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AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has demonstrated its power of cure for all diseases of the blood.

The Harpooner's Story.

New Bedford, June 1, 1883.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.—Twenty years ago I was a harpooner in the North Pacific, when five others of the crew and myself were laid up with scurvy. Our bodies were bloated, gums swollen and bleeding, teeth loose, purple blotches all over us, and our breath seemed rotten. Take it by and large we were pretty badly off. All our lime-juice was accidentally destroyed, but the captain had a couple dozen bottles of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA and gave us that. We recovered on it quicker than I have ever seen men brought about by any other treatment for scurvy, and I've seen a good deal of it. Being no mention in your Almanac of your Sarsaparilla being good for scurvy, I thought you ought to know of this, and so send you the facts.

Respectfully yours, RALPH Y. WINGATE.

The Trooper's Experience.

Maseru, Basutoland (S. Africa,) March 7, 1885.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.—Gentlemen: I have much pleasure to testify to the great value of your Sarsaparilla. We have been stationed here for over two years, during which time we had to live in tents. Being under canvas for such a time brought on what is called in this country "veldt-sores." I had those sores for some time. I was advised to take your Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made my sores disappear rapidly, and I am now quite well.

Yours truly, T. K. BODEN,
Trooper, Cape Mounted Riflemen.

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Is the only thoroughly effective blood-purifier, the only medicine that eradicates the poisons of Scrofula, Mercury, and Contagious Disease from the system.

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Altoona, April 16, 1886.—tf.

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SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

Astonishing Experience of an Indiana Farmer.

On the evening of June 18, 1868, George Wellington, an Indiana farmer, had a gathering of friends at his house. He was a man 42 years of age, and of robust health, and on this evening it was noticed that he was in particularly good spirits.

After the guests had departed he remarked to his wife that he felt more like singing and dancing than going to bed. They retired about half-past 11 o'clock, and she was asleep before midnight.

The farmer was always out of bed at 5 o'clock, but on the morning following the party the wife awoke at 6 and found him still sleeping. When she attempted to arouse him she discovered that he was dead.

A doctor was sent for, and he arrived in the course of an hour to pronounce it a case of heart disease. He said the man had been dead three hours when the wife awoke. The undertaker came and prepared the body for burial.

It was remarked that the corpse retained a life-like appearance, and that none of the limbs grew rigid, but the two other physicians called in vigorously combatted the idea that he was in a trance and might be restored to life. Nevertheless, the wife and sons had a secret hope that death had not really come to him, and the funeral was put two days ahead.

The burial was to take place in a country graveyard, and most of the vehicles gathering at the house belonged to farmers. The usual ceremonies took place over the dead, and the coffin was brought out and placed in the hearse.

While the procession was forming, a team attached to an empty wagon came down the road, running away. The wagon collided with the hearse and the latter vehicle was upset and the coffin flung out. Four or five men ran to pick it up, but before a hand had touched it, a voice was heard, saying:

"For God's sake, let me out of this!"

The people at first moved back in affright, but as the voice continued to address them the coffin was righted and opened, and Wallington was found struggling to get out.

With a little assistance he pulled himself out of the box and walked into the house and sat down in a chair. In half an hour he had his clothes on and was moving around among the amazed people, to whom he related this experience.

"I did not fall asleep until some time after midnight. When I awoke the clock was striking 5. I made a move to get out of bed, but, to my great amazement, I could stir neither hand nor foot. I had the full use of my ears, but I could not open my eyes.

"I argued at first that I was not yet wide awake, but when my wife shook me and called me by name and I could not respond by even moving an eyelid, I became satisfied that I was in a trance. My mind was never clearer, and my hearing was painfully acute.

"I made effort after effort to throw off the great weight which seemed to be holding me down, but I could not bend toe or crook a finger. However it was only after the doctor had pronounced me dead that I felt any alarm.

"Up to that time it had seemed as if I could soon manage to get rid of the night. Had a pistol been fired in the room I am sure the spell would have been broken. After the doctor came to my bedside I felt sure that I should be buried alive.

