# THE ROAD AGENT.

The pull is up hill for almost three miles along here, and the horses plod along slowly. The dust is just as deep, but now, instead of blowing off to leeward, as it did awhile ago, it hangs close around the stage in a thick, dense, reddish yellow cloud, almost shutting off the view from the passengers inside, if they cared to look out. But the beauties of nature hold their interest only slightly just at present. The dust occupies their attention to a large extent. It fills their mouths and eyes and nostrils, and clings to their hair and ears in much profusion. It is disagreeable—very; and the man who has enough spirits left to try and keep up the conversation is voted an ass by his fellow passengers. They were all very friendly only a short time ago, but they hate each other with a bitter hatred just now—all on account of the dust. Dust is a great destroyer of good humor.

Back there a mile or so the sun shines brightly on the canyon road, making it look like a long yellow ribbon, but just ahead the shadow of the mountain on the west, which seems to close the upper end of the pass, cuts the light off in an odd, abrupt way, and presently we shall be in comparative darkness, for the edge of the heavy timber is only a little distance before us.

Somehow the dust doesn't rise very high, or else the driver and the passenger on the box don't mind it, for we can hear them talking. Old Ben, through some unseen but easily imagined influence, has relaxed from his usual taciturnity and is quite communicative to the beardless, boyish looking young chap who got on back at Alpena and is sharing the box with him.

As the stage reaches the level, and rolls into the shadows of the mountain and the tall pines, Ben points with the whip to the mouth of the narrow pass leading out of the canyon a quarter of a mile away and remarks:

"See them two big rocks?—road runs b'tween 'em. Uh-huh. Wal, right thar—mebbe a couple rods 'r so fu'ther on—was whar I was helt up one day in th' summer of '76."

"Yes?" said the passenger's pleasant voice interrogatively. "Would you mind telling me about it?"

Ben chirped to his horses, spat impressively and liberally, and began:

"Wal, 'twuz this a-way. That mornin th' 'xpress box was loaded plumb full o' hard stuff, th't hed t' go through that day. Now, jes'z luck'd hev' it, one o' the gyards—we hed gyards them days—turned up missin 'bout th' time we was ready t' start fr'm Eldorado in th' mornin. Berry McNeill, th' other gyard, goes arter 'im, an fin's 'Mr. Man laid up with a gash in th' head fr'm a beer bottle—be'n scrappin night b'fore.

"Th' agent an me was thinkin pow'ful 'bout who we c'd git t' take Hauser's place of he was sick, w'en hyar comes Mac, whistlin.

"'Say, fellers,' says he, 'Hauser got plunked with a bottle las' night, an is layin on his downy couch with a headache. Reckon I c'n go in b' my lonesome; I got Hauser's sawed off gun.'

"We both kicked a whole lot, but Mac, he'd made up his min an was boun t' hev his own way; b'sides, we didn't hev no one right handy t' go 'long, so we hed t' give in, an Mac, whistlin one o' his everlastin toons, piles up on th' box an we pulls out. They wa'n't no passengers.

"Wal, we kep our peepers skun right sharp, but ev'rythin went lovely till jes' long 'bout hyar. Then Mac says, 'Ben, I b'lieve they's some cusses layin fer us up b' them rocks—I think I seen a feller's head, jes' now.' Says I: 'Mac, y're full o' hop. I seen it, too, an 'twa'n't nothin but a hawk crossin the road.'

"I stirred up the critters a bit, howsomever, but jes'z we turned th' rocks somebody jumps out fr'm both sides an nails th' leaders, an they was so many guns starin intuh my face th't it made me ashamed o' myself. Mac cut loose wi' th' sawed off shotgun an then begun wi' th' Winchister, gittin two fellers an skinnin up some more—but they was too dern many of 'em, an they c'd shoot, too, so Mac he never got no chance t' pump that gun dry. He oughtn't t' hev shot, nohow, but he allus was a nervy cuss—nore nerve 'n sense. I usetuh say, 'Mac' "——

Half a dozen dusky forms leap from the roadside—the big cowboy who got aboard early in the afternoon, and has been dozing and swearing in a sleepy way about the dust, is suddenly wide awake, and we, on the inside, get a good look at the muzzles of his two big revolvers—we hear Ben ejaculate, "Wal, this do beat hell!" and then we are invited to get down into the road, where the pleasant faced, boyish looking young man, who got on back at Alpena, proceeds to business, and politely, courteously, but firmly withal, relieves us of our spare change—and more too.

