Casting a Shadow.

A wit stopped at a foundry, where
Some men were casting iron ware,
And entering, said, "You all appear
To be engaged in casting here."

"Yes," said the foreman, "that's our 'biz.'"
The wit remarked, "I'm glad it is,
For I have sought, and found at last,
A place to get a shadow cast."

The iron man at once replied
That "Such a feat their skill defied;"
But recommended him to pass
To a foundry where they worked in brass.

First in the Race.

Swift-gliding o'er the icy track,
I watch you slyly turning back;
Your glowing face
With saucy look that tells me plain,
"As usual, here I am again
First in the race!"

And as upon the glistening field
Your glancing feet force all to yield,
Your skill defies,
So, too, you seem to think it right
All hearts should bow before your bright
Soul-piercing eyes.

Resistance? Why, the thing's absurd!
You set the snare and catch the bird
From love of fun!
His efforts to be free again
Are but Love's labor spent in vain,
Poor flutt'ring one!

But has it never dawned on you
That woman yielding, tender, true,
Is more in place?
And those who wish men's hearts to sway
With gentle moves the game should play—
A waiting race?

But there! what use to argue thus?
You know full well, you little puss,
You hold me tight!
By storm or siege, 'tis all the same,
With me you play a winning game,
Dear little sprite!

PIPLEY, THE POLICEMAN.

"It's all very well to report a man, and make minutes about him, and all that sorter thing," said John Pipley, policeman, as he went down Great Bulky street, beating his white-gloved hands together, and rolling his eyes about in all directions. "A man can't be all eyes like a peacock, and looking everywhere at once. Here, just get out o' that, now, will yer?"

"I ain't in nobody's way, am I?"

"Yes, you are, so go on! That there handcart o' yourn's been getting bigger every week, and how's carriages to draw up if you're here?"

This bit of fencing took place between Pipley and a man with an apple barrow—the fruit vender going off grumbling, and Pipley on the lookout for workers of mischief against the laws. He was not a perfect man, John Pipley; he was a good officer, and worked hard for his pay; but he was not perfect, and he knew it. In early days, before Mrs. Pipley agreed to rest in future upon his manly breast, he had been seen more than once to steal up from areas, and close the gate very carefully after him—of course returning from voyages of investigation and examination of locks, bolts and bars. Of course he had on these occasions tried the coal-cellar, and dustbin. But why was a gentle cough heard, and a door closed softly, when John came up? and, again, why bulged those pockets to the distortion of the symmetry of his manly form—the knobblefying of his neat blue uniform?

It is a very old joke to accuse policemen of partiality for cooks; but the charge is none the less true, and the great force need not blush. Have not the greatest generals and statesmen found solace in the society of the other sex?

But John was now a married man, and devoted himself most strongly to his profession. Evildoers feared him, and many were the scoundrels he had hauled off to prison. It was not often that he interfered with applewomen. His orders were to keep the way clear; but, as John said, "We must all live, and selling apples is honest—as honest as selling tea and sugar—honester, for you can't adulterate your apples, though you may boil an orange." But John was now under a cloud, and he did interfere with apple men and women; "chivied" small boys; cuffed one who had "cut behind" a coach and nearly been run over. John even had words with a political magnate's coachman, and moved him on, in spite of the crest upon the panel and the dashing bays.

For John was under a cloud. Mysterious robberies had been taking place on his beat, and though he had done his best to catch the members of the gang, they had been too much for him, and the robberies went on.

Now this was very galling to a man who had set his mind upon rising in life. Blue was all very well; but sergeant was better; but inspector, and then superintendent—those were the goals that John Pipley wished to reach in the race of life; and now, instead of going forward, his movement was retrograde; he was threatened with reports, and all because of the scoundrels who had been too much for him.

"I'll be down upon them, though, one of these days," said John. "I'll put salt on some of your tails, my pretty jail birds."

So he went on, up and down, down and up, and had nothing to report at last.

And the robberies went on. A carpet bag was taken from a coach in motion. Next day, a shawl and a carriage timepiece were stolen, as the barouche stood at a fashionable milliner's door. The disturbance about that was hardly over when a boy was hustled, and a valuable parcel wrested from his hands. Again, a boy was garroted, and a pet dog and a mother of pearl opera-glass taken from his encircling arms.

John Pipley was in despair.

Another day. Great coat and umbrella from the front hall of Rubblemede's mansion, in Upper Crook street; two umbrellas from No. 24 in the same street, and a roll of carpet from the big store round the corner.

John had a sharp lecture from the captain and he went again upon his beat, horribly wroth.

"If I had only been by that shop door I could have nailed them," said John, angrily; "but a man can't be everywhere at once. I'll have them, though, next time, hang me if I don't, or else I'll leave the force."

He was very busy that day, and took up one man on suspicion; but only got snubbed for his pains.

"I shall be too many for them yet," said John, as he swung leisurely down a street. "Every dog has his day, watchdogs as well as mongrels, a running about and doing mischief; and when I do get hold, why then"—

He paused before an orange woman who was encroaching upon the pavement, and, after warning her off, began to ponder on her appearance. Some one must have committed these robberies, and why not she as well as any one else? She was bulky, and had a habit of sitting in a sieve packed with her legs under her, to keep her warm; her bonnet was very much crushed, and her plaid shawl all awry—all of which proved nothing; but they might be found to be associated in some way with the late robberies. It was astonishing what great things sometimes grew out of small, as the detectives had often shown.

John Pipley could not make the sides of the puzzle fit, so he moved on himself.

Ah! Now that was more likely. An organ-grinder. Hum! Always loitering about and turning that handle, what opportunities for thinking out villainy! But no, it would not do. He couldn't take up Giuseppe on suspicion; so the man ground out the march from "Faust" like so much musical meal to be blown away upon the wind, the sound buzzing in John Pipley's ears, even when he was out of sight.

"I'll have 'em yet—I'll have 'em yet," said John, as he chewed the cud of his

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FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

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disappointment, and thought of his captain's words; but his business was slack, the people were awfully well-behaved, and it was very disappointing.

A coach rattled by, laden with luggage; but no scoundrel was dislodging a portmanteau; and he—John Pipley—could not run after that coach all the way to the depot to see if it arrived there safe. It was not reasonable, and would be horribly wanting in dignity.

How his head worked! How he beat together his gloves, in which his fingers itched to get at crime, or longed to lay hold of his truncheon, and hit at something, hard—very hard!

Up and down, here and there; but nothing on the wing. Not even a row, not even a horse down; all was peace when he wanted war—war to the truncheon.