"But was I alive? All of a sudden this query flashed across my brain, and I was troubled more than I can tell you. As I had never died before how was I to know the sensations? Could the dead hear and think? Was the mind of a corpse in active operation? It was a problem I could not solve.

"Not a word was spoken near me which I did not catch, and fully understand. When the two other doctors pronounced me dead I made up my mind that I was dead, and that the end had come. I had been taught to believe that the spirit of the dead ascended to heaven, and that the dead were dead in mind as well as body. It was a base deception. I felt indignant that it was so.

"As an instance of the acuteness of my hearing, let me explain that after I was placed in the coffin the receptacle was moved over to an open window in the parlor, where it was supported on sawhorses.

"Two of my neighbors took seats on a wagon box in the barnyard, fully 200 feet away, and for an hour conversed of my death in ordinary tone of voice. I did not miss one single word of the conversation, as both afterward admitted.

"I could hear every tick of the kitchen clock and much of the conversation of the women in the upstairs rooms.

"On the night previous to the funeral, about half-past ten o'clock, and while the two men sitting up with the corpse were reading, I heard two men climb the fence into the barnyard, cross the yard, and enter the barn. After a few minutes they came out, and I heard the jingle of something carried by one of the pair. I could not make out what was going on, but learned afterward. The two men stole a horse from a field opposite my barn, and they entered my premises in search of a bridle.

"I heard the people assemble for the funeral, and as I caught a word from this one or that one I identified them by name to my cost. I listened closely to the sermon, but when the minister spoke of me I could not take it as personal. It was as if the name and person belonged to some one I had known years before.

"I knew when I was carried out and placed in the hearse, and I am certain that I heard the clatter of the team running away before anybody sighted them. When the people began to call out in affright I felt that same fear of being hurt that any live man does. I heard them trying to back the hearse out of the way to let the team go by, but they were not quick enough.

"As the collision came my eyes opened and my speech was restored, and from that moment I was all right."

Managing Mrs. Arp.

Bill Arp gives a bit of domestic life that will be appreciated by other husbands:

"The children lose their pocket knives and Mrs. Arp scolds and declares they shall never have another, never! And sure enough she buys them another before Saturday night.

"I wonder where she gets all her money. She always has money. I go to bed first every night and am asleep in two minutes, but she can't come in until away in the night. She is reading a love story in the parlor and my money slips away just as easy.

"She always did have an idea that it was my business to keep her in money, and I reckon it is.

"She gave me a pair of shoes the other day. She is mighty good to me."

Matrimony Enlightened Them.

A Brooklyn blind couple were married eighteen months before they saw the error of their ways.

They are now applying for a divorce.—[Kentucky State Journal.

THE GERMAN WOMAN'S KNITTING.

Where Knitting Needles Click Perpetually and the Stocking Is Immortal.

I have just returned from a tour through the provinces of Brandenburg and Silesia.

I do not propose to give a narrative of the impressions I have received on my trip. Only one feature in my intercourse with the people of the provincial towns shall be mentioned that impressed itself very forcibly upon my mind as being characteristic of the German female.

Strangers who are admitted into the houses of German families cannot help being puzzled at seeing every German woma —of all ranks, from ten years up to eighty—make the uninterrupted use of her knitting needles the be-all and end-all of her outdoor existence.

I say outdoor, advisedly; for within cooking alternates with knitting in the provinces you can hardly see a female native unprovided with her everlasting, "strickzeug." At the beer gardens, at the cafes, at places of amusement, the *frau* and *fraulein* knit and knit, as if their whole soul, like an Irishwoman's money, lay within a stocking heel.

For it is none of your pretty, young ladylike, fancy-hair looking fantasies which those fine resolute needles perpetrate. No, the works of their hands are solid, uncompromising coverings for the feet of husband, brother, son and daughter.

The rise and progress of a pair of German stockings, which I took on several occasions special pains to watch carefully, strongly reminded me of a certain glass of hot punch.