* * * * * *

That is my part of the story. Of course there were quite a number of other people present, including the youthful highwayman and his capable assistants, and they, also, have a claim on the above narrative. I did not mean that I owned it; what I tried to say was that this is the only one of the events from which come this veracious tale that I took part in, and I think it has been shown that my part was entirely a passive one. Perhaps we had better call that portion of the story the gentlemanly road agent's, because he got about everything else there was to get. The rest is Hallegan's.

Hallegan and I were traveling together, and it was his foresight—or rather an odd notion of his—that enabled us to resume our journey to Denver after the road agent incident. This odd notion was in the form of a thin chamois insole which he wore in his left boot, and which, in addition to a card giving directions for the disposition of his body in case he should suddenly be called hence while among strangers, contained a fifty dollar bill. It was an ordinary fifty dollar bill, but when Terence flashed it before my dazzled eyes in the hotel at Merrill that night I was quite sure that it was larger and more valuable than the opinions of a New England hired man. It took us to Leadville, anyway, and that was all we could reasonably desire:

But for the rest of the story:

It was about two years after the road agent affair, in which we lost almost everything but our good names and the clothing we wore, when one day I was thunderstruck to receive Hallegan's wedding cards. It was the first time I had heard from him for a year, and had any one else told me Terence Hallegan was a marrying man I should have derided him, but when Terence himself, in his own peculiar chirography, directed to me an envelope containing such startling news, all set forth in the highest style of the engraver's art—well, it was too much, and I went down into the camp, where surcease of sorrow was obtainable in quantities to suit the purchaser, and where there was a full score of Terence's friends and acquaintances to toast his memory and console with each other. And grief was our lot until the day Jewett "struck it" in that hole he had been pegging away at over on the other side of the gulch, and excitement reigned supreme.

In the midst of the confusion, telegrams came and went, flying—brought and sent by special courier to and from the office at Sunrise, nine miles away; and one day came one for him who sits here burning the nocturnal kerosene. It was from Hallegan, who was now living in Chicago, and summoned me to hasten to that city, where I was needed to assist in a transaction involving the sale of some mining property in which Terence and I were interested.

Terence met me at the station. He looked remarkably well, even for a person whose health and spirits had always been of the very best, and I told him so, adding that in deponent's opinion he must have drawn a capital prize in the matrimonial lottery.

He smiled happily, and took my arm to walk outside the train inclosure as he said:

"That I did—that I did, me boy; just wait till you see her, and you'll be sure of it."

He called a cab, gave the driver some brief instructions, and leaped in after me. We rode several minutes in silence; then Hallegan turned to me in a rather embarrassed way, and said, in a strained tone:

"Billy, me boy—it's very near dinner time at our house—and there's no time for—explanations. Only—if you think you've seen—my wife—if her face is familiar—please don't mention it, or act as though you noticed it. I'll explain after dinner."

I acquiesced wonderingly, and wondered yet more after I had met Mrs. Hallegan, for I was quite positive that I had never seen her before, and there was ample opportunity during the course of the excellent dinner we presently sat down to, to study her. She was slightly above the medium height, and of a perfect, though rather slight figure. Her hair and eyes were dark, setting off excellently her clear olive complexion, and her features were all that an artist could desire. She was hardly what one would call a beautiful woman, however. "Handsome" would be the better word—or, perhaps, "striking." There was something about the firm set of her mouth when not speaking, and the strong, rather masculine chin—in which, oddly enough, there was a charmingly feminine dimple—that caused this effect, I think. One would never have taken Mrs. Hallegan for the daughter of the little, white haired, sweet faced old lady who sat opposite me, and whom she addressed as "mother."

No, I had never seen her up to half an hour ago, so I gave up studying her and fell to wondering what Hallegan was going to "explain."