It was enough to make any policeman sigh, and he sighed accordingly. Ah! if some daring scoundrel would only dash a brick through one of those great panes of glass, and seize handfuls of the glorious jewels therein! With what a feeling of exquisite delight he could bring down his truncheon upon the evil doer's arm, and make him drop the treasure, which would fly scintillating all over the pavement; and then, with the fellow's cuff tightly held, the jewels gathered and placed safely in his—John Pipley's—pocket, how he could proudly march the thief off, enter the charge, and deposit the culprit, like so much honey which he had gathered safely in a cell!

Ah, and court next day! Yes, he would shine there as the active and intelligent officer. The jeweler would, of course, come down handsome, and it would be a step toward promotion. Yes, if such an attempt were only made, and he was at hand to stay it. What a crack at the gang it would be—if it were only not a castle in the air.

Pipley beat his gloves together and sighed deeply.

"I was on the look-out when the last carriage robbery came off, and I'd almost go so far as to swear that I saw that roll of carpet perfectly safe ten minutes before it was stolen. Though it couldn't have been safe, or it wouldn't have been taken. Ah! I shall have 'em yet."

"Now then, policeman, give's a lift with this here, there's a good 'un."

John Pipley had been slowly approaching a great grocery, at one end of which stood a light cart, with the tail-board down, and an ordinary-looking man was trying to lift a large firkin into the cart, its fellow being already there.

"Heavy?" said Pipley.

"Out an' out," said the man.

John Pipley was naturally good-natured. He knew, too, the value of aid in a row; how often the law was glad to appeal to a civilian for help in the capture of some ugly customer. So, without a moment's hesitation, he slipped off his gloves, seized one end of the little barrel, and with a swing it was safely deposited in the cart.

"A little furder, old un," said the man; "now, then, both together. There's summat else to come."

A vigorous push sent the firkin right forward beside the other.

"Now this here," said the man, "and then there's the price of a pint," as he stepped up to an egg box lying close under the window.

"All right," said John; "but just tell your people as it aint safe to have these things out like they do; there's been a good many robberies about."

"Well, I told our foreman as it wasn't safe," said the man; "but he called me a fool for my pains. Now, then."

John Pipley pocketed the money offered to him, got his fingers under one end of the straw-packed case, the man got his under the other; the box was rested on, the tail of the cart, leisurely thrust in, the tail-board rattled up, pins and chains secured, the man climbed into the cart, a mutual nod of good-fellowship was exchanged, the reins were shaken, the horse flicked, and away it rattled, while Pipley slowly replaced his gloves, looked eagerly round for scoundrels and went on his way.

"Luck's dead against me," he said—"dead as dead; but I'll have 'em yet. If some one would only do something. If I'd any luck at all, I should have nobbed some one after them butter kegs. Heigho! nothing never falls in my way."

All through the afternoon, like a law-preserving and intelligent officer, did Pipley wander about his beat, longing to get a shot at some rascal or another; but everything was quieter than usual, and the time for relief coming, Pipley returned to the station.

"Another robbery on your beat this afternoon, Pipley," said the captain. "Strange thing! Most mysterious! But it must be stopped. We can't go on like this. I must put another man on."

"No, sir, don't, please; I'm down on 'em first chance," said Pipley; "but what is it this time—another time-piece out of a carriage?"

"No; a"—

"Not a coat from a hall?"

"No; a shop-door robbery."

"And I told 'em to be careful about them there rolls of carpet," said Pipely.

"I don't want to be harsh," said the captain, "and I suppose you were watched out of the way. A man can't be everywhere at once, nor yet be all eyes, as the press seem to think."

"What was it this time, sir?" said Pipley.

"Oh, a very daring affair—butter firkins and egg chests, just delivered. Two firkins and a chest taken from the grocer's door directly after."

"Were they outside the shop, sir?" said Pipley, rubbing his gloves softly together.

"Yes, outside at Chedderby's. The fellows must have had a cart. I'll put on a couple of plain clothes men, for this sort of thing must be stopped. The super. will be furious."

"They're sharp uns, and no mistake," said John Pipley, with a peculiar look of his eye; and then, being dismissed, he slowly returned to his lodgings, grinding his teeth, doubling his fist, and biting a bit of straw into the smallest possible fragments.

"It won't do to say how I've been sold," he muttered at last, as he sat down to the tea table; "for I have been sold, and no mistake. Looked as innocent as a lamb, he did; and me not to see as he was the lamb of black sheep. And me, after eight years in the force, not to have the perception to take a note of the name upon the cart?"

John Pipley might have spared himself all trouble about that; for the name had been most carefully removed.

What Building Associations Do.

The rapid growth of Philadelphia, which, with a smaller population, has nearly twice the number of separate dwellings within its corporate limits that New York aggregates, is due to three things: First, accessibility and level territory; second, the ground rent system, by which land may be perpetually leased on payment of six per cent. in the form of rent; third, the building association, by which mechanics and others are enabled to become owners of their own dwellings. This system of association has, in spite of dull times, kept the building trade active wherever it exists in any large sense. In the towns about Boston, largely in Philadelphia, and in all the mid-Pennsylvania towns, such as Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, etc., it has kept building active by the demand for separate dwellings it creates among the frugal work people.

THE COST OF A WAR.

What the Late Civil War in the United States Cost—Statistics of the Franco-Prussian War.

The following statement of the cost of the late civil war in the United States is taken from an essay furnished to the Cobden Club of England;

The whole cost of the war to the Northern and Southern States from 1861 to 1866 is estimated as follows: Lives, 1,000,000; property by destruction, waste, etc., $9,000,000,000. The gross expenditures of the United States from June, 1861, to July, 1866, $5,792,257,000. Of this the actual war expenses were about $5,342,237,000.

The expenses of States, counties, cities and towns in the Northern States, not represented by funded debts, have been estimated at $500,000,000. The increase of State debts on the war account was $123,000,000. The increase of city, town and county debts is estimated at $200,000,000. Total war expenses of the loyal States and national government, $6,165,237,000.

The estimated direct expenditures of the Confederate States on account of the war were $2,000,000,000.

Aggregate estimated expenses of the war to the country North and South, $8,165,237,000.

The total receipts from all sources during the second year of the war were less than $42,000,000. The expenditures were $60,000,000 per month—at the rate of $700,000,000 a year.

