

**HE WAS TOO SMART.**  
 The Experience of a Countryman With London Confidence Men.

London has its confidence men, who are quite as expert as America's, says a writer in the Boston Herald. Their methods are very similar. It is not worth while to record their routine operations, but one recent instance, as illustrative of their resources, is amusing and instructive. An old Scotch traveling man, who has somewhat the appearance of a countryman, but who knew the ropes perfectly, was accosted. He decided to have some fun at the expense of the world be swindlers, so he pretended to fall readily in with their statements—to be particularly easy victim. They bought him a splendid dinner, calling him Mr. Kenny of Dundee—a name which they had caught from a traveling bag which he had borrowed from a friend. He enjoyed their hospitality hugely, and ate prodigiously and expensively. They paid the bill, and began the usual talk about a lottery prize, etc. Then he saw it was about time to "cap their game." He said to the dinner. "It was very good, and I have had a very pleasant time with you. But I won't go to see you draw your lottery prize. Oh, no! I know all about the lottery prize. My name is not Donald Kenny. It is Robert Ferguson, and I'm not from Dundee, but from Lochmoven, where I've lived with my daughter for 30 years. I am too old a fish to be caught. Good night!"

And he went his way rejoicing.

Two weeks later, when he went home to his daughter in Lochmoven, one of the first things she said to him was: "Did you get the £20 all right?"

"What £20?"

"Why, the £20 you telegraphed for."

And it developed that the confidence men whom he had beaten at their own game had an ace up their sleeve, which they played after he had left them.

**HE KEPT THE CHECK.**  
 Turfman Green Morris Was Too Cautious For the Banks.

With so many bank robberies all around us it is not surprising that there should be some uneasiness among depositors. In general, however, the New Yorker has a clear head. He has faith in the Clearing House association, because he really does not quite understand the mystery of it, and he believes in his bank through thick and thin because he has seen the banks of the city stand together in support of a wretched institution. I am reminded of what happened to Green Morris, the turfman, who lived in Brooklyn and raced horses on all the tracks of the metropolitan circuit. He had a big year of winnings at Monmouth park, and received at the end of the season a check from the association for \$67,000. Eighteen months later he showed that check to me, considerably worn.

"Why, Green," I said reproachfully, "this check is 18 months old. What do you mean by keeping it so long? It is nearly worn out. Don't you know that a check should be deposited at once or cashed? Suppose the bank was to fail?"

Green checked knowingly and winked as he folded it up and put it back in his pocketbook.

"I ain't been train horses for nothing these six months on high 30 year. I ain't got no faith in no banks. They's too much afraid of an tant's why I'm holdin on to my check. I ain't got no more no bank failin with my money in the safe. Besides I ain't had no use for the \$67,000, an it's jes' as easy to keep it in my pocket this way."

This same Green is worth now \$300,000 or \$400,000, and yet cannot write his name.—New York Press.

**"Christ Hath Risen."**

All at once is heard in the distance the clear boom of the cannon announcing the hour of midnight. The Russian priest, standing on the steps of the altar, swings his censer and announces tones which penetrate to the farthest corners of the edifice. "Christos vos res" (Christ hath risen), and the people answer him with one voice, "Vo istitie voloes" (In truth he hath risen). The woman standing nearest the priest lights her taper at the consecrated one presented to her by him, her neighbor in turn receives the light from her, and so on, till in a minute, as it were, the chapel was illuminated with a hundred lights.

Fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, friends and relations embraced one another, kissing three times on the forehead and either check and exchanging the Easter greeting. The whole congregation, then passing before the priest, did the same with him, and high mass now followed.—Chambers' Journal.

