

The New York Evening Post asserts that the recent reports of startling crimes are most of them baseless.

The New York Times calculates that New Yorkers expend annually about \$5,500,000 on churches, while theatres absorb about \$6,500,000.

The New Haven Register has just discovered the rather curious fact that there is no copy of the Bible in the public library of that city.

The very poor of Berlin are better housed than those of any other large city in the world. The German capital is absolutely without "slums."

It is estimated that eighty per cent. of the iron manufactured by Tennessee is sold outside of the Southern States. It is said to be the favorite iron with pipe, plow and stove makers in the East and North.

The fire hazard in electricity has led to the formation of an electrical bureau by the National Board of Fire Underwriters. The headquarters are in Chicago, where an efficient system of inspection and testing and has been developed. The bureau issues to insurance agencies frequent reports of tests of new electrical appliances and quarterly reports of fires caused by electricity, with details of the exact cause, when known. The practical value of the dissemination of such information is found to be very great.

Turf, Field and Farm has not a word to say, directly, of the bicycle, but the following little parable is believed to be a covert shaft aimed at the rubber shod steed, as its contribution to the momentous controversy "Horse vs. Bicycle." "When the mushroom looks up at the oak, which has stood through storm and sunshine for decades and commanded the admiration of generations of flesh and bone, and says: 'Old fellow, you are no longer in it; you are a back number,' the stalwart tree is not crushed in spirit. It is simply amused. The pink-lipped fungus is as ephemeral as the day, while the solid and majestic oak keeps company with the century."

Little more of conquest seems left for the bicycle. Even the wild rickshaw and his fiery cayuse have been subdued. Two Indians on horseback were cutting up capers in Pendleton, Oregon, and broke several city ordinances in a few minutes. Marshal Means started to arrest them, and the Indians put spurs to their horses and made for the prairie. The Marshal is an expert bicyclist, and he mounted his wheel, and, with one hand grasping the handle bar and the other clutching his gun, he put after the fleeing redskins. Before he had reached the city limits he had winged one, and a few hundred yards further he caught up with the other and brought him back in triumph.

The Atlanta Journal observes: Estimates by the Indian Bureau based on the fullest and most reliable data obtainable place our local Indian population, exclusive of Alaska, at 243,253. The New York Commercial Advertiser compares these figures with previous estimates and concludes that they indicate the probable disappearance of the Indian before the end of another century. A continued decrease at the rate for the past twenty-five years would verify this prediction. Just before the annexation of Texas our Indian population was estimated at 400,000. The census of 1870 put the number at 350,000. A decrease of over 100,000 since 1870 shows a terrible rate of decline, the most rapid that has been known in any quarter of a century. But there are hopeful signs to relieve this dark picture. In 1871 the number of Indians on the reservations was 237,478, more than two-thirds of all. This year there are on reservations only 133,417 Indians, about one-third of the whole number. This comparison shows how successfully the effort to settle Indians on farms of their own has been prosecuted. A majority of all our Indians are now said to be self-supporting. The improvement among them has been steady and there is reason to expect that it will continue even more satisfactorily. Some of the civilized tribes are wealthy, and among nearly all of them there is a growing appreciation of the peaceful arts and the cultivation of the peaceful arts is progressing in nearly all the tribes. It is evident that the rate of their decrease for the past twenty-five years will not continue, and we shall not be surprised to see at the next census a substantial increase of the number of Indians now reported. There is no danger of the extinction of this interesting race.

MY SOUL.
The following poem, recently discovered in the library of the University of Virginia, is alleged to have been written by Edgar Allan Poe, at the age of seventeen years. It was found between the pages of a book (Holin's Histoire Antienne) which the library records show was borrowed by Poe and not taken out since his time.
Sailing over seas abyssal
From a world of shame,
Once a vessel strange and dismal—
Phantom vessel—came
Toward a fairy isle and olden
Where all angels unobscured,
Tenanted Fate's ghostly, golden
Fane of Doom and Fame.
Fane of Fame by seraphs builded
In the days of yore,
There (a temple chased and gilded)
From the earthly shore
Up to heaven rose its gleaming
All with hope and beauty beaming—
(Like a dream of Aildon seeming
Had it seemed no more!)
But the pilot ever steering
For that temple bright,
Ever found the island veiling
From his aching sight,
Till from nightly shores appalling
Came the solemn darkness falling,
In its hungry clasp entralling,
Land and sea and light.
Then the vessel, sinking, lifting
Over hopes sublime
(Perished hopes) came drifting, drifting
To a wild, weird time:
There, a visitor undaunted
In that desert land enchanted,
Still is seen the vessel haunted
Out of space and time.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

THE Directors of the First National Bank of Sarepta had sent me to come to their room. I could think of only three reasons for this unusual summons—I was to be discharged, or to have my salary raised, or to have it cut down.

