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The Listening Oak.

She found the old familiar spot,
Beneath the green oak tree;
She sighed—she sighed—"He loves me no
And I'm alone—ah, me!"
It watched her there—the fond old oak
For trees have eyes like other folk;
It whispered, whispered, "Hearts may roam
But late or early love comes home!"

He stood where they so oft had met,
He flung away her flower;
"Ah, me!" he cried, "Coquette, coquette.
To love me but an hour!"
But loudly sang the angry oak,
For trees have hearts like other folk;
And chiding, chiding was the song,
"The heart that loves believes no wrong!"

There's some one stealing on space,
And some one's arms thrown wide,
And some one's heart is some one's place
At happy even-tide.
The tears, the doubts, are gone, are gone
And gayly now the oak looks on,
And sings to them of joy and rest,
"The love that's tried is happiest!"

Lyra Incantata.

Within a castle haunted,
As castles were of old,
There hung a harp enchanted,
And on its rim of gold
This legend was enscrolled:
"Whatever bard would win me
To strike and wake within me,
By one supreme endeavor,
A chord that sounds forever."

Three bards of lyre and viol,
By mandate of the king,
Were bidden to trial
To find the magic sting
(If there were such a thing),
Then, after much essaying
Of tuning, came the playing;
And lords and ladies splendid
Watched as those bards contended.

The first—a minstrel hoary,
Who many a rhyme had spun—
Sang loud of war and glory—
Of battles fought and won;
But when his song was done,
Although the bard was lauded,
And clapping hands applauded,
Yet, spite of the laudation,
The harp ceased its vibration.

The second changed the measure
And turned from fire and sword
To sing a song of pleasure—
The wine-cup and the board—
Till, at the wit, all roared.
And the high hall resounded
With merriment unbounded!
The harp—loud as the laughter—
Grew hushed at that, soon after.

The third, in lover's fashion,
And with his soul on fire.
Then sang of love's pure passion—
The heart and its desire!
And, as he smote the wire,
The listeners, gathering round him,
Caught up a wreath and crowned him.
The crown—hath faded never!
The harp—resounds forever!

—*Theodore Tilton.*

Humors of the Telegraph.

The majority of the reading, and all of the educated world are familiar with the accepted theories regarding electricity, and with the application of these theories by which we have the telegraph. But comparatively few have lifted the veil of the temple and witnessed the peculiar results of its practical working. And these are the employees of the business whose business it is to control and make use of the mysterious agency and "wonder-working wires" for the convenience and happiness of the public.

In the history of the Western Union company I recall but two instances of the known betrayal by operators of the contents of important messages among the millions of opportunities and inducements offered.

In no other business are mistakes more common, or for many reasons so excusable. For instance, a compositor or a copyist has his manuscript to easily consult, and, to a certain extent, is master of his own time; but an operator's time, especially if receiving a message, is governed by the one at the other end of the line, and he must depend for accuracy upon the correctness of his ear and memory. Nearly every one has read of the indignation of that father who received a message that his sickly daughter, who was at boarding school, "had a child this morning," and the subsequent appeasal of his wrath upon finding out that the original message read "chill," not "child." Not long ago a certain charitable institution was considerably mystified by a message asking for the whereabouts of "Monkey Wrench." The inquiry was instantly changed to "Mother French," however, upon being returned to the telegraph company for explanation, and apology made for the unintentional blunder. It was, I think, the same operator who in taking the Associated Press article, innocently spoke of "Mrs. Herman" as secretary of the treasury—a sudden advance in woman's rights to which the secretary, Mr. Sherman, would doubtless object. And a peaceful family circle ought not to be surprised, as it was, by receiving the following: "John is dead beat. Depot this evening," when a correct transmission of the dispatch would have rendered it, "John is dead. Meet us depot this evening." I recall another family agitated by the telegraphic information that "Brother lied last night," only to ultimately find out that he had departed life instead of truth.

Some time since a message transmitting the intelligence that "the Presbytery lacked a quorum to ordain," caused a prodigious amount of ecclesiastical wonderment and dismay on reaching its destination by announcing that "the Presbytery tacked a worm on to Adam." Comment is unnecessary.

The worthy and sedate Dr. Blank, of one of our eastern colleges, once accepted an invitation to lecture in a western city. His letter of acceptance, appointing an early date, omitted to state the subject of his discourse, and, to advertise in advance, the committee was obliged to telegraph him, requesting his subject. They were somewhat astonished at his reply, but not thinking of the possibility of a mistake, handed it over to the only daily paper, which in a highly eulogistic but misleading article advised all its readers to hear Rev. Dr. Blank deliver his celebrated and extremely humorous lecture—subject—"A Plea for Activity." The Doctor arrived too late to have the announcement changed to what it should have been—"A Plea for Activity"—and the result was a disappointed house and a grieved lecturer.

The mistakes of the telegraph, often provoking and sometimes amusing, are occasionally in their results of great importance. It was not long ago that a wheat speculator in Chicago made $60,000 by a small order being accidentally changed to an immensely large one. I believe he has made no complaint. Had the market turned the other way though!

