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The Agricultural Department now has \$500,000 at its disposal to extirpate pleuro-pneumonia. No restriction is placed upon the discretion of the Department in the expenditure of this large sum.

The American Bible Society recently compiled the results of its work for the past year. It has issued 977,805 volumes, besides half a million in foreign lands. This makes the total number of Bibles issued by the society since its organization in 1816, 48,355,351.

With respect to the present industrial situation Bradstreet's (New York) compilation of the number of employes at work in the country contains significant and important information. There are 400,000 more persons employed now than in 1883, and the receipts of labor have been brought up to the high level of 1881-82.

The New York Mail and Express says it is a supposition that the oleomargarine question is closed by the recent case of Lipman Arensburg; found guilty and fined \$300 for the manufacture. But, adds our informant, a vast number of people continue to partake serenely of the detestable compound offered them thrice each day.

Farming in one part of Newberry County is being carried on under difficulties on one farm. During working hours two stout colored men can be seen drawing a plough, which is guided by a colored woman. These people have rented land, but have no working animal, and are trying to raise a crop by the most primitive mode of cultivation.

A farmer in Greensborough, Md., thinking to change his grade of potatoes, barreled all that he had, shipped them to Baltimore, and ordered a few barrels of extra fine Northern potatoes for seed. While barreling his own tubers he lost his spectacles. When he received his Northern seed potatoes he found his missing spectacles in one of the barrels. Such things destroys confidence.

One by one the landmarks of the Revolution in New York City are disappearing. Hamilton Grange, located on the east side of Tenth avenue, between 141st and 145th streets, once the home of Alexander Hamilton, has been invaded by a small army of mechanics and laborers, who are digging sewers, grading streets, building houses and otherwise forcing the natural beauties of scenery to give way to the march of modern improvements. Convent avenue is laid out through the center of the farm. Of the thirteen trees planted by Alexander Hamilton, it is said, to commemorate the original States of the Union, twelve are still standing. The other tree died about the time that the civil war began.

Dr. Bernheim, the distinguished physiologist of Nancy, France, goes far in a paper recently published by him, to prove the well known theory that the mind of man in a certain pathological state becomes automatic, speaking and acting by the suggestion of others without self-control. He says that this state of mind can be produced by training, and was produced in the case of Moritz Scharf, of Tiesza-Eslar, who told a long story of falsehoods before the court, always in nearly the same words, accusing his father of the murder of that girl Esther. Dr. Bernheim maintains that the boy Moritz, by terror and corporeal sufferings, was tortured into that pathological condition and then repeated automatically what he had been taught to say.

The Jacksonville Times-Union gives data showing a very satisfactory condition of the orange industry in Florida. The gratifying fact has been developed this winter that Florida orange-growers have little to fear from California and Mediterranean competitors. The prices for fine bright Florida oranges have been good for the greater part of the season—in fact, all through except for a few weeks when the markets were glutted with over shipments, and when the weather was so unfavorable as to render it almost impossible for the dealers to do anything in the Northern cities. In both the Eastern and Western markets the Florida oranges brought top prices, compared with California and imported oranges of similar grades. The Times-Union says the indications are, if the estimates of Florida oranges already sent to market—and more than nine-tenths of them have probably been marketed—are correct, that the crop of the year 1886-87 will reach over a million boxes, or nearly double the estimates made by many of the best posted growers early in the season. Should no disaster overtake the orange crop, that of next season will probably be at least 1,300,000 boxes.

THE HAPPY DEAD.

"The seasons come and go, and the dead are at peace."—Wm. Black. The happy dead—like you and I When all our earthly years have sped— In sweet, unbroken slumber lie The happy dead! O'er them the kindly seasons shed The beauty born of earth and sky, And peace to perfect silence wed. The happy dead! They do not need a tear or sigh, Pain from their dreamless dust has fled, They rest beneath the Eternal Eye, The happy dead! —William H. Hayne, in Youth's Companion.

FATE AND THE CAPTAIN.