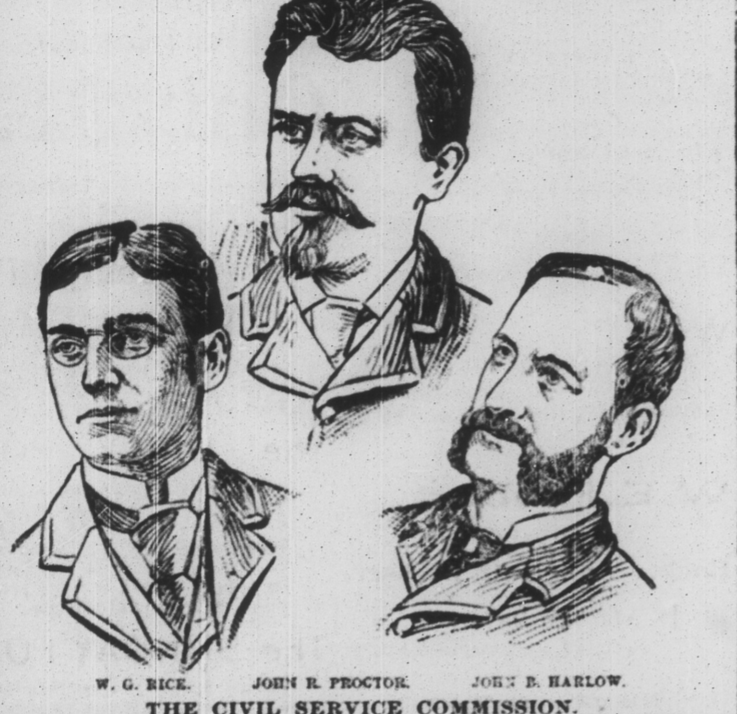
**Transporting Carp.**

When packing live carp for transport by post, some authorities recommend placing in their mouths a small piece of bread, well steeped in brandy, but I do not myself approve of this plan, as I believe it tends to encourage the fish in a disastrous love for ardent spirits. The commonly respectable Dutch, on the other hand, keep carp through the winter hung up in baskets, but feed them on a bland diet of bread and milk, which the most moralist could not fail to approve.—Carnhill Magazine.

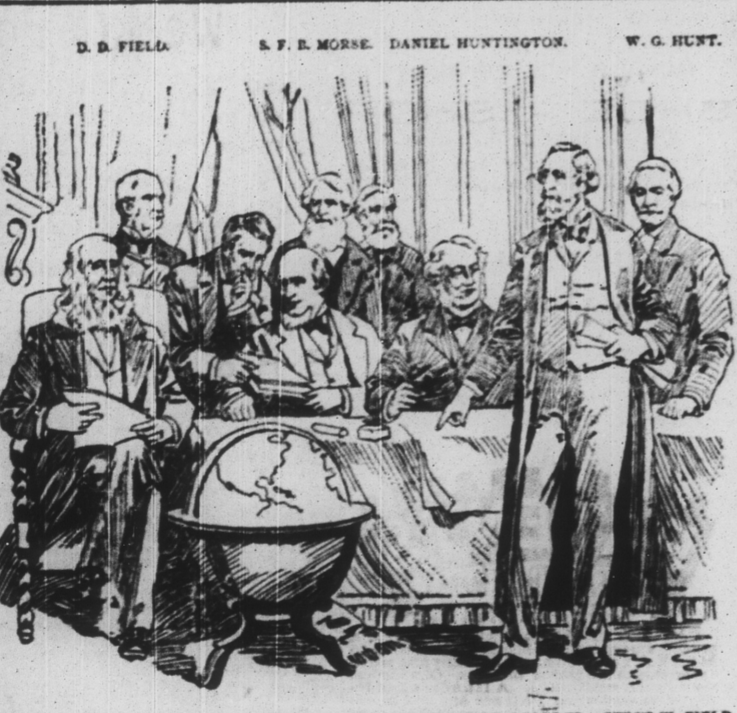
**Objects in a dark room cannot at first be seen by one going in from the sun light, because the pupil of the eye has been contracted during the exposure, and cannot at once enlarge to admit sufficient rays of light to enable the individual to see clearly.**



**PRIVILEGE OF SENIORITY.**  
 "Stop crying, Reginald. Your grandmother's turn comes next."—Life.



**THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.**  
 William G. Rice, one of the new civil service commissioners, was Governor Hill's private secretary a number of years ago. He is a native of Albany, N.Y. The other new commissioners are John E. Proctor, ex-comptroller of St. Louis and father of the postal trunk car system. John E. Harlow, a Connecticut, was appointed in 1883.



**PROJECTORS OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.**  
 Daniel Hainington's great historic painting, "The Projectors of the Atlantic Cable," was recently presented to the New York Chamber of Commerce. The canvas is 7 feet high, 9 feet long and cost \$20,000.



**STYLISH CYCLING COSTUMES.**  
 At the right is a blouse or blouse for the ambitious New Woman. At the left is the more conventional suit that is still clung to by the mass riders. In the center is an attractive costume for a man.

