

THE OLD MILL.

Here from the brow of the hill I look Through a lattice of boughs and leaves On the old gray mill, with its gambrel roof, And the moss on its rotting eaves. I hear the clatter that jars its walls, And the rushing waters sound, And I see the black floats rise and fall As the wheel goes slowly round.

I rode there oft when I was young, With my grist on the house before, And talked with Nellie, the miller's girl, As I waited my turn at the door. And while she tossed her ringlets brown, And flirted and chatted so free, The wheel might stop or the wheel might go— It was all the same to me.

'Tis twenty years since last I stood On the spot where I stand to-day, And Nellie is wed and the miller is dead, And the mill and I are gray. But both, till we fall into ruin and wreck, To our fortune of toll are bound, And the man goes and the stream flows, And the wheel moves slowly round.

A NIGHT OF FEAR.

A few days ago a young man, a student, and to be precise, a son of the department of Tarn-et-Garonne, born at Montauban, having the good looks and accents peculiar to that locality, entered the omnibus running from the Madeleine to the Bastille in Paris.

At the station of the Passage de l'Opera a passenger with a high color, carefully dressed, uneasy in the stylish garments that he wore for the first time, seated himself beside the student.

Glittering charms hung from his watch-chain, and he had on his arm a handsome and grave young girl, whom he installed in front of him upon the last seat remaining vacant.

The passenger, so broad new in appearance, did not seem to pay any attention to the trip, but applied himself solely to staring at the other passengers, striving to make their acquaintance or recognize them. After a repeated examination of everybody in the omnibus he suddenly turned toward his neighbor, and, slapping him on the knee with his broad, firm hand, exclaimed:

"It's astonishing how well I like you!"

Even though one is from Montauban, and has brought from his province an opinion in regards to Paris that prevents him from being amazed at anything, one cannot be slapped on the knee and spoken to in this way without giving a start.

"I don't understand," said the student.

"Tell him, girl," responded the man with the charms, addressing his daughter; "tell him I like him, and perhaps he will understand better."

The young girl blushed, hung her head, confused, supplicating, and the student then perceived that she was very pretty.

"How can I serve you?" he demanded in a softened voice of his neighbor.

"All right, I'll explain," said the man with the new garment. "Tomorrow night I have a house-warming. I said to myself, as soon as I saw you, that you should be there. Oh, no ceremony with me; you needn't come alone if you're afraid. A young man so comme il faut can have only agreeable friends. Select half a dozen of them and bring them with you. It's agreed upon, isn't it? Here's my card."

The young man was greatly embarrassed; every eye was fixed upon him. The people in the omnibus laughed and whispered. The only way to escape from the dilemma was to accept the card and get out. Our hero of Montauban did not wait for the vehicle to stop, but leaped from the omnibus.

That evening at the table d'hotel, in the Latin quarter, the young student related his adventure and displayed the card he had received. Let's go! "No we won't!" They wrangled over the matter for an hour, and at last concluded that the next night seven of them, in evening costume, should go to the address given.

It was not in a common street. The house had the appearance of a chateau. Through a magnificent iron gate they caught a glimpse of a lawn of graveled walks. Our young friends feared they had made a mistake and entered timidly.

A lackey in grand livery informed them that it was the right house, and, after having conducted them up the wide, marble front steps, introduced them into a salon ablaze with light, balmy with rare flowers.

"Complete," cried the host on perceiving his acquaintance of the omnibus and his six companions. "I was certain you would come; youth is not distrustful. Now you are here you won't get away easily."

"There's my mother, a good old lady who has had her day; there's my wife who is now having hers; there's my daughter whose day is yet to come. A fine family, are they not?—and they don't turn up their nose at pleasure either."

"It's singular," added the master of house, "though I sent out at least three hundred invitations you are the first to arrive. But it is not yet 9 o'clock. They will come; they will come. Meanwhile, will you take a little refreshment?"

They warmed up slightly while refreshing themselves. The young men found the mansion delightful, the

refreshments of the best. While they were sampling the punch several persons arrived: men of respectable appearance and ladies who could not but be respected. When dancing was proposed it was imperative to invite these sorceresses; the seven young men were the only persons there who really could dance.

