# Mew Yorker Gives His Reasons & Believing Such Was the Case.

"Do I think Charley Ross is alive?" said Mr. Kelly in conversation with a reporter. "No more than Guiteau, and I'll tell you in a few words why I am of this opinion. On an October morning in 1879, the Rev. Father McCullom, pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Brooklyn; J. J. McClosky, then stage manager of the Brooklyn Park theatre, but now clerk in the Marine court. New York, and myself started in a rowboat for Stapleton, R. I., on a little excursion. We remained there until about 4 o'clock. when we again seated ourselves in our boat and prepared to return to the city. We were moving along slowly and chatting over the pleasure we had experienced during the day, when my attention was attracted to a small sail boat anchored between Robin's Reef light and the Jersey shore.

She was sloop-rigged and painted a dark hue. Thinking it strange that a vessel should be anchored just at that point, and suspecting that it might be a pirate craft, I suggested that we board her and ascertain who and what she was. I rowed the boat, but just before reaching it Father McCullom advised that we should not proceed further, as we had no authority to board a strange vessel. Just then there appeared on deck a hard-looking character about five feet ten inches in hight. He was bare-headed, and wore blue overhauls, a red undershirt and a pair of heavy brogans. He had red, sandy whiskers, sprinkled with gray, and I distinctly saw that the cartilage of his nose had been eaten away. As we approached the vessel he seemed alarmed, but nevertheless remained on deck anxiously watching our movements. We finally concluded that it would be dangerous to attempt boarding the boat, and left the man, who stood in the same position for as long a time as he was visible. We then remarked upon the suspicious appearance of the craft and its navigator, but scarcely anything more was said after our arrival home concerning what we had

"About a month later Mosher and Douglass, the Brooklyn burglars, were shot dead by a nephew of Judge Van Brunt, who caught them robbing the latter's house at Bay Ridge. The bodies were removed to the morgue on Carlton street, Brooklyn. On the day of the removal, I believe, Mr. Mc-Closky and myself were walking through Myrtle avenue, when it occurred to me that I should like to see the bodies of the noted robbers, and we visited the morgue for that purpose. To our surprise on examining Mosher's body we both recognized in it that of the mysterious person of the sail boat. The absence of the cartilage of the nose led to his identification. Stories were then being circulated connecting Mosher with the abduction of Charley Ross. It was alleged on good authority that he had treated with the father under an assumed name for the restoration of his child. A week or so later a body of a boy about nine years, answering as nearly as could be to the description of the lost boy as he might have grown since his disappearance in 1874, was found tossed up by the waves on the Jersey flats near Robin's Reef light. The remains were so decomposed as to be almost unreconizable, but the feet were clad in men's brogans similar to those worn by Mosher the day we discovered him in the boat.

"I believe that Charley Ross was aboard the boat with Mosher on that day. I believe that Mosher, having given up all hope of securing a reward for the recovery of the child, threw him overboard, and that it was his body which was washed ashore on the Jersey Flats. The brogans, I believe, which were found on the boy's feet, were worn by Mosher when we first saw him. The sail boat was found anchored off Bay Ridge on the morning after Mosher and Douglass were shot. This proves, to my satisfaction, and to of several others to whom I have related this story, that Mosher on the sail boat, Mosher, the abductor, and Mosher, the burglar, are one and the same person. Douglass, when shot, was not instantly killed and tried to speak. His wound prevented him from doing so, and he died soon after. Had he been able to say but four words I think they would have been, 'Mosher drowned Charley Ross.'"

# The Cost of a Railroad Train.

A railroad superintendent has given the San Francisco Call an estimate of the cost of an average train on a first lass railroad; For an express train, omotive, \$12,000; baggage car, \$1-0; smoking car, \$5,000; diningom car. \$12,000 ; five first-class Pullans, \$18,000 each; total, \$120,000 The ordinary express train represents about \$85,000. Some Pullman cars cost \$30,000 each. The average value of a freight train is still greater than than the Amercan Herefords.

WAS CHARLEY ROSS DROWNED? | that of a passenger train if the rolling stock and value of property are inclu-ded. Sometimes the through freight trains aggregate in value from \$250,-

### About Leeches.

000 to \$300,000.

Something mysterious tied up in a white jar attracted the attention of customers at a prominent drug store, and the druggist goodnaturedly untied the cloth and took out some black, wriggling worms. They were round or elongated at pleasure, and started off when touched with a pencil at a rapid pedestrian gait, until headed off and dropped back into their damp, porcelain pit.

