A SECRET ALLY.

Col. Brierson was very angry. He had received a letter from his son Tom, who was away at college. To make a long story short, the letter will explain itself. It ran as follows written in a bold, round hand, not yet completely formed, but revealing, in every line a frank and manly nature:

MY DEAR FATHER—I write to you on a subject which I have not mentioned before, not from any want of filial respect, but because I feared, though I trust my fears were without foundation, that your views on the subject would not agree with mine, and I hated to incur your displeasure. But things have reached the point where an explanation must be made. In brief I am in love and moreover I am engaged to be married.

The young lady is not of just our standing in society, but she is prettier and more intelligent than any other lady I know. She has been well educated, having been an attendant at the seminary here and would make any man a good wife.

I would not have spoken to her so soon, or without consulting you; but her mother—a widow—died a few weeks ago and left her alone in the world, and I tried to comfort her in her distress—with the result that I asked her to marry her and she consented.

I write to ask your consent to our speedy union; I am sorry to interrupt my college career, but I am willing to do what duty requires and I go to work without further preparation.

Hoping dear sir, that you will approve of my course, and consent to our marriage, I am as ever your affectionate son, THOMAS.

Nonsense! the Colonel had exclaimed as he read this letter. Calf love! Some boarding house keeper's brat! Married indeed? Why, he couldn't earn money enough to support himself! I wouldn't think of allowing him to commit such a folly!

The Colonel fretted and frowned and finally poured a glass of wine from the bottle before him and drank it. Then he leaned back in his easy chair and began to think.

He had fallen into a reverie, when he heard a slight cough, and looking up he saw a young man standing on the other side of the hearth, hat in hand. It was a fresh looking young fellow, with a respectful air and a slight flush on his face as he addressed the Colonel.

Good morning—sir, he said hesitatingly.

There was something strangely familiar about this young man, and the Colonel looked at him curiously without raising from his seat.

Good evening, he replied, sit down.

The young man drew a chair up to the other side of the grate and sat down.

It's a pretty cool night, he said rubbing his hands and speaking modestly as was becoming in the presence of an older person, the Colonel still looking at his visitor curiously. He had seen that face somewhere, but couldn't exactly place it. The young man was dressed in a style in vogue twenty-five years before—very tight trousers, a very short coat and an embroidered silk waistcoat. The Colonel remembered having had a similar waistcoat when he was young.

By your leave, Colonel, I will try a glass of your wine. It will take off the chill of the night air. I came a long distance to-night to see you. And he poured out a glass of the rich wine and tossed it off.

Aho! he resumed, mellowing under the influence of the rare liquor. That reminds me of the vintage of '27 we had at the wine supper on Scribbins' birthday. Wasn't that a jolly time, though! I remember you got drunk—pardon me—I mean you became very jolly, and finally got so sleepy that you fell under the table and had to be carried off to your room. Ah! you were a bad fellow in those days.

"You seem to know a great deal about those old days," said the Colonel, somewhat stiffly, and not relishing the familiar allusions to his college life, at least from the lips of a stranger.

Well, I should say so, said the young fellow, and then what fine times we used to have in your room when Jones and Brown and the other boys would come up to play poker. Ah, the glorious game! Do you ever try a hand now adays?

The Colonel could not help feeling some of the enthusiasm of this voluble young man who kept on a little more seriously.

And the girls, the pretty girls, the darling creatures! Oh, but how you loved the girls! The stolen dance up in old Ritter's barn, and the cozy evenings when we played checkers with pretty Rose. Poor Rose! Do you know, I hope you'll excuse me for mentioning it. I never did think you treated Rose just right.

Who are you and what do you know about Rose?

Ah, well, I know all about it. Your parents didn't approve of your marrying the janitor's daughter, and you broke your promise to her. They said she died of consumption, but I know better—she died of a broken heart.

It must not be supposed that Col. Brierson could sit unmoved and hear this impudent young intruder call up these scenes of his vanished youth. He remembered Rose—sweet Rose! He remembered the pretty frill apron she used to wear, the charming dressing cap her French mother had made for her; her timid face, bold only in the consciousness of her lover's fidelity. He remembered the note he had written, bidding her farewell, and he remembered, too, with a bitter pang, the last glimpse he had caught of her as the train which bore him out of the college town flashed by her mother's house. She had been standing at the door and her white face and sunken cheeks had haunted him all through the foreign tour on which he had accompanied his father.