Dinner over, the ladies rose to leave us, smiling over the broad hint Terence had just thrown out concerning a desire to smoke. As they reached the door Mrs. Hallegan turned and bowed mockingly to her husband, whose hand was just reaching for the bell. "I hope, Sir Terence, that the cigars may prove dry company." Then, with a bright smile, she vanished.

I flopped into my chair breathlessly. Where had I seen that mocking bow? Then suddenly there came before me that little scene in the mountains two years since—the dust, the heat, the sleepy cowboy inside the coach, the dapper little chap who so politely took our money and watches. He bowed just that way when he finished his work and departed. "Her brother," I thought—"black sheep, blot on family escutcheon. How much they resemble"——

"Well, me boy?"

Hallegan was looking at me quizzically through the smoke, we having lighted our cigars meanwhile. I suppose I looked embarrassed. Of course it was all rot. The idea of there being any connection, however remote, between the stately creature who had just left us and the little rascal who engineered that holdup!

Hallegan spoke:

"Billy, me boy, I won't make a short story any longer than is necessary. You remember the little fellow who held us up two years ago?"

"Of course I do."

"Yes, very likely. Well, I fancy I'd better begin at the beginning.

"Three years ago a young fellow named Wilson, who had been employed as cashier by the L. and A. Stage and Express company, got into trouble over his accounts. The manager, Robinson, charged him with a shortage amounting to several thousand dollars. There was an investigation, and on the strength of certain circumstantial evidence which need not be stated, as it is immaterial, backed by the testimony of Robinson, the manager; Tweedy, the superintendent, and Frank Robinson, son of the manager—who, by the way, had always been Wilson's bosom friend—the cashier was convicted on trial and sentenced to a long term at Canyon City. Strange to say, he offered no testimony and made no defense except his plea of 'not guilty.'

"Well, it killed him. Inside of a year the worry and disgrace, along with the hard work and close confinement—he had never been very strong—had wasted him to a shadow, and when at last he knew he couldn't live very long he sent for his mother and sisters to come to him.

"His mother was too ill herself to travel, and one of the sisters—a cripple—was obliged to remain with her, but the elder sister went.

"She found him dying—dying in prison. It was the first she had known of his trouble and, naturally, she was terribly shocked.

"He told her the true history of the affair—that young Robinson, between whom and himself had existed a sort of Damon and Pythias friendship, was the guilty one; and how, when some of the stockholders got wind of the shortage, the two Robinsons and Tweedy, who was a brother-in-law of old Robinson, had conspired to shield the guilty man by sacrificing an innocent one, who would not defend himself. The confession made by the dying man was not altogether a voluntary one. His sister, who had known nothing except that he was innocent, caught a hint of the truth from him when he was raving in delirium—the rest she made him tell her.

"After young Wilson's death, his sister went quietly to work to see what could be done to prove her brother's innocence and to place the guilt were it belonged, but soon found that nothing could be proved. The Robinsons were too strong for her.

"About this time Mrs. Wilson and her younger daughter were obliged to go south on account of ill health, leaving the elder daughter, who was studying medicine, here in Chicago. Not long after this the holdups on the different lines of the L. and A. began. For the first few times there was only one road agent—a little chap, but a nervy one, who got talked about by the papers a good deal; but pretty soon there were others, until a band of about eight or nine had organized under the little fellow's leadership, and they made life a burden to the L. and A. people.

"It made no difference what precautions the company took or how many guards it employed; the road agents were too smart, and the boldest kind of holdups were successfully made—and, by Jove! it 'busted' the company's business. The L. and A. wasn't a heavy concern, of course, but had always made a good deal of money. The frequent holdups on its lines, though, proved a settler. It wasn't long before nobody would ship or travel over any of the L. and A. company's lines unless actually obliged to, and the company was kept pretty busy settling the losses of its customers. Then came the crash, and somehow people began to suspect that the Robinsons had not run things as they should have been handled, and the stockholders investigated. Old Robinson died in disgrace shortly afterward. The young man took all he could lay his hands on and skipped, but was caught at Sante Fe. He's where he should be—at Canyon City. Tweedy got off on a technicality.