As another illustration we have the peculiar results to France of the late war with Germany, which is thus summed up by a clever statistician in Paris:

War indemnity, 5,000,000,000 francs; interest on the same for two years, 300,000,000; the keep of the German troops, 273,637,000 francs; requisition, 227,581,000 francs; value of objects taken without requisitions, 254,172,000 francs; war contributions levied on Paris, 200,000,000 francs, and so on till the account forms a total of 6,673,811,000 francs (£266,952,440). But this enormous sum is exclusive of pensions to the army, the damage done to material and the expenses of reorganization, which swell the total to 13,000,000,000 francs (£520,000,000). The average value of a day's work in France is one franc and a quarter, and thus it would take 1,000,000 of men thirty years to work it out.

Twenty Ears of Corn.

A local correspondent of the Pittsburgh (Penn.) *Commercial* writes: Anthracite coal was discovered in Pennsylvania soon after the settlement of the Wyoming valley, but its first practical use was by Obediah Gose in his blacksmith shop in the year 1768. In 1791 Philip Ginter discovered anthracite on the Lehigh. In 1802 Robert Morris, of Philadelphia, formed a company and purchased 6,000 acres of the property on which Ginter discovered the coal. The coal company was called "The Lehigh Coal Mine." This company opened the mine and found the vein to be fifty feet thick, and of the very best quality of coal. The company made every effort to secure a demand for the coal, but without success, and having become thoroughly disgusted with their speculation, leased the 6,000 acres of this mammoth coal field to Messrs. White & Hazard, of Philadelphia, for twenty years, at an annual rental of one ear of corn. Messrs. White & Hazard tried to use the coal in the blast furnace in 1826, but failed; the furnaces chilled. In 1831 Neilson conceived the idea of the hot blast for saving fuel, and in 1833 David Thomas adopted the idea of the hot blast and anthracite together. White & Hazard had, previous to this, formed a company and bought the property. In 1839 David Thomas made the use of anthracite for making pig metal a success, by which the twenty ears of corn were transferred into $20,000,000. And this is the early history of the great Lehigh coal mines of the present day. I remember well the banquet given by Burd Patterson and Nicholas Biddle, at Mount Carbon, in 1840, at which time they paid William Lyman, proprietor of the Pioneer Furnace, $5,000, the premium they had offered for the first successful use of anthracite coal as fuel in the blast furnace. But David Thomas was the lion of the day. It was he who showed them how to do it, and hale and hearty to-day, as then, he stands a worthy representative of science. Long may he live, and peaceful be his death, and may the memory of his deeds never be forgotten by Pennsylvania. He is a master mechanic, and I should be pleased to see the Chair of Metallurgy in the Mechanic's High School of Pennsylvania marked Thomas.

Baby Styes.

London, having harped upon its baby farms for some time, has now coined a new word—"baby-styes." The *Pall Mall Gazette* tells the story of a three-year old child lately killed in one of these dens. It appears that the youngster had been put to nurse, and the woman to whom it was intrusted was frequently intoxicated, and was in the habit of going out and locking the child in her room for hours, without food or fire. One morning at nine o'clock she went out leaving the child in charge of her boy, who himself went out, transferring the child to an old woman living in the next room. The old woman hushed the baby to sleep, and at noon Mrs. Davis, the nurse, returned "slightly intoxicated." She went into the room where the child was lying, and was next seen by the old woman at six o'clock in the evening in Vauxhall-walk. On the next morning the boy, who had been to the theater, returned home at half-past twelve, and going into the room found the baby dead. Later in the day Mrs. Davis returned home "the worse for liquor." The doctor was called in, and having made a *post-mortem* examination of the dead child, said that "of all the horrible fever dens he was ever in Mrs. Davis's room was the worst. It was in a frightful state of neglect and dirt, and the very place to breed fever. The death of the child was caused by asphyxia, but how caused he could not say. The organs of the body were healthy, but there was not a particle of food in the stomach and intestines." What a sad and pitiful commentary the whole wretched story is upon the boasted civilization of the age.

All a Mistake.

Marcus J. Parrott, a well-known American, some years ago, while at the Langham Hotel, in London, dispatched to the Grand Hotel, in Paris, to reserve apartments for him. On his arrival there great was his astonishment to find that one of the grandest suites of apartments in the hotel had been reserved for him, while he was greeted with the greatest display of respect by mine host and his staff. This extraordinary attention to a simple American sovereign was caused by a ludicrous misconception of Mr. Parrott's name. The dispatch conveyed to the landlord the impression that the apartments were for the Marquis de Parrot, a distinguished foreign nobleman.

WANT FUNDS.—The return rifle match between Ireland and America will take place in June, and the National Association has issued an address to patriotic citizens. Funds are needed to insure the international contest, and, as the amount is comparatively small, it will no doubt be speedily supplied.

Communist Societies of the United States.

Chas. Nordhoff has been inspecting the Communist societies of the United States, and he finds that there are eight societies, or seventy-two communes or different settlements, in this country which are successful. The oldest of these have existed for eighty years, the youngest of which he treats, for twenty-two. They number about five thousand persons of all ages, and are scattered through thirteen States, owning nearly one hundred and eighty thousand acres of land. As they are sometimes accused of being land monopolists, it is interesting to see that the communists own only about thirty-six acres a head. This fact, mentioned by Mr. Nordhoff, contrasts curiously with the statistics of Scotland, where the Duke of Sutherland owns 1,326,453 acres, the Earl of Breadalbane 438,358 acres, the Duke of Buccleuch 418,615 acres; where more than a quarter of the land is owned by twelve men, and one-half of it by seventy-five. Our author computes the wealth of the communities at twelve millions of dollars. One of the societies is French in origin, two American, and the others German. Mr. Nordhoff's detailed account of the life at the various communities, with their history, is extremely interesting. The general impression left upon the mind of the reader is of moderation in every way—plainness often amounting to bareness, industry, regularity, and probable monotony. Refinement, high education, or general intellectual cultivation is not common. But immorality, disorder, dissipation, are seldom found.

Mr. Nordhoff's general summary is that while they are not refined or cultivated, while art is unknown among the communists, and beauty and grace are even despised, yet they work but moderately; they are cleanly, honest, humane, and charitable. They provide plainly for personal comfort, live well, are unusually healthy, temperate, never in debt, and the most long-lived of our population. They keep regular hours, live in the open air, avoid anxiety, are tenderly nursed in illness, and in old age are most carefully considered. Eighty years is not an unusual age for a communist, and in every society except the French colony of Icaria Mr. Nordhoff saw or heard of people over ninety and still hale and active. If the communist life seems in theory to be dull and dreary, yet he found the peoule cheerful and quietly merry, and considers it in almost every way a higher and better and pleasanter life than that of the average mechanic and laborer in the city or the average farmer in the country. Indeed, when the reader thinks of the tenement house in the city or the wasting toil and pinched household of the poor farmer, and then of the life which is described in this book, the author's opinion has great presumptive support.

