood supply light for all the street lamps in that big city over there? And, you know, it was my hand that waved the opposite shore, where the thousands of little gas jets glimmered through the darkness."

"Once," he continued, "my head was as big as our friend, the Doctor's here. Now see how it is. This is my head. As he stroked his poor drunken cheeks, his head dropped upon his breast, his jaws dropped, and he looked unutterably sad."

"Yes, but," said the Doctor, trying to rally the patient, "if your skin is all taken off, and your bones are taken out, how is it that there is anything left of you?"

The patient did not raise his eyes from the floor. As the Doctor was moving away the poor fellow mumbled in an undertone, "I don't know, but my body was repaired as fast as it was destroyed."

"That's a curious case," said the Doctor. "It is a mixture of mania and melancholia."

A stout-built, excessively nervous man, with black hair and beard, was next visited. He fancied that he has an electric battery in him, and that his enemies hold the wires, and use them to draw away his thoughts.

They came back again last night, Doctor," the patient said. "They came and took my lungs out."

This case reminds you of a patient possessed of a similar hallucination described in Read's "Terrorable Temptation." Another fellow has a doctor in his body, who moves about to physic and torture him.

"Can you feel him to-day?" Dr. Macdonald inquired.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "I can feel his shoulder pressing here," and he put his hand to his left shoulder.

"Then, where is his head?" asked the Doctor.

The patient felt all over his body and about his throat, and then shook his head, saying, "I don't know where his head is to-day."—N. Y. Star.

Force of Imagination.

The distinguished English naturalist, Dr. Buckland, one day gave a dinner, after passing the forenoon dissecting a Mississippi alligator, having invited a good many friends of science to dine with him. His home and all his surroundings were in good style, and the dinner table was set in the most beautiful manner. The dinner table showed finely with glass, china and plate, and the dinner commenced with most excellent soup.

"How do you like the soup?" asked the Doctor, after having finished his course, addressing a famous epicure of the day.

"Very good, indeed," answered the latter. "Turtle, is it not? I only ask because I do not find any green fat."

The Doctor shook his head, and said: "I think it has something of a musky taste," said another; "not unpleasant, but peculiar."

"All alligators have," replied Buckland; "the cayman especially so."

There was a general laugh at the general remark, and the dinner proceeded. Every one turned pale; half a dozen started up from the table; two or three of them ran out of the room and vomited; and only those who had stout stomachs remained to the close of a very fine dinner.

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