A jolly old Irish farmer in western New York, whom I well remember, was wont to boast that he never on any occasion drank more than one glass of punch at one sitting. This was perfectly true, but it was equally clear an that he was never known to go to bed sober.

The old gentleman, after supper, used to manufacture a potent glass. After sipping a few spoonfuls he would complain that it wanted sugar. A lump or two were added. Then it was too sweet. A somewhat too liberal infusion of pure water required a second dose of whiskey. Then a little more sugar was added, and so on, until, under the delusive name of one glass, a round dozen or so had been imbibed.

Now, in a somewhat analogous manner is a German stocking preserved by its thrifty owner to a venerable old age.

When the foot, after careful mending, is irretrievably gone, a new one is knit on the upper part, and when this in its turn becomes superannuated, a new leg is joined to the foot. This operation being several times repeated, the article in question enjoys an immortality of stockinghood, although, like the frame which it helps to cover, its substance is perpetually renewed.

The German ladies hold in high contempt all females unskilled in this particular branch of industry.

Even in public places where ladies attend, they seldom go unprovided with the indefatigable needles, which seem to fill up every unoccupied moment of waiting.

One advantage, or disadvantage, as the case may be, of this mechanical industry is the free license which it permits to the exercise of the tongue—a privilege by no means neglected by either *frau* or *fraulein.*

I remember once to have heard Coney Island described by an eccentric tourist as the "sea-bathingest and whiskey-drinkingest place he had ever visited." With equal truth might almost any provincial town in Germany be described as one of the "knittingest and smokingest places in the world."—[New York Sun.

WHY MAIDS WILL WED.

A good wife rose from her bed one morn
And thought with nervous dread,
Of the piles on piles of clothes to be washed
And the dozen of mouths to be fed.
"There's the meals to get for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away to school,
And all the milk to be skimmed and churned—
And all to be done this day."

It had rained in the night and all the wood
Was wet as it could be.
There were puddings and pies to bake
And a loaf of cake for tea;
And the day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbed wearily as she said:
"It mailens but knew what good wives know
They'd not be in haste to wed."

"Annie, what do you think I told Ned
Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well—
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow
And his eyes half bashfully fell.
"It was this:" And coming near he smiled.
"It was this: That you are the best
And the dearest wife in town."

The farmer went back to the field,
And the wife, in a smiling, absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung in many a day.
And the pain in her head was gone and her elo hes
Were as white as the foam of the sea,
And her butter as sweet and golden as if could be.

The night came down—
The good wife smiled to herself as she said:
"'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love
It is not strange that maids will wed."

[Detroit Free Press.

The Universal Name.

It was not long ago that a friend of the writer was traveling with a party of excursionists in the mining regions of Pennsylvania. She was a single lady, and did not know any of her male companions even by name.

She went down into a mine with the other tourists, and with a woman's natural curiosity thought she would investigate a little for herself.

The consequence was that she got lost, and found herself in a labyrinthine passage, whose windings she could not follow to the sunlight. Vague visions of death by starvation floated before her mind, and she was puzzled for a few minutes to know what to do.

Feminine wit finally came to her aid, and she shouted at the top of her voice:

"John!"

Presently the answer came back:

"What do you want?"

"I wish you would help me to find my way out of this hole," was the reply, and almost immediately a manly form was at her side which dexterously piloted her to the open day.

She was not acquainted with her kind rescuer, but she said she was sure there was a John in every crowd, and could make no mistake if she called for him.—[Boston Budget.

The Farmer's Wife.

Stumps, the farmer, has married a city girl who is trying to learn country ways. She has heard her husband say that he must buy a dog, and responds:

"Oh, yes! do Chawles, buy a setter dog. He can be a watch dog at night and set on the eggs all day, for I can't make the hens set, though I've held 'em down for an hour at a time."—[Life.

WANTED, A NOVELTY.

"There Is No New Thing Under the Sun."

We unite in hailing the electric telegraph as the wonder of the age, but the idea is as old as 1637, at least. Scherwenter in that year explains how two individuals can communicate with each other by means of the magnetic needle.

