

THIEVES AND THIEVERY.

Some Characteristics of England's Light-fingered Gentry.

Although a man always looks upon a clever thief with an air of romance, he never quite realizes the position until the thief or sharper has faced himself. We are apt to have the idea that the art of the pick-pat is born out of his cab on a foggy day, in response to a knock at the window, and finds his hat disappearing in the gloom. Nor do we show more sympathy for the professional criminal than for the individual in the street, and who on having his hat, which has fallen, handed back with profuse apologies for the accident, finds from his pocket a general appearance that not many hours before it must have adorned a scarecrow. But these incidents in no way illustrate the coolness and intrepidity of the professional thief, who does not usually aim at trifles.

Last winter an ingenious thief was perpetrated by a number of small pick-pockets who had followed a gentleman out of the state of New York. They met him momentarily joined his company, and when the younger joined his companion he handed him a pocket-book, from which was taken some notes and money. "To satisfy you," said the pick-pocket, "you have lost your pocket-book, sir," said the older thief, hurrying after the gentleman. With a cool bow, the thief hastened away, placing his hand over his coat and his watch. At Birmingham, not long ago, a thief was detected in the act of stealing a gentleman's watch. In his haste to escape he ran into a shop, where a number of men had been watching him for some time.

Naturally the thief must have known something excited at such a moment; but if he did, he showed no symptoms of being so, and, although he was detected by a discernible handfull, he had the presence of mind to pass the watch unobserved into the pocket of a passer-by. This person was puzzled to know how it became possessed of the watch, and, as he was being afraid of keeping the gift, was sufficiently honest to hand it to the police. Another instance of the remarkable coolness and audacity of a thief, though perhaps not so well known, was that of a man who, in the name of God, had been very good excuses.

"Are you going down town to-night, Fergie, dear?" she asked the other evening.

"I don't know. Don't sit up for me, dear, don't worry. I may be detained."

"Don't you hurry home," said Mrs. Montgomery, unconcernedly.

"Why?" demanded Ferguson.

"For the same reason that I wouldn't lift you up by the tail if any one asked me. Because it hain't got one."

Mrs. MONTGOMERY STAYED AT HOME.—Mr. Montgomery has recently been staying out late at nights. Mr. Montgomery has had a hard deal and probably, what not, but Ferguson has had a much harder time.

"What?" asked Harry, angrily.

"For the same reason that I wouldn't lift you up by the tail if any one asked me. Because it hain't got one."

W.M. MONTGOMERY STAYED AT HOME.—Mr. Montgomery has recently been staying out late at nights. Mr. Montgomery has had a hard deal and probably, what not, but Ferguson has had a much harder time.

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On a day recently a gentleman stepped into a Cincinnati hotel to make a call. He placed his umbrella in the rear before he went up to the hotel parlor, but being of a factitious turn of mind, he left his card on the umbrella which reads:

"This umbrella belongs to a man who can hit a 250-pound blow. Will return in ten minutes."

But the thief is not always so cool and collected as are we accustomed to find him. He is especially nervous, by hunger and the police. Not long ago a well-known actor, while in the provinces, had occasion to walk some distance at midnight, and was stopped on a lonely road by a man who called him "Fool," muttered the actor, coolly, "there's an officer within a hundred yards of us." The thief disappeared over a wall, and the next morning his body was found in a river close by, to which in his haste he had fallen.

Some five or six years ago the shopkeepers of Bradford were thrown into a state of alarm by a series of burglaries. One of the two used to make a small purchase at a shop, and by telling a plausible tale that a boy outside would be in the parlor when he went in, the thief had not taken, ran at once to the next shop, and so on, the meantime helping himself to the contents of the till. How often this larceny was practised few shopmen in Bradford care to remember. Once for the writer, a young lad, took to stand in a prominent thoroughfare in Leeds and open the ladies' sachet as they passed, without being observed. He never failed, and often even succeeded in taking out their purses also, which, of course, were immediately returned intact. It is often argued, that, as far as their evil actions go, they have no more to do with the orchestra.

HOSPITALITY IN THE WHITE HOUSE.—President—"Dan, how many doctors are out there waiting for an audience?"

Dan—"About three hundred and fifty."

The President—"Are the little envelopes ready?"

Dan—"They are."