Some years ago the daughter of a well-known citizen of central New York, named Jennie, had unfortunately, as the father then thought, formed an attachment for a young man named John. To separate them the father sent her to spend the winter with a married sister, Mary, who resided in New York. Spring approached and Jennie was expected home on a certain day, but, instead, the father received a letter from his son-in-law desiring that she might remain a while longer so that his wife could accompany him on a short southern trip, and requesting an answer by telegraph; whereupon the father sent the following dispatch:

"Jennie may stay and Mary go, if she wishes to very much."

The message as delivered in New York read: "Jennie may stay and marry George if she wishes to very much."

The father immediately received this from Jennie: "A thousand thanks for your permission; John and I marry at once. The telegraph stupidly made his name George, but of course you meant John."

How it happened that John was so wonderfully convenient is, probably, not our concern, and we can only hope that the father and Jennie have never regretted this mistake of the telegraph. The hieroglyphical characters supposed to be writing in some messages handed in over the office counters is sometimes fearful and wonderful to contemplate.

The telegraph is only used in cases of importance or emergency, and the incorrect reading of a single word in a condensed telegram is apt to render it not only valueless, but is liable to lead to a serious misconstruction.

Business men especially should bear in mind that a plain, clear chirography not only lessens the liability to error, but helps to hasten the forwarding of a message.

To illustrate the carelessness of some men's writing is the story of that English nobleman who wrote to a friend in India to "please send at once two monkeys;" but he wrote the two without crossing the t, and otherwise so blindly that his friend mistook it for 1,600, and on the first boat came thirty-five monkeys, with a note saying the balance would follow as soon as so large an order could be filled.

The members of the press are not exempt from this carelessness of untranslatable handwriting. I remember a special sent by a metropolitan reporter from a small town, describing an execution. The sending operator complained of the writing, and stumbled along slowly and grumblingly, finally capping the climax by saying the "doomed man then arose, partook of a hearty breakfast, and went out and buried himself with his fife." The city operator requested a halt, and after a long silence and evidently much study, was told by the sender to change the last five words to "busied himself with his pipe."

Mentioning newspapers, recalls a message sent by an energetic Cincinnati editor who had heard a false rumor of a heavy rain and flood in the country editor's vicinity, to the editor of a country weekly. It read:

"Send us particulars of the flood."

The reply was quite prompt:

"You will find a full account in Genesis."

An operator gets accustomed to these messages, and also to such as: "Send me two daughters of an outcast;" or, "We have no desperate men;" for he rightly concludes that the last-mentioned are either to or from some bookdealer.

Why telegraphers, as a class, are so seemingly careless and mirthful need not be discussed here. Perhaps the lively character of the fluid with which they are brought into constant contact is transfused and causes this effervescence of mental activity. One of their honored customs in the initiating of an operator, fresh and verdant from some small country place into the busy position in a city office, with its babel of sounds and perplexing rush and hurry, reminds one of college hazing, or the sailor's baptizement on his first crossing of the line.

The victim is requested to take a "special." How timidly he sits down, and how nervously he sharpens his pencil to take for the first time in his life press for the papers. How the instrument buzzes when he says "go ahead," and closes his key. He feels the watchful eye of the chief, and he must not, he will not, fail in his first trial. And, oh! what a dispatch for a newspaper! It begins all right about a railroad accident, but in some mysterious way this connects itself with a temperance convention, which branches into a fire caused by a walking match, with Congress calling upon Mexico to prevent the duel between the polar expedition and the Pacific railroad which—

He stops matters for an investigation and it wouldn't be the editor or the correspondent that is entirely daft. Then he rubs his amazed head, and looks cautiously around and discovers that he seems the sole object of interest to the others; and if he takes good naturedly the roars of laughter and the pointed questions that greet him when he also discovers that his wonderful dispatch originated in the fertile brain, and by a clever switching of the wires, was sent by the fastest operator in the office from the other end of the room to test him, he has taken one long step toward fame.

The all-night men while away the tedious hours after the dropping of business with conversation and stories; and the better the story-teller, and the fresher his jokes, the more popular he is. And how easy to dispose of a bore! It is said that on one of the circuits between New York and Chicago and intermediate cities, the all-night men had only to request one of their co-laborers, who had no other fault than his long, pointless stories, to relate something, and then, unknown to him—for they had no desire to offend him—would cut him out of the circuit, and have a social good time for an hour or two. On readjusting the wires the honest and solitary story-teller would be rattling along, unconscious of his loss of auditors, and perfectly happy in their remarkable attention. Perhaps the reader has in his youth told with much enthusiasm a capital story to a sleepy bedfellow to find, on nearing the end, that his companion was sound asleep. It's rather depressing.