In 1746 Le Monnier, by a series of experiments in the Royal Gardens in Paris, showed how electricity could be transmitted through iron wire 950 fathoms in length, and in 1753 there was a remarkable description of the electric telegraph in the Scots Magazine, in an article entitled "An Expeditious Method of Conveying Intelligence," by Charles Marshall. In 1774 we find an electric telegraph in full working order, and capable of transmitting messages.

It was the invention of George Louis Le Sage, of Geneva, who announced it in 1760. His instrument was composed of twenty-four metallic wires, separate from each other and inclosed in a non-conducting substance. Each wire ended in a stalk, mounted with a little ball of elder wood suspended by a silk thread. When a stream of electricity, no matter how slight, was sent through the wire, the elder ball at the end was repelled, such movement designating one letter of the alphabet.

A few years later, in Arthur Young's "Travels in France," we read of a similar machine, the invention of a M. Lomond, of Paris.

Photography is only a skillful development of a very old idea. Sun-pointing by the daguerreotype was known to Leonardo da Vinci in the fifteenth century. The art then lay in oblivion till 1760, when it was clearly indicated in a book published in Paris, entitled "Giphantie," written by Tiphanie de la Roche.

Josiah Wedgwood, Sir Humphry Davy, and James Watt made experiments on the action of light upon nitrate of silver at the beginning of the present century, and many years after, among the old household lumber of Watt's partner, Matthew Boulton, was found a representation of the old premises at Soho, on a silvered copper plate, apparently taken by some such process.

We often hear the Thames tunnel cited as an example of the wonderful genius of modern engineering, but the tunnel under the Euphrates at ancient Babylon was equally wonderful, and that under the wide mouth of the harbor at Marseilles was a greater enterprise, while both these ancient works were as skillfully executed as the modern.

In a museum at Venice there are numerous fire-arms of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries that forestall many of our most recent improvements, such as revolving pistols, rifled muskets, and breech-loading cannon.

Steam locomotion by sea and land had always been a dream of scientists. As early as 1543 Blasco de Garay tried to accomplish it in the harbor of Barcelona. Denis Papin made a similar attempt at Cassel in 1707. But it was not till the problem of the steam engine had been solved by Watt that the idea of steam locomotion could be put in practice.

Though Denis Papin was unsuccessful in his attempt to effect steam locomotion, to him is due the credit of having first thrown out the idea of atmospheric locomotion, and another Frenchman, Gauthey, in 1782, projected a method of conveying parcels and merchandise similar to the now familiar pneumatic tube.

The reaping-machine is an old invention. Barnabe Googe, in a book translated from the German, entitled "The Whole Arte of Husbandrie," published in 1577, speaks of it as a worn-out invention—a thing "which was wont to be used in France. The device was a lowe kinde of carre, with a couple of wheeles, and the frunt armed with sharp syckles, which, forced by the beaste through the corne, did cut down al before it. This tricke might be used in level land champion countreys, but with us it wolde make but ill-favored woorke."

Gunpowder was known to the Romans, though they only used it for fireworks, and the secret of the terrible and destructive Greek fire has been lost altogether.

Suspension bridges were known in China for centuries, and the people of the same country used coal gas regularly or lighting purposes long before we did.

A Minister's Life in Dakota.

A young man who lately graduated from the Yale Theological School has gone out to Northern Dakota to engage in missionary work. In a recent letter he writes:

"Out on an ocean of plain are a few houses the size of hen-coops—these form Hoskins, my present abode. Not a drop of paint sullies the virgin color of the boards. One room below, a loft above, in which a dozen of us sleep.

"And Hoskins is the county seat, and the county is larger than the State of Rhode Island.

"I preached in a store. The 'boys' sat on the counter; the women on chairs brought from various shanties. Moreover, the 'boys' carried over an organ, filled a small vase with flowers, and then we held service.