"What is Mrs. Gray trying to start—a menagerie, reform school, or a gymnasium?" inquired Captain Holton, in an injured tone. He was trying to thread a small needle with very coarse thread, and made an unsuccessful dive at the needle as he spoke. "No, sir, I reckon not. She's only got some new boarders from the city," replied Mary, putting down the lamp that she had brought. "Boarders! Three—five—six children, two dogs, and an animal that I suppose they call a pony. Oh, ye powers supreme! I don't think that this needle has any eye in it at all." "Let me thread it for you, sir," said Mary. "No, I thank you; I will thread it myself if it is possible for any one else to do so. The fault is in the needle, and it is the only one I have. So you say that caravan has come to stay. What's in charge of it—father, mother, nurses, etc.?" "Mother's an invalid, gent comes down Saturdays. Old maid aunt brought the young ones down for the air." "Six children and an old maid! They say the cholera is on its way here, too. A year of plagues, Moses in Egypt! Mrs. Gray may find it profitable to run an orphan asylum for a few hot weeks, and turn out steady boarders who have stood by her through thick and thin, but when the winter of her adversity comes she may be sorry. Humph! I may be called upon to advise in small matters where a loan is needed, but when it comes to anything that affects my comfort, I am disposed of without a word. Hear them how! I wonder if I could get that darned needle through this button! How miserable a man when his suspender button is off, and a flock of little demons are running through his geranium beds. Here, you, get out of those flowers, I say! Do you hear me? Then why don't you do it?" The devastation of his flowers was more than the Captain could stand, so he laid down needle and thread and substituted a nail for the missing button, as he had long since learned to do. After a rapid toilet he hurried down stairs as fast as his lameness would permit. "I'll tell that old maid what I think of her government; infamous ckeek, anyhow, to bring such a herd into a quiet neighborhood. I'll blow her up, so that she'll know what she's done." He bolted, red and wrathful, from the front door just as Mrs. Gray came upon the steps with a tall, stately young lady, whose handsome eyes widened with surprise at the Captain's confusion. "Good evening, Captain, I was just going to call you. Allow me: Captain Holton—Miss Terrell. I was just telling Miss Terrell that if you were down you would give us some flowers, but I didn't dare to pull them, knowing how particular you are," said Mrs. Gray. "Yes, I am particular about my flowers. Just step this way, Miss—ah—Terrell, and see—the bed is in a fearful state—the children—that is—" "Oh, they will be delighted! Come, darlings, the gentleman is going to give us a bouquet. I am so glad for their sakes that there is something of the kind here, for the little ones are passionately fond of flowers, the boys particularly, and it is a taste that I take great pains to cultivate. Ah, thanks! How lovely they are. One doesn't know the beauty of such things unless he has been shut up in brick walls. You are too generous, Captain Holton; you will find us troublesome. Don't cut those splendid roses. You are robbing the bush." "No matter; you need a little more color in your bouquet; and they will soon fade on the bush. Don't mention it; it is a pleasure, I assure you." The evening was so fine that the lady lingered on the lawn, and the Captain's old-fashioned gallantry would not permit him to leave until she did, so that he found himself doing the agreeable for the first time in many years, being a bachelor of the strictest sort. True, the flow of his conversation was interrupted by a ball in the chest, he was tripped by a hat, sat down upon a paper of fishhooks, loaned his knife to dig angle worms, and finally retired with an overripe tomato in his shirt bosom, which was intended for the inn who dodged behind him. Miss Terrell whipped out her handkerchief to brush the tomato off, explaining that the boys were just liberated from school, and were wild with delight at the freedom of the country. "Ah, it is no matter; they will settle down in a day or two. I like to see them happy," replied the arch-hypocrite, with a ghastly smile, as he turned into the hall. "Shame! for that poor girl to be monopolized by those little demons," she growled, viewing himself in the glass. "They ought to be drowned like kittens when their mother can't manage them, and then they couldn't torment any other woman's life out of her." The following day the Captain thought he would avoid the terrors of the evening by calling upon an invalid friend, a comrade whose days were numbered. Accordingly, he brought out from the city

A basket of the choicest fruit that he could find, and arranged it upon his table in a tempting display.