A story, first told by a San Francisco paper, I will venture to repeat here for no better reason than because it is strictly true. It often happens that telegraphers are called into service at the representation of a stage play, in which occurs what is known as a "telegraph scene," such as the one shown in Byron's "Across the Continent," or Boucicault's "Long Strike," and at such times the operator behind the scenes manages to amuse himself by "talking" to the audience, unknown of course to only those of the fraternity who are present. The drama of "Across the Continent" was several years ago produced at a certain hall, and for the manipulation of the telegraph instrument which plays an important part in the most exciting scene of the play, an operator, whom we will call Frank, was engaged. His position was such that he could see the audience without being seen, and upon taking his position he discovered in the auditorium a brother operator from out of town, Spicer by name, who had that day arrived. Frank is fond of a joke, so when the time came for sending the first dispatch he loudly sounded on the machine, "How are you, Spicer?" The professional ear of Spicer instantly caught the words, and, wondering who it was, straightened up and stared at the stage as if he would give two dollars and a half to know something more.

"Spicer, how's your mamma?" quickly followed from the instrument, and the mystified Spicer confidingly turned to his fair partner to express his astonishment at the most singular circumstance. As luck had it the auditorium held quite a delegation of operators, who knowing Spicer and his great characteristic of bashfulness, with one accord began to look around the theater for him.

Spicer had hardly began telling the young lady about it when there came another message:

"Aha! old Spicer! Don't fool that confiding creature with any of your nonsense."

This aroused the telegraphers to a pitch of curiosity, and many of them stood gazing about them as if their only object in life was to discover Spicer. And he felt that they saw him, and the confusion which had been gradually covering his features grew into mortification when he saw so many eyes leveled at him, and at last culminated in his hasty withdrawal from the theater.

But Frank sent a parting shot, for as he faded from view he heard

"Good-bye, Spicer; but don't forget her tendency for ice cream, Johnnie, boy."

When it is considered that this scene forms the climax of an exceedingly thrilling point of the play, and Mr. Byron is dramatically explaining with wild gesticulations to the audience what the instrument is supposed to be saying, the modest Spicer's embarrassment can be understood.

Hastily as we have glanced at the brighter and cheerful side, there is now room for the dark one. But messages of sorrow and death burden the long slender wires and trip through the clicking instruments. Living dramas are constantly wrought through their mute agency, and of this perhaps they are speaking when at the quiet of midnight we hear from them that strange Æolian music like voices from a spirit land, that deep within us finds a responsive chord, thrilling and saddening us.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

TIMELY TOPICS.

Charles Ar Showe, a Chinaman, became a tea merchant in Boston thirty years ago, married an American wife, grew wealthy, and mixed in cultivated society. Lately he visited his native land, and, on returning, says to the Boston *Herald:* "Every thing in China seemed almost as strange to me as it did to me when I first arose to Boston." He found few social changes, however. "Individual taste, if it leads to a deviation from the set forms of society, is frowned down, and, so long as this feeling is prevalent in China, its people are slaves to custom, opinion and usage."

The Hungarians are exceedingly jealous of their identity as a distinct and sovereign people, and carefully preserve their national usages and language. With the latter, however, they have much trouble, the tendency being to its gradual extirpation before that of the more numerous and powerful Teutonic race, with which they are so joined that one or the other must give way. German is the official and judicial language of Hungary, and some of the schools are not only not conducted in Hungarian, but that language is not taught in them. An effort in the Hungarian Parliament to make instruction in the native tongue compulsory in the schools was under discussion some time ago, and was finally defeated because it was feared that it might create trouble with the rest of the empire.

A singular fact has been recently reported of the people of the little visited country of Annam, an independent though tributary state on the south of China. The natives of the country of pure descent have the great toes of each foot separated from the others like the thumb on the hand, and can and do use their toes in much the same manner that the thumbs are used, though, of course, to a much less extent. In the vicinity of the seaport of Sargon, where foreign intercourse has produced an admixture of races, this typical characteristic of the Annamese is gradually passing away; but in the northern sections of the kingdom, where the race has remained distinct, it is rarely the case that a child is born without flexible toes. That this peculiarity is of great antiquity is shown by the fact that in the Chinese annals of the year 2300 B. C., there is a description given of the barbarian tribes that were then to be found upon the borders of the Chinese empire, and among these one tribe or race is mentioned as having this peculiar formation of the big toe.

They have no civil damage act in Germany, but even there the necessity of some restriction upon the sale of alcoholic liquors to such as have not sufficient discretion to use them properly appears to be conceded. In various districts, by authority of general instructions proceeding from the government, the police have prohibited tavern keepers from selling or otherwise furnishing to minors under the age of sixteen, apprentices or persons mentally deranged or weak, any distilled spirituous liquors of whatever description, and a similar prohibition will apply to sales to confirmed drunkards, whenever the names of these latter have been given to the liquor venders with a proper caution. Disobedience of these orders will be punishable by fine and imprisonment; but they are not intended to apply to the sale of beer, the consumption of which has never been found to cause injury to anybody. The police orders are to be posted in a prominent place in every tavern. This news must make German liquor sellers in America feel less persecuted and forlorn.