"But make no mistake. Half of these 'boys' are college graduates. We have numerous lawyers who have come here to take several hundred acres of land of a generous government. I go botanizing with a delicious chap from Ann Arbor.

"Not a drop of liquor is sold; the fellows are all wild to have a church here; they are willing to bring boards fifty miles distant; for a near neighbor is he who lives a dozen miles away. A Methodist clergyman thinks nothing of trudging twenty-four miles and preaching a sermon.

"Then the sun—it beats fiercely down, but the half-gale that is continually blowing mitigates the intensity of the heat.

"Finally, we have a paper, and we love it, too. It gives us a column about Bill Jones's pump or the size of Neighbor Brown's new heifer.

"Yet the inhabitants of Hoskins are confident of a glorious future. A blade of grass towering above its brother is magnified in their estimation to a huge plant, and they vow that in a few years Dakota will be a boundless forest instead of a waste prairie."

The Merrimac's Shaft.

In the Haxall yards can be seen an object of interest. It is one of the main shafts of the old Merrimac.

It is twenty-seven feet long and fourteen inches in diameter. It was purchased by the Haxall company from J. R. Johnson as old iron.

It was at one time intended to mount it as a shaft to be used in the process of grinding wheat, but it will now be put to no such low-bred uses, but will remain as a memento of the war.—[Richmond (Va.) State.

A Family Man.

The late Muzzaper Edin, the Emir of Bokhara, had at his death a domestic establishment that seems somewhat staggering in its proportion.

His household consisted of 7 sons, 19 daughters, 280 wives, 290 female slaves, 10 female barbers, 9 female cooks, 22 needlewomen, and 50 washerwomen.

It will be observed that the inventory does not include a single mother-in-law.

HE WAS FULL OF NERVES.

Mark Twain's Harrowing Experiences with Mice and Other Monsters.

Mr. Steve Gill is, printer and journalist, was the friend and room mate of Mark Twain in the old days when the latter was a reporter on the Call, says the San Francisco Post. They had likewise suffered and triumphed together in the sagebrush, the dusty green foliage of which they frequently succeeded in turning to a bright red. Mark was and is a very nervous man. Small annoyances robbed his life of sweetness and light. Stephen had no nerves and it gave him a malign pleasure to experiment upon those of Mr. Clemens.

"Steve," cried Mark, in an agonized voice, shaking his bedfellow out of an apparently profound slumber, "do you hear that mouse—that infernal, gnawing mouse? It's driving me wild."

"Oh, hang the mouse," growled Gillis, turning over and snoring ostentatiously.

It wasn't a mouse, but a little machine which Stephen was privately working with a string for the benevolent purpose of torturing his friend.

Mark lay and writhed and cursed and gnashed his teeth. He cried shoo and beat upon the headboard. He got up and threw things under the bed, and walked around the room and wrung his hands and moistened his profanity with tears of impotent exasperation.

The mouse still gnawed and Twain put on his clothes and went forth and paced the streets till morning, leaving his tormentor to revel in bed.

"Hallo, Sam, what have you been doing?" asked Gillis another night, startled out of real sleep this time and sitting up in bed. And no wonder he was startled. Mark, undressed, had just entered the room. In his hand he held a Japanese sword, as sharp as a razor, a prized gift from Bayard Taylor. This weapon was dripping with blood. The clock struck midnight.

"He'll never crow again," exulted the assassin; but even as he crawled into bed the offending rooster sent forth a cock-a-doodle-do that caused Mark to give a howl of foiled vengeance and bury his head under the blankets.

In the morning it was discovered that his one furious stroke in the chicken house had bereft eight hens of their heads, but the rooster had escaped. He owed his life to the fortunate circumstance that he slept—or rather crowed—at the end of the perch farthest from the door of the coop.

"Steve! Steve, I say! wake up!" came a hoarse and furious whisper at 2 A.M.

Mr. Gillis awoke and beheld Mr. Clemens, clad only in his shirt, standing by the open window. The night was cold, and Mr. Clemens was shivering violently. In his shaking hand was a revolver.