Paris in Trouble.

One night lately, the streets and pavements of Paris were covered with a thin coating of ice, which made them excessively slippery. It was with the utmost difficulty that any vehicle could pass along the streets, and pedestrians fell in all directions. As many parties and dinners had been given that day, a large number of persons were about. The theaters were all very full, and loud were the lamentations on the turn out at midnight as to the impossibility of getting home. Some slept in empty omnibuses and cabs; many got beds in common lodging houses, and not a few passed the night in the streets. It was a curious sight the next morning to see ladies shivering in their ball dresses making their way to their homes. One gentleman cut up a railway wrapper, and making stockings for his horse, drove home. A man with a quantity of list slippers made a little fortune, but his stock was soon exhausted. Many people people passed the night at the various police stations. Several people lost their lives; a young man fell and fractured his skull in the Rue de la Paix; a woman slipped, came down, broke her arm, and the child she was carrying was killed on the spot; numerous fractures of legs and arms occurred, and dangerous wounds. Nearly 300 persons were taken to the hospitals, having either broken limbs or severe contusions. An omnibus line lost 200 horses by accident. There is a well known beggar who, having lost both legs, by means of sharp pointed sticks propels himself on a go-cart. This man dashed up the Boulevards at full speed, and, as a reporter remarks, "avenged the humiliation of years." A blind man who clung to the railings of the mayorality of the Eleventh Arrondosiement was fastened there by the tips of his fingers, which became frozen. He was released by a piquet.

A Religious Difficulty.

The distubrances which have taken place in Caraquette, New Brunswick, resulting in loss of life, had their inception in the bitter feeling existing between the Roman Catholics, who are in the minority in that province, and the Protestants, upon the subject of taxation for public schools. The Catholics refuse to send their children to the non-sectarian public schools, and many of them have carried their resistance to the payment of the school tax to the point of suffering imprisonment rather than comply with the law; while not long ago the Catholic bishop of St. John permitted property belonging to him to be seized and sold for non-payment of his school tax. The assessment of the school tax is left optional with the local trustees. In Caraquette, a small town on the eastern coast of the province, the citizens at their annual meeting voted against the assessment for school purposes by electing trustees opposed to it. These trustees were removed by the government and others appointed in their place who made the assessment, and this led to the attack of the mob upon the residence of Mr. Robert Young, president of the executive council, who strongly favors the school bill, and was believed to have been instrumental in forcing the assessment. Several persons are reported to have been killed and wounded in this affair. It will be investigated by the courts, and the trial of the rioters will doubtless add to the bitterness of the public feeling. In Ontario and Quebec, as well as in New Brunswick, religious animosities enter largely into politics.

In Cases of Poisoning.

If a stomach-pump is not at hand give the patient ground mustard and salt dissolved in water to produce vomiting. We mention this as these articles are almost always on hand in every house. Then give the white of a few eggs. In regard to special antidotes: For acid poisons give as quickly as possible large draughts of chalk, magnesia, or a cream made of soap and water; for alkaline poisons, such as soda, potash, or ammonia, give lemon-juice with water and sugar, and if this cannot be had, give vinegar; olive oil, also, will relieve such cases. For arsenic the hydrated sesquioxid of iron is the special antidote, in doses some thirty times larger than the amount of poison taken; for baryta give sulphate of magnesia or soda; for antimony or tartar emetic powdered Peruvian bark or the infusion of the same is the specific antidote. For corrosive sublimate the hydrated protosulphuret of iron is the antidote if administered within twenty minutes; if later, give unboiled white of eggs, then warm water. For salts of copper (verdigris, blue vitriol, etc.) sugar and the whites of eggs.

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A Sailor in Constantinople.

The captain came down and called out that if I wanted to go up town to come along; so I jumped ashore with my blue shirt and broad collar and went into the town. All the carrying here is done by men or horses, for the streets are so narrow there is no room for wagons, although you occasionally see one. Ladies going out shopping use a sedan chair or go on foot. The carriers use a pole about fifteen feet long, with knobs on the end, and two little iron pins in the middle, where the rope goes around, to keep the load in place. I have seen eight men carrying a large bale of hay this way, using four poles, and the bale being slung diagonally so that the men could each rest one hand on the other's shoulder. It made it quite exciting when ten or twelve loads were coming at the same time, the men all shouting for the people to get out of the way, and the street being so narrow that such a thing was almost impossible. Small light things like trunks are carried by one man, who has an affair of pigskin strapped on his back of such a shape that the articles carried almost stay there without being tied. After we left the ship chandler's we came out into an open place, where I was surprised to see horse cars. These cars were divided into two compartments—one-third of the cars being for ladies and the other two-thirds for gentlemen. Next we went up a very hilly street; so steep that it was all steps. It is lined on both sides with handsome stores of all descriptions, and is crowded with people. I saw lots of those eastern beggars we read of—some in bushel-baskets, with nothing to be seen but the head and one arm, and a variety of other sorts. At a building that was being torn down we saw them carrying away the bricks on donkeys, a big bundle of them being slung on each other, either one of the bundles weighing more than the animal, while the poor little fellow would try to walk, with his legs bending under him like rods of whalebone. When we arrived at the American Consul's the captain went up to his office and I stood at the door. There are any quantity of people going around selling things you never heard of in the States, and in a mode of selling you never see. For instance, there are men selling drinking water; they have a kind of wooden tub strapped on their back the tub being entirely hidden by leaves and branches of trees, which tower high above their heads. The water is drawn through a leather pipe, which has a brass nozzle and cock on the end, the mouth of the nozzle being also surrounded with green leaves. In front of them they carry a little brass tray, with two tumblers, and a sponge for washing the rims of the glasses. They also rinse them out when you take a drink. The price is one para, equal to one cent, and you are entitled to two glasses. The water is good. Then there are fruit men, selling plums and grapes, and other fellows that have a regular cold lunch on a tray before them and a stool slung behind them, so that you can retire to a quiet corner and feast your appetite.

How They are Now Chosen.