**DEATH OF LINCOLN.**

**NOAH BROOKS' RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GREAT TRAGEDY.**

The President Did Not Want to Go to the Theater, but Would Not Disappoint the Public—A Sorrowing People Under a Weeping Sky That April Morning.

The afternoon and evening of April 14, 1865, were cold, raw and gusty. Dark clouds enveloped the capital, and the air was chilly, with occasional showers. Late in the afternoon I filled an appointment by calling on the president at the White House, and was told by him that he "had had a notion" of sending for me to go to the theater that evening with him and Mrs. Lincoln, but he added that Mrs. Lincoln had already made up a party to take the place of General and Mrs. Grant, who had somewhat unexpectedly left the city for Burlington, N. J. The party was originally planned for the purpose of taking General and Mrs. Grant to see "Our American Cousin" at Ford's theater, and when Grant had decided to leave Washington he (the president) had "felt inclined to give up the whole thing," but as it had been announced in the morning papers that this distinguished party would go to the theater that night Mrs. Lincoln had rather insisted that they ought to go in order that the expectant public should not be wholly disappointed.

On my way home I met Schuyler Colfax, who was about leaving for California, and who tarried with me on the sidewalk a little while, talking about the trip and the people whom I knew in San Francisco and Sacramento that he wished to meet. Mr. Lincoln had often talked with me about the possibility of his eventually taking up his residence in California after his term of office should be over. He thought, he said, that that country would afford better opportunities for his two boys than any of the older states, and when he heard that Colfax was going to California he was greatly interested in his trip and said that he hoped that Colfax would bring him back a good report of what his keen and practiced observation would note in the country which he (Colfax) was about to see for the first time.

The evening being inclement, I staid within doors to nurse a violent cold with which I was afflicted, and my roommate, M.C.A., and I walked away the time chatting and playing cards. About half past 10 our attention was attracted to the frequent galloping of cavalry or the mounted patrol past the house which we occupied on New York avenue, near the state department building. After awhile quiet was restored, and we retired to our sleeping room in the rear part of the house.

As I turned down the gas I laid to my roommate: "Will, I have guessed the cause of the racket outside tonight. It's Mr. Lincoln. Hampton has disappeared with his cavalry somewhere in the mountains of Virginia. Now my theory of the racket is that he has raided Washington and has attempted to carry him off." Of course this was said jokingly and without the slightest thought that the president was in any way in danger, and my friend, in a similar spirit, banteringly replied, "Will, you will that do the rest unless they carry off Andy Johnson also." The next morning I was awakened in the early dawn by a loud and hurried knocking on my chamber door, and the voice of Mr. Gardner, the landlady, crying: "Wake, wake, Mr. Brooks! I have dreadful news."

I slipped out, turned the key of the door, and Mr. Gardner came in, pale, trembling and in a agony. His lips were white, and he said in a hoarse voice: "The president is dead! He is dead!" At that time it was believed that the president, Mr. Seward, Vice President Johnson and other members of the government had been killed and his was the burden of the tale that was told to us. I sank back into my bed, cold and shivering with horror, and for a time it seemed as though the end of all things had come. I was aroused by the landlady, who said that the president had not left his bed in another part of the room.

When we had sufficiently collected ourselves to dress and go out of doors in the bleak and cheerless April morning, we found in the streets an extraordinary spectacle. They were suddenly crowded with people—men, women and children thronging the pavements and darkening the thoroughfares. It seemed as if everybody was in tears. Pale faces, streaming eyes, with now and again an angry, frowning countenance, were on every side. Men and women who were strangers accosted one another with distressed looks and tearful inquiries for the welfare of the president and Mr. Seward's family. The president still lived, but at half past 7 o'clock in the morning the tolling of the bells announced to the listening people that he had ceased to breathe. His great and heavy heart was still. The last official bulletin from the war department stated that he died at 22 minutes past 7 o'clock on the morning of April 15.

Instantly flags were raised at half mast all over the city, the bells tolled solemnly, and with incredible swiftness Washington went into deep, universal mourning. All stores, government departments and private offices were closed, and everywhere, on the most pretentious residences and on the humblest hotels, were the black badges of grief. Nature seemed to sympathize in the general lamentation, and tears of rain fell from the moist and somber sky. The wind sighed mournfully through streets crowded with sad faced people, and broad folds of funeral drapery flapped heavily in the wind over the decorations of the day before.—Noah Brooks in Century.