Curious Effects of Altitude in Leadville.

A letter from Leadville, Col., the great mining town, says: I saw but very few cases of intoxication in the streets, though the three hundred saloons in the city held out their best inducements. I was surprised at this, as one of the notable effects of the great altitude of the place (10,300 feet above the level of the sea) is that all fermented liquors intoxicate more quickly than a lower elevation. The boiling point, owing to the decrease of atmospheric pressure is much lower than at Chicago, and the alcohol is sooner vaporized and taken into the circulation, producing intoxication quicker.

The boiling point of water here is about 190 degrees, instead of 212 degrees, the effect of which in boiling beans, eggs, potatoes, etc., is that it requires a long while to cook them in an open vessel, and it is necessary to keep the vessel well covered, or the water will vaporize and escape before being raised to the requisite degree for cooking. At this elevation much air is required to fill and satisfy the lungs, and breathing must be quicker in order to properly oxygenize the blood. It is said, too, that after one has been here some time, the coloring matter of the blood becomes darker, being changed from the peroxide to the sesquioxide of iron. With a person suffering under any difficulty or disease of the heart, the effect of any long continued exertion is to cause a dangerous degree of palpitation, and even with persons entirely well, the pulse runs extremely high.

There are other and notable facts concerned with this altitude. There are few birds seen here—perhaps for the reason that flying is difficult in the light air. The common house-fly, the summer pest of our eastern housekeepers, is unknown here. There are some of the out-door blue-bottle variety here, but they seem languid and tired. It is said also that cats cannot live here. This is probably owing to their delicate organization being unable to resist the rigor of the night air. So the "voices of the night" are not heard in this locality, and the bootjacks are reserved for their natural uses.

Another result of the lightness of the air is that, having so little density, it is easy heated by artificial means. Our nights are universally cold—so cold that it is uncomfortable to sit without a fire; but a few pine chips or small sticks will warm an apartment very quickly. At the same time the sun's rays do not seem to have the heating power that they do in the lower elevation. This seems to confirm the theory that there is no substantial caloric in the rays of the sun, but heat is the result of chemical action, generated by the direct rays with the element of the atmosphere—the dirtiness of the rays and the density of the atmosphere. While standing high upon these mountains, even at a distance from any snowdrifts and where the air is still, the summer sun has only sufficient power to make the air refreshing and pleasant, while you on the plains are sweltering under a torrid heat. In the shade of a rock or two it is always cool enough.

The effect of the altitude is the same as that experienced by balloonists, who in ascending from the surface of the earth, even on the hottest days, soon find it necessary to don their overcoats and warmest clothing. In the night here a good supply of blankets is always necessary, and nearly every morning heavy frosts are found, and sometimes thick scales of ice are formed. The crests of some of the mountains and many of the deep ravines upon their sides are still full of masses of snow so compact that one can walk over them without sinking. A day or two ago, in visiting a mine close to the summit of Mount Bross, I was compelled to cross a field of snow, hanging over the edge, which must have been a mile in length and probably in places twenty feet in depth.

The man who wears a watchchain should keep a watch on it.

A Stilt Race.

I remember particularly a certain stilt race, one of the oddest races that I ever saw. Six men and four women were "entered," as the horsey men would say. At Arcachon the women share the exercises of the men. There were then on the beach of Evrac ten tchankas. In the patois of the Landes, which one might be tempted to contound with the Japanese or Chinese idioms, a tchankas is a person mounted on stilts, and so tchanker means to mount upon stilts. These ten tchankas had all the same traditional costume, without distinction of sex; that is to say, a beret on the head, a mantle of wool over the shoulders, a buttoned doublet, bare feet, and the legs enveloped in a camano or fleece, fixed by red garters. Their stilts raised them five or six feet from the ground. A pole served them as a third point of support. Seen from a distance, they looked like gigantic grasshoppers. The tchanka, however, is seen to perfection on the bare land, motionless and fixed like a solitary triangle of sunset, or else when he leans against a pine tree, silently knitting stockings and guarding a black and lean flock. Stern and mute in the midst of a crowd, which was examining them with curiosity, their thoughts were concentrated solely on the gain that they were about to dispute. The prize was not much. The victor won twenty francs (four dollars). But twenty francs in the eyes of the tchanka represents a fortune. Soon, at a signal given by the president of the fete, they all ten spread over the beach, howling and yelling. If it had not been for their immense strides, which pass imagination, you might have thought you were present at an Arabian fantasia. Their evolutions were the same, accomplished with the same rapidity, in conditions which touched upon the impossible, and on ground where the stilt sunk in at each step. Their manties streaming in the wind, like those of Arabian cavaliers, they ran and pivoted round as deftly as if they had been on foot. The women were by no means inferior to the men; one of them, in fact, came in second, and they were only to be distinguished by their more piercing cries. This race was followed by some private exercises performed by the tchankas, in order to provoke the generosity of the spectators. They, then, sat down and ran again, and they picked up pieces of money that were thrown to them. This spectacle was not the least extraordinary. Bouncing forward at full speed, the man was suddenly seen to stop, the stilts bent, fell as it were to pieces, then something was seen moving between three pieces of wood, like the body of a spider on its long legs. The whole performance was done with lightning rapidity, the stilts rose again and the man appeared on top of them and resumed his course.—*From the French of Charles Monselet.*

The Abuse of Chloral.