The President—"Well, now, run home and tell your mother not to boil water for the soup tureen. The doctors included the families of three men. A single fly, the naturalist tell us, will sometimes produce 20,000 larvae, each of which is a minute worm, and in a few days, may be as large as a grain of rice. And you don't let the cat eat at that cream."

Shuts his eyes and resumes business.

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EASTERN YOUNG LADY.—"Your Eastern gentlemen must be very much addicted to drink."

Young Lady—"Why do you think so?"

Miss Blandy—"I think that more than half of them went out of the theatre the other evening between the acts."

Young Lady—"Well, you thought they went out to drink?"

Of course."

"Merry, no! They went out to avoid the orchestra."

Miss Blandy—"Yes, we have difficulty in obtaining pure milk, so much of it is watered down."

Miss Shawgarden (St. Louis).—We have very little trouble in St. Louis.

Miss Blandy—"No, I suppose not. In a place like St. Louis everybody can put his own cow, hairy or not."

One instance in support of this is enough. A clergyman in Bristol interested himself in the welfare of a penitent thief, and secured a situation almost confined to the towns and large railway stations. The villagers communicated by telegram (special errand boys), or an officer of the mounted police may undertake to deliver a verbal message, not requiring him to leave his regular route. There are populous mountain valleys where books and writing paper are as unknown as in the crags of the upper Congo. The people are known only in the bunch-baskets of foreign tourists, but craters of the clerical sensational variety are in great request.

The dragon fly can outstrip the swallow; nay, it can do more in the air than any bird; it can fly backward and sideways, to right or left as well as forward, and can alter its course on the instant, with perfect ease. It makes twenty-eight beats per second, with the wings, while the bee makes 192 and the horse 330. The swiftest race horse can double the rate of the salmon. So that insect, quadruped and fish would be the order according to velocity of movement.

At a recent meeting of the Societe de Biologie, of Paris, Dr. Brown-Squarre recounted some novel and singular freaks of aphasia. One of his patients has lost the power of using the language except one, and monotonously repeats that when trying to speak. You be seated with facility and artistic feeling. Another talks vacuously and colorlessly in his sleep, but cannot utter a word when awake. A third talks freely in delirious paroxysms, and is silent when in possession of his reason.

In twenty days the eggs of one hen would exceed the weight of her body. So of any bird. Yet the whole of that meat is good. The bird, drawn directly from the oven, is eaten raw.

Miss Racine—"Then we'll have a bit, and I'll have the best horse. My horse was a baby. He probably thinks I am old enough now to do it for myself."

Miss Racine—"Oh, uncle, which is the best horse in this race?"

Uncle—"Oh, the one that wins, my dear."

Miss Racine—"Then we'll have a bit, and I'll have the best horse. My horse was a baby. He probably thinks I am old enough now to do it for myself."

The flocks of swallows cast iron without the assistance of painting it a technical jargon, uses the following method:—A set-iron, which after having been picked to remove the scale, is left to dry with the acid still on. The work is then cleaned with a wire brush and scraped with a coarse file, leaving a rough surface. After this is done, the article is again rubbed with a wire brush. As a result there is an unchanged surface with an agreeable texture.

Even with the petroleum and rust produces a new pleasing permanent effect, but those who have experience with it that it will outlast any other timber in use, not even excepting red cedar.

Good nature is one of the grandest of virtues.

FACETIES.

A FREE DINNER.—"Well, doctor," said a layman, Harry Pratt, "what have you been doing lately?"

"I have been experimenting on guinea pigs."

"Have you discovered any new facts about them?" asked Harry.

"I have learned one very strange fact about them—that if you had a guinea pig up by the tail its eyes will drop out."

"What? I don't believe it."

"Don't believe it?" repeated the doctor.

"I don't believe that nature would be so cruel to one of its creatures."

"Do you dare bet on it?"

"I'll bet anything in the world you are not a layman," said Harry.

"I found a duster at Delmonico's," said the doctor, sharply.

"We can settle the question soon enough. Come to Tim's."

"The we're standing before the Astor House, hastening down Broadway, turned into Fulton street, and were soon in Tim's store, surrounded by yelping dogs, chattering monkeys, and other animals."

"What?" asked Harry, sharply.

"I'm not a layman," said Harry.

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