When he returned from tea every rich pear had been bitten, every choice peach bore the marks of little teeth, and the skins of the rare grapes were scattered about the table. For a moment the Captain was speechless with amazement, and then, with a wrathful interjection, he picked up the basket of remains and resolutely crossed the hall to Miss Terrell's door. That lady opened the door, her face flushed with laughter at some prank of her tyrants. "Miss Terrell—I—ah—I just thought I would ask you to—ah—accept this fruit. The children—you know—" "Ah, those naughty boys. I know who did it. Thank you; you are very kind, especially when we have made you so much trouble. I shall watch the children more closely." And she bowed him away with queenly grace. "George Holton, you would better retire until you learn to let that woman alone. You will make a fool of yourself every time you attempt to defend your rights." And then, putting on his boots: "It is a shame for that fine girl to be monopolized by those little fiends. Her relatives have no right to ask such a sacrifice of her. She is an uncommonly fine girl, and old enough to have gotten over her nonsense." For the next week the Captain kept his door sacredly locked, changed his seat to the other end of the table, and developed an amount of passive courage that surprised himself, and was successful in avoiding any further encounter with the terrible children. At the end of the week, grown reckless with success, he strode bravely out upon the veranda, intending to enjoy the fine midsummer twilight in a row down the little stream, by courtesy called "The river." His boat was moored in a tiny round bay a short distance from the landing, and as he approached the clump of alders which hid it from the road he heard shouts of childish glee that told him of some new disaster. True enough, when he came in sight he could have devoured the small marauders in his wrath. Four young Terrells were playing "shipwreck" in the freshly painted Lottie, tipping her over in the soft, black mud and pitching her violently into the pool. They rescued themselves by climbing back and righting the wreck. They then ran over her with their black feet until she again capsized, and the disaster was repeated. The pretty figure-head was broken, she was half filled with the slime of the pool, and the scarlet umbrella, which was fastened as an awning in the stern, was dripping from its muddy bath. "I'll go and tell her this time if I'm hung for it to-morrow. I'll tell her if I'm not struck dumb before I get there. Those little rascals have got to be punished or disposed of in some way." His vigorous rapping at Miss Terrell's door brought that lady herself, holding baby Bessie against her shoulder, and looking so tenderly maternal that the Captain's courage and animosity toward her darlings oozed away at the tip of his fingers. "Miss Terrell, I have a fine boat down on the river, and as it was a fair evening, I thought that I would go down for a row, but—the children—You'll excuse me—I mean no offense—but I would like you to step down and see that boat, if you please, and if you are inclined to do so—" "Certainly. How very kind of you," replied Miss Terrell, anxious to put him at ease. "You spoke of the children, too. Not many gentlemen are so fond of children. I don't know where they are, but Hannah can soon find them. I shall be ready in a moment." "I will find them for you," quoth the Captain; and, hurrying down to the veranda, he motioned to Jake, the stable boy, saying: "Here's half a dollar, Jake, if you go down to Paddy Mack's and get his best boat up to the landing inside of eight minutes, and keep 'um!" "All right, sir." And ten minutes later Captain Holton was handing Miss Violet into Paddy's boat with the air of a conqueror. The children could not be found, and the treacherous Captain suggested that they had probably gone down to hear the band play in the village square. Scated face to face with her in the soft, odoriferous twilight, the Captain found himself carried back twenty years to his impressionable youth by the delight of the lady's presence. A rose tint glowed over all the landscape, and the breeze up the river, heavy with the scent of meadows newly mown and clover fields in blossom, was as sweet as if it stole from Eden's gate. Miss Terrell had been housed up with her tormentors long enough to enjoy such an escape as this, and she gave herself up to the pleasure of the hour with girlish abandon. Each was too busy with thoughts to carry on a very animated conversation, and both regretted the stroke of some village clock that warned them to return. The veranda was deserted when they returned, and they lingered a moment in the softness of the midsummer night—only a moment, for a chorus of shrieks from an upper window recalled Miss Terrell to her post in the upper room with a bound. "She is too fine a young woman to be sacrificed to those little scamps. Great pity that somebody doesn't marry her. Maybe she wouldn't have anybody; she looks particular. Perhaps she is like myself—doesn't care to experiment. I am glad that I am past all that sort of thing, or I might be tempted to make a fool of myself. She is an uncommonly fine young woman, and undeniably handsome. By Jove! What on earth is this!" The Captain, who had rowed several miles up stream, had gone to his wash

stand to cool his stinging palms, and met such a singular sensation that it brought this exclamation. Not being a scientist, he could not appreciate the collection that his lamp revealed in the basin—crawfish, snails, tadpoles, horse-hair snakes, and a multitude of nameless crawling things, and in trying to throw them out of the window he threw out Mrs. Gray's decorated basin also.