The persons who become habituated to chloral hydrate are of two or three classes, as a rule. Some have originally taken the narcotic to relieve pain, using it in the earliest application of it for a true medical and legitimate object, probably under medical direction. Finding that it gave relief and repose, they have continued the use of it, and at last have got so abnormally under its influence that they cannot get to sleep if they fail to resort to it. A second class of persons who take to chloral are alcoholic inebriates who have arrived at that state of alcoholism when sleep is always disturbed, and often nearly impossible. These persons at first wake many times in the night with coldness of the lower limbs, cold sweatings, startings and restless dreamings. In a little time they become nervous about submitting themselves to sleep, and develop habituate themselves to watchfulness and restlessness, until a confirmed insomnia is the result. Worn out with sleeplessness, and failing to find any relief that is satisfactory or safe in their false friend alcohol, they turn to chloral, and in it find for a season the oblivion which they desire, and which they call rest. It is a kind of rest, and is, no doubt, better than no rest at all; but it leads to the unhealthy states that we are now conversant with, and it rather promotes than destroys the craving for alcohol. In short, the man who takes to chloral after alcohol enlists two cravings for a single craving, and is double-shotted in the worst sense. A third class of men who become habituated to the use of chloral are men of extremely nervous and excitable temperment, who by nature, and often by the labors in which they are occupied, become bad sleepers. A little thing in the course of their daily routine oppresses them. What to other men is passing annoyance, thrown off with the next step, is to these men a worry and anxiety of hours. They are over-susceptible of what is said of them and of their work, however good the work may be. They are too elated when praised, and to depressed when not praised, or dispraised. They fail to play character parts on the stage of this world, and as they lie down to rest they take all their cares and anxieties into bed with them, in the liveliest state of perturbation. Unable in this condition to sleep, and not knowing a more natural remedy, they resort to the use of such an instrument as chloral hydrate. They begin with a moderate dose; increase the dose as occasion seems to demand, and at last, in what they consider a safe and moderate system of employing it, they depend on the narcotic for their falsified repose.—*Dr. Richardson in Contemporary Review.*

Fires in Constantinople.

The season of fires has begun, writes a Constantinople correspondent of the Philadelphia *Telegraph.* As soon a cold weather sets in, and, notwithstanding the blazing afternoons, sunset brings chilly breezes to us, then inevitably, in one quarter or another, a conflagration is sure to break out every night. Either carelessness or faulty construction of grates and lighting apparatus is the cause. The first warning we have is from the "bekdjee," or night watchman. Making his round, he instantly pounds on the pavement with a heavy iron shod staff, its ringing noise being easily heard two or three blocks. The word is passed from the watch towers to the bekdjees of the locality of a fire, a certain number of guns being fired also for each quarter, viz., seven when the blaze is in Stamboul, four for Pera, etc. The watchman in a full, loud voice calls out the name of the quarter where the fire is raging, and, if in his quarter, thumps violently on the doors of the adjoining houses, and with good reason, for before people in the vicinity are fully awake the flames are on them. The rapidity with which 400 or 500 dwellings are swept away cannot be conceived by any one who has not seen the easily seen what rickety, sun-dried wooden houses they are. A Hungarian gentleman, Count Szechery, of much experience, has organized a fire brigade, which does wonders, when one considers that their only way to fight the flames is with little hand pumps. The streets are too narrow and winding to permit steam pumps to circulate. There are also the famous "toolumbadjees," or volunteer firemen, whose main object seems to be fun and plunder. Their reputation is such that of them and the fire the latter is the least dreaded of the two. The Szechery brigade is confined, unfortunately, to a few quarters. Several of the embassies have a private force of their own.

Lo, the poor printer, sitting on his stool, dissembleth slyly with his stick and rule; sogers all earnestly o'er this and that, with one eye peeled upon the hook for fat; or, waiting for copy, o'er the stone he stoops, and, two em quads in hand, he jeffs for dupes.—*St. Louis Times-Journal.*

A WONDERFUL CRIMINAL.

History of William Ringgold Cooper, the Anglo-American Forger—A Romance of International Crime.