"About seven or eight months after we were held up a stageful of fellows, including myself, were stopped and relieved one afternoon about ten miles from Milliken, on the old Muleshoe trail. The young fellow was one of the robbers—I knew him in spite of his mask. There were only four of the road agents on this occasion.

"They pulled out, leaving us orders not to touch our arms (which they had stacked on the ground) for twenty minutes, under penalty of getting shot. But one of our party was a devil-may-care chap, and no sooner were the bandits gone than he walked right over to the pile of guns and picked his out, remarking that he 'didn't believe there were any road agents around just then.' And there weren't.

"Well, the result of this fellow's foolhardiness was that we concluded it would be money in our pockets to get on the trail of those four road agents, so we started after them, separating a little distance from each other. We followed them all the afternoon, but couldn't find a trace.

"You know how the old Muleshoe trail is? Well, the driver had gone on, agreeing to meet us on the other side of the shoe—it is only three or four miles across.

"I was just about making up my mind to join the other fellows, and had stopped to think of the best way to cross the creek, when I heard a queer sound, like a woman sobbing. I looked cautiously around, and there, within two rods of me, was the young road agent, crying as if his heart would break. There was nobody else there, it was plain to be seen, so I quietly sneaked up and requested him to throw up his hands.

"Did you ever hear a woman scream at the sight of a mouse? That's just the way this young fellow screamed when he saw the muzzle of my gun—and I, as soon as I saw the scared, tearful face turned to mine, knew as well as I know now that the famous bandit known as Foxey was only a woman.

"She seemed to trust me, somehow, and pretty soon I had the whole story from her. Then I sat down and talked to her like a brother; and the result was that next day the road agents missed their leader, and inside of a fortnight Miss Jean Wilson was back here in Chicago at her studies again.

"I need not say that this gentle bandit, who ruined the business of the L. and A. company, took not one cent of the proceeds, and never permitted any of the band to interfere with Uncle Sam's mail. The latter fact accounts in a measure for their success, for Uncle Sam is a bad man to interfere with. The former fact, I think, had to do to some extent with the strong hold which Foxey had over his subordinates, although they must have had a good deal of faith in his demonstrated ability as an executive. The band was broken up not long after Foxey's disappearance and three of the men were caught, but they didn't know any more concerning their mysterious ex-chief than did the public at large."

"And—and Miss Wilson is"——

Hallegan's eyes twinkled; "Is waiting for us. Let us join her," he said.—R. L. Ketchum in Argonaut.

## ROSAMOND.

In her moire see her sit—
Gown of antique sheen,
Great blurred roses over it
Sunk in mossy green.

A rose her dainty corsage holds,
A rose within her hair,
And as she stirs her silken folds
A rose scent in the air.

O'er her antique, rose blurred gown
See her fingers flit,
While I envy, looking down,
Every rose of it.

I would I were a silken thread,
That they might weave of me,
Upon an antique moire bed,
A goodly rose to see.

Would I were a rose, art born,
Sunk in a fern green frond,
That, 'mong the rest, I might adorn
A gown for Rosamond.

Nay, would I were a living rose—
She'd be more soft and fond—
That I might kiss her bosom close,
Then die for Rosamond.
—Lulah Ragsdale in Detroit Free Press.

## DRAFTY ENGLISH HOUSES.

**In England Homes Are Devoid of Modern Comforts or Conveniences.**

The average dwelling house in any class—upper, middle or lower—built within a year is constructed almost precisely on the lines in vogue at the beginning of the century. In England there has been in ninety years no such advance in domestic architecture, with regard to both convenience and style, as we have noted in the United States in the last decade. The Englishman may explain this by alleging that he built better in 1800 than we did in 1882. In this he will not be altogether wrong, but he will be supported by fewer facts than he imagines.

The British carpenter has not yet mastered the art of making a window. There is always a gale blowing in around the sashes during the winter, whether the outside air be calm or raging. The more heat you get in a room—and by lamps and gas you can contrive to raise the temperature—the greater is the rush of cold air from without. It forces its way around the window sashes and the doors in obedience to a natural law.

