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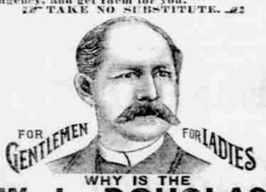

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THERE ARE MANY USES FOR SAPOLIO

To remove tombstones. To remove oil-cloth. To renovate paint. To brighten metals.
To wash floors. To wash out sinks. To scour bath-tubs.
To whiten marble. To remove rust. To scour kettles.

EVERYBODY USES IT.

Housemaids to scrub marble floors. Chemists to remove stone stains. Carvers to sharpen their knives. Shrewd ones to scour old straw hats. Soldiers to brighten their arms. Housekeepers to clean parts of machines. Mechanics to renovate old chapels. Engineers to clean the tombstones. Hostlers to clean their patatoes. Hostlers on brasses and white horses. Adepts to clean their palettes. Wheelmen to clean bicycles. Renovators to clean carpets.

EVERY ONE FINDS A NEW USE.

HER TALENT.

She does not prate of Browning
Whose works I have not read.
There is no laurel crowning
Her shapely little head.
She is not versed in Schiller
And Goethe and the rest;
She has no store of "siller,"
As some, perchance, have guessed.

She knows no word of Dante
And his Italian crew;
She plays not "penny ante"
As rapid maidens do.
No more she knows of Spencer
Than of La Rochefoucauld;
On Darwin she is denser
Than any girl I know.

With Kant and Schopenhauer
Her speech she will not load,
But fortune other power
Upon her has bestowed.
Though Mill and Huxley tire her,
As she will frankly state,
Yet still I must admire her—
Her pumpkin pies are great.
—Harry B. Smith, in America.

THE WHITE DEVIL.

A Mexican Superstition and Its Interesting Origin.

One day as the freight train running from San Francisco to San Jose rumbled around the curve just outside of the city of San Jose, a white horse sprang on the track and raced down toward the town in front of the engine. For a mile the train did not gain on him, then the unequal footing of the cross ties and the pace began to tell on the white steed, and the engine crept slowly up to him. The engineer gave a few shricks of the whistle to scare the horse from the track, but he kept right on in front, running with the speed of a racer, with his long tail streaming in a straight line behind him.

The engineer saw a stock gap in front half a mile away, and again pulled the whistle. The horse simply let out a few links and went on. The engineer got mad. He pulled the throttle open and went after the white phantom, at a thirty-miles-an-hour clip. He was a bare hundred feet behind the horse when the animal reached the stock gap and plunged in among the open ties and fell. The pilot struck him, ground the life out of him in an instant and then plowed into the dirt on the opposite side of the track. The engineer swore a few choice oaths and jumped out of the cab. The horse was as dead as a door nail and the engine had left the rails.

"Another suit for the company," said the conductor as he came up. "How did you do it, Jim?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Jim in a surly way. "The brute got on the track and just stayed there till I struck him. He was possessed of the devil, I guess."

They had to send to San Jose for the wrecking engine to put the train back on the rail, and while they were waiting a Mexican rode along the road beside the track. He pulled up his broncho to see the wreck.

"Caramba, senor," he exclaimed, turning pale and trembling, "it es Vasquez horse." And he mounted his pony as quickly as possible and sped off down the road.

"Who the deuce is Vasquez?" asked Jim. "From the way that Greaser got a push on himself you'd think we'd killed a ghost."

"If that's Vasquez' horse as the Greaser said, you have killed a Mexican ghost," said the conductor, and he walked over and looked at the dead animal lying under the front wheels of the engine.

It was Vasquez' horse. The whole country knew it the next day. He was twenty years old and totally blind when he met his death in front of the freight train, and for ten years had roamed over the unoccupied land about the lower part of Santa Clara county free as a bird and feared by the Mexicans more than a lion. He was called by them the "white devil," and it was their belief that he was possessed of a soul mortgaged to the evil one—the soul of Vasquez. It is a strange tale that the old Mexican mothers tell of this white horse.