"They are leeches," explained the druggist, and came all the way from Holland. Twenty years ago, when blood-letting was in vogue, they were in great demand. Now they are only occasionally called for."

"In what class of diseases do they use them?"

Disorders of the head; if there is a numbness or pressure of blood on the brain, chronic headache, etc. They put them on the temples and let them suck the blood till they are full, when they fall off. Salt is then thrown on them and they disgorge, and are ready for use again."

"How often can they be used?"

"A number of times. There is one lady in Detroit who keeps a pet leech. When her head aches she applies the reptile to her temple and sits down to read. When it falls off she drops it into a glass of salt and water, and if her head is not relieved applies it again, until sometimes she has used it three or four times, and lost some ounces of blood."

A more convenient way of using the leech is now in vogue. It is slipped into a glass bulb with an orifice smaller than the reptile's body. Through this it projects its head and fastens upon the human flesh, in which its banquet is waiting.

There are plenty of leeches in the neighborhood of Ecorec and other river hamlets, and the boys often collect 50 or 100 and try to dispose of them to the drug stores, where they are refused as a general thing; then they offer them at the Chinese laundries, where they cook them with rice and macaroni. There are some specialists who use them for a valuable oil they are said to make. In New York there are artificial ponds where the imported leeches are kept. The wholesale druggists buy them in tubs of black earth packed almost solid. They only require air and moisture to keep them alive. When the cover is taken off their jar they swarm out as lively as crickets, and use their ten eyes to good advahtage in getting away as rapidly as possible. Boys call them blood-suckers, and have a dislike to their acquaintance when fishing, as they fasten on to their bare feet with a tenacity that allows no chance of removing them till they have filled themselves with refreshment.—Detroit Post

## Dining in Paris.

A Paris letter to London Truth says that the number of dining-places in the French metropolis is vast. The cheapest are the tables d'hote of the boarding-houses. They are also the best for the prices that are asked. capital dinners are given in some of them for 3 francs 50 centimes, wine included. The worst of these meals is the company one falls in with at them. It is fearfully dismal unless taken in a philosophical spirit. One often sees high English gentility, at once pretentious and mean; "old soldiers," retired priestesses of Aphrodite, who want to enjoy a little of the calm of bourgeois life, matrimonial agents, sentimental widows from Brighton, Bath and Peckham, old Indians, Americans in crippled circumstances, and table d'hote majors. Genuine respectability also resorts to the 3 francs 50 centimes table d'hote. I have met at one an English baronet and his blooming daughters, and the wife and daughter of a knight who is, or was, a chief of the Irish constabulary. What makes a dinner so expensive in Paris is the

# Hereford Cattle.

Hereford cattle take their name from the county of Hereford in England. Their peculiarities are that they are massive, docile, and fatten easily at an early age. They are hardy and possess all the qualities that go to make a first-rate beef animal. In color they are brownish, yellowish, red or brindled, with white along the top of the neck, on the throat, dew-lap, brisket, fore legs, belly, feet and flanks. It is said the first of the breed was brought to this country by Henry Clay of Kentucky, in 1816 or 1817. They were, however allowed to mix, and became degenerated. Since 1840 the importations have been large, and no finer animals can be found in England now

#### LIFE ON THE PLANETS.

## Reasons Melleving That They Are

Prof. McFarland, of the Ohio state university, in the Sidereal Messenger, says: Thirty years ago the question of the habitability of the planets was widely, and, in some instances, intemperately discussed. Several volumes were written, pro and con, the writers mostly seeming to think that they had a direct commission from on high to settle their opponents; which things they proceeded then and there to do. And both sides about equally forgot or disregarded the facts, and, with great heat, argued on general principles.

An article in the June number of the Popular Science Monthly entitled. "The Cost of Life," and which was in part criticised in a late number of the Messenger, is a kind of renewal of the useless debate, and is clothed in logic equally conclusive as was that of the original controversy. The points given lately touching the weight of a man on Jupiter and on Mars were intended as a part of the proof that those planets are not habitable. To pass in review all the points of error would require an article of too great length for the pages of this journal; so I shall confine myself pretty closely to a few of the more prominent ones.