An English house is drafty, whether it be the dwelling of a peer or a peasant. The doors are hung even worse than the windows. In the first place there are no thresholds, and there is a gaping space between the floor and the bottom of the door. The room in which I am now writing has an admirable specimen of an English door. I have just measured the yawning crevices around it. Between the floor and the bottom of the door there is a space one-half an inch wide, extending across the entire breadth of the door. Around the other three sides of the door there is a space one-quarter of an inch wide. All the doors in the place (which is not the work of a "jerry builder," but is what the British call "a high class" and expensive structure) are hung in the same fashion. Imagine, then, the number of portieres and thick rugs necessary to exclude the drafts.

The halls of an English house are unheated. Drafts are accordingly increased, for the cold air will always rush from the chilly halls into the apartments of high temperature. Screens, portieres, rugs, heavy window hangings are essential in every room. Of course these things darken an apartment. Thus you can only break the currents of air in a London dwelling by adding to the depressing gloom of the almost sunless London winter.

An American housekeeper setting up an establishment here misses the numerous and capacious closets of the Yankee domicile. Closet making is an unknown art to the Nineteenth century British builder. I know of any number of new and expensive dwellings—both flats and houses—in which there is not a hanging closet. The most you can do is to provide a few cupboards in the "chimney jogs." For clothing you must have wardrobes set up in your rooms, monopolizing space and being as cheerful to gaze upon as sarcophagi. Odds and ends you must stow away as best you can. Cellars, in the American sense, are unheard of. A small dungeon for coals or a penitential cell for wines fulfills the British housekeeper's notion of a cellar. "Set tubs" are usually reserved for the "mansions of the great."

The bathroom is the latest innovation in English houses of the better class, but it is still an innovation. The clumsy tin tub, a yard and a half in width and six inches in depth, continues to be the Briton's favorite instrument for the matutinal ablution. In this unwieldy contrivance, brought into his chamber in the morning, John Bull takes his frigid splash. His aversion to bathrooms is akin to his horror of gas "above the drawing room." J. B. prefers to go to bed by candle light. He has a notion that gas will suffocate him in his sleep. Perhaps he cannot trust himself to shut off the illuminant by turning the "tap."—London Cor. Boston Herald.

**Several Common Phrases.**

Some of our idiomatic phrases are amusing rather than didactic. Take, for instance, the very common remark made when some one of the company has told a harmless secret—"You have let the cat out of the bag." It is at once a figure of speech and a picture, but a veritable bugbear to a foreigner not versed in the mysteries of our language. The same idea is expressed in another idiom, "You've tipped up the apple cart." A phrase that has an expressive meaning is one which epitomizes whole volumes of advice—"Keep a stiff upper lip."—Detroit Free Press.

**His Chances.**

"If I had half a chance I'd marry," remarked a handsome millionaire bachelor to a good looking girl.

"But you never will have," she asserted.

"Why not?" he asked, somewhat taken aback.

"Because," and she smiled in a way that fascinated him, "every chance in your case is a whole one."

It was the merest chance she took, but it netted her a million and a man.—Detroit Free Press.

**Variations in Climate.**

In the capricious climates of our temperate latitudes a just determination and comparison form a baffling task. Observations, more or less systematic, with instruments, have been made of climatological features for about 100 years, but on a general co-operative plan they have been carried on imperfectly for less than a third of that time, or about the period within which some observers suppose a round of meteorological changes is accomplished for a single locality. Popular opinions are founded most largely on haphazard recollections of vague impressions that cannot be depended upon; and even if we had accurate records in place of these they could not be used to determine the trend of climate on account of the short time they cover.

It has happened more than once during that time that a series of seasons of a peculiarly marked character has been followed abruptly by a series of opposite character, nullifying the conclusions that may have been taking shape from the former series. The speculations concerning a decrease of rainfall in the United States in consequence of the removal of the forests have been disturbed by the recent prevalence in part of the disforested area of a succession of seasons of heavy and continuous rains.—W. H. Larrabee in Popular Science Monthly.