Vasquez was the most noted bandit of the early days of California. He bade defiance to the law, eluded the detectives and searching parties for years and killed and robbed half a hundred men. He roamed over the state of California from the north to the south, leaving desolation and death in his wake. He surrounded himself with a band of desperate Mexicans and terrorized entire communities. Lone travelers by day and by night were stopped on the road and relieved of their cash and often of their lives. A quiet village in the San Joaquin valley would be awakened at the dead of night by the rush of sounding hoof-beats. Timid men would pull the covers about their heads and shiver. Next day the principal store in the place would be found open, the safe robbed, valuable goods taken, and the guardian, if it had any, dead with a bullet in his head or a knife wound in his heart. Vasquez had been there.

One day the stage was rattling down the road from one of the mountain mines. The Wells-Fargo box was heavy with bullion and half a dozen armed guards sat in the coach. The driver sat on the box with a Winchester between his knees and chatted with another guard who sat beside him balancing a shotgun across his lap. They were talking of Vasquez. "They say he allers rides a white horse and dresses like a dandy," said the driver. "Wish't he'd jump ther gun-site stage onct when the boys is aboard."

Two horsemen dressed in the tinseled Mexican cavalier costume rounded a turn in the road just in front of the stage and came riding toward it. One of them bestrode a white horse. They cantered up. The man on the white horse went to the right and his companion to the left of the stage. Suddenly they reined up.

"Pardon, senor, will the senor give me a light for me cigarette?"

The driver good-naturedly pulled up and leaned over from his seat with the big cigar which he was smoking extended between his fingers. He was met with a snap shot straight in the brain and tumbled headlong into the dust. At the same instant the guard lurched and fell forward under the horses with a ball in his forehead. A dozen men sprang from the underbrush beside the road and shoved the muzzles of their rifles through the stage door on either side.

Taken by surprise, not a weapon was drawn by the guards. The strong box was lifted from the boot, the men inside were disarmed while the robbers' rifles stared them in the eyes, and the merry company, with many jokes about the dresses they would buy for their senoritas, mounted the horses that were led out of the woods and rode away, he on the white steed humming a bit of some old Spanish love song to the time of his horse's step.

It was a dreamy August afternoon in Southern California when the mayor of Los Angeles and a fellow official were driving along the old sand road through the Arroya Seco toward the town. Over the brow of a hill half a mile in front of them a group of horsemen appeared at a gallop. They swept down the hill and met the buggy of the mayor. The galloping horses were yanked back upon their haunches and a swarthy Mexican upon a white horse shoved a pistol in the mayor's face and said, with a show of his teeth in a smile: "Your money, senor."

The mayor thought it was a joke and laughed.

"Quick! quick!" said the horseman, as his weapon clicked. "I am Vasquez.

The mayor laughed again.

"Eef you don't believe me, senor, look."

He pointed back to the hill, and there appeared another group of horsemen riding at full tilt from the town.

"Quick!" said Vasquez. "I am no fool."

The mayor looked down the pistol barrel at the pair of black, glittering eyes that lined the sights, and put up his hands. He was lightened of his chamois bag of gold, as was his friend, and the bold robbers wheeled and were off at a run, the posse from the town riding up five minutes too late to catch them or to save the mayor's coin. The band escaped into the chapparal.

Vasquez made history in this way for five years and then was caught like a rat in a trap in a 'dobe house near the scene of the robbery of the mayor, and was shot down by a newspaper correspondent detailed to accompany the search party. He survived his wounds, was taken to San Jose, where one of his earliest and most atrocious murders had been committed, and there met his fate on the scaffold.

And now for the horse. Every time the robbers appeared one of them, the leader, would be mounted upon a white horse. That he had a world of speed was shown in the way that he would gallop away from the rest of the gang when they were pursued. The horse was hitched behind the house when Vasquez was shot. One of the capturing party tried to take him and was severely bitten for his cupidity. The horse broke away, went careering off toward the canyon where Vasquez had had his rendezvous and was lost to sight. Most people say he died in the mountains of starvation, but the Mexicans say no. They saw him again.

The night after Vasquez was hanged a white horse galloped up the street to the jail, stood a moment at the door and gave a neigh. The Mexicans heard in it a call to the dead Vasquez. There came no answer to the horse's challenge and he wheeled about and went as suddenly as he came. Then he turned bandit and followed Vasquez' old trails. Once in awhile a man would be found on the road with his body frightfully mutilated and his flesh bearing the marks of hoofs. Sometimes in the night a white horse would appear at the door of a Mexican cabin in some lonely spot and neigh. If no answer came he would be off like the wind, but if any man dared to show himself the horse would attack him with hoof and teeth and it was seldom that a victim escaped.