Presently a shrill voice screamed an explanation above the hubbub in the opposite room. "I didn't, either, Aunt Nell. I caught 'em for my fish pond, and old Hannah hollered and said I brought 'em up to scare her, and told me to throw 'em out. But I didn't. I put 'em where she couldn't find 'em, and I won't tell where, neither; and if she says I tried to scare her, and was sassy, she's telling a wicked lie, now. Can't I get 'em in the morning and put 'em in my fish pond, Aunt Nell?" "There's only one thing for me to do," sighed the Captain, gazing at the china wreck upon the lawn next morning. "I'll try to make the 6:30 train, and look up a boarding-house in the city. I won't stand this another day. I am sorry for her. She's an uncommonly—Yes—but—to be made uncle to all those—Oh, my goodness! What am I thinking about?" He drank a cup of scalding coffee, and started in great haste for the train. He had barely reached the tiny station when he heard his name called in a despairing treble, and, turning back, he saw Miss Terrell, the nurse, and six children running for life down the grassy street. "Never mind; I'll hold the train," he shouted, and prevailed upon the unwilling conductor to wait for them. The early train was crowded with out-of-town sojourners going to business, and the Captain sat with Tom on one knee and Bessie on the other, opposite Miss Terrell, who held one or two more. They were going to sit for a picture to send mamma. They had not time to breakfast before they started, so they fell upon the lunch that they had brought like young wolves. They ate sandwiches, marmalade and raspberry tart, and drank, and drank, oh, how they drank! When the apple fiend came around they wanted peaches and bananas and seductive California plums, and when the river was reached they simultaneously climbed over the Captain to see the steamboat. Presently there was a halt, and when the passengers grew impatient the conductor explained that a freight train was off the track somewhere ahead, and it would be two hours before the track was clear. The July sun was high, the water in the cooler gave out, and the children grew so restless that the Captain proposed a stroll in the grove. "Now, as a friend, I'm going to tell her how she is ruining those children by her indulgence; it is terrible. She is so sensible that she will take it kindly, I am sure," mused the Captain. But, like former experiences, the task was more than the Captain expected. "Miss Terrell," he commenced, in a didactic tone, then paused, grew red in the face, and wiped his forehead. "Miss Terrell, I hope you'll excuse my presumption and understand my motive. I wish to speak to you upon such a delicate subject that—that—well—our acquaintance has been short, but I think we have a very good understanding, considering that fact, and I felt sure that you would make all allowance, in view of my very great regard for you—" And he stopped awkwardly as he noticed her blushing face. "Really, Captain Holton, I—I think you had better wait until our acquaintance is a little older. As you say, we have such a very good understanding that I cannot tell you how much I enjoy your friendship and appreciate your regard, but—but—certainly we are little more than strangers yet. Tom is asking to see your watch. Won't you please show it to him?" A few years after, when they were spending a few weeks at Mrs. Gray's, Mrs. Holton said, with a thoughtful poise of the head: "Do you know, dear, that I thought you the shyest man in the world in those first days of our courtship. You blundered and stammered until I wondered if you had lived in a country without women. You seemed easy enough in your manner after that, though." And the Captain laughed so immoderately that his wife wondered if he had smuggled a case of wine down in his fishing tackle.—Lizzie Hyer Neff, in the Current.

A Wonderful Sea Cave.

The "Blue Grotto" of the Island of Busi, which was discovered in 1884, has become one of the most noteworthy sights of that interesting quarter of the Adriatic. The entrance to the cave is about seven feet wide and five feet high, with sixteen feet depth of water, and spacious enough to admit, when the sea is still, a boat carrying ten or twelve persons. This entrance forms a thread-like canal, inclosed between steep walls, which is shrouded in its first half in deep darkness; but the farther one presses in, the more evident and clear becomes a peculiar twilight effect, by which one can soon discern the breadth and height of the interior, illuminated by a surprising play of colors. At first the water under the keel of the boat appears of a dark blue-green; then the color gradually changes to a clear blue, and at last to an azure, which grows lighter and brighter, and finally the visitor finds himself set, as if by enchantment, into a broad, high space, the ground of which is filled with a brilliant shimmering, blue flood, whence streams out a soft light, covering everything visible with a strange glamour. The illumination appears to come from under the sea. The oars appear silver-white in the transparent blue flood, and the stones under the water like semi-lustrous silver, while the waves themselves exhibit the various changes of the shades of blue.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

How to Make Home Attractive. Keep the house clean. Cleanliness is next to godliness. A clean home makes its inmates clean. Outward cleanliness is the symbol of inward purity. Make your rooms bright and cheery and not too nice for the boys and girls to enjoy. If you cannot afford expensive pictures, buy cheap ones that are bright, pretty and in good taste. Beautify the home and thus beautify the childhood of your sons and daughters. Train them to help you in your tasks. Divide with them the toil, and they will double the pleasures of your home. If a child shows ability or talent in any direction, allow him to cultivate it. Encourage and praise his efforts. Let him know he is appreciated, and that his plans and purposes are matters of vital interest to his parents. Teach your children to control their tempers by controlling your own. Lastly, don't fret.