Who are you? he inquired, angrily, as the visitor rose to go, and where did you get your information about my private affairs? I must say that your manner——

Why didn't I introduce myself? said the young man, laughing softly. You ought to have remembered me. Don't you recollect this coat? Baker made it. Why I am the ghost of your youth! I came a distance of thirty years to-night to see you, and I'm glad to find you looking so well. Good night! And with a familiar gesture of farewell, and young man opened the door and went out.

As he opened the door, the strong draft from the outside blew down the tongs, which fell on the hearth with a noisy clatter. The Colonel started and rubbed his eyes.

Bless my soul! he said, it's ten o'clock, and I haven't written that letter to Tom.

So saying, he poured out another glass of wine, of which he took a sip, and then indited the following epistle, which brought joy to the two young hearts:

MY DEAR TOM—I won't say that I am pleased at the contents of your letter, though I was at first very much surprised. I will be down at the college next week, and will look into the matter you write about. If I find the young woman what you represent her to be, I do not know that I shall be inclined to oppose your wishes. In the meantime do not neglect your studies.

Your affectionate father,
J. H. BRIERSON.

A SERVANT GIRL.

SHARON, Mass. October 18.—Kate Agnes Gleason, a servant girl, 19 years of age, recently made a somewhat startling confession which explains the mysterious crime which took place in the beautiful residence of Mr. Charles J. Rue and his sister, Mrs. Gribben, near Norwood. These incident's took place during the summer months and resulted in the destruction of over $20,000 worth of property and ended in the destruction of the mansion by fire. Mr. Roe is an Englishman and built a fine mansion, which was richly furnished and filled with costly bric-a-brac and articles of vertu, which he had collected during his travels.

He lived here with his widowed sister in retirement on the income of an ample fortune. In May last, early one evening, two heavy stones were thrown against the house. The next night stones were thrown through the window, but Mr. Roe was unable to discover who threw them. A few days later three Shetland ponies, which he had imported at a great expense, were poisoned by Paris Green The stone throwing continued at intervals, and twice the house was robbed of money and jewelry. No clue was discovered to the identity of the perpetrators of the outrages.

On July 19 the house was burned to the ground together with all its contents, the loss being nearly $20,000 on which there was an insurance of less than $7,000. The fire was thought to have been accidental. Some time after the servant girl brought to Mrs. Gribben two pieces of jewelry and said that she had found them in the ashes of the burned house. As the articles did not show any marks of fire Mrs. Gribben suspected that the girl knew something about the affair and by questioning her prevailed upon the girl to make a confession.

She said that she had poisoned the ponies and robbed the house twice and that she threw the stones, and she acknowledged everything except setting the fire. She finished her confession and being intensely excited she cried in frenzy: Now I have told you all punish me if you wish to, but do it quick; cut my throat; kill me, any thing! The next night an officer was concealed in the building witnessing hearing and the girl repeated her confession. A warrant was issued for her arrest, but as Mrs. Gribben wished to recover some of the jewelry it was not served, because the girl promised to return the jewelry the next day. The girl then skipped and the detectives have lost trace of her.

THRIFTY UNDERTAKERS.

It must have been remarked by every one what an especially prosperous class of people undertakers are as a rule. Occasionally one is found who seems to have a hard time in keeping the wolf and creditors from his door but such a case is cause for comment among all the other members of the craft and gives food for as much gossip as a constableship election. There was never an undertaker made poor who attended to his business. In this city the funeral directors make a clear profit of from $2,000 to $10,000 a year each, according to the amount of trade done and the social standing of the patrons. An undertaker never seems to be busy, never tries to push trade, and apparently cares but little how many interments he conducts in a week. The secret of all his apparent apathy is the enormous profit made on every article sold by the director and the extortionate price put upon his services. A coffin which costs him at wholesale about $25 he trims up at an increased expense of, say $10, and then sells it at $125 to $150. If the friends of the deceased are well off he puts on a little more trimming and another $100. The very commonest kind of coffin is sold by the maker for $7. The undertaker gets $50 or $60 for it. They will exhibit a cloth-covered coffin which they will tap pleasantly and then announce to you that it is of solid chestnut. The chestnut used in coffins is of the poorest quality and the only merit it posesses is that it will last somewhat longer than other woods. It does not cost as much as good pine, and two-thirds less than walnut. The meek looking marauders on the domestic and public purse occasionally lose a little by bad debts, but it is very seldom that funeral expenses are not paid. It is a pity that a boycott cannot be put upon the whole class but it really can not.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

SMUGGLING AT NIAGRA.