"Steve," he pleaded, "you're warm and your nerve is good. Get up and shoot this cat for me. I've been out in the yard for an hour trying to get a bead on the brute, and now that he's there on the fence I can't kill him—oh, I know that I can't kill him! Get up, Steve, do."

"Oh, let the cat alone."

"What! You won't get up? Then, Steve Gillis, I'll shoot you. I'm shaky, but I can do that if I can't hit a cat!"

And Mr. Gillis arose and slew the cat in self-defense, and Mark Twain went out and brought in a bottle and sat up till sunrise to celebrate the execution.

Mark Twain and Dan De Quille roomed together in early Comstock days. One morning Dan missed his boots, and after a vain search he suspicously inquired of Mark, who was lying in bed, lazily smoking a clay pipe.

"Mark, I can't find my boots. Do you know anything about 'em?"

"Boots? perhaps I do," complacently replied Mark. "Well, yes; I threw them at that cat that was yowling around the house last night!"

"Threw my boots at the cat!" howled Dan in a rage. "Why didn't you throw your own boots?"

"Dan," said Mark, after a reflective puff or two; "Dan, if there is anything I hate it is a selfish man. I have observed of late that you are growing selfish. What difference does it make whose boots were thrown at that cat? Dan, beware of selfishness. It is the most contemptible trait in human nature."

What Discouraged the Funny Man.

He had a straightforward go about air about him as he walked into the funny man's sanctum, that immediately commanded attention.

"I thought I'd call on you," he said. "I know you'll be glad to see me when you know who I am."

"Who are you?" inquired the sad-eyed funny man, as he wearily laid down his pencil, leaving the word mother-in-law half finished.

"I am a man who wouldn't have my wife's mother live anywhere but in my own house."

"Indeed," said the pale paragraphist with surprise.

"No, sir. I respect and admire the old lady.

"Another thing: I never spoke of how my mother used to cook to my wife.

"When ever my wife wants a new bonnet, she goes and gets it and has the bill sent to me, and whenever I am out late at night she goes to bed at the regular hour, and never says a word about what time I get in."

His auditor was turning pale, and beads of perspiration stood out on his face.

"I am the father of an infant sixteen months old," the visitor went on, "and I have never as yet stepped on a tack when hunting the paregoric."

"I have built all the fires ever since I got married.

"I once wrote a poem on Spring, which was accepted by an editor and for which I received pay.

"I have always——"

But the funny man had fled.

The next day he threw up his situation, and he is now driving a street car.—[Merchant Traveler.

Safe Behind the Bars.

A Bridgeport girl has steady company in the person of a young man who is forever and forever a-kissing her. She likes a share of this sort of sweetmeats, but quite frequently it palls on her taste.

He invited her to ride the other moonlight night, and she accepted, fully realizing that she would be made the target of no end of osculatory practice.

Out on the road, in the moonlight, the young man handed her the reins, placed his arm about her waist, and then drew nearer to her.

She said nothing. Handing back the lines, from somewhere beneath her wrap, she drew out a baseball catcher's mask, strapped it to her face and reached out for the lines.—[Bridgeport News.

A Marked Resemblance.

A gentleman was introducing a young lawyer, a friend of his, at an evening party.

"I beg leave to present to you my friend Mr. Barrington, the hope of the bar—the Demosthenes of the future."

The "hope of the bar" stammered out some complimentary commonplaces and disappeared. The lady to whom he had been presented remarked:

"It was cruel of you to introduce that young man as Demosthenes; he stutters terribly."

"Not at all! He is a Demosthenes—only he has not yet tried the pebbles."—[Judge.

NIGHT PROWLERS' PREY.

A Midnight Scene in City Hall Park, N. Y.

"Excuse me, sir," said a respectable-looking but bare-headed man of middle age, stopping a Herald reporter in City Hall Park about half past eleven o'clock at night, "but have you seen any one running away as you came along?"

"No, why do you ask?"