Time and again he was shot at, and one Mexican buck was foolhardy enough to try to rope him and met a horrible death. The horse bore a charmed life. He became almost as great a terror to the Mexicans as Vasquez had been to the rich Americans. If by chance a Mexican's pony got out of the corral and wandered off in search of grass the white horse would find him and enlist him. First he had one follower, then two, then half a dozen. No man could kill them and no man dared to attempt to capture them. With no loads upon their backs they were fleet as the wind and could outstrip the best horse with a rider. The Mexicans named the leader the "White Devil," and said that Vasquez lived again in his horse.

As the years went by and Vasquez became a memory, and his exploits the theme for children's stories, the White Devil lost his companions. His visits to the vicinity of the little towns became less and less frequent and then ceased altogether. At long intervals a Mexican would ride in with a report that he had seen the White Devil in some canyon among the hills. Even these reports ceased, and few Americans of the latter days in California had heard of him until the freight train killed the white horse. The Mexicans came for miles to look at him. All of them knew him, at least they said so, and they respected him sufficiently to look at his dead body from a distance.

When he was dragged from beneath the engine by the trainmen a horse doctor looked at him. He was a magnificent animal even in death, and the veterinary said that he had been stone blind for years.

Vasquez' deeds are history; the story of the White Devil is a Mexican superstition.—Detroit Free Press.

New Rules of Politeness.

In certain private schools of Brooklyn new rules of politeness are enforced. It is no longer proper for the little pupils to say "Yes, sir," No, sir," "Yes ma'am" and "No, ma'am" to their elders. Now the correct thing is "Yes, Mr. Brown," "No, Miss Smith," and so on. If the child happens to be addressed by a strange lady or gentleman the child is instructed to reply: "Yes, mister," or "Yes, lady." At first this strikes the uninitiated as an unpleasant innovation, but it has obtained a stronghold on the children, and they are rapidly making their parents converts to the new system.

The Japs Springing Ahead.

The Hawaiian race has been steadily dwindling in numbers during the present century, and the latest census gives it a population of but forty thousand, or a decrease of one-half within a half a century, so that its extinction must soon be complete. The Japanese, who number forty million, are increasing, and it is thought they may soon replace the vanishing race and re-people the island.

DYING ON TIME.

Why the Town Clock Accorded with the Inscription.

Tommy McGuffy was growing old. The skin of his attenuated face was so shrunk and so stretched from wrinkle to wrinkle that it seemed narrowly to escape breaking. About the pointed chin and the cheekbones it had the color of faded brick.

Old Tommy had become so thin that he dared not venture to the top of the hill above his native village of Rearward upon a windy day.

His knees bent comically when he walked.

For some years the villagers had been counting the nephews and nieces to whom the savings of the old retired dealer in dry goods would eventually descend.

Ten thousand dollars and a house and lot constituted a heritage worth anticipating in Rearward.

The innocent old man was not upon terms of intimacy with his prospective heirs. Having remained unmarried, his only close associates were two who had been his companions in that remote period which had been his boyhood. One of these, Jerry Hurley, was a childless widower; a very estimable and highly-respected man who owned two farms. The other, like himself a bachelor, was Billy Skidmore, the sexton of the church and therefore the regulator of the town clock upon the steeple.

There came a great shock to old Tommy one day. As old Mrs. Sparks said: "Jerry Hurley, all sudden-like, just took a notion and died."

The wealth and standing of Jerry Hurley insured him an imposing funeral. They laid his body beside that which had once been his wife's in Rearward cemetery. His heirs possessed his farm and time went on—slowly, as it always does at Rearward.

Tommy went frequently to Hurley's grave and wondered when his heirs would erect a monument to his memory. It is necessary that your grave be marked with a monument if you would stand high in that still society that holds eternal assembly beneath the pines and willows where only the breezes speak, and they in subdued voices.

Years passed, and the grave of Tommy's old friend, Jerry, remained unmarked. Jerry's relatives had postponed the duty so long that they had grown callous to public opinion. Besides, they had other purposes to which to apply Jerry's money. It was easy enough to avoid reproach; they had only to refrain from visiting the graveyard.