Presidential electors in the United States are now chosen by general ticket. The names of two men corresponding to the number of Senators to which a State is entitled in Congress, together with the names of as many others as there are Representatives of the State in the lower House of Congress, one to reside in each Congressional district, are placed upon the same ballot, and every voter votes for the whole number of Presidential electors to be chosen in the State, and, by a law of Congress, the electors are required to be chosen in all the States on the same day, which is the first Tuesday after the first Monday of November. The electors so chosen in each State meet in their respective States on the first Wednesday of December, and vote for President and Vice-President, and make and sign three certificates of all the votes given by them, and seal up the same. One of these certificates is to be sent, by a person duly appointed by them, to the President of the Senate, at the seat of government, before the first of January next ensuing; another is to be forwarded by mail, also directed to the President of the Senate; and the third is to be delivered to the United States judge of the district in which the judges are assembled. On the second Wednesday of February, the President of the Senate, in the presence of all the Senators and Representatives, opens the certificates from all the States, and the votes are counted. The person having a majority of all the electoral votes for President is elected. If no person has a majority of the electoral votes, the House of Representatives must choose the President from those candidates, not exceeding three, who had the highest number of the electoral votes. But in so doing the members do not all vote together; but those of each State vote by themselves, and the candidate who receives the votes of a majority of the Representatives of a State has but one vote for such majority; from which it appears that there are only as many Presidential votes as there are States, the person who receives the votes of a majority of the States is elected. The proposed amendment to the United States Constitution provides that the people shall vote directly for President and Vice-President.

On an Icy Roof.

There came near being a fatal accident at Richmond, Va. A young gentleman, son of an Episcopal minister, in company with a party of young ladies, paid a visit to the capitol. Like most parties who visit this place, they went up on the roof of the building for the purpose of viewing the city. While they were on the platform, which is not over four or five feet wide, one of the party proposed that they should step to the roof, and the gentleman and one of the ladies did so. Scarcely had they placed their feet thereon when they found that the roof, which is an inclined plane, was covered with a thin coating of ice, and to the horror of their companions, both slid with startling velocity down, the young man in front. Their friends and other observers expected to see them slide over the roof to the ground, but, fortunately, in their descent they came in contact with one of the chimneys on the very edge of the roof, and thence managed to creep back again.

It was in Paris.

An elegant lady goes out shopping. While she is engaged, there is a heavy fall of rain. The streets are flooded, and, to add to her distress, her carriage stands on the far side of a large, open square, which has become a lake. She signals to the driver, but his horses, being young, will not face the water. She stands on the edge of the curb, stamping her little feet, and not knowing what to do. A gentleman passes and takes in the situation at a glance. Throwing his cigar aside, he steps up to the lady, seizes her by the waist, delicately, plunges into the tide, and lands her safely on the lower step of her carriage door. Recovering from her astonishment, she turns around and mutters, "Insolent!" The gentleman loses no time, but steps back to the lady, seizes her by the waist, delicately, plunges into the tide, and lands her where she stood before. He then takes off his hat, bows politely, and walks away.

REPORTER.

Terms: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

RSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1875. NO. 8.

MR. MAXON GETS ELECTED.

How his Wife Found It Out.

James Maxon is a duly initiated and valiant Knight of Pythias, residing on Fourth street. The other night he left home, telling Mrs. Maxon that he was going to the lodge. About half-past eight o'clock two well-dressed men rang the door bell, and when Mrs. Maxon appeared they introduced themselves as companion Knights of Pythias. They said the lodge had just held an election and that Mr. Maxon had been unanimously called to the Chancellor's chair—the highest position in the lodge. They had been duly appointed, in accordance with the custom which is peculiar to the Order, to inform her of the distinguished honor that had been conferred on her husband and to solicit her consent to his acceptance of the office—another stipulation peculiar only to the Knights of Pythias. Mr. Maxon, they said, according to their rules, would hold the office for three years, and would receive an annual salary of $1,162, this being the exact amount, according to the tribute levied on each knight by the superior council. Mrs. Maxon was overjoyed, thanked the courteous gentlemen—who had meanwhile seated themselves in the parlor—and gave her freest consent to the acceptance of the high and lucrative office conferred upon her worthy husband. The visitors rose to leave, and, as they were about to withdraw with all the thoughtful etiquette of thorough gentlemen, one of them suddenly remarked, "Oh! by the way, Mrs. Maxon, I almost forgot to give you this note. Mr. Maxon especially impressed it upon me not to forget its delivery." A hurriedly written note was handed Mrs. M., and, excusing herself, she retired to the lighter parlor and read:

DEAR WIFE—I have been selected from among the three hundred and seventy-five members of my lodge to act as chancellor—a flattering office—worth nearly $1,200 a year. It is always customary for the newly-elected chancellor to furnish refreshments for the knights. I have only $5 with me. Please send me at least $50, for I must do the thing up well. Send $100 if you have it handy, or borrow it of the neighbors. It will all come back when I get my first month's salary—$100. Your loving husband, JAMES MAXON.

Mrs. Maxon's eyes opened and she thought a moment. Then she went to a wardrobe, plunged her hand into the pocket of her black silk dress, pulled out a pretty Russia leather purse, and, from its snugly tucked-up corner took a bill. It looked nice and fresh, and had in big figures upon it "$100." Going to the door she inquired of the waiting gentlemen: "Will you take the money to him?" The fine-looking fellow who handed her the note, professing not to know what was in it, spoke up, "Oh, certainly, certainly, I'll see that he gets it safely. Glad to accommodate you, madam."

Said Mrs. Maxon, "I have only a $100 bill, and James wants but fifty, and, besides that, I don't want to send the whole of it. Will you get it changed for me, please?"

The two gentlemen consulted a moment and then said, "Oh, we have change." Straightway they made up $50 and gave it to Mrs. Maxon in exchange for the bill, and, wishing her a very good night, retired with all the elegant grace and manliness characteristic of the noble Pythian Knights.

In about twenty minutes Mr. Maxon came home. "Why," said the wife, "I thought you were entertaining your knightly associates. I didn't expect you home till midnight, considering the amount of money you wanted for your feast."

"What do you mean?" inquired Mr. Maxon. "I don't understand you."

"Why didn't you send me this?" said Mrs. Maxon, as she handed him the note. "Right after you left two very clever-looking gentlemen called and said you had been elected to some high office--chancellor, I think--and I, of course"—

Maxon, who had glanced over the note and discovered its complexion, ejaculated, "You gave it to them? Why, it's a diabolical swindle. Did you give them any money? How much?"

"Why, I gave them a $100 bill, and they gave me $50 in change. Here it is."