"Well, sir, I was on my way home from business this afternoon when I met a friend whom I had not seen in some time. We had a few drinks together and parted. I suppose I took a little more than I should have done. At my rate in crossing the Park to take the elevated road at Park Place I became quite sick.

"I sat down upon the steps of the City Hall and fell asleep. It was only a few minutes ago that I awoke at feeling some one near me. Then the person ran. When I fully regained my senses I found that my new derby had been taken and this hat," holding up a weather beaten, shocking-looking old article, "had been left in its place by the thief.

"Pretty sort of business to be going on within a few yards of a police station and with park policeman supposed to watch it. You have not seen the thief? Well, good-night," and the stranger, very angry but still clinging to the battered hat, passed out of view.

The reporter crossed to the City Hall, seated himself on the top step, and pretending to be one of the sleepers—there were half a dozen within a few feet of him—waited for something to turn up.

He had not long to wait. A park policeman came by and disappeared around the eastern end of the building. In about a minute afterward three young men crossed the park from Broadway. When they were half way across they stopped, looked cautiously around, whispered and then suddenly separated.

One walked over to the wide stone plaza in front of the City Hall and then quickly seating himself beside a sleeping individual pretended himself to be asleep.

A few seconds later he bent quietly over toward the man and seemed to be assuring himself that he was asleep. Then he resumed his former attitude.

Seeing that his would be victim did not stir, he leaned over toward him again and began to gently feel his pockets to see if they were worth picking. His touch was not as cunning as it might have been, for the man awoke, got quickly upon his feet, muttered something in an angry tone and walked away.

The frustrated thief kept perfectly quiet a minute longer, pretending to be still asleep, then arose and walked over toward the shaded walks of the park, where the benches were filled with somnolent persons. Thither his two confederates had preceded him. The electric lights made their movements pretty observable.

One went to one bench and another to another, each apparently selecting a seat next to the soundest sleeper they could find. They sat there like statues. The reporter tried to keep their hands in view, but the light was not strong enough to do so. He could see that the thieves sat bolt upright.

If they were examining the clothing of the persons near them it was so cautiously carried on that it could not be seen from that distance.

Several times the confederates changed places. Then, as if by one impulse, they all met in front of the City Hall again and held another whispered conference. Then they looked toward the steps of the building, and advanced slowly toward it. They walked straight up and paid within a few feet of the reporter. His eyes were wide open, looking right at them, although he did not stir.

They must have seen that he was awake, for suddenly all three turned on their heels and walked rapidly away. They hurried around the corner of the building on the Broadway side, but in about ten minutes they returned one by one to the shaded walks, and once more seated themselves alongside of the sleepers.

The reporter crossed over and passed by them, eyeing each one closely. They sat as still as if they were asleep, but he could see that each one was watching him. He tried to find the park policeman to tell him what was going on, but did not succeed.

As he was prosecuting his search he heard someone call and immediately afterward the three pickpockets were hurrying toward Broadway. They were out of sight as the hands of the City Hall clock marked the arrival of midnight.

Tempting Her Appetite.

The general's wife went into the kitchen and found the colored cook seated at a table engaged in eating a dinner composed of delicacies and many dishes.

"Why, Mandy, what are you doing?"

"Eatin' my dinner, mum."

"My goodness, you have never prepared such a dinner for me. What do you mean?"

"I means dat I want feelin' so mighty well ter day an' would fling er side de gen'l roughness dat I'se been puttin' up wid fur some time an' try an' tempt my appetite wid er little suthin' extra. Ef dar's anything left de white folks ken hab it, mum."—[Arkansaw Traveler.

A Brand New Story of George Washington.

When George Washington was a small boy and about the time he carried on his humoring operations in his father's orchard he heard the old gentleman say he wished to get a good bird dog.

Shortly after that George succeeded in stealing a common yellow dog of a neighbor and knowing the governor was not well posted on dogs offered to sell it to him for fifty cents with which to go to the circus.

"Is it a hunter?" asked the grandfather of his country.

"Yes," replied George.

"Setter or pointer?