

"Singular, the ignorance of some folk about the policy racket," said Mr. Merryweather, who had just come down stairs from his semi-daily interview with Uncle Gerry and his name tiger in the Mason building, at Grand and Congress streets, Detroit.

"Well, now," said a customer, whom Mr. Merryweather was getting ready to shove, "isn't one of the unlearned. Can't you give me a point or two?"

"You can, but don't you know nothing about policy?"

"Not the first letter of the alphabet."

"Fact."

"Well, I never exposed there was so much ignorance in this world; but I'm an agitator. My life will give you a starter."

"What's a policy book?"

"That's a policy book. It's a book of paper that they write the figures on, with a piece of tin 'twelve sheets to make two copies, with the help of some black stick. One sheet is sent to the main office and the other, why the book-keeper keeps that to work up his percentages on. But I was ago to tell you about the game. You see, at the office where the draws is, they put numbers from one to seventy-eight in the wheel, and twelve of them, they call them 'hot' numbers. Now you've got a saddle—"

"What's that?"

"You play three numbers to come out of the wheel, but only two of 'em come out. That's a saddle and falls a dime of \$1.00 for fifteen cents. Sellers play odds more to cover cost than to win money, because two numbers as of 'em more apt to come out than three."

"Now three numbers is a 'wig.' You know there's twelve numbers drawn on an 'it' you catch three of 'em you get \$20 for the lowest, or \$10 for five cents. That's the lowest rate you can put up—five cents."

"Then there's a 'horse'—that is, four numbers; if you hit 'em you get \$50 for \$1."

"Another racket is a 'capital.' That's two out of the first three numbers. If you play number one and number three, then three figures come out in the first three that shows up, you get \$20 for five cents."

"That's all I've learned about policy," he said, "but you play it generally in the left. If he makes a strike once he's certain to go in heavier and in the end he'll be beat, sure of your own."

"Don't you remember the time that used to keep the police office in the Russell House? Well, he struck policy once for \$900, but his luck was too good—he broke him all up, and he played it so wild after that that he went dead broke, and never came to the front since."

"No sir, don't you tackle policy, 'y' know when you're well off; if you're not you'll be a grown-up tell 'em to keep the policy office in the Russell House. The feller in State's prison's better off than the feller that's once gone on policy."

French Detective.

"The Secret Police" in France are not only personally unknown to the general public, but, save in exceptional cases, even to each other. It is known where they may be found at a moment's notice when wanted, but they play, they do not frequent the public places. There are among them men who have been in the front of every class of life, and each of them has what may be called a special line of business of his own. In the course of their duty some of them mix with the receivers of stolen goods, others with thieves, many with what are called in Paris commercial rackets, and not a few with those whose "industry" it is to mix it with and other property of a like valuable nature. One of the most prominent of all kinds, horsebreakers, and horse stealers—a very numerous class in Paris—have each and all their special agents of the police, who watch them, and when they are wanted, a French detective who cannot assume and act up to any character, and who cannot disguise himself in any manner so effectively as not to be recognized even by those who know him best, is not considered fit to hold his appointment. Their ability in this way is marvelous. Some years ago, one of them mixed with a pair of address a gentleman with whom he was acquainted four times, for at least ten minutes each time, and that he should not know him on any occasion until the moment when he was wanted.

Domestic.

A FRUIT and not expensive cover for a library table can be made of a square of dark blue, green or maroon felt large enough to hang over the edge five inches all around. Cut the edges into twelve inch wide strips and two inches long, leaving the sides straight, and joining them at the ends; work a cord or star with gold-colored silk on the right side of every other scallop, then turn the cords and work a cord on the wrong side of the alternate side, pinning the edge with a single scallop, pinning iron. Turn the reversed teeth upon the right side, fastening them down with the stick known as a front with blue floss in blue floss in each pinked scallop. Bend the other teeth with silk galloon and sew a chenille or worsted ball upon each. Fit the cover at each corner by cutting out the angle, or by slashing it and turning in a piece each side of the cut. Make eyelets on each side of the opening and lace together with small cord.

Agriculture.

A WRITER says: "Metastools need salt. Perhaps a word here in reference to salt will not be out of place. I might say it is indispensable to plant and pear trees, reaching from two pints to three quarts to each tree, or about six bushels per acre each year, sown broadcast and not put in large quantities against the tree; it had better be applied at different intervals. In a neighborhood containing large orchards the owners were quite discouraged about their apples. As they were very wormy they were all more or less infested. One of the owners resolved to kill or cure, and, owning to a vast market he had a large quantity of old salt and brine. He applied it in the spring to the orchards in quantities seemingly large enough to kill all the trees. Yet his trees bore better than ever, and produced a large crop of sound apples, while his neighbors were as dead as ever."

Humorous.

Mrs. A.—"Oh, dear, it is too dreadful! I had three complete sets of new teeth last fall and all have gone to ruin."

Mrs. B.—"In what way?"

Mrs. A.—"The servants broke them, of course."

Mrs. B.—"Well, I have never kept yours. We have hoarded ever since our marriage, but I have often thought that if I did begin I should at the very start make it a rule to change the servants for everything broken."

Mrs. A.—"It would do no good. I tried that once."

Mrs. B.—"How did it work?"

Mrs. A.—"When the girl left I owed her ten dollars and she owed me a hundred and fifty."

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A COMMON fruit and spice cake is made of one cup of butter, two cups of sugar; beat these to a cream, then add two well-beaten eggs, the whites and yolks beaten together, a half hand of currants, a quarter cup of citron and a little nutmeg, one teaspoonful of each of grated nutmeg, cinnamon and cloves, half a cupful of sour milk with a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it, and three cups of flour. The cake requires nearly an hour for baking in a moderate oven.

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Mrs. B.—"Well, I have never kept yours. We have hoarded ever since our marriage, but I have often thought that if I did begin I should at the very start make it a rule to change the servants for everything broken."

Domestic.

A COMMON fruit and spice cake is made of one cup of butter, two cups of sugar; beat these to a cream, then add two well-beaten eggs, the whites and yolks beaten together, a half hand of currants, a quarter cup of citron and a little nutmeg, one teaspoonful of each of grated nutmeg, cinnamon and cloves, half a cupful of sour milk with a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it, and three cups of flour. The cake requires nearly an hour for baking in a moderate oven.