There was but one young and fresh face, that of the daughter of the house. She smiled with a sort of sadness that increased minute by minute. "Poor young men!" she seemed to say; "they have fallen into a trap! Others would not have allowed themselves to be caught by it!"

They danced until midnight. The three hundred invitations had produced only fifty guests. The punch was strong, the dances were strong, energy was demanded—the students and the hero of the fete displayed it.

At midnight, however, they wished to withdraw. The host barred the way. "Not if I know it!" cried the master of this elegant den. "Supper's ready; you must sup!"

The supper was for three hundred mouths; the heroic idea of attacking it with their small numbers speedily excited the courage of our young men. The seven companions took their places in the festal hall. They drank, they laughed.

However, at one o'clock, when the omnibuses stopped running, the guests again strove to withdraw. The old gentlemen and old ladies were permitted to depart, but the host made a new barricade before the young men.

"You shan't go!" said he, in a louder voice than he had yet used. "You would be robbed on the way home! You are fatigued; so am I; let's go to bed! Your chambers have been prepared!"

At once, and in spite of appearance, our young friends stared at each other with a certain fright. The ambuscade was undeniable. What were they to do?

Our rash heroes consulted together, accepted with good grace, demanding only, before ascending to their apartments to sleep, permission to take a turn in the garden and smoke a cigar.

This favor was accorded them; the jailer pushed his iron so far as to offer them some excellent Havana cigars, which they lighted with hypocritical gratitude.

Once in the garden they ran to the gate. It was fastened. Impossible to awake the concierge; he was without doubt an accomplice in the prepared crime!

They concluded they must make their escape with the same unanimity that they had concluded the night before to go to the rendezvous. They, therefore, searched the garden for a tree that might help them to scale the wall. They found one, it seemed to have been planted there expressly against the wall, with the branches that reached over into the street.

They climbed it one by one, and afterward let themselves slip down the wall. But, unfortunately, three sergeants de ville, who chanced to be on the spot, received the young men in their arms, refused to believe the incredible story they stammered out, searched them, found very little money upon them, were nevertheless suspicious of them, and took the seven rash fellows to the station-house.

Next morning, when our seven students were taken before the commissary of the police, they were surprised to recognize in that magistrate one of the supper guests, the husband of one of the venerable ladies.

"Parbleu! is it you, messieurs?" cried the commissary, laughing. "How did you happen to get in the station-house?"

They were then compelled to confess the suspicion, the terrors that had preceded the scaling of the wall. Almost choked with merriment the commissary gave the following explanation:

The individual who had invited them to his housewarming soiree was an honest omnibus conductor who had just inherited 2,000,000 francs that an uncle, formerly a broker, had made at the bourse.

"It is not astonishing," added the commissary, addressing the young man who had introduced the rest; "it is not astonishing, therefore, that he should give his invitations in an omnibus." "Ah, if his daughter had not been so pretty!" responded the bewildered son of Montauban.

"Parbleu! He wishes to find a husband for her!"

"Do you think he will retain any animosity against us?"

"He will laugh over the affair with you."

I know not if this story will terminate with a marriage. It is possible. At any rate, the young man from Montauban now remembers that his father was a former chief of the prefecture of Tarn-et-Garonne—chef cook—and thinks that circumstance sufficient to warrant him in accepting as his father-in-law an omnibus conductor, who is twice a millionaire, and who introduces people into his house by stratagem.

A good book, whether a novel or not, is one that leaves you farther on than when you took it up. If when you drop it, it drops you down in the same old spot, with no finer outlook, no cleared vision, no stimulated desires for that which is better and higher, it is in no sense a good book.

Exposition of Lock Picking and Safe-Blowing by an Expert.

A young fellow with a bright face, a tattered hat and a much-worn suit of clothes, has visited almost all the downtown business offices during the past week with the model of a door in his hand, the door being equipped with a strong lock, a bolt and a steel key. A little satchel strung from a strap over his shoulder was generally pulled around in front of him as he deposited the model of the door on the desk of the person he had selected as his victim, and while the latter was regarding the door model and the impudence of the man, the young fellow selected from a bundle of brass wires in the satchel one or two particular ones, with which he first ejected the steel key from its place in the lock and then threw back the bolt, finally turning the lock and opening the door, which being placed between himself and his vis-a-vis illustrated more quickly than words could tell how easily an expert lock-pick can enter your room, after the door has been bolted and locked and the key left in the lock, should he desire to do so.