The same author, speaking of Mercury, says: "With a temperature of boiling water in the frigid zones, and red-hot iron at the equator," etc .therefore there can be no life on the planet. But there is no proof of any such temperature, and in the nature of the case there can be none. Wherefore the conclusions are of no force. The error consists in virtually assuming that the climate of a place depends solely on its distance from the sunwhereas this is only one of a hundred

It is well-known that even in the torrid zone, at an elevation of about three and one-half miles, snow does not melt; that century after century "eternal" snows whiten lofty peaks in all latitudes.

The temperature of a place on the earth's surface depends on many influences, any one or several of which may be greatly modified or annulled by the other; so that there is no general rule for climate.

As a part of the multitude of things

to be taken into consideration, as touching the matter in hand, we may name these, viz.: The latitude, the elevation above the sea-level, the ocean currents. the direction of the prevailing winds, the presence and trend of mountain ranges, the amount of vapor usual in the atmosphere, the degree of cloudiness, the quantity of rain and snowfall, the size of the body of land, the amount of land in close proximity and its surroundings, the nature of the soil, the amount and kind of vegetation, the density and hight of the atmosphere, one other things which go to make up the whole temperature and climate. Of the greater part of these-indeed, of almost every one of them-as exhibited on other planets, it is absolutely impossible to know anything at all; and as a matter of course, no one can speak intelligently of the climate on any planet except our own. But should all these items beknown, the further question arises whether it is not possible that animated beings could live in an environment totally unlike that which surrounds us. The conclusion of the whole matter, so far as astronomy and physics can now tell, is this: That the four large outer planets have not sufficiently cooled down to allow life on their surface, such as we see on the earth; that Mars gives all telescopic and stereoscopic probabilities of conditions compatible with life as we see it; that the earth certainly for millions of years has been covered with multifarious life; that of Venus and Mercury we have no certain knowledge; and that the satellites are pretty certainly not fitted for such life as is on the earth; that, in particular, our moon has no water and no atmosphere, consequently no climate or vegetable life. If the sun and the planets continually lose heat, then there will come a time in the far future when the sun itself shall go out in everlasting night, and the "eternal snow" would be hot compared with the degree of cold throughout all space where everything shall be

# Origin of Gold.

The question of the origin of native gold always has been and is quite likely to remain a disputed question among geologists and mineralogists. Prof. J. S. Newberry now contests the theory that the grains and nuggets found in placers are formed by precipitation from chemical solution. He holds that geology teaches, in regard to the genesis and distribution of this precious metal, that it exists in the oldest known rocks, and has been thence distributed through all the strata derived from 71.

them; that in the metamorphosis of these derived rocks it has been concentrated into segregated quartz veins by some process not yet understood: that is, it is a constituent of fissure veins of all geological ages, where it has been deposited from hot chemical solutions, which have reached deeply buried rocks of various kinds, gathering from them gold with other metallic minerals, and that gold has been accumulated through mechanical agents in placer deposits by the erosion of strata containing auriferous veins. According to the report of Special Agent Clarence King, of the census, based upon information directly from the producers of bullion, a comparison of the annual output of different States shows that the United States produce 33.13 per cent. of the gold yield of the whole world, 50.59 per cent. of the silver, and 40.91 per cent, of the total. Of the aggregate supply of the precious metals, North America furnishes 55.78 per cent.

#### How to Treat Books.

Never wet your fingers to turn over a leaf. Be warned by the fate of the king in the Arabian tale. Never turn down a corner of a page to hold your place. Never put in a soiled card or a stained envelope, or a bit of dirty string, or a piece of damp newspaper. Always use a regular bookmark. The simplest, and one of the best, is a card as large as a small visiting card. By cutting this twice longitudinally from one end almost to the other, you will have a three-legged bookmark which rides a-straddle on the page, one leg on the page below and two on the page you wish the book to open at.

Never allow your books to get damp, as they may mildew. Never allow them to get hot, as the boards may warp, and the leather may crack. Never put them on a shelf high up near the ceiling lighted with gas, as the results of gas combustion are highly injurious. Never put books with metal clasps or with decorative nails on the shelves by the side of other books, for the delicate bindings of the other books will suffer. Put all such hedgehogs of books in drawers and trays by themselves.

It is best not to cover the books of a library with paper. As Mr. Wm. F. Poole puts it, "the covering is expensive, troublesome, and quite as much an injury as a protection to a book A book covered with paper is likely to need rebinding sooner than if it be not A room full of books covered with paper is dull and monotonous; and no one who has ever glanced into such a room will be inclined to disagree with Mr. Poole when he says that "books lose their individuality by being covered." This is only an aesthetic disadvantage; it also reduces the usefulness of the books, as they the length of the day, the obliquity of are less easily handled and kept apart the sun's rays, and the thousand and in order. However, it may be well to cover children's school books, but with muslin, not paper.