"Jerry never deserved such treatment," Tommy would say to Billy the sexton, as the two met to talk it over every sunny afternoon.

"It's an outrage, that's what it is!" Billy would reply for the hundredth time.

It was, in their eyes, an omission almost equal to that of baptism or the funeral service.

One day, as Tommy was aiding himself along the main street of Rearward by means of a hickory stick a frightful thought came to him. He turned cold.

What if his own heirs should neglect to mark his own grave?

"I'll hurry home and put the money for it aside in a stocking foot at once," thought Tommy, and his knees bent more than usual as he accelerated his pace.

But as he tied a knot in the stocking came the fear that even this money might be misapplied; even his will might be ignored through repeated postponement and the law's indifference.

Who, save old Billy Skidmore, would care whether old Tommy McGuffy's last resting place were designated or not? Once let the worms begin operations upon this antique morsel, what would it matter to Rearward folks where the banquet was taking place?

Tommy now underwent a second attack of horror, from which he came victorious, a gleeful smile momentarily lifting the dimness from his excessively lachrymal eyes.

"I'll fix 'em," he said to himself. "I'll go to-day to Ricketts, the marble-cutter, and order my own tombstone."

Three months thereafter, Ricketts, the marble-cutter, untied the knot in the stocking that had been Billy's, and deposited the contents in the local savings bank.

In the cemetery stood a new monument very lofty and elaborate. Around it was an iron fence. Within the inclosure there was no grave as yet.

"Here," said the monument in deepcut letters, but bad English, "lies all that remains of Thomas McGuffy, born in Rearward, November 11, 1830; died ——. Gone whither the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

This supplementary information was framed in the words of Tommy's favorite passage in his favorite hymn. His liking for this was mainly on account of its tune.

He had left the date of his death to be inserted by the marble-cutter after its occurrence.

Rearward folks were amused at sight of the monument, and they ascribed the placing of it there to the eccentricity of a taciturn old man.

Tommy seemed to derive much pleasure from visiting his tombstone upon mild days. He spent many hours contemplating it. He would enter the iron inclosure, lock the gate after him, and sit upon the ground that was intended some day to cover his body.

He was a familiar sight to people riding or walking past the graveyard—this thin old man leaning upon his cane, contentedly pondering over the inscription upon his own tombstone.

He undoubtedly found much innocent pleasure in this.

One afternoon, as he was so engaged, he was assailed by a new apprehension.

Suppose that Ricketts, the marble-cutter, should fail to inscribe the date of his death in the space left vacant for it!

There was almost no likelihood of such an omission; but there was at least a possibility of it.

He glanced across the cemetery toward Jerry Hurley's unmarked mound, and shuddered.

Then he thought laboriously.

When he left the cemetery in such time as to avoid a delay of his evening meal and a consequent outburst of anger on the part of his old housekeeper, he had taken a resolution.

"Three score years and ten, says the Bible," he muttered to himself as he walked homeward. "The Scriptural lifetime 'll do fer me."

A week thereafter old Tommy gazed proudly upon his finished inscription.

"Died November 11, 1890," was the newest bit of biography there engraved.

"But it's two years and more till November 11, 1890," said a voice at his side.

Tommy merely cast an indifferent look upon the speaker and walked off without a word.

The whole village now thought that Tommy had become a monomaniac upon the subject of his tombstone. Perhaps he had.

No one had been able to learn from his friend, Billy Skidmore, what thoughts he may have communicated to the latter upon the matter.

Tommy now lived for no other apparent purpose than to visit his tombstone daily. He no longer confined his walks thither to the pleasant days. He went in weather the most perilous to so old and frail a man.

One of his prospective heirs took sufficient interest in him to advise more care of his health.

"I can easily keep alive till the time comes," returned the antique; "there's only a year left."

Rapidly his hold upon life relaxed. A week before November 11, 1890, he began to speculate as to whether his unique prediction—or, I should say, his decree—would be fulfilled to the very day.

Upon the fifth day of his illness death threatened to come before the time that had been set for receiving him.

"Isn't this the 10th?" the old man mumbled.