"The business of picking locks is as fascinating to me," he said, "as the study of chemistry, geology, botany or astronomy is to a scientist. I know burglars who are fine conversationalists and apparently well-cultivated men. Just a little thought will enable you to see that a burglar must be a man—that is, a successful burglar—must be a man of good mental quality as well as of courage."

"And the safe-blower?"

"Is invariably a well informed man. Of all the fraternity of lock workers the combination lock-worker is the most expert. The cashier of the Wane county bank, in Wooster, Ohio, counted over its securities in his possession and finding them correct closed the safe door with a bang and went home. The next morning, by some freak of mind, the combination which would alone let him into the fire and supposed burglar-proof safe had slipped his mind. In vain he endeavored to conjure up the magical numbers, and in vain the officers and directors of the bank worked on the turning knob.

"There were \$20,000 worth of bonds and money behind that invulnerable door, and for two months the bank men fretted and struggled to reach them. One day a stranger sauntered into the little town, and the first thing he heard of was the dilemma of the bank.

"He strolled leisurely up to the building and quietly informed the cashier that he could open the safe in a short time. The cashier, who had fumed for two months at the same job, looked up on the stranger as a lunatic, but as the case was a desperate one he told the stranger to go ahead and do it. The man walked over to the ponderous door, and on one knee began to turn the combination knob. The click of mechanism pleased him, for he smiled, and in a few minutes rising to his feet, gave the door a pull, and it swung slowly on its hinges, and revealed the strong boxes the bank officers for eight weeks so earnestly longed to see.

"You asked me a moment ago about safe-blowers. There are very few safe-workers who resort to powder to open a door. Having acquired mastery over one combination, a safe-burglar is too shrewd to let his secret out. After entering the building in which the safe is located, he can by his sense of touch or sound, open the combination and then secure his plunder. Then he begins the work of safe-blowing. He first locks the safe door, and then fills all the cracks with putty, and through a little orifice made in the upper crack fills the safe with powder by means of a little bellows. He then fills the hole attaches a slow match to a small orifice made in the lower crack, and walks off leisurely with the fruits of his crime.

In a half hour the safe has ignited the powder, and the safe door is shattered from its hinges. Then the powder rushes in, and the next day report at headquarters that the robbery was accomplished by blowing the safe. The truth is, after beating the combination the thieves, to conceal how it was done, 'blow the safe.'

"The robber masters a combination with almost mathematical accuracy. Just as the music teacher is trained to detect one false note in a large chorus, so the safe robber studies the click of the ratches within the lock and marks the drop. The expert safe worker is as scientifically familiar with the relative resisting power of the different makes of vaults and safe doors as he is with the explosive force of the different explosives. A pneumatic pump was used in the robbery of the Quincy, Ill., bank in this manner: The crevices of the safe door were puttied up all around, an opening was left at the top and bottom and in each of these openings was fixed a tube which was fixed to the pump. The air in the safe was exhausted through the tube in the bottom, and the vacuum drew the powder in through a tube in the top. When once charged a common pistol was attached, facing the opening at bottom. A wire sufficiently long to allow the robbers to retire to a safe distance was then fixed to the trigger of the pistol, and by pulling the wire the pistol was discharged, igniting the powder and blowing off the safe door.

But to come back to bolts and bars. This is a smaller field than the other,

but involves a deal of study. It is followed by lock-pickers, sneak thieves and hotel plunderers. Among the hotel thieves there are three divisions—the 'daylights,' the 'nights' and the 'mornings.' The room worker generally locates at hotels the theatrical stars, jewelry salesmen, bankers, bridal parties and all persons who are likely to carry valuables or money. The thief having located his man, proceeds in his operations in this manner: At the dead of night he slips from his room in his stocking feet and proceeds to the door of the apartment wherein lies his victim, snoring probably, in heavy sleep. A pair of nippers, or outsiders, and a silk thread and piece of wire are the tools needed. He turns the key in the lock from the outside and the lock is opened. He pushes the key inward and drops it to the floor; waits to see if it has disturbed the sleeper, if all is well he proceeds. He places his knee to the door and by this means finds the exact location of the bolt. He then fastens a thread to the wire, making a sort of bow, and after bending to suit he pushes this instrument through the keyhole, and by giving the handle of the wire a turn, holds his contrivance until it reaches its proper position and then draws it slowly along. As the thread passes along on the inside of the door it catches the knob of the bolt and draws it easily from the nosing, and without making the slightest noise. This tool is known by the profession as a 'widdie.' The thief that enters secures his booty and returning places the key in the lock, fastens a silk thread around the knob of the bolt, and closes the door again from the outside, and drawing his thread, using his nippers or outsiders, the room is fastened as he found it. All this can be done in five minutes."