In the criminal history of the present day no man, says the New York *Graphic*, has obtained a more widespread reputation as an accomplished, daring and expert criminal than William Ringgold Cooper, the Anglo-American criminal. Certainly no man has ever sustained the dual character of a gentleman and a forger with equal success. Young, accomplished, of elegant personal appearance and of the most fascinating address, he might have adorned any position in society, and yet for years he has, under various and almost undetectable disguises, preyed upon his best friends and the world at large, until in the fulness of his success he thought failure or detection impossible. He was born in Smyrna, Delware, of respectable parents, his father being county judge for five years. Owing to a scandal, with which a young lady of Smyrna was connected, he resigned a position he held as assistant book-keeper in the Smyrna national bank, and being discarded by his family, after many vicissitudes, became employed in a photograph gallery at Wilmington. The breaking out of the war in 1861 found him an enlisted member of the United States navy, and after two years' service he became an ensign on the staff of Admiral Lee, of the North Atlantic squadron. He became a great favorite among his superior officers, owing to his gentlemanly conduct and fascinating manners, and his power of making friends resulted in his being appointed assistant paymaster. While in Washington he formed the acquaintance of a number of gamblers and accomplished forgers, who inducted him into methods of aristocratic crime; and as a consequence he forged a warrant for $175,000 purporting to have been signed by Unites States Paymaster Spaulding. At this time he was engaged to be married to a beautiful and accomplished girl, the daughter of Mr. Defrees, the government printer, and the forgery of the paymaster's warrant was not discovered until the day after the nuptials when Cooper was arrested and sentenced to five years in the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, which term he served. It was supposed by many that he died in prison, but on his release he went to New Orleans, where he perpetrated another successful forgery for $45,000, and then fled to San Francisco where he became a mining stock and gold broker. While in San Francisco, his own wife, having married again, supposing him to be dead, formed the acquaintance of a handsome and clever woman, who has since been known as Mrs. Kate Cooper, the person who, since his arrest in England, has so steadfastly adhered to his fallen fortunes. Though for a brief time he bore an enviable reputation in the San Francisco Exchange, the crash soon came, and he absconded, having forged a check for $60,000 on his business partner. In this, singular to say, as well as in all his criminal efforts, he employed the services of a boy to cash the forged check and hand him the proceeds. Chief of detectives, J. W. Lees, of San Francisco, scattered descriptions of Cooper, his wife Kate and the boy Fred Caul broadcast through the country, but to no avail. They disappeared as mysteriously as if the ground had swallowed them up, and nothing further was heard of Cooper until his arrest in London under the name of Neville Hunter this summer. When Cooper arrived in London, in the fall of 1877, he did not register at the Langham hotel, but on the contrary engaged apartments for himself and wife in a private hotel near the Strand. He passed there as Henry C. Neville, an American iron merchant and maker of mowing machines. After a short stay in this hotel, he began negotiations with a firm of solicitors for the obtainment on lease of East Lodge, a beautiful country seat, with spacious grounds, at Hemel-Hempstead, in Hertfordshire. He obtained possession of this estate at a heavy yearly rental, and set up his carriage and horses, keeping a half dozen servants in his house. He had his wife and child to reside with the county hounds and secured the friendship and acquaintance of the surrounding gentry, with whom his wife and himself became speedily intimate. This intimacy he turned to good account, for by inviting them to dinners, and receptions and receiving their replies he familiarized himself with the character of their handwriting and forged checks on their bankers in London. On June 28 he sent a boy to the Bank of England with a forged check for $400, purporting to have been made by Hugh Cheever Goodwin, of Hemel-Hempstead. The clerk suspected the forgery and hurried out with the boy to find Cooper driving away in his carriage, having turned his reversible coat and taken off the false whiskers he wore when he hired the messenger. In all his crimes of this nature he stood above the other Anglo-American forger, by reason of the fact that he never appeared at any public place in London except at the opera; that, unlike McDonnell and the Bidwells, the Bank of England forgers, he never associated with abandoned women, nor acted like Ward E. Gray, the forger now in the Tombs who, while in London under the name of Dr. Colletson, became mixed up with Mikljohn, Druscovich and Palmer, the corrupt Scotland Yard detectives, and who, while in a London tavern, was robbed of his Bastrop mining company shares by William and Fred Kurr, the DeGoucourt swindlers. Too much success made Cooper over confident. He presented to Glynn, Mills & Co. a check for £3,956 9s. 6d. It was duly honored and he would have escaped, save that in leaving he was compelled to return with extreme audacity and demanded of the bankers why they suspected his honesty. He was at once arrested, the boy whom he employed recognized him as did the cabman, and the barber was found who made his false wig and whiskers. His neighbors from Hemel-Hempstead testified with tears in their eyes that they could not believe him dishonest, but finding that the evidence against him was overwhelming when arraigned in the Old Bailey he pleaded guilty to both charges of forgery, and was sentenced to four years' penal servitude.

Words of Wisdom.

The path of moderation is the safest to tread.

The mother's heart is the child's school-room.

Hide the faults of others and make known the virtues.

Reason is the test of ridicule—not ridicule the test of truth.

When reason is against man, a man will be against reason.

Our actions are our own; the consequences belong to heaven.

The festival which bears the greates fruit is the festival of duty.

Every undertaking is involved in its faults, as the fire in its smoke.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft here where most it promises.

Age that lessens the enjoyment of life increases our desire of living.