Never attempt to classify books on your shelves by the colors of the bindings, or by the sizes of the books them selves. Put the works of an author together, so far as possible, however incongruous their sizes may be. And try to keep books on the same and kindred subjects as close together as may be convenient.

#### Forty-three Years in Bed. An Independence, (Mo.) letter says :

This city, within the last five years, has been the scene of many romantic incidents, of blood-curdling crimes, of acts of dare-deviltry unequalled, and of bravery unparalleled, but now comes a case of endurance and suffering seldom equalled. In 1837, Henry Rodawald, a young cooper, immigrated to this country from Germany. Two years afterward he went back to his native land and married Miss Louisa Rummel. With his wife he came to this city and settled down to work. In 1840 Mrs. Rodawald gave birth to a daughter, since which time she has been unable to leave her bed. The most eminent physicians have been consulted, but to no purpose. For over forty years this unfortunate creature has been in bed, during which time two children have been born to her. She is able to sit up but little, yet she is always cheerful and in a good humor. In appearance she is very lean and white, though it does not show on her countenance the sufing she has endured. She is very well informed, having spent much of her time in reading instructive books and newspapers. She superintends the household, giving all orders to servants, does all the sewing for the family, even making her husband's clothing. During the long time that she has been an invalid, Mrs. Rodawald has employed but three servants, the first one staying with her as a domestic twenty-five years. Mrs. Rodawald is now 69 years old and her husband

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Peck-a-Boo! The cunningest thing that a baby can do Is to play for the very first time, Peek-a-boo!

It will hide its little pink face in its hands, Then crow, and show that it understands What Nurse and Mamma, and Papa too Mean when they hide and cry, "Peek-a-boo!"

Oh, what a wonderful thing it is, When they find that baby can play like this! And they every one listen, and think it true

That the baby's gorgle means Peek-a-boo! I wonder it any one ever knew A baby who never played Peek-a-boo?

Cain was taught it by Mother Eve. For Cain was an innocent babe once, too, And I am sure he played Peek-a-boo

'Tis old as the world is. I believe

And the whole world tull of the children of Have all of them played that game since then. And while the sun shines and the skies are

Babies will always play Peek-a-boo.

#### -Ella Wheeler, in Young People. A Pleasing Incident.

"Sitting in a station the other day, I had a little sermon preached in the way I like; and I'll report it for your benefit, because it taught one of the lessons which we all should learn, and taught it in such a natural, simple way that no one could forget it.

"It was a bleak, snowy day; the train was late: the ladies' room dark and smoky, and the dozen women, old and young, who sat waiting impatiently, all looked cross, low-spirited or stupid. I felt all three; and thought, as I looked around, that my fellowbeings were a very unamiable, uninteresting set.

"Just then a forlorn old woman, shaking with palsy, came in with a basket of wares and went about mutely offering them to the sitters. Nobody bought anything, and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door a minute, as if reluctant to go out into the bitter storm again. She turned presently, and poked about the room, as if trying to find something; and then a pale lady in black, who lay as if asleep on a sofa, opened her eyes, and saw the old woman and instantly asked, in a kind tone, 'Have you lost anything, ma'am?"

'No, dear, I'm looking for the heatin' place to have a warm 'fore I goes out again. My eyes is poor, and I don't seem to find the furnace nowheres.

"'Here it is,' and the lady led her to the steam radiator, placed a chair and showed her how to warm her feet.

'Well, now, ain't that nice!' said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry. 'Thanky, dear, this is proper comfortable, ain't it? I'm almost frozen to-day, being lame and wimbly; and not selling much makes me down-hearted."

"'The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of tea and some sort of food, carried it herself to the old woman, and said, as respectfully and kindly as if the poor woman had been dressed in silk and fur: "Won't you have a cup of tea? It's very comforting a day like this."