Waking up the Wrong Passengers.

In 1830, when visitors to Chicago traveled there by stage coach, a famous old pioneer named John Oldershaw made the journey from Buffalo to the West. He was a hard drinker, but in those days whiskey didn't hurt a man much. Before leaving Buffalo John made a bargain with the driver that he was to be waked up every hour when asleep, in order to take his medicine with his accustomed regularity. The scheme worked well until they came within a day's drive of Chicago. There were only two passengers in the coach, and they had evidently discovered what was going on. As the journey was near its end all hands agreed to ride all night in order to reach Chicago in the morning. With many injunctions to the driver not to forget his bargain old John went to sleep. When he had begun to snore, one of the other passengers crowded him out of his place and sat down for John's coon skin, and pretended to be asleep. All night long the deception was kept up, the driver stopping every hour, nudging the man that he supposed was Oldershaw and giving him his bitters. When Chicago was reached John found himself in his own corner, but he knew that he had no whiskey, and he became so furious that they had to put him under guard. He sued the stage company for damages, and after ten years of litigation got a judgment for \$15,000. That is what came of waking up the wrong passenger.

Swallows Attack and Conquer a Hawk.

Recently a hawk swooped down on a poultry yard near Youngsville, N. Y., and seizing a hen, flew with it to the top of a neighboring tree. The hen made a great outcry, and before the hawk could kill it and make a meal of it a swallow made a dash at the hawk and pecked and worried it so that it released the hen and attempted to fly away. The hen fluttered to the ground and ran back to the poultry yard. The swallow kept up its attacks on the hawk, and it was soon joined by other swallows. The courageous little birds surrounded the hawk and assailed it fiercely, until the big bird dropped to the ground. The farmer on whose ground the conflict took place hurried to the spot. The swallows had the hawk on the ground and were pecking it mercilessly. They were so much engaged in the attack that the farmer walked within three feet of them before they discovered him and flew away. The farmer picked up the hawk. Both of its eyes had been put out, and it was so badly hurt in other ways that it died in a few minutes. It was a very large hawk, and had been doing much damage to the poultry in the neighborhood for several days.

California Forests.

It is said that the permanence of the California mountain forests is seriously threatened by the herds of sheep and cattle which are driven into the mountains every year to graze. From the foothills to the highest meadows every blade of herbage and every seedling, shrub and tree is devoured. Young trees are barked and ruined, and the roots of grasses are trodden out by the hoofs of animals. The life of any forest in which all young trees are destroyed is limited to the life of the full grown trees which compose it.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—The President on the 18th appointed the following internal revenue collectors: Daniel J. Welch, for Montana; John C. Henderson, for the Eleventh District of Indiana; William B. Anderson, for the Thirteenth District of Illinois, and Thomas Cooper, for the Eighth District of Illinois. The majority of the internal revenue offices of the country have been filled, only nineteen remaining vacant.

—William B. Webb has decided to accept the office of Commissioner of the District of Columbia offered him by the President on the 18th. The law provides that both political parties shall be represented in the District Commission, and Mr. Webb, who is a republican, succeeds one of that party in the Board.

—The U. S. steamer Despatch, having on board Secretaries Whitney and Endicott, Generals Benet, Newton and Abbott, and Captain C. S. Smith and Edward Magruder, U. S. A., and Mr. Joseph Morgan of Pennsylvania, members of the Board to inspect fortifications, arrived at Newport on the 19th.

—John Roach, the ship-builder, made assignment on 18th in New York. The preferences amount to about \$122,000.

—Twenty cases of prostration from heat and five deaths, were reported in New York on the 18th. Five cases of prostration and one death were reported in Brooklyn.