When I entered the room President Packers and his colleagues scrutinized me as if I were a promissory note with only one indorser, until I began to feel nervous enough to speculate whether I mightn't have robbed the safe in a fit of temporary insanity. However, the President soon put me at ease on this point by throwing me into a state of great uncertainty on another.

"Mr. Saunders," began he, with his usual air of addressing a mess meeting, "Mr. Saunders, are you a person of prudence, sagacity and good judgment?"

I thought I had decided these questions in the negative by accepting the position I held for the pay I received, but of course it wouldn't do to say so, and I simply replied that I couldn't say.

"Or," continued the President, "should the contingency arise, of physical courage in danger?"

I had played left half-back on a light football team against a bad tempered, heavy eleven who couldn't score; nevertheless I again answered that I couldn't say.

These noncommittal replies seemed satisfactory, and I now saw that the object of this catechism was not to find out if I possessed the good qualities mentioned, but to inform me indirectly that I should stand in need of them whether I possessed them or not.

President Packers went on to tell me what was wanted. The bank had to transmit ten thousand dollars to Shovel Brothers, contractors employed upon a new railroad in the northern part of the State, that the firm might pay its laborers. The region was desolate, and the express company refused to make delivery beyond its nearest office, many miles distant. Consequently it would be as well to send the amount all the way by special messenger.

I was to be that messenger—and to go alone, for no unemployed men of the necessary trustworthiness could be found to make up a guard. The Boston bankers, Reichsmarks, Guilders & Co., were to send a like amount in a few days, but probably by another route, so that I should not be able to take advantage of the protection their agent would undoubtedly have.

I instantly accepted the commission, moved by desire for a change from the monotonous routine of the bank, by a certain spice of adventure about the expedition, and above all by the manifest resolve of the Directors to send me anyway.

"I'll start to-morrow morning," returned the President. "Your zeal is most gratifying. I have only to suggest your making any changes in your dress and appearance that will prevent those whom you meet from supposing you to be provided with any considerable sum of money."

A deceptive stratum of toilet things, lay the sealed packages of currency amounting to ten thousand dollars. The train was a through one, and I met not a single acquaintance. So I feared no embarrassing recognitions, and found myself taken for just what I was not. The conductor pushed my ticket with an air of not expecting me to have any, while the way in which the train-boy passed me over in his distributions of figs and fiction filled me with self-complacency. My disguise was, beyond doubt, a complete success.

The day went on—an uneventful and hungry day, for I thought it due to my assumed character to buy no refreshments but doughnuts and sausages, two things I cannot eat. Toward night I changed to a branch road. There were few passengers, but among them I described for the first time an object of suspicion—a young man whom I had noticed covertly eyeing me at the junction, and who now sat across the aisle.

He was very well dressed, had the unmistakable bearing of the city, and would have been the last person in the world to cause any anxiety but for his watching me whenever I wasn't looking, and his pretending to read a small-type newspaper in a light too dim for the correct deciphering of a circus poster whenever he caught my eye.

If he had been the kind of fellow I seemed, I should have feared nothing worse than his scraping an acquaintance with a view to our future cooperation in petty larcenies; but for a man like him to take such an interest in such a seedy figure of insolvency as I presented was most suspicious. I suddenly recollected the money coming from Boston, and then, with a flash of insight, I understood the stranger.

He was plainly one of those thieves who, always spying about, collect a surprising fund of information relating to bank affairs. The First National's participation in the Shovel Brothers' payment was of course well known to his Boston correspondent, and might easily have leaked out when Reichsmarks, Guilders & Co. dispatched their well-guarded messenger. Powerless against him, the rascal had turned his attention to me!