Mr. Maxon in a despairing way took the money and carelessly glanced it over at first, then more eagerly, scanning each bill carefully. "Well, well," said he at last, "this is a double outrage. Why, all this money is counterfeit except two $5 notes! But where in the name of common sense did you ever get a $100 bill? You didn't borrow that of the neighbors, did you?"

"No," said Mrs. Maxon, who appeared to her husband to be strangely undisturbed, "I took that $100 note you gave me about a year ago. Don't you remember? You told me to look out and not to spend it."

"Why, that's a counterfeit!" said the husband.

"I knew it was. Did you suppose I didn't see through their stupid game, Mr. Maxon? Your wife isn't a fool if she is a woman. Give me them two good $5 bills, if you please, I just want a new bonnet."

A Brakeman's Bravery.

Charles Crandall, a brakeman on the New York and New Haven railroad, saved the life of Mary E. Jones, of Portchester, at the imminent risk of his own. Miss Jones was crossing the track, when she recognized an acquaintance in a little boy and stopped to talk with him. He was not on the road bed but Miss Jones stood on the track, which was trembling with the approach of a Boston express at full speed. A freight train stood on the other through track, and the men were busy switching cars on a side track. Crandall was on a freight car that was moving, and hearing the express shouted to Miss Jones to get out of the way. She seemed not to hear, and continued her conversation. Crandall jumped from the moving car, and ran toward the woman, who, too late to save herself, saw her danger.

"I thought all of a sudden that I'd try," said he afterward, in relating the story to his friends, "and I knew that it must be an awful quick try. She didn't see me coming, but just glanced over her shoulder quick like, and then shrunk all together with a sort of shudder, and whispered: 'I'm gone.' I heard that whisper, and it seems as though the engine might have heard it, too. It was about as near her as I was. It was which and 'tother between me and the express. The girl put her hands to her face and tottered backward. I just caught her around the waist, and lugged her off the track as the whole train scurried past. I looked down at the little woman, and she was as pale as a ghost and hardly breathed. Then I was afraid she would faint, and I wouldn't have known what to do then. To pull a woman out of danger is easier for me then to bring them to when they faint. But she opened her eyes and stared into my face in a wondering way, just as one does on waking from a sleep after being sick and lightheaded. I think the scare itself came near killing her. She found out where she was quick enough, and bounded away. 'Don't you ever come around this track again,' said I. Then she laughed and started for her home, as she remarked: 'I think I shall remember this forever.'"

The Lightning Rod.

Keyser had lightning rods placed upon his barn three or four years ago; but during last summer the building was struck by lightning and burned. When he got the new barn done a man came around with a red wagon and wanted to sell him a set of Bolt & Burnam's patent lightning rods.

"I believe not," said Keyser, "I had rods on the barn at the time of the"—

"I know," exclaimed the agent. "I know you had, and very likely that's the reason you were struck. Nothin's more likely to attract lightnin' than worthless rods."

"How do you know they were worthless?"

"Why, I was drivin' by yer in the spring, and I seen them rods, and I says to myself that barn'll be struck some time, but there's no use in tryin' to convince Mr. Keyser; so I didn't call. I knowed it, because they had iron tips. A rod with iron tips is no better'n a close prop to ward off lightnin'."

"The man who sold them to me said they had platinum tips," remarked Keyser.

"Ah! this is a wicked world, Mr. Keyser. You can't be too cautious. Some of these yer agents lie like a gas meter. It's awful, sir. They are wholly untrustworthy. Them rods was the most ridicklus sham I ever see. A regular gouge. They wa'nt worth the labor it took to put 'em up. They wa'nt, now, that's the honest truth."

"What kind do you offer?"

"Well, sir, I've got the only genuine lightnin' rod that's made. It's constructed on scientific principles. Professor Huxley says it's sure to run off the electric fluid every time. Twisted charcoal iron, glass insulators, eight points on each rod, warranted solid platinum. We give a written guarantee with each rod. Never had a house struck since we began to offer this rod to the public. Positive fact. The lightnin'll play all around a house with one of 'em and never touch it. A thunder storm that'd tear the bowels out of the American continent would leave your house as safe as a polar bear in the middle of an iceberg. Shall I run you one up?"

"I don't know," said Keyser, musingly.

"I'll put you up one cheap, and then you'll have somethin' reliable. Somethin' there's no discount on."

"You say the old rod was a fraud?"

"The deadliest fraud you ever heard of. It hadn't an ounce of platinum within a mile of it. The man that sold it ought to be prosecuted, and the fellow that put it up without insulators should be shot. It's too bad the farmers should be gouged in this sort of way."

"And Bolt & Burnam's rod is not a fraud?"

"A fraud? Why, really, my dear sir, just cast your eye over Professor Huxley's letter and these certificates, and remember that we give a written guarantee—a positive protection, of course."

"Just cast your eye over that," said Keyser, handing him a piece of paper.

"Well, upon my word! This is indeed somewhat—that is to say it is, as it were—it looks—it looks a little like one of our own certificates."

"Just so," said Keyser. "That old rod was one of Bolt & Burnam's. You sold it to my son-in-law; you gave this certificate; you swore the points were platinum, and your man put it up."

"Then I suppose we can't trade!"

"Well, I should think not," said Keyser. Whereupon the man mounted the red wagon and moved on.

The Horrors of the Asylums.

The millenium will have been brought nearer to us by a great many thousand years when the people who are paid for the performance of public duties are selected by no other standard than their own qualifications for performing them faithfully and successfully. That the selection of the fittest does not now prevail in this department of human economy is a fact that the people of the United States have had thrust upon their attention with wearisome iteration in the past ten or twelve years. It has rarely been thrust upon the attention of anybody with more sickening details than in the two stories of cruel incompetence in the care of the insane. An old man undergoing treatment in the Kings County Asylum was murdered in pure wantonness by a lunatic whom a nurse allowed to take a plasterer's adze to amuse himself with. The murderer of course is a fitter object for pity than his victim; but what shall be said of the nurse whose indecision of character or ignorance of the duties belonging to his position is responsible for this painful catastrophe? Above all, what shall be said of the system under which it was possible for so incompetent a man to get into a position where the results of incompetence are liable at all times to be so appalling? The case may be an extreme on, for there are few duties which require for their performance a more peculiar fitness both of natural parts and special training than do those connected with the care of the insane. But where special qualifications are needed the precautions against incompetence and unfitness require to be made all the more stringent; and it is to be hoped that this saving truth has been doubly impressed upon the guardians of the Kings County Asylum and of similar institutions elsewhere by the deplorable incident which has followed its neglect. The story which comes to us from Quebec is far more harrowing in its accumulation of painful details. Through lack of proper precaution in guarding the acts of a woman of known violent propensities an asylum near the Canadian city was set on fire, and the four hundred and thirty odd demented women who were her fellow-prisoners in the building were thrown into a panic which may be more easily and vividly imagined than described. Three of them perished with the burning building. That no more than three perished where more than four hundred were rushing in every direction away from safety rather than towards it, may be accepted as sufficient proof that the officers of the institution did all that lay in human power to do to snatch these poor dazed creatures from the jaws of destruction. But a few ounces of prevention would have been far more efficacious than all these many pounds of attempted cure. The patients who survive that wild scene will be all the worse for their night of high-strung terror. One act of neglect has for them undone years of work in intelligent and conscientious treatment—if, indeed, the inmates of the destroyed asylum were accustomed to receive intelligent and conscientious treatment at the hands of their faithless guardians.—*N. Y. World.*

Was Grateful.