**WONDERFUL GOLD LEAF.**

**How It is Manufactured and Some of Its Peculiarities.**

The process by which gold is made into thin leaves is called gold beating. As yet the use of machinery for this purpose is very limited, nearly all gold leaf being beaten by hand.

First the gold is cast into oblong ingots about three-fourths of an inch in width and weighing two ounces each. These ingots are passed between polished steel rollers and stretched out into ribbons of about an eight-hundredth of an inch in thickness. The ribbons are softened by heat and cut into pieces an inch square.

One hundred and fifty of these pieces are placed between an Indian leaf, one piece above another, and the entire pile is inclosed in a double parchment case and beaten with a 16 pound hammer until the thin pieces are extended to 24 square inches. They are then taken from the case, and each square is cut into four pieces. The pieces thus obtained are then placed between gold beater's skin—a delicate membrane prepared from the large intestine of the ox—made into piles, inclosed in a parchment case and again beaten, but with a hammer of lighter weight.

Still the leaves are not thin enough, and once more each leaf is cut into four pieces and again beaten. This last quartering and beating produces 2,400 leaves, and the thickness of each leaf is about one two-hundred-thousandths of an inch. Gold is so malleable that it is possible to obtain a still greater degree of thinness, but not profitably.

These thin leaves are taken up with wood pinches, placed on a cushion, blown out flat and carefully cut into squares 3 1/2 inches in size. The squares are placed between the leaves of paper books, which have previously been rubbed with red chalk to prevent adhesions of the gold, each paper book containing 25 squares or leaves of gold, and in this form the leaf is sold, not by weight, but by a superficial measure.—Philadelphia Times.

**WHY DOGS BARK.**

A Writer Offers an Explanation as Given to him by the native dogs of Central America. Frederick Boyle brings forward a theory as to how dogs form the habit of barking. He was discussing with an old resident of the country some traits of the coyote, as the native wolf is called, but which more nearly resembles the dog.

Dogs will never go wild so long as they can find a master to serve, and never bark, and only gallop when pursued.

"Why don't these coyotes bark like other dogs?" I asked an old Indian, pointing to one I was trying to reclaim. "And why do they only howl and the pups grunt?"

His answer was, "He won't learn."

"Not learn?" said I. "What do you mean?"

"No," he replied, "not learn, for if he were of an honest breed he would bark, to try to imitate his master, or, at all events, the other dogs, but all barking proceeds from dogs imitating their master's shout. The master shouts to drive in cattle to the corral, and the dog barks also. In fact, the dog imitates his master when he barks; he tries to speak, but cannot."

I give this curious observation as the only attempt I ever heard to account for the barking of our tame dogs. No wild breeds make any noise except howling and snarling, nor, under the best circumstances, will they learn to bark until the third or fourth generation.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**Class Houses.**

There were hollow streets in Tyre entirely occupied by glass houses, and it is stated that the first glass houses were erected in Tyre. The glass houses of Alexandria were highly celebrated for the ingenuity and skill of their workmen and the extent of their manufactures.

Layard, in writing about his discoveries among the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, says: "In one chamber were found two entire glass bowls, with fragments of others. These bowls are probably of the same period as the wall paintings found in the ruins of the north-west palace, being the previous excavations, and in the British museum. On this highly interesting relic is the name of Sargon, with his title of king of Assyria, in cuneiform characters, and the figure of a lion. We are, therefore, able to fix the date to the latter part of the seventh century B. C. It is consequently the most ancient known specimen of transparent glass."—Boston Herald.

**A Bit of Black.**

Nothing is complete without its bit of black. It is a bit of cunning the French have taught us and is most valuable for it immediately adds the touch we have striven for. No matter what the color material if not pointed or striped with black, a lumpy black chin, bands of ribbon or pipings of satin are used. There are no end of means of decoration, and all most effective too. So universal has this fashion become that neither frock nor bonnet escapes it.—Boston Traveller.

**Heavy Sermon.**

Mason—Why does Jason prefer taking a walk on Fifth avenue on Sunday morning to going to church?

Payson—He says he likes to read sermons in stones rather than to listen to sermons from sticks.—New York Herald.

Alcohol was first distinguished as an elementary substance by Alboacasi, in the twelfth century.

The strait of Juan de Fuca was named after an old Greek sailor who explored its shores in 1592.

Hundreds of patents have been issued to inventors of water gas.

**PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD**

Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Division Time Table. Trains leave Philadelphia.

**EASTWARD.**

9:04 A. M.—Train 8 daily except Sunday, for Scranton, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 6:30 p. m., New York, 8:30 p. m., Baltimore, 10:30 p. m., Washington, 7:30 p. m., Pullman parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

3:39 P. M.—Train 4, daily except Sunday, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 4:15 a. m., New York, 7:30 a. m., Pullman sleeping car from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleepers undisturbed until 2:30 a. m.

8:08 P. M.—Train 4, daily for Scranton, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 6:30 a. m., New York, 8:30 a. m., week days and 10:30 a. m. on Sundays; Harrisburg, 10:30 a. m., Washington, 7:30 a. m., Pullman parlor car and passenger coaches from Williamsport and Harrisburg, 10:30 a. m., Baltimore, 10:30 a. m., Washington, 7:30 a. m., Pullman parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

**WESTWARD.**

7:00 A. M.—Train 1, daily except Sunday, for Reading, Pottsville, Clifton and intermediate stations. Leaves Reading at 8:00 a. m. for Erie.

8:00 A. M.—Train 2, daily for Erie and intermediate stations. Leaves Reading at 9:00 a. m. for Erie.

8:07 P. M.—Train 1, daily except Sunday, for Reading, Pottsville, Clifton and intermediate stations. Leaves Reading at 9:00 p. m. for Erie.

**THROUGH TRAINS FOR BRISTOL, FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.**

TRAIN 11 leaves Philadelphia 10:30 a. m., Harrisburg, 12:30 p. m., Baltimore, 2:30 p. m., Washington, 4:30 p. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Bristol at 10:30 a. m., and Pullman parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

TRAIN 12 leaves New York at 8:00 p. m., Philadelphia, 11:30 p. m., Washington, 10:30 a. m., Baltimore, 11:30 a. m., daily arriving at Bristol at 10:30 a. m., Pullman sleeping car from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport, and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie, Baltimore to Williamsport.

TRAIN 13 leaves Reno at 6:30 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Bristol at 10:30 a. m.

**JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.**

(Daily except Sunday.)

TRAIN 10 leaves Reading at 8:00 a. m., Johnsonburg at 8:30 a. m., arriving at Clifton at 10:00 a. m.

TRAIN 20 leaves Clifton at 10:00 a. m., arriving at Johnsonburg at 11:45 a. m., and Reading at 12:30 noon.

**Beech Creek Railroad.**

N. Y. C. & N. E. R. R. Co., Lehigh Division.

**CONDENSED TIME TABLE.**

Read Up	Exp. Mail	Feb. 4, 1865.	Exp. Mail	Read Down
7:15 A. M.	7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	8:15 A. M.	8:30 A. M.
8:15 A. M.	8:30 A. M.	9:00 A. M.	9:15 A. M.	9:30 A. M.
9:15 A. M.	9:30 A. M.	10:00 A. M.	10:15 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
10:15 A. M.	10:30 A. M.	11:00 A. M.	11:15 A. M.	11:30 A. M.
11:30 A. M.	11:45 A. M.	12:00 P. M.	12:15 P. M.	12:30 P. M.
12:30 P. M.	12:45 P. M.	1:00 P. M.	1:15 P. M.	1:30 P. M.
1:30 P. M.	1:45 P. M.	2:00 P. M.	2:15 P. M.	2:30 P. M.
2:30 P. M.	2:45 P. M.	3:00 P. M.	3:15 P. M.	3:30 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	3:45 P. M.	4:00 P. M.	4:15 P. M.	4:30 P. M.
4:30 P. M.	4:45 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	5:15 P. M.	5:30 P. M.
5:30 P. M.	5:45 P. M.	6:00 P. M.	6:15 P. M.	6:30 P. M.
6:30 P. M.	6:45 P. M.	7:00 P. M.	7:15 P. M.	7:30 P. M.
7:30 P. M.	7:45 P. M.	8:00 P. M.	8:15 P. M.	8:30 P. M.
8:30 P. M.	8:45 P. M.	9:00 P. M.	9:15 P. M.	9:30 P. M.
9:30 P. M.	9:45 P. M.	10:00 P. M.	10:15 P. M.	10:30 P. M.
10:30 P. M.	10:45 P. M.	11:00 P. M.	11:15 P. M.	11:30 P. M.
11:30 P. M.	11:45 P. M.	12:00 A. M.	12:15 A. M.	12:30 A. M.

**BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURG RR.**

On and after June 15th, 1865, passenger trains will depart from Buffalo daily except Sunday, as follows:

**TRAINS DEPART.**

7:45 A. M.	Buffalo	7:45 A. M.
8:30 A. M.	Buffalo	8:30 A. M.
9:15 A. M.	Buffalo	9:15 A. M.
10:00 A. M.	Buffalo	10:00 A. M.
10:45 A. M.	Buffalo	10:45 A. M.
11:30 A. M.	Buffalo	11:30 A. M.
12:15 P. M.	Buffalo	12:15 P. M.
1:00 P. M.	Buffalo	1:00 P. M.
1:45 P. M.	Buffalo	1:45 P. M.
2:30 P. M.	Buffalo	2:30 P. M.
3:15 P. M.	Buffalo	3:15 P. M.
4:00 P. M.	Buffalo	4:00 P. M.
4:45 P. M.	Buffalo	4:45 P. M.
5:30 P. M.	Buffalo	5:30 P. M.
6:15 P. M.	Buffalo	6:15 P. M.
7:00 P. M.	Buffalo	7:00 P. M.
7:45 P. M.	Buffalo	7:45 P. M.
8:30 P. M.	Buffalo	8:30 P. M.
9:15 P. M.	Buffalo	9:15 P. M.
10:00 P. M.	Buffalo	10:00 P. M.
10:45 P. M.	Buffalo	10:45 P. M.
11:30 P. M.	Buffalo	11:30 P. M.
12:15 A. M.	Buffalo	12:15 A. M.

**TRAINS ARRIVE.**

7:45 A. M.	Buffalo	7:45 A. M.
8:30 A. M.	Buffalo	8:30 A. M.
9:15 A. M.	Buffalo	9:15 A. M.
10:00 A. M.	Buffalo	10:00 A. M.
10:45 A. M.	Buffalo	10:45 A. M.
11:30 A. M.	Buffalo	11:30 A. M.
12:15 P. M.	Buffalo	12:15 P. M.
1:00 P. M.	Buffalo	1:00 P. M.
1:45 P. M.	Buffalo	1:45 P. M.
2:30 P. M.	Buffalo	2:30 P. M.
3:15 P. M.	Buffalo	3:15 P. M.
4:00 P. M.	Buffalo	4:00 P. M.
4:45 P. M.	Buffalo	4:45 P. M.
5:30 P. M.	Buffalo	5:30 P. M.
6:15 P. M.	Buffalo	6:15 P. M.
7:00 P. M.	Buffalo	7:00 P. M.
7:45 P. M.	Buffalo	7:45 P. M.
8:30 P. M.	Buffalo	8:30 P. M.
9:15 P. M.	Buffalo	9:15 P. M.
10:00 P. M.	Buffalo	10:00 P. M.
10:45 P. M.	Buffalo	10:45 P. M.
11:30 P. M.	Buffalo	11:30 P. M.
12:15 A. M.	Buffalo	12:15 A. M.

**TRAINS LEAVE SUNDAY.**

STATIONS.	STATIONS.	STATIONS.
7:15 A. M.	7:30 A. M.	7:45 A. M.
8:15 A. M.	8:30 A. M.	8:45 A. M.
9:15 A. M.	9:30 A. M.	9:45 A. M.
10:15 A. M.	10:30 A. M.	10:45 A. M.
11:15 A. M.	11:30 A. M.	11:45 A. M.
12:15 P. M.	12:30 P. M.	12:45 P. M.
1:15 P. M.	1:30 P. M.	1:45 P. M.
2:15 P. M.	2:30 P. M.	2:45 P. M.
3:15 P. M.	3:30 P. M.	3:45 P. M.
4:15 P. M.	4:30 P. M.	4:45 P. M.
5:15 P. M.	5:30 P. M.	5:45 P. M.
6:15 P. M.	6:30 P. M.	6:45 P. M.
7:15 P. M.	7:30 P. M.	7:45 P. M.
8:15 P. M.	8:30 P. M.	8:45 P. M.
9:15 P. M.	9:30 P. M.	9:45 P. M.
10:15 P. M.	10:30 P. M.	10:45 P. M.
11:15 P. M.	11:30 P. M.	11:45 P. M.
12:15 A. M.	12:30 A. M.	12:45 A. M.