"No," said his housekeeper, who, with one of his nieces, the doctor and Billy Skidmore, attended the ill man; "it's only the 9th."

"Then I must fight for two days more. The tombstone must not lie."

And he rallied so well that it seemed as if the tombstone would lie, nevertheless, for old Tommy was still alive at 11:30 on the night of November 11. Moreover, he had been in his senses when last awake, and there was every likelihood that he would look at the clock whenever his eyes should next open.

"He can't live till morning; that's sure," said the doctor.

"But, good Lord! you don't mean to say he'll hold out till after twelve o'clock?" said Billy Skidmore, whose anxiety only had sustained him in his grief at the approaching dissolution of his friend.

"Quite probably," replied the doctor.

"Good heavens! Tommy won't rest easy in his grave if he doesn't die on the 11th. The monument would be wrong."

"Oh that don't matter," said the niece.

Billy looked at her in amazement. Was his old friend's sacred wish to miscarry thus?

"Yes; 'twill matter," he said, in a loud whisper. "And if time won't wait for Tommy of its own accord, we'll make it. When did he last see the clock?"

"Half-past nine," said the housekeeper.

"Then we'll turn it back to ten," said Skidmore, acting as he spoke.

"But he may hear the town clock strike."

Billy said never a word, but plunged into his overcoat, threw on his hat, and hurried out into the cold night.

"Ten minutes to midnight," he said, as he looked up at the town clock upon the church steeple. "Can I skin up them ladders in time?"

Tommy awoke once before the last slumber. Billy was by his bedside, as were the doctor, the housekeeper and the niece. The old man's eyes sought the clock.

"Eleven," he murmured. Then he was silent, for the town clock had begun to clang. He counted the strokes—eleven. Then he smiled and tried to speak again.

"Almost—live out—birthday—seventy—tombstone—all right."

He closed his eyes, and, inasmuch as the town clock furnishes the official time for Rearward, the published report of Tommy McGuff's going records that he passed at twenty-five minutes after eleven p. m., November 11, 1890.

Very few people knew that time turned back one hour and a half in order that the reputation of Tommy McGuffy's tombstone for veracity might be spotless in the eyes of future generations.

Billy Skidmore, the sexton, arranged to have Rearward time ready for the sun when it rose upon the following morning.—R. N. Stephens, in Philadelphia Press.

GATHERED FOR FAIR READERS.

THE tiny cordial cruets imported now for tea-tables are beautiful and costly.

GRANULATED rock candy is the proper thing to sweeten tea and after-dinner coffee.

PICTURES hermetically sealed between thin sheets of transparent celluloid never lose their fresh appearance.

VERY simple refreshments suffice for an afternoon tea and the hostess uses her visiting card for the invitations, writing upon the lower left-hand corner, opposite the address: "Tea at five o'clock," and the day and date.

BOWLS of flowers are the proper things for table decorations at the present time. Some one has invented a silver-wire net to cover the bowls and hold up the roses' heads. The wire is concealed by ferns and smilax, the flower-stems being stuck through the net into the water.

SINGULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

IN Germany stag beetles are held to be in league with the devil.

IN Ireland stag beetles are thoroughly hated; why, no one seems to know.

IN Germany, where crickets are seldom seen, its cry is thought to be a death warning.

TAPUYAS Indians of South America believe that the evil spirit assumes the form of a fly when bent on mischief.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the beetle was the sacred insect among the Egyptians, it has been mentioned but few times in folk-lore.

THE Spaniards of the sixteenth century believed that an unusual number of spiders in a mountainous region indicated that gold in abundance could be found at that point.

WANTED: A WIFE.

I want a wife to roast and toast,
To boil and bake and brew;
To pickle, can and make preserves
And every kind of stew.

I want a wife to knit and sew,
And patch and darn and mend;
To keep the buttons on my clothes,
Repairing every rend.

I want a wife to mop and scrub,
To wash and rinse and wring;
One that can in the parlor shine,
And dance and play and sing;

One that can drive the team to town,
And buy and sell or trade;
And one that knows a shovel from
A hoe, or rake, or spade;

To milk the cows when I'm away;
To strain and skim and churn,
And have an eye to save as well
As have an eye to earn.

I want a wife that's not afraid
To fire off a gun;
One that can face a snake or toad,
And neither screech nor run.