Five things are requisite in an officer—ability, clean hands, dispatch, patience and impartiality.

Uphold truth when thou canst, and for her sake be hated; but know thy individual cause is not the cause of truth, and beware that they are not confounded.

It is easy to advise a person, but how difficult to receive, under similar circumstances, that same advice from another, because we are so prone to believe that what we accept is truth, and that those who cannot see with our eyes are all wrong.

A Young Lady of Pluck.

A handsome and charming young lady, living in one of the suburbs of Cincinnati, accepted an invitation the other evening to attend the theater, and suggested to her escort that they should use her father's horses and carriage to drive into the city, which proposition was accepted by the young man. During the afternoon the coachman of the family, who had always been considered an excellent one and a reliable man, was discovered in an intoxicated condition. He was remonstrated with, told that he must "sober up," as his services were needed to drive to the theater in the evening. He replied to the reprimands in an insulting, angry way. When evening came and the young lady's escort had arrived, the carriage was ordered at the front door. When the coachman appeared it was quite evident that he was still laboring under a heavy pressure of whisky. The young lady expressed some fears of riding in the carriage with him on the box, but finally determined to risk it, and got in the carriage, her escort following and sitting by her side. They were hardly started on the avenue when their fears were awakened. The driver commenced whipping his horses in a violent manner, and dashed on down the avenue at breakneck-speed. The young lady remonstrated, but the drunken driver only replied with insulting remarks and drove all the faster. Her escort asked her permission to speak to the wild and reckless "Jehu," and in positive tones told him he must behave himself and drive cautiously. This interference from an outsider seemed to infuriate the man, and he lashed the horses all the harder. Down the avenue they flew the carriage spinning on first one wheel, and then another, passing other vehicles with a graze, and filling the inmates of the carriage with fear. Just as they started down a slope at the drive the young lady and her friend discovered a milk-wagon coming leisurely up the road, with the driver apparently asleep. On they dashed, and both the gentleman and lady thought they would strike the wagon, and at the terrible speed they were going such a collision would be either a breaking of bones or instant death. The maniac driver was begged for God's sake to be careful and to "pull up" his now foaming horses. But furious was the rage and rum, in reply he lashed the horses again and again and dashed ahead. Indignation had now taken the place of fear with the young lady, and she exclaimed: "I'll stop the rascal if I have to mount the box myself!" But it was then too late to avoid the collision. It came with a crash. But, strange to say, the carriage stood the blow and was only partially broken.

Not so the milk-wagon; the force of the carriage tossed it up on two wheels and threw it entirely off the avenue, spilling the driver and the milk around promiscuously. The shock brought the horses to a stand-till. The plucky little Avondale girl at once jumped up to the front seat and on the box. With eyes flashing and with clenched fist shaking in his face, she exclaimed to the driver: "You brute, get down from this box."

The driver, who a moment before had been so defiant, appeared dumbfounded at this display of indignation and courage on the part of the fair girl, and meekly climbed, or rather fell, off the box, over the wheel to the ground.

"Now, sir," she exclaimed, in a voice of stern command, and one that meant business, "take off that hat!"

The astonished jehu pulled off his hat. Then again the beautiful girl exclaimed:

"Take off that coat, sir!"

And the coat come off, brass buttons and all.

"Now, sir, put them in this carriage!"

And he put them in the carriage.

Then the fair damsel, turning to her escort, who was standing up in the carriage witnessing the scene with wonder and amazement, and filled with intense admiration for the girl's pluck, said, with a smile, and in the sweetest tone of voice:

"Won't you please get up on the box beside me and take these lines?"

He, of course, quickly mounted the box, took the lines, and they drove rapidly away, leaving the drunken man standing in the middle of the road, hatless and coatless, and looking like the fool he was.

Arriving in the city the gentleman drove directly to the theater, alighted with his lady friend, and, sending the horses and carriage to a stable, they entered the theater. And not one lady in the audience would ever have suspected by her manners or appearance that this young girl had passed through the exciting scenes described.

Cabul and its People.

The diversified crowds of people that surge through the streets of Cabul agree in a way. At night, when the narrow bazaars are aglow with the reflected light of oil in little metal wick-lamps, ignited cotton floating in earthenware saucers, or the wood fires of the cooks, the Ferghance has no objection to sit side by side with the Bokharian on the low, open veranda of the cook's shop; and on the same platform, with the seething fleshpots in the center, containing little lumps of meat skewered upon a stick, representatives of twenty different Mohammedan nationalities are content to sit together upon terms of equality, and afterward to exchange the hookah and the national love-song, and the romance of chivalry and theft.