**How the Drumfish Drums.**

At a meeting of the Berlin Physiological society Professor Moebius described a most peculiar specimen of the finny tribe—Baliste aculeatus—the drumfish. They are found only in the waters of the harbor of Mauritics, and when caught and held in the hand they emit a most "striking" noise—a sound resembling that produced by tapping the head of a tenor drum. A careful examination of this strange creature fails to reveal any movement of the mouth, the only motion observable being just behind the gill slit, where a continuous vibration of the skin may be seen. The portion of the skin which vibrates stretches from the clavicle to the bronchial arch. This is provided with four large bony plates and lies just over the air or "swim bladder."

Behind the clavicle is a curiously shaped long bone, which is attached by the middle to the clavic muscle in such a manner as to form a lever with two arms. The long arm of this horny lever is imbedded in the ventral trunk muscles and is capable of easy movement to and fro. The short arm slides during this movement over the rough inner side of the clavicle, which gives rise to a cracking noise which can be plainly heard at a distance of twenty feet.—St. Louis Republic.

**Preaching Over Old Sermons.**

The scandal arising from bought sermons, which unfortunatly are often sold in duplicate and even triplicate, has caused at least one bishop henceforth to forbid their use in his diocese. He has no objection to his clergy preaching the sermons of other divines if the authorship is acknowledged, and even considers that an original discourse once a week is as much as can be reasonably expected from the average curate; but there must be no duplicity in the matter. There has always been a danger in the purchasod sermon.

Recognition of the borrowed work, if from a well known source, is also always possible, or nearly always. A Welsh curate confessed to the following ingenious plan for evading it, which must, however, have given him a great deal of trouble: "I've got a volume of sermons by one Tillotson, and a very good book it is; so I translate them into Welsh and then back again into English, after which Tillotson himself would not know them again."—Illustrated London News.

**Exercise in the Open Air.**

"A man should take exercise in the open air if possible," said he enthusiastically, "but some kind of violent exercise just before going to bed. There is no medicine that will do him as much good or put him to sleep quicker. When I was a boy I smoked a great deal, and finally became so nervous at twenty-one that I couldn't keep the covers on my bed at night. The doctors told me to quit cigars and take exercise. I followed their advice. I never go to bed now without taking a handspring or two and swinging the clubs, and I sleep like a top."

This man is a reporter on a New York daily paper, and his suggestion cuts a new artery for gentlemen of that sedentary occupation.—New York Herald.

**Pavements of Jerusalem.**

The principal pavements made in Palestine are in Jerusalem, and it is only within recent years they have been constructed in accordance with anything like modern requirements. The superior and massive Roman pavements, over 2,000 years old and still in fair preservation, are here not taken into consideration. The material for streets is stone, cut about the size and shape of ordinary bricks or a little larger. This is laid in sand, the long and narrow side up. The stone used is the well known Jerusalem marble. The cost varies from one to two dollars per square yard. The foundation is almost invariably the rubbish of the ancient city, which has accumulated during centuries.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Can't Always Depend on What You See.**

While it is very reasonable to trust the verdict of our consciousness, yet it is equally desirable that this confidence should be accompanied by an understanding of the conditions under which the evidence is presumably valid and when likely to mislead. Sense deception, faulty observation, exaggeration, neglect, fallacy, illusion and error abound on all sides and emphasize the need of a calm judgment, a well equipped intellect, a freedom from haste and prejudice, an appreciation of details and nice distinctions, in the determination of truth and the maintenance of mental health.—Professor Joseph Jastrow in Popular Science Monthly.

**The Pogonip Fog.**

The city of Carson, Nev., experienced the other evening the thickest and coldest pogonip fog "in the memory of the oldest inhabitant." The pogonip fog is peculiar to elevated altitudes in the Nevada Sierras, which is something for us to be thankful for. The pogonip ascends from the valleys, and its chill embrace is so much feared by the Indians, who are predisposed to affections of the lungs, that they change their camp if apprised by the atmospheric conditions that the dreaded fog is approaching.