I want a wife to read and write:
To post me on the news;
Get up and build the kitchen fire,
And shine my Sunday shoes.

I want a wife 'twill never see
The smiles of other men,
But give her heart and soul to me
And to my wants attend.

She must be gay and full of fun—
A smiling, happy elf:
If there is scolding to be done,
I'll see to that myself.

I want a wife to cheer my life—
A bachelor's a dunce—
The girl who will may fill the bill,
But don't all speak at once.
—Farm and Home.

FIRST AND LAST.

Why One Night in a Gambling House Cured the Doctor.

This is the story the doctor told me:

"When I left college after winning all the honors there I was sent to Paris to finish my medical education under the care of a famous French surgeon living and practicing in that gay city.

"It was during my wild-oat period, I am sorry to have to confess, when one night I paid my first visit to a gambling house—and my last, for the experience I had taught me a much needed lesson and satisfied my curiosity forever in that line.

"The house in which I was introduced by a supposed friend was gorgeously arrayed and a great game of *rouge-et-noir* was going on and which I knew not the first thing about.

"But with a young man's conceit increased by the wine which flowed free and freely I found a place at the table and, instructed by my companion, commenced betting.

"With a greenhorn's luck I kept winning and doubling the stakes in spite of my guide's endeavors to make me quit with what I had before my wonderful good fortune changed. Soon the other players withdrew from the game, leaving me alone against the bank. The play had become intensely exciting and I was the center of all eyes. My companion I had offended by refusing angrily his advice to stop, so he would speak no longer on friendly terms—for which I neither cared nor thought.

"A great pile of gold lay before me on the table stacked against the bank's for the last deciding throw.

"If I won the bank was broken. With my fool's luck I did win.

"The game was over and my pockets bulged with their load of yellow French coins, swept into them without counting.

"Then more wine from the polite and smiling keeper and my head swam and things danced confusedly around me.

"I remember some one offering to help me and saying I shouldn't risk being murdered and robbed by going home and telling me I could have a bed in that house where I could sleep off my wine and excitement and be perfectly safe till daylight protected me.

"I remember, too, shaking his hand and vowing eternal friendship and, arm in arm, going with him to a room upstairs and getting into a bed and hearing him wish me a *bon soir, monsieur*, and then softly close the door and leave me.

"I must have fallen asleep immediately and slumbered not long. When I awoke, though my head felt weak it was clear, and in a few minutes I came to myself a bit and lay there trying to think if all was a dream or reality.

"The room was handsomely furnished and lighted by a gas jet turned rather low.

"A picture hung on the wall at the foot of the bed, which I began to notice had four high posts reaching to the ceiling and holding some sort of top canopy extending over the whole with short curtains at the sides.

"The picture which I was watching listlessly was a figure of an old soldier standing grimly, sternly and straight, gazing, too, at me. After awhile I got tired of the old fellow and shut my eyes. When I opened them after some minutes half dozing my grim sentinel's hat had disappeared. That seemed strange, and I closed my eyes again. When I looked the old chap's head was gone.

"I lay, puzzling over the affair, and wondered if my head was to be depended upon yet, until, to make sure, I stepped from the bed to the floor.

"The first thing that struck me was that the canopy of my bed looked queer. It seemed lower, and the four posts holding it seemed to have pierced through its corners and into the ceiling above. While I was trying to understand I saw between the canopy and the ceiling a glistening, long, thick iron rod, apparently grooved like an immense screw, and twisting so noiselessly and slowly as to be scarcely perceptible.

"At once it flashed on me that I was in peril of some kind, and, though badly startled, I managed to avoid making a noise, while I tried to comprehend what deviltry was going on.

"Soon I saw through it all. The canopy was bogus—merely hiding a soft mattress or something, which was being forced gradually down by the screw worked from the room above, and was intended to catch and smother whoever slept on the bed, after winning the gamblers' gold and being drugged with their wine, like myself.

"Judging from the movements the screw was making, I calculated a half hour must intervene ere my murderers would pay me a visit—providing I didn't bring an attack sooner by alarming them.

"Without a sound I got a window open and gazed out in the darkness. The wind was blowing and rattling shutters, and might prevent the noise of an escape being heard in case one was possible.