Quite a thriving smuggling business done by boatmen on the river, and at least three Fort Erie boatmen make their living in this way, while there are dozens of others who carry contraband goods occasionally. The Fort Erie fisherman, who were drowned last winter, had their boat loaded with five hundred pounds of coal, which caused the craft to capsize on the ice-floe when a break-up occurred on the lake.

The penalty for smuggling into Canada is heavy, and there are some queer wrinkles in the law. For instance, the informant gets a large percentage of the proceeds of a seizure. Then, if a person should smuggle a small amount of goods while entering the larger part, the whole is a subject to seizur. When Root & Keating's confidential elerk, Erp, embezzled several thousand dollars, he built a fine house over the river in Fort Erie and furnished it in excellent style. He entered his household goods on the free list as having been used several months, but afterward smuggled over several lace window curtains. A Fort Erie woman, who got into Mrs. Erp's confidence, informed the officers, and every thing in the house was seized. The informant got a large part of the furniture, and has some of it now in her house in the village. The seizure so broke up Erp that he returned to Buffalo and gave up all he had left on condition that he would not be criminally prosecuted.

A veteran boatman said to-bay: "Smuggling is going on all the time along the Niagara river front. It is mostly from this side into Canada. Small boats are used, and every evening dozens of parcels are carried over Fort Erie people get seven eights of their supplies from Buffalo, and seven eights of this pays no duty. They bring the goods down to the water front and leave them with some boathouse keeper or friend and give some boat-man over the river a tip to ferry them across. They'll do it for twenty-five cents and deliver the goods after dark. The Canadian officers are honest enough, but they have got too much to watch and can not cover every point.

"I ferried over four young fellows one night who each had a new suit of clothes. People save fifty per cent., on some things and then they can't get what they want over in Canada. Poor coffee costs forty cents a pound, when just as good can be got in Buffalo for twenty-five cents. Tea is the same way. You can not get a decent pair of shoes in Fort Erie. House-keepers go to the city order ten or twelve dollars worth of goods to be delivered at a certain place along the river, and during the night the goods are transferred across.—*Buffalo Cor. Chicago News.*

WILD MEN OF BOMBAY.

The report of the Bombay forest commission contains some interesting information about the wild tribes of the Katkan, the strip of land in Bombay that lies between the western Ghatz and the Arabian sea. The wild tribes are a great number of persons of different aboriginal races, who lead an unsettled life and who subsist for the greatest part of the year on the wages they earn as carriers and distributors of forest produce among the local residents. There are three distinct wild tribes left—the Katkaris, 30,000 strong; the Thakuras, 50,000, and the Varlis, 20,000 in strength—individuals who lead a savage life altogether, and eke out a precarious living by a sporadic hill cultivation, by collecting forest product for barter or sale at the nearest markets, and also to a certain extent, by killing and eating various sorts of wild animals. They live in miserable hovels in or near the forests.

The Thakuras are an unsettled tribe, ready to change their hamlet if a child sickens or a cow dies. They wear scarcely any clothes, eat the coarsest food, love indolence and dissipation, have no thought for the future, and spend all they can in drink. Still as a rule, they are quiet and peaceable and live all together by themselves. They neither borrow nor steal. They are truthful, honest, teachable and harmless. They are hard-working, the women doing quite as much work as the men, and they are much more thrifty and more sober than either the Varlis or Katkaris. Some of their villages are very orderly and clean, the people showing much respect to the head man, who belongs to their own caste. Thakur means "a cheif," and in days very remote they probably had a position of some standing.

The Katkaris, or makers of kat—that is, catechu—are the poorest and least hopeful of the three tribes, drunken, given to thieving, and unwilling to work. In 1825, according to Bishop Heber, they were charcoal-burners, and so wild and scared that they would have no direct dealings with the people of the plain. They brought head loads of charcoal to particular spots, whence is was carried away by the villagers, who left in its place a customary payment of rice, clothing and iron tools. Eleven years later Major Macintosh describted them as great theives, stealing corn from the fields and farm yards, committing robberies in the villages at night, and plundering lonely travelers during the day. Their women worked hard, acting as laborers, and bringing into market the head-loads of wood their husbands had gathered in the forests. They are very poor, generally in rags, and often without and wholesome food. As soon as they get together a few pence they spend it in drink and tobacco. A small body of them, however, will not eat cow's meat, and are allowed to draw water at the village wells and to enter Kumbi houses.