Care of Lamps.

To insure good light, the burners of petroleum lamps should be kept bright. If they are allowed to become dull, the light is uncertain, and, owing to the absorption of heat by the darkened metal, smoke is the result. Once a month place the burners in a pan, covering them with cold water, to each quart of which a tablespoonful of washing soda should be added, and also a little soap. Boil slowly for one or two hours, and at the end of this time pour off the blackened water. Then pour enough boiling water into the pan to cover the burners, adding soap and soda in the same proportions as before. After boiling again a few minutes, pour off the water, rinse the burners with clear, hot water, and rub dry with a soft cloth. The burners must be perfectly dry before the wicks are introduced. Should the wicks become clogged with the particles of dust floating in the oil, and new ones not be desired, they may be boiled in vinegar and water, dried thoroughly, and put back into the burners. If wicks have done duty all winter, they should be replaced by new ones in the spring. Nickel burners may be boiled as well as brass ones. Time spent in the care of lamps is never wasted. A perfectly clear lamp that gives a brilliant light is a great comfort. What more cheerless or depressing than an ill-kept lamp, which gives forth an unsteady, lurid, sight-destroying flame. The paper roses, guilder-roses, and chrysantheums, so popular for decorative purposes, are admirable for placing in the lamp chimneys to keep out the dust during the day, and the wicks should be turned a little below the rim of the burner, to prevent exudation of the oil.

Recipes.

CHEAP CAKE.—Beat together one cup sugar and one-half cup butter, add one egg, well beaten, one cup milk, one and a half teaspoonfuls baking powder, flour enough to make a stiff batter. The baking powder should be sifted in with the flour. Bake in a moderate oven. CODDLED AND POTATOES.—After boiling soft codfish, separate from the bones, picking as fine as possible. Then take equal quantities of boiled mashed potatoes and fish, seasoned with pepper, salt, chopped hard-boiled eggs and a small quantity of butter. Make the mixture into balls or cakes and fry in boiling lard, moistening them with rich milk or cream, which will assist in the handling. HOW TO STEW FISH.—Rub with salt and pepper and place in pan, adding one pint of water to each five pounds of fish. When about half done season with salt and pepper, one teaspoon of flour, a half-pound butter, parsley and thyme. The seasoning, if convenient, can be stirred into a pint of oysters, or, in place of oysters, six hard-boiled eggs, sliced, may be used. Serve with the gravy in the dish. FISH SAUCE.—Beat well the yolks of two eggs, and stir in one pint of drawn butter, adding pepper, salt and parsley to suit. Allow this to boil, and do not pour over the fish until just ready to serve. Another sauce is made by mixing one-half pint of cream and milk, adding two eggs, well beaten, the juice of one-half a lemon, and salt and pepper. Place on the fire and stir constantly until it becomes thick. FLOUR PUDDING.—One quart of sweet milk; wet and stir smoothly into a little of this cold milk six tablespoonfuls of flour. When the remainder of the milk boils, stir in this wet flour, boil ten minutes more and set away to cool. When cold, add the well-beaten yolks of six eggs, then the whites, which have been beaten to a foam that will pile up; now beat this into the cold pudding until it all looks even and light. Bake another half-hour and serve hot.

A Rat's Revenge.

Pick McKeon, a well-known employe on the wharves of the Pennsylvania Company, assures me that he has seen many an old rat lose its eye in a fight with the one-eyed rat. The quadruped had apparently lost his eye in one of the cat troubles some weeks before. It was clear that it was animated by a spirit of revenge. "For two days," says Pick, "I saw the rat lying on his back, under a string piece, as though dead. One of Daddy Reid's horses was spilling oats near by and the sparrows were filling themselves. The third day the horse had a tantrum and shook the oats all over the rat. The sparrows ate the scattered oats first. They were evidently suspicious of the rat, although he had been lying there at their dinner-hour for two days. Finally a bold little cock went up to the rat and began to pick the oats from between his hind legs. In a jiffy the rat doubled on him. There was a snap like the blades of a jack-knife. The sparrow gave a flutter and a dying gasp, and the rat dragged him away with one wing trailing behind him."—New York Star.