"Thick clouds were flying over the sky, obscuring the moon, just rising.

"I could see that my room was in the back of the house on the floor below the attic, and that I looked out on a yard bounded by a wall too high to scale, and, no doubt, made so purposely.

"Beneath me on the first floor a window shot forth bright streams of light illuminating the ground where I would have to drop. Every now and then moving shadows there showed plainly that inside that window were my watchers waiting to dispose of my corpse as soon as it was ready.

"The house stood by itself, otherwise I might be able to somehow climb into the next, as I had seen firemen do with a scaling ladder.

"That gave me an idea. If I could rig a ladder of that kind I might reach the roof, cross it and escape by climbing down the water pipe in front to the street, which, thanks to my athletic college culture, I would be probably able to do.

"How quickly a person's wits will act sometimes when death seems sure and soon.

"I looked around the room for material to make my scaling ladder, which seemed my only hope.

"Two bed slats luckily I found beneath my mattress. The wire which hung the old soldier's picture and others on the wall bound them securely together.

"I had a knife of many blades, one being a screw-driver. In the closet were large and strong clothes hooks. Quickly I unscrewed four, and as quickly put them upside down on my slats to within a few inches of the top. Half a dozen chair rugs, which I easily got from some chairs, bound at proper distances on the slats with the picture wire made my scaling ladder complete and I thought strong enough to support my weight. If it wasn't I'd be killed anyway.

"I looked at my bed. The canopy was three-quarters of the way down. I had no more time to lose. Taking the gold, which had been tied tightly in my handkerchief and placed under my pillow by my loving host, I fastened it about my waist and in stocking feet noiselessly went to the window with my ladder. Peering above I could see the gutter's edge and raising the ladder found it reached and managed to hook it fast. Then I got out of the window sill and prepared to mount.

"Trying it carefully with my weight, which made it swing inward against the house, thereby holding better, I nerved myself and stepping from the sill I began my perilous ascent.

"Half way up I thought of the window of the room above where the machinery for my suffocation was being worked—but it was too late to retreat and I must take the chance of not being detected by the worker.

"When my head came above the gutter I saw a light inside that room, but the curtain was fortunately drawn over the glass. With strong but trembling arms I raised myself on the gutter and quietly pulling the ladder after me crawled along like a cat to the corner of the house. As I expected, the mansard roof had the gutter's ledge all around it, but before I could turn its corner my escape was discovered, and I heard low voices evidently proceeding from the window I had just climbed out of. In another moment men with lanterns and a fierce dog were searching the yard, thinking, of course, that I must have gotten down into it.

"Not daring to move and fearing that the bright moon then breaking through a rift in the clouds would expose me to the fellows below, I flattened myself against the roof's edge and waited. Then the moon burst forth shining directly where I hid and I saw or felt that the searchers had found me, for leaving the yard they reentered the house and I could hear them calling to the worker in the attic room behind me. Like a snake but quicker I squirmed around the house corner to its front, found the water pipe and grasping it let myself over and down and slid without much trouble but with many scratches to the street, just as the front attic window opened and a head came forth.

"When I stopped running I was blocks away and safe with my hard-earned gold and only half dressed, but I found a little inn where people were honest and there rested until daybreak among a lot of early-rising market folks who were polite enough to ask no questions.

"Not wishing to make a scandal concerning myself, in which case I would have lost not only my reputation but my bag of gambler's gold, I said nothing to the police."—H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.

ALL SORTS OF PEOPLE.

A LETTER-CARRIER at Wheeling, W. Va., successfully delivered a letter to a man with the name of George Schwifferwitzerenontherheim.

CAMDEN, N. J., boasts of a blind barber who can shave as well as if he had perfect sight. He works every day and makes regular wages.

THE yells and other characteristic noises made by boys playing baseball in a vacant lot in New York drove a neighboring man insane.

A PROVIDENCE (R. I.) man hired a wheel, pawned it, stole it from the pawnbroker, sold it for a good sum and got arrested all inside of a few hours.

A NEW YORK wholesale merchant says that he cheerfully puts up with the sharp practices of his travelers, who pad their expense accounts, because the sharper the drummer is in that respect, as a rule, the more custom he brings to the house.

Continual Source of Income.

A curious story is told of the manner