The third tribe, the Varlis, are considerably better off. They are unshaven and slightly clothed and live in small bamboo and bramble huts. They are very innocent and harmless, but immoderately fond of liquor. They commit crimes of violence only when they are drunk, and they join in thefts and gang robberies only when they are starving. Among themselves they are extremely fond of fun and very social. With strangers they are timid at first, but with Europeans whom they know they are frank and very truthful. Nothing will induce them to leave the forests. They are passionately fond of sport and will take their guns into the forest and stay there for days together, shooting sambhur; bhenkri, peacocks and jungle and spur fowls over the forest pools and springs. These types of savage life are to be found within an hour or even half an hour of Bombay.

THE MEADE STATUE

Giant democracies do their fighting in sober fashion. Of the four great leaders of the North whom history will remember—Grant and Sherman Meade and Sheridan—two were generals who never aroused personal enthusiasm. They gained their success without it. They inspired devotion by creating confidence in their own devotion to duty and their ability to discharge high trusts. Like Marlborough, it was the fortune of General Meade to win the great and decisive battle of his day and generation without hearing a tithe of the shouts lesser men have awakened on less significant fields.

For such men history and posterity supply the praise of which contemporaries were chary. Its first installment came to General Meade yesterday in the statue erected by the citizens of the city which he defended to which he belonged, and with which his private and personal life was associated. He was the soldier of Philadelphia in something more than residence and his command at Gettysburg he was the soldier of Philadelphia. The spirit in which he won his great battle on our soil was the fashion in which Philadelphia fought its share of the war. Through all the struggle Gen. Meade rose to every duty as water rises to its level, with no thunder in the index, but with the certainty of natural law in the outcome. The streets of Philadelphia never rocked with the noisy and tumultuous enthusiasm which blazed down Broadway at the opening of the war; but its grim determination never flagged, its confidence never wavered, quota was always full, with patient, pitiless patriotism it poured men into the hopper out of which was ground war's grim grist until the crisis of the struggle came and the city sent out its last man to the last line of the union.

So Meade fought, so he maintained through an evil and doubting report more hard to endure than battle his strenuous devotion to duty. For half the time in which the Army of the Potomac was an organized body he commanded it. He led it from victory to victory and discharged the sober responsibilities of a subordinate with the faithful care he had given to its undivided command. He left nothing in his career to be forgiven, no frailty to be pardoned, no blot to be glossed. He did his duty. All he was his country had to the uttermost.

When such a man receives the final and lasting honor of the statue yesterday unveiled the city and state in which it stands testify to the manner of man and of life which they delight to honor and rejoice to praise. His statue will stand a monument not less to a high standard of public devotion than to the man it commemorates. About it will come and cluster life and memory. In its shadow children will play, grow old and pass away; its extended arm will point to one generation after another; it will stand as other statues have stood until centuries have changed the very semblance and form of the hills which sur round it, and it will still remain sign symbol and proof of the virtue, character and patriotism which his generation sought and found in General George G Meade.

VARIETIES OF HANDSHAKING.

How the Custom First Originated—Peculiarities of Different People.

"Did you ever consider how people first began to shake hands? No? Well, then, sit down here and I'll tell you what I think about it, for I have give[n] this subject some study," said a gent[le]man to a reporter. "My opinion is in early and barbarous times, w[hen] every savage or semi-savage was his o[wn] law-giver, judge, soldier and policema[n], and had to watch over his own safety, in default of all other protection, when two friends or acquaintances, or two strangers desiring to be friends or acquaintance[s], when they chanced to meet, offered ea[ch] to the other the right hand alik[e] offense and defense — the hand [that] wields the sword, the dagger, the [...] the tomahawk or other weapon of [...] Each did this to show that the han[d was] empty and that neither war nor trea[chery] was intended. A man cannot well [...] another while he is engaged in the [...] shaking hands with him, unless he [is a] double-dyed traitor and villain [who] strives to aim a cowardly blow wit[h the] left while giving the right and pre[tend]ing to be on good terms with him.