A Chinaman was arraigned in a San Francisco court the other day on a charge of murder. The judge asked him whether he had retained counsel. He replied that he had not; he was nothing but a Chinaman, and might as well be executed now as any time. The judge assured him that he had as many rights in the court as any other man, whereupon the Chinaman arose from his seat, his face beaming with gratitude, and bowed his acknowledgment. Counsel was then appointed by the bench, and the case proceeded.

THE WAR OF 1776.

The Hessians Employed by the English in the Revolutionary War--Where They Came From--An Interesting Sketch.

An *Atlantic* correspondent gives us the story of the troops known as Hessians, employed in the Revolutionary war by the English. After telling us that Great Britain had employment for her own troops, and must hire others to fight her battles in the colonies, he says that application was made to Russia and then to Holland, who declined. Germany was then divided into petty principalities, over each of which reigned an almost absolute monarch, who was as poor as he was aristocratic. The Seven Years' war had ended and each of these princes had an army that was of no use at home.

Col. Wm. Fawcitt was employed by the English government to make the negotiations, and set about his work. The first contract was made with the Duke of Brunswick. His little territory of about sixty square miles had a population of one hundred and fifty thousand, and an income of a million and a half. His debts amounted to nearly twelve millions. He paid thirty thousand thalers a year to the directory of his opera, and the offer of Fawcitt met him when he was sorely in need of money.

The first body of men employed consisted of four thousand infantry and three hundred light dragoons. This was made up of old men and raw recruits. They were sent off without overcoats and no shoes or stockings. The English had to supply these, and when the vessels got to sea and the boxes were opened it was found that the shoes were thin, made for ladies' wear, and utterly useless.

Shortly after the second division of the Duke of Brunswick's troops, consisting of about eighteen hundred men, was mustered in. They were nearly all recruits, levied especially for service in America; many of them, as in the first, too old or too young, or imperfectly grown and too feeble to carry a musket.

Fawcitt having obtained all the troops he could of the Duke of Brunswick went to Hesse-Cassel. The Duke of Hesse-Cassel, like his brother of Brunswick, felt no scruples, no humane misgivings, no paternal doubts about trafficing in the blood of his subjects. A conscription was ordered. A cruel one it was. When a father asked for his son, whom the conscription had torn from him, he was sent to the mines. If a mother besought that he to whom she had looked for the support of her age might be restored to her, she was sent to the work-house. Some of the barbarous punishments by which soldiers were terrified into obedience were inflicted in the streets. "Never," says Weber, in his "Travels of a German in Germany," "did I see so many poor wretches chased through the streets as in Cassel. It is less injurious to the health than running the gauntlet," the officers told him; and well it might be, for that gauntlet was run through a narrow lane of men, each provided with a stout cane and bound to apply it with full force to the backs of the delinquents. In cases of desertion, the greatest of crimes, the offender was made to run this gauntlet two days in succession, and twelve times each day. Can we wonder that the terrible punishment often ended in death?

The first division of 8,397 men was secured, and they entered New York harbor the 12th of August, 1776. On the 27th they took a brilliant part in the battle of Long Island under De Heister. A gale of wind, a persistent calm, any of the common chances of the ocean, and they would have been too late, and Howe would not have dared to fight the battle which won him his knighthood; Washington would have had time to strengthen his works on both islands; Greene, who of all the American officers was the only one perfectly familiar with the ground, would have recovered sufficiently from his untimely fever to resume his command, and the whole aspect of the campaign of 1776 would have been altered. Henceforth let it be borne in mind that in every battle of the war of independence hired men of Germany play an important part.

On the 2d of June the second division was mustered into service. On the 18th of October it landed at New Rochelle. It consisted of 3,997 men. This division was not so easily raised as the first. In spite of all the efforts both of the king and the landgrave, the desertion continued; the difficulty of finding recruits increased; native Hessians able to bear arms disappeared from the towns and fields; and it was only by stealing men wherever they could be found that the landgrave could fulfill his promises. Meanwhile he went to Italy to enjoy his money and form new plans of embellishment.

From Cassel Fawcitt hastened to Hanau and to other small provinces, where after negotiations he succeeded in raising small bodies of troops, paying different prices for them. The Margrave of Anspach encountered serious obstacles in sending his troops to the place of embarkation. At Ochsenfurt they revolted and refused to embark. A skillful leader might have opposed a formidable resistance, but their officers were not with them in heart, and information of the untoward event was immediately sent to the margrave. He instantly mounted his horse, not stopping long enough to take a change of linen or even his watch, and followed by only two or three attendants rode at full speed to the scene of the revolt. At the sight of their master the hearts of these bold men, so daring in the face of the enemy, misgave them, and they penitently returned to their allegiance.

The Duke of Wurtemberg offered four thousand men, and Fawcitt had been instructed to enter into negotiations with him. But upon a closer examination it was found that he was bankrupt. He had no arms and no uniforms. To prevent the men from deserting they were kept without pay. The officers' tents had been cut up to eke out the decorations of the duke's rural festivals. The troops could not be equipped and could not be furnished.

By the contract made with the princes a certain sum was paid for each division of men. For every man killed a certain number of thalers additional was paid and three wounded men counted as one killed. As near as can be established by a careful comparison of the English authorities, the sums paid under various names by the English treasury for those troops amounted in round numbers to seven million pounds sterling, or, at the present standard, fourteen million pounds sterling.