"'Sakes alive! do they give tea at this depot? cried the old lady, in a tone of innocent surprise that made a smile go round the room, touching the glummest face like a streak of sunshine. 'Well, now, this is jest lovely,' added the old lady, sipping away with a relish. This does warm

the cockles of my heart!" "While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought soap and pins, shoe strings and tape, and cheered the old soul by

paying well for them. "As I watched her doing this, I thought what a sweet face she had. though I had considered her rather plain before. I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered to me, and as I saw the look of interest, sympathy and kindness come into the dismal faces all around me. I did wish that I was the magician to call it out. It was only a kind word and a friendly act, but somehow it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women. and I think it touched a dozen hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain, pale lady, with sudden respect; and when the old woman got up to go, several persons beckoned to her and bought something, as if they wanted to repair their first negligence .- Louisa M. Alcott.

W. W. Willoughby, of Allen County, Ga., cut a board tree which gave sixteen three-foot cuts and made 3409 boards, leaving considerable rail-timber to the trees. In the tree was a wood-worm that entered at the bottom. making its way on up. In each cut they found where the worm had wintered, and in the sixteenth cut they found the worm still alive, with sixteen wrinkles on him, showing that he was sixteen years old,

## Untold.

A face may be woful white To cover a heart that's aching; And a face may be full of light Over a heart that's breaki

Tis not the heaviest grief For which we wear the willow; The tears bring slow relief Which only wet the pillow.

Hard may be burdens born.

Tho' friends would fain unbind them; Harder are crosses worn Where none save God can find them. For the loved who leave our side Our souls are well nigh riven:

But ah ! for the graves we find, Have pity, tender heaven! Soft be the words and sweet That soothe the spoken sorrow: Alas! for the weary feet

## That may not rest to-morrow. HUMOROUS

Advice to an egotistical blower: Shut down your wind, oh!

Many a woman who does not know even the multiplication table can "figure" in society.

Many a young man who works hard during the day allows his hands to go to waist during the evening.

"I fill the Bill," said Willie, when he got into his mother's preserve closet-'And I foot the Bill," remarked papa, overhearing the soliloquy.

The tramp who scours the country In search of some tood or pelf, Would hardly e'er go hungry If he'd only scour himself.

"I wouldn't mind it so much." said the gilded youth, "if he'd bring a different bill occasionally. But I'm bored to death with seeing the same old

Anthony Trollope said that an illfitting shirt-collar would keep him from thinking. This shows Mr. Trollope's eccentricity. An ill-fitting shirt-collar will make the average man think with great rapidity.

Nothing disgusts a young lover in lavender pants so much as to find that the piano stool he has been occupying for the last hour has been used as a "twister" at the children's candypulling party the night before.

"Do birds think?" asks a writer in opening a current article, If they do, we would like to know what a canary bird thinks of the fat woman who stands up in a chair and "talks baby" through the brass wires of its cage.

While the arrangements were being made for a party a few evenings agoa young lady present innocently inquired: "Is the invitation to embrace the young ladies?" "Oh, no!" replied a young man, "the gentlemen will attend to that." And now the young lady wonders what the young man meant.

She was in the dimly-lighted recep. tion room of a city dry goods store; and, walking up to a tall mirror placed against the wall, remarked: "Why, how came you here?" Then, observing some surprise, not to say amusement, on the faces of the other occupants of the room, she saw her mistake and exclaimed in great confusion; "I thought it was my sister; we're

### Origin of Papa and Mamma. An early instance which occurs to

me is in the "Beggar's Opera," (1727,) where Polly Peachum, I think it is, speaks of "papa." The modern change from "papa" and "mamma" to "father" and "mother" among the upper class which began about thirty years ago, seems to have been a reaction against a custom which had gradually crept in among persons of a lower grade. As soon as common people's children began to say "papa" and "mamma." those of higher grade were taught to say"father"and"mother." It was among my High church friends that I first noticed this adoption of "father" and "mother." One does not see the connection, but truly such is the fact. When I was young, "papa" and "mamma" was universal among what may be called the middle and upper classes of society, and to this day, "ladies of a certain age" still use these words. King George III, about the year 1762, addressed his mother as "mamma;" so I find it stated in "Greville Memoirs." But I do not think that Charles II, unless he was speaking in French, ever addressed Henrietta Maria by that endearing term, and I felt tolerably sure that Lady Elizabeth never called Henry VIII "papa." On the other hand, I would observe that "papa" and "mamma" are fast being supplanted by the old original "father" and "mother." For ten or perhaps twenty years past children in the up per and middle classes have, so far as my observation goes, been taught to say "father" and "mother";" and "papa" and "mamma," which are words of extreme tenderness to those of my generation, seem now to have sunk into contempt as a "note" of social superiority.