—A violent thunder storm visited the country around Kalamazoo, Michigan, on the 19th. At Vicksburg much damage was done to property, and several persons injured by lightning.

—The court-martial appointed for the trial of Paymaster General Smith of the navy, on the charge of "scandalous conduct and culpable inefficiency in the performance of his duties," met on the 20th, in Washington.

—The Governor of Louisiana has ordered the execution of Charles Davis, George Wilson and Mathilde Jones for the murder of Mrs. Henrietta Cole, widow of Judge James A. Cole, in the town of Plaquemine, Iberville parish. The execution will take place on Friday July 31st.

—The Chief of the Bureau of Statistics reports that the number of immigrants who arrived in the United States during the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1885, was 387,821, being 122,013 less than during the previous year or 401,171 less than during the year ending June 30, 1882, the year of the greatest immigration.

—The Dominion Parliament was prorogued on the 20th.

—The present hot wave extends over the greater portion of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. Temperatures were reported on the 20th of 93 in Washington, 95 in Cincinnati, 98 in Pittsburgh, 98 in Richmond, and 99 to 101 in Baltimore.

—Colonel Henry E. Peyton, of Virginia, has been appointed a special agent of the land office, and ex-Lieutenant Governor Robinson, of North Carolina, a special Indian agent.

—William B. Webb was on the 20th commissioned as a Commissioner of the District of Columbia.

—It is reported from Fort Reno that General Sheridan has organized an Indian police force, composed of 100 young Cheyennes. It is thought that the General in his report will attribute the dissatisfaction among the Indians, chiefly to the cattle leases.

—By the premature explosion of a blast on the South Pennsylvania Railroad, near Fort Littleton, Fulton county, Penna., on the 20th, three men were killed and two injured, perhaps fatally.

—The town of Skidmore, Missouri, was burned on the 19th. Loss, nearly \$100,000. The fire was started by boys playing with matches in a hay mow. Since the 18th a fire has been raging seven hundred feet below the surface in the Hollenback mine at Wilkesbarre, but it is now reported under control. It was started by a lamp falling from one of the miners' hats.

—The President on the 21st, appointed Joseph K. Bogert to be Postmaster at Wilkesbarre, Penna, vice A. S. Orr, suspended; A. H. Keller, U. S. Marshal for Northern Alabama; Edward J. Dawne, of Oregon, United States Judge for the District of Alaska; M. D. Ball, of Alaska, United States Attorney for Alaska, and Barton Atkins, of New York, United States Marshal for Alaska.

—Secretary Whitney, it is said, has decided that the Eight Hour law shall hereafter be enforced in the different navy yards—that is, the employes shall receive ten hours' pay for eight hours' labor. Heretofore they have received eight hours' pay for eight hours' labor. "The general order directing the change has not been issued yet, but information of the proposed change has been received at the Washington Navy Yard."

—The trial of Louis Riel, on the charge of high treason, began at Regina, in the Northwest Territory, on the 20th.

—William Wessel, a saloon-keeper of Youngstown, Ohio, was "badly whipped" on the 19th, in a fight with his wife. For revenge, he untied a bull dog on the 20th and set it at his wife's heels, inflicting injuries which may prove fatal. Wessel is in jail.

—The American Rural Home, of Rochester, publishes special crop reports from all the winter and spring wheat States. These reports say that the Northwest winter wheat situation is generally considered favorable, but Michigan alone raises a crop equal to that of 1884. In Southern Illinois, Ohio, Missouri, Kansas, Tennessee and Kentucky there has been no improvement in the past thirty days. In the latter two States the millers are buying old wheat to start up their mills. The failure of winter wheat will disastrously affect the railroads. The spring wheat prospects indicate an average crop, if the hot sun does not scorch

it. The grass crop of the Northwest will not equal that of 1884. Oats stand bountifully. Corn shows great improvement, having made a great gain in the last fourteen days.

—The Democratic Convention of Lancaster county, Penna., on the 22d, elected ten delegates to the State Convention and nominated a county ticket. The delegates were not instructed, but are understood to be for Hensel.

—At a meeting of the Republican State Committee of Massachusetts, on the 22d, George F. Hoar was chosen to preside at the next Republican State Convention, and Henry Cabot Lodge as the Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions.