The number of Hessians employed by the English and the number who returned home are given in the following table:

	No. Men furnished.	No. returned home.
Brunswick	5,723	2,708
Hesse-Cassel	16,992	10,492
Hesse-Hanau	2,422	1,441
Waldeck	1,225	505
Anspach	1,644	1,183
Anhalt-Zerbst	1,160	984
Total	29,166	17,313

Thus the total loss was 11,853.

ADVERTISING.—Newspaper advertising is an art. It is not enough alone to advertise. It is necessary, in order to win success, to advertise in the most effective manner, and to employ the best skill, as being both the best and by many times the cheapest.

Items of Interest.

John Thicken is the author of the Milwaukee directory. Rival villiages say its too thin.

Persuasion is better than force. When a Chinese has anything heavy to carry he does it by means of bamboosling.

There are many who talk on from ignorance rather than from knowledge, and who find the former an inexhaustible fund of conversation.

In all good things give the eye and ear full scope, for they lead into the mind; restrain the tongue, for it is a spender; few men have repented of silence.

The true wealth of a community lies in the integrity of its citizens, and its chief honor arises, not from the possession of great riches, but the possession of true men.

A woman of the world says: The state of widowhood is inconvenient, for one must assume all the modesty of a young girl, without being able to feign her ignorance.

According to a recent statement there are in this country seven Catholic arch bishops, fifty-three bishops, 4,873 priests and 6,920 churches, chapels, and stations.

A Western editor asserts that it is "no use trying to publish a nonpareil newspaper in a long primer community," which will be readily understood by the initiated.

A Nevada man who had seven homely daughters got a paper to hint that he had seven kegs filled with gold in his cellar, and every girl was married in five months.

The very last curiosity spoken of in the papers is a wheel that came off a dog's tail when it was 'a waggin.' The man who discovered it has retired from public life.

The superintendent of education in South Carolina informs us, in his annual report, just published, that 45,774 white and 58,964 colored children attend school in the State.

The joy resulting from the diffusion of blessings to all around us is the purest and sublimest that can ever enter the human mind, and can be conceived only by those who have experienced it.

Idleness is the dead sea that swallows up all virtues, and the self-made sepulchre of a living man. The idle man is the devil's urchin, whose livery is rags, and whose diet and wages are famine and disease.

King Alfonso's allowance has been fixed at 28,000,000 reals—that is $3,500,000—which will, no doubt, prove a real comfort to him, and ought to procure him food, lodging and clothes of a superior kind.

A little boy in Woonsocket, R. I., put his tongue to a frosty lamppost on a cold night, and a bowl of hot water and a spoon had to be brought into requisition to release him, and then a part of his tongue was left on the post.

Merchandise of any sort, not weighing more than four pounds, can now be sent by mail. For two cents one may send a package weighing a quarter of a pound from Maine to California, and eight cents will carry a pound across the continent.

Oil and salt fish, immoderately used, are said to render the poorer inhabitants of the Island of Crete especially susceptible to leprosy. These articles not being in favor with the rich, the wealthy families are almost entirely exempt from this loathsome disease.

In was Henry Fielding who began the practice, now so common, of putting the marriages and deaths together in newspapers. This was in the *Jacobite's Journal*, set up by Fielding in 1747, one number of which was illustrated by a wood-cut of Hogarth's.

The servant of an army officer one day met a crony, who inquired of him how he got along with his fiery master. "Oh, excellent!" answered the servant, "we live on friendly terms, every morning we beat each other's coats; the only difference is, he takes his off to be beaten and I keep mine on."

An Indiana paper says of the columns of a quarto cotemporary: "They bear the word 'cheap' in every wrinkled and blurred feature, and have the appearance of impressions from scrabbled type, set by crazy rats, fed to a warped press by a sore-eyed feeder, and superintended by a drunken pressman."

Edward Everett Hale says of the salaries of teachers that "they generally range at a grade not much above starvation; they are far inferior to the salaries of a first-class cutter in a large tailor shop, or a first-class cook in a hotel, and very far below the salaries paid to first-class circus riders and ballet dancers."

A bill has been introduced in the Senate of Tennessee providing for the establishment of a State board of physicians, to issue licenses to all the physicians practicing in the State, and to issue none unless the applicant has been educated for a physician. Its object is to prevent the practice of what are known as quacks.

Owing to the many cases of shipwreck in which the survivors are for days at sea in open boats with but little if any water to drink, the question as to the best method of allaying thirst when there is nothing but sea water at hand is one of great importance. The examiners of the London Board of Trade think the best way is to keep the clothes, especially the shirt, soaked with sea water.

Mr Robertson, the British Consul at Canton, has announced that in connection with the recent capture of the steamer Spark and the murder of the master and others on board, nineteen men have been arrested and eight of these have been executed, their heads, together with that of another man taken dead, being afterward exposed as a warning. Against the rest of the prisoners proceedings were still pending.

Poor people living along the lines of the great coal transporting roads do not suffer for want of fuel. All through the summer men and women of the poorer classes sally in the morning at an early hour and gather up what has fallen from the trains passing in the night. They easily pick up a bushel per head, and store it away for future use. The shrinkage on cargoes of coal carried one hundred miles must be very considerable.

A mail agent affirms that one of his ingenious mountain neighbors wrote a letter on a postal card that had been used, and that he accomplished the feat by scratching the name on the address side, and covering the other side with white paper. When it arrived at its destination it bore this inscription on the margin, the opinion of some postmaster through whose hands it had passed: "The man who did this is the meanest man alive."

Statistical tables show that there are in the whole world about 164 cities with 100,000,000 inhabitants; nine with over 1,000,000; twelve with from 1,000,000 down to 500,000; twenty with from 300,000 to 400,000; thirty-three with from 200,000 to 300,000; and ninety with from 100,000 to 200,000. The aggregate of the population of these large cities comprises 50,000,000 of inhabitants—that is to say the twenty-eight part of the entire population of the globe.

"Captain Jack," a shepherd dog owned by a citizen of Detroit, was poisoned. It was the animal's custom to go to the police station every night at a certain hour and accompany one of the officers to his beat, staying with him till he was relieved at four o'clock in the morning. Jack had a keen scent for prowlers and drunken men, and had in the course of his career assisted in the capture of many a burglar. The police force became very much attached to him, and the news of his death called forth a general expression of sorrow.

A Secret Kept.

When Lord Elgin, a shrewd, far-seeing man if ever there was one, made his treaty with Japan in 1858, he never for a moment dreamed that the Tycoon with whose Ministers he treated, and who was supposed to ratify the compact, had been dead several months. Yet such was the case, and the authorities had managed to keep the news of his death from the people of Japan, as well as from those of the outside world.