"Did you ever observe that the [...] never skake hands with the cor[...] of men unless it be with each o[ther]. The reason is obvious. It is for t[...] to receive homage, not to give it. T[hey] cannot be expected to show to persons of the other sex a warmth of greeting which might be misinterpreted unless such persons are very closely related, in which cases handshaking is not needed and the lips do more agreeable duty.

"Every man shakes hands according to his nature, whether it be timid or aggressive, proud or humble, courteous or churlish, vulgar or refined. There is certainly a great art in handshaking, but I tell you the kind of handshake I hate, and that is one of the what I call the jolly good fellow handshakes. One of those fellows will grasp your hand, squeeze it until the tears run down your cheek and then, using your arm in the same manner as a pump handle, will go on skaking all the time he is talking to you, letting it rest easy for a moment or so, with the exception of a little spasmodic shake now and again, only, however, to start it afresh. The first time you imagine he is doing it because he is extremely glad to see you, but when you see him manifest the same cordiality toward people whom he met for the first time and toward those with whom he has been intimate for years you know he is a humbug or is, at any rate, acting from habit. But of all the men to be avoided the man who squeezes your hand in an excruciating manner on a false pretense is the worst. He dislocates your joints to convince you that he regards you highly, and as soon as you are out of sight forgets you or thinks that you are no 'great shakes' after all or, worse still, abuses you behind your back.

"Another and even more odious kind of handshaker is he who offers you his hand, but will not permit you to get fair hold of it. To be treated with cool contempt of supercilious scorn which such a mode of salutation implies is worse than not to be saluted at all. If hands are to be shaken let it be done properly. Another species of handshaker I detest is the man who offers you one finger instead of five, as much as to say, 'I am either too preoccupied myself or think too little of you to give you my whole hand. With such a man the interchange of any but the barest and scantiest courtesy is rendered difficult by any one who has a particle of self-respect.

"Yet another objectionable man is the one that shoves out his left hand in greeting you. That is discourteous, sometimes intentional and sometimes not, but it is an act that no true gentleman would commit. There is really no reason why it should be more discourteous than to kiss the left cheek instead of the right, but doubtless the custom that makes the right hand imperative in all sincere salutations dates from those early times when handshaking first began, and the hand that shook or was shaken in friendship was of necessity weaponless. The poor left hand that one would think ought to be of as much value and strength as the right, just as the left foot or leg is as strong as the right foot or leg, because they are both used equal, has fallen into disrepute as well as into comparative d[is]use, until it has become an accept[ed] phrase to say of any proceedings that [are] inauspicious, artful, sly or secretly malicious, that it is 'sinister'—that it is left handed.

"I do not," he continued, "object to shake hands on certain occasions, but it is this perpetual 'shake, shake,' with everybody that I object to. It is pleasant to touch the hand of an honest man or woman, and to be on such terms of acquaintanceship with either of these masterpieces of creation as to justify you in the thought that you are their equal. Even to grasp the paw of an intelligent dog, who holds it up for you to shake on being asked to do so, is something pleasant. For the dog, unlike some men, would scorn to give his paw to one in whose eye and in whose face he, by his fine instinct, in some respect the equal if not the superior of reason, discovered treachery or evil. As I have said, it is the continued handskaking with Tom, Dick and Harry that ought to be put a stop to.

"Copy" from the Telegraph Operator.

His day operator at once commen[ces] to take the report from the Mor[se] sounder on a type writer. He is a fa[st] operator, and he takes on an average seventy-five words a minute. He could take more if it were possible to send it faster. A voluminous code is used to facilitate the sending. Thus "t" stands for "the," "Wshn" for "Washington," "fm" for "from," "mfrs" for "manufacturers," etc. These words are filled out on the type writer while they are coming in abbreviated form over the wire.

A batch of "copy," neatly type written, is soon ready, and a boy dashes down stairs with it to the telegraph editor of the afternoon paper, who cuts it up, puts suitable "heads" to the different items and sends them to the printers. On[ly] the news comes over the wire, and the operator sits impassively, with unchang[ing] countenance, taking murders, ri[ots], weddings, bank failures, jubilee items, conspiracies, desperate battles and ministerial conventions in one lo[ng] clicking monotone, without anything [to] distinguish one item from another exc[ept] the date and a new line. The sorting afterward is the work of the telegra[ph] editor.

TO PREVENT PITTING IN SMALL-POX. Keep the light from the patient's fa[ce]. A mask of thin muslin, wet in cold wat[er] or saturated with sweet oil or vaseli[ne] will be sufficient protection.