THE TEMPLE OF THE TREES.

"The groves were God's first temples."—BYRAT. One slender pine-top, like a spire, In the hushed evening air, Just as the twilight ceased to be, Foretold the hour of prayer. And now the fire-flies as they flit Above the silent sod, Between the long aisles of the trees, Are acolytes of God. —William H. Hoar, in Southern Breviar.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

How to gain flesh—buy a butcher shop. —Cincinnati Telegram. When a vocalist "saves his notes" it doesn't always imply that he is laying up money. A cutting remark—"Will you kindly carve the turkey, Mr. Smith?"—Merchant Traveler. A blind man in Iowa can tell the color of a red-hot stove simply by touching it. —Puck's Annual. Frank James, the bandit, once such a dread, Now works in a boot and shoe store, instead; His present life must seem very tame, Yet he's still after booty, just the same. —Goodall's Sun. A good quality of celluloid is now made from potatoes. Before long we shall hear of hard-wood buttons being made out of restaurant doughnuts.—New Haven News. A farmer once called his cow "Zephyr," She seemed such an amiable hephy. When the farmer drew near, She kicked off his ear, And now the old farmer's much dephy. —Dry Goods Chronicle. "Handling Bees" is a headline in an exchange. That's the stuff. They ought to have had handles put on them years ago, then a fellow could pick them up without getting their blamed old stinger jammed into him every time.—Danville Beece. Mamma (coaxingly)—Come, Bobby, take your medicine now, and then jump into bed! Bobby—I do not want to take any medicine, ma. Father (who knows how to govern children)—Robert, if you don't take your medicine at once you will be put to bed without taking it at all. —Harper's Bazaar.

A Famous Detective.

James Jackson, the famous State detective, resides in Sing Sing, and is generally in attendance at the prison. His duties are to examine carefully the face of every convict as he enters, and to scrutinize every visitor in order to prevent any discharged convict from seeing his pals. Occasionally he has to make long journeys in pursuit of runaway prisoners or to identify criminals convicted in other States. He never makes a mistake; if once he looks a man in the eye he will know him under any disguise, as he tells his man by the look of his eyes. Once an escaped convict had his nose pared down one-third, but Jackson detected him at once, notwithstanding this remarkable change of feature. Mr. Jackson is about 5 feet 8 inches in height, about 35 years old, of a light and sinewy build, with black hair and piercing black eyes, and is altogether remarkably handsome. He knows about 10,000 criminals, and it is simply wonderful that he can distinguish the features of every one. On his long journeys he eats very moderately and always takes one Brandreth pill at night. When much fatigued by the jolting of the cars on his tiresome trips he uses two Alcock's Porous Plasters on the small of the back, which give him renewed vigor and quickly relieve him of all weariness. These are the only two remedies he uses, and he attributes his Porous Plasters and Brandreth's Pills. —Sing Sing, N. Y., Daily Register.

Shoplifters in Paris.

The latest statistics, based upon a period of five years, show that 150 thefts a day are committed, on the average, in the thirty principal dry goods stores of Paris, writes Theodore Child to the New York Sun. The temptation is so strong and women are so weak. Furthermore, experience has shown that not one-quarter of the thieves are caught. In order to avoid mistakes, no arrest is made until after a second theft by the same person. The municipal police watch only outside the shops; inside the watching is done by private policemen. Any person caught thieving outside the shop is taken at once to the police station; a person caught in the act inside the shop is taken immediately before the council of administration, which is convoked instantaneously by electric bells, whose tinkling may be invariably heard by afternoon visitors in the Bon Marche. The guilty person is searched, and if she—for it is always a she—confesses and proves her identity, the council allows her to make a written engagement to pay for what she has stolen, and to authorize a search in her house without the intervention of the authorities. In this domiciliary visit, the representative of the Louvre or Bon Marche only takes back goods that have not been used. According to her rank, her position, her fortune, the incriminated lady pays a sum varying between \$100 and \$2,000, which sum is supposed to go to the poor, though it is the opinion of M. Mace that a large part remains in the pockets of the council of administration thus self-elected into a tribunal. In the great Parisian dry goods stores not only professional thieves and pickpockets are prosecuted before the tribunal; kleptomaniacs, real or supposed, and society ladies who yield to temptation, are simply brought before the tribunal of the council of administration. M. Mace says that in Paris alone there are upward of 100,000 persons of all ranks and classes who are afflicted with the monomania of thieving in shops.