—Inspector Armstrong telegraphs to the Interior Department, the count of the Indians on the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservation is progressing quietly and no further trouble is apprehended.

—Riel's counsel has obtained an adjournment of his trial until the 28th inst., to allow witnesses from Quebec and Montana to be produced. The Quebec witnesses include two medical experts who are to be examined to prove his insanity.

—The President has appointed William H. Moffett, of New Jersey, to be Consul at Athens, and John Devlin, of Michigan, to be Consul at Windsor, Ontario.

—Secretaries Endicott and Whitney are expected to return to Washington early next week.

—A terrific thunderstorm passed over the Catawissa Valley, Pa., on the 21st. Trees and fences were uprooted, and houses damaged by the wind, while the corn, wheat and oat crops were also levelled by the wind and submerged by the rain. The damage throughout the valley is estimated at \$50,000. A violent wind storm visited New Britain, Connecticut, on the 21st. "Two thunderstorms met and developed a wind somewhat of the character of a cyclone. Three houses were wholly or partly unroofed, two tall chimneys blown down and a great number of trees uprooted or broken off."

—Ulysses S. Grant, the victor of Fort Donelson, Vicksburg and Look-out Mountain, the hero of Appomattox, leader of our armies in the War for the Union, and twice President of the United States, died on the 23d at Mount McGregor, New York, in the 64th year of his age. He expired peacefully at eight minutes past eight o'clock, surrounded by the members of his family. Of the arrangements for the funeral of the illustrious dead, or the place of final interment nothing is yet definitely known. It is understood, however, that the General's wishes on the subject of his last resting place were confided to his son, Colonel Grant, some time ago.

—The Mexican editors, who are now in Washington, were on the 23d introduced to the President in the White House. They also visited the State, War and Navy Departments. The banquet which was to have been given them in the evening was abandoned on account of the death of General Grant.

—Judge Moran, in Chicago, has granted a stay of two days in the case of Joseph C. Mackin, under sentence of five years' imprisonment for perjury in connection with the Eighteenth Ward election frauds. The stay is granted to enable his counsel to argue a petition for a supersedeas before a Supreme Court Judge.

—The President on the 23d appointed Samuel H. Buck to be Postmaster at New Orleans, in place of W. B. Merchant, suspended. Mr. Buck is a merchant of that city, and is at present Director of the New Orleans Exhibition.

—The resignation of William M. Bunn as Governor of Idaho has been accepted by the President.

—Captain J. M. Lee, of the Ninth Infantry, has been appointed Indian Agent at the Cheyenne reservation.

Too Bashful for Any Use.

In Sumatra there is a very singular race called the Kubus, who are too shy to mix with the other races of the island, and dwell in the recesses of the forests. They are looked on as inferiors by the Malays, and thought to be a little better than beasts. Such is their shyness that they will never face a stranger. Their trade with the Malays is consequently carried on in a strange manner. The trader announces his arrival by beating a gong, and then retires from the place of rendezvous. The Kubus approach, put their forest treasures on the ground, beat a gong, and retreat. The trader returns and lays his commodities down in quantities sufficient, as he thinks, for the purchase of the goods on sale. Then he retires, and the Kubus reappear and consider the bargain. And so, after many withdrawals and approaches and gong beatings, the respective parties come to an understanding, and carry off independently their bargains. The Kubus in their wild state do not bury their dead. They live on snakes, grubs, fruits and the flesh of any deers or pigs they can slay. They are skillful spearmen, and throw stones with marvellous accuracy. They know of no state after death. In some physical respects they assimilate closely to the anthropoid apes.

Large Farm.

Buffalo Bill has the largest thoroughbred stock farm in America at North Platte, Lincoln county, Nebraska. The ranch consists of 8,000 acres under one fence and he claims the land is not wild government land, but paid for by him. He owns 12 dwellings in the town and his own house is a Western palace. Four weeks ago, while in Chicago, he bought 41 head of imported cattle of the Hereford and Poll-Angus breeds and paid on an average \$461 apiece for them. They were shipped to his stock farm. He employs over 100 men on his farm and is worth \$450,000. He has been a member of the Legislature, a Probate Judge, High Sheriff and Justice of the Peace. He says he is just in his prime and feels like a young duck every morning when he gets up and that he can jump a fence or ride a horse with any man he ever saw.