Odgen, a chemist of the Nevada mining bureau, furnishes this pleasing description of the pogonip: "In the White Pine mountains, the Toyabi, the Myko and the Parranagat ranges it is quite common to see the trees, houses and everything out in the open gradually become white without any apparent cause. There is no perceptible fog, but the hot air from the valleys gradually ascends up the mountain side, and becoming crystallized, the minute crystals attach themselves to anything in sight. This phenomenon affects human beings in just the same manner, and when the fog passes by, the frozen particles will adhere to the hair and clothing, producing a very grotesque effect."—Providence Journal.

**Two Kinds of Italians.**

The monument which is to be erected in New Orleans in memory of the late Chief of Police Hennessey is nearing completion at the works of the Hallowell (Me.) Granite company. The monument has three bases, the lowest 7½ feet square. On the top base the name "Hennessey" is chiseled in raised letters. The capital is two feet in height with paneled sides. Surmounting the capital is a plain granite column thirteen feet in height. At the foot of the column is the coat of arms of Louisiana, and above that is a representation of the dead chief's badge. From the draped top of the column are suspended a policeman's belt and a club, like those worn by the dead chief.

A singular circumstance in connection with this monument is that seven of the nine men employed in making it are Italians. Speaking of that, Joseph Archi, who has charge of the work, said, "The Italians who are doing this work are of a different class altogether from the New Orleans Italians who killed Hennessey, and they are in perfect sympathy with the Americans who shot our evil minded countrymen."—Boston Transcript.

**Mrs. Helwig's 5,034 Loose Teeth.**

Armed with a search warrant Treasury Agents Soehnglen and Harlan visited the residence of Dr. Emmey Helwig, a female physician, and after ransacking the place they located a big package of false molars. The teeth were all single, no sets being found. They numbered just 5,034. The woman was taken before Chief Treasury Agent Scanlan, where she admitted having brought the teeth from Germany. She came to America Oct. 4, 1890.

There is a duty of 60 per cent. on porcelain teeth, and as the lot was valued at $900 the duty would have been considerable. After safely passing the customs officers at New York Mrs. Helwig came to Chicago, where she opened a dentist's office. This failing to pay she hung out her shingle as a female physician.—Chicago Tribune.

**Hens and Ducks.**

Fish stories are good, but they cannot compare in interest with the hen stories that were told at the Plowman Farmers' meeting in John Hancock building. James Rankin, of South Easton, the essayist, described a pair of healthy chickens hatched from a double yolked eggs which were joined at the wings by a fleshy integument. They had to be separated, because one of them developed a tendency to turn somersaults, which proved a source of annoyance and danger to his less acrobatically inclined mate. He also told of a flock of ducks that would never enter the water unless accompanied by a young lady attendant, and at a certain hour every day they would come to the house and quack for her to come out and go with them to the water's edge.—Boston Transcript.

**Vermont Deer Return to New York.**

The attempt to stock the Green mountains with deer will doubtless prove a complete failure. A number of years ago some of the animals were brought from New York and turned loose upon the mountain slopes in the thinly inhabited sections of the state. That they have bred and increased it is quite natural to suppose, but the reason that they are not now any more numerous than they were five years ago can be attributed to the fact that in the winter they cross Lake Champlain on the ice into the Adirondack wilderness, never to return.—Vermont Cor. Albany Journal.

**The Preacher's Celluloid Cuffs Took Fire.**

The Rev. Boles, the pastor who has been holding revival services at Manning, Ia., has met with a serious accident. A furnace used in the church for heating water for baptisms suddenly exploded, and the Rev. Boles carried it out. He had the misfortune to be wearing celluloid cuffs, which also took fire, and in an instant his clothes were on fire. Both of his arms were burned and charred in a frightful manner, and the attending physicians say his injuries are fatal.—Cor. Indianapolis Journal.

A very pleasant sight was witnessed on the Brooklyn water front a few days ago, and one that is of too rare occurrence nowadays; it was the docking of four American steamships almost at the same time.

A colored man at High Point, N. C., fell from an electric light pole to the pavement, a distance of twenty-five feet, the other day and is reported to have escaped without even a bruise.

The output of petroleum in this country last year surpassed all previous records, and amounted to 50,150,000 barrels.

Russia is soon to construct an electric railway between St. Petersburg and Archangel, a distance of 800 miles.