Like other Oriental towns, Cabul is filthy. Sanitation is not even a dream with the inhabitants. There are four principal roads, which are from thirty to forty feet broad, and these are considered the handsomest streets. One is the Great Bazaar, or Charcutta, composed of one-story mud houses, which have verandas, slightly elevated above open gutters, opening full upon the streets. These verandas become shops in the daytime and are stored with specimens of all the furs, silks, and wool and hair cloths that Central Asia produces. In the evening three or four cronies sit on a mat in almost every shop, set a lamp in their midst, fold their feet, put on their skull-caps, and smoke and tell stories till midnight. Another great bazaar, leading from the Western Gate to the Bala Hissar is monopolized by cooks and butchers. Heads and carcases are suspended there in plenty, but no trace of the unclean animal, the pig, is discernible. It is in this bazaar, by oil-light, that some of the most picturesque-looking ruffians in the world may be seen. Observe this one. A man over six feet high; his head conical-shaped; the jet-black hair close cut, almost to the bone; his face long, sallow, and fringed with grizzly black whiskers, which meet beneath in one long matted beard; the eye small, black and keen; the nose arched and thin; the mouth cruel and compressed; the chest and arms to the elbows bare; the body enveloped in a tattered blue shirt reaching beneath the knees; bare, scarred legs; the feet treading on grass sandals, which are held on by the toes. That is a Cabul beggar, and a most arrant villain he is, for, beneath his rags, he conceals a knife, like the rest of his amiable countrymen, and will use it with the rage of a wolf if he is tempted. The cooks are glad enough to toss a kabob or two to gentlemen of this class.

The other two roads have no particular characteristics, except that they are a great deal broader than by far the larger portion of Cabul. Off these four principal roads numerous dark and filthy lanes, twisting for a quarter of a mile at a time, and not more than three feet broad, shoot at frequent intervals. The flat-roofed houses in them are made of mud, thickly mixed with straw, and the apartments are dark square holes, much worse than the much-decried shanties of the Galway peasants. Men, women and children sleep together, and never change their garments till these drop off. Frequently cattle and fowls are to be found crowded into these apartments, together with the human inmates. Such places are dangerous to all strangers. Not even an unusual parish dog could stray into one of them, for he would be worried by a hundred jealous, big-boned, hungry curs. In the last British attack on Cabul, Afghans who preferred "dying like poisoned rats in a hole," retreated to their tortuous streets and lanes, and many a good life was lost in hunting them out.—*London Standard.*

A Ragpicker Princess.

The most curious "city" of Paris is on the Avenue de la Revolte, at the upper end of the Passage Triboulet. The passage ends in vacant lots, where in summer our carpets are whipped. The right side belongs to a woman named Foucault, who built and manages the "city;" it is a long alleyway, bordered with a sort of sheds. Each lodging on the ground floor, or first story, to which access is had by an outside gallery, is a species of little cell, more or less broken down and dirty. The only furniture is a mattress thrown on the floor or a toppling iron bedstead. A square window, eighteen inches across, lights these places. *La Femme Culotte* is the title by which the proprietress is known. She reigns supreme over a wretched people—ragpickers, workmen without work, *declasses* of every kind—to the number of 400. This woman, who is very rich, and goes about in her phaeton drawn by a pretty pony, is disguised as a man; she may be fifty; her gray hair is cut short, like that of men; she is clad in pantaloons—hence the name—a vest, blue blouse and laced gaiters. This costume she has worn for the last twenty years, assuming, as well, the bearing and energetic gestures of the stronger sex. *La Femme Culotte* is by no means dull; in her springtime she must have associated with intelligent men. She declares she knew Dumas the elder well. She chats very agreeably and skims literature with a light touch. The day I had the honor to visit her she had two friends at breakfast. As I entered they had just taken coffee, and these ladies were smoking cigarettes, pouring out from time to time a swallow of cognac. *La Femme Culotte* leaned back in her chair, her legs crossed, and puffed the smoke from her cigarette in dainty rings. At the moment the three companions were engaged in a dispute. Emile Zola was the subject. *La Femme Culotte* was of the opinion that "L'Assommoir," which claimed to be the romance of the people, was a picture of but one phase of Parisian wretchedness, and if Zola had applied to her he could have learned much more as to popular depravity. This conversation was interrupted from time to time by the entry of some poor fellow who presented himself at the cash-window to pay an instalment of his rent—five cents or ten cents—half of which *La Femme Culotte* buried in her breeches pocket.

Conducted by this lady in person whom her tenants salute as a sovereign, we make the round of the "city." Everywhere the same spectacle of heart-rending povery; entire families in dwellings where a single person could hardly find room. In one of these holes a woman with a new born child lay on a straw pallet, while the oldest girl of twelve was cooking on a little furnace, and the odor of the charcoal mingled with the pestilential emanations from the rubbish which the husband had brought in and was raking over. Young boys, who had been hunting rags, tired out, were sleeping at the foot of the bed, by the side of the mother and babe. Poverty descends in these families with the calling. Some here are honest fathers, who for twenty years have lived in the "city," worked like dogs, paid their rent regularly, and have never been able to lay up a sou for the morrow. Others are worthless scamps, spend each day's wages at the rum shop and give us a morsel of bread so long as they get as much brandy as possible. Children born in these "cities" are raised in the midst of the most degr