Just then we reached the terminus where I must spend the night before starting on a forty-mile drive to the construction camp. As I left the car, the young man opposite lingered in his seat, feigning to be occupied with a shawl-strap he carried, so that I might go first. Looking back, I saw him spring quickly up to follow.

During the dark walk to the hotel he kept close behind me, until he began to grow uneasy. I gripped the precious valise with one hand, and kept the other ready for action in case an attempt was made to snatch away my burden. But other passengers were before and behind, and the chance seemed too desperate for him. He finally passed me and I went on.

I found the little hotel, which would have been the worst in the place had it not been the only one, enjoying an unwonted rush of business caused by some kind of gathering then in session. My company did not appear ardently desired, and advance payment alone secured a shelter. Even then I was told I must be "doubled up" with another guest.

"This sleeping in the same bed with a total stranger by no means suited me, but it could not be helped. After supper I was shown to "33," or rather directed there by a boy who saw in me so little prospect of a fee that he neither took the journey, nor apologized for ordering me, "G" up two flights and turn to the left."

I entered the room. Before the bureau, half-addressed, stood my late fellow-traveler! I gave an involuntary start.

"Hello, you fellow!" exclaimed he. "What do you want in this room?" "It's 36, isn't it?" asked I, bound to stand my ground. "Well, I'm going to sleep here. Didn't they say you'd be doubled up?"

"Yes," he rejoined, angrily, "but I didn't know—" He stopped abruptly and turned his back.

"Didn't know it would be with you, he meant to say," I thought; "when it was precisely what he did know and wanted!"

I rapidly reviewed the situation. If I refused to stay he would at once be convinced of my identity—a point on which, I had inferred from his constant staring, he was not yet perfectly sure. Besides, should I abandon the sole obtainable bed I should have to spend the night on the veranda or in the haymow—a much more dangerous arrangement than to remain where I could keep an eye on him.

Nevertheless, two things I was firm upon—I would not go to bed before he did, and I would not go to sleep at all.

his eyes—and those eyes followed the valise to the floor, and its key to my pocket. I now looked over and found him perilously muscular. "I wish I had a revolver," I fretted. "No, I don't—he might take it away from me and shoot me with it!"

"Come," said the robber, "aren't you going to bed?" "Ah, he was beginning, was he?" "Not yet," returned I. "Are you?" "Oh, I never go to bed early," said he, casting another glance at my valise. "You don't, don't you?" I reflected, in what might be called a sarcastic tone of thought, I continued aloud, "Aren't you sleepy?"

"Not a bit." Then, between two tremendous yawns, he added, "I'm a victim of insomnia!" "Victim of insomnia, indeed!" I internally commented. "But you want to make me the victim of a robbery, though. We'll see who goes to bed first!"

There was a pause; then he said, "Why don't you unpack your—ah—valise articles?" with an extremely meaning emphasis.

"You might unpack that shawl-strap," I retorted.

This plainly disturbed him, and not answering, he pulled the shawl-strap nearer to his side. From that moment I never lost sight of it, for his conduct explained everything, especially as I was convinced that the something sticking out of one end of the strap was the handle of a sword cane.

Well, not to be tedious, there was that robber and I, with the uncoupled bed between us, the whole of that blessed night—a night which, judging its length from my feelings, would have been excessively long at the North Pole when daylight is most out of fashion. Sometimes I yawned, sometimes he yawned together, all the while protesting that we weren't a bit sleepy, but too exasperated at each other to hold any further conversation.

Once or twice I almost dropped off, but convulsively recovered my senses when I remembered where I was and in whose company. Oh, it was the longest, dullest, dreariest, stupidest, loneliest, most wearisome, monotonous and heart-breaking night I ever went through in my life!

When the sounds below proclaimed an awakened house, the robber took his shawl strap and left the room, closing the door behind him with a slam that expressed his sentiments better than if he had abused me steadily for an hour. I looked yearningly at the bed, but it was too late—I must start for the construction camp before the villain could form a new plan for mischief.

In the office I found him talking to the clerk in an excited manner, but he broke off as soon as he saw me, and both he and the clerk looked me over with great ferocity. He had evidently been making a complaint against his room mate, as I intended to do against mine, and the superiority of his clothes had drawn the superficially-observing clerk to his side. I meant to have something to say myself, however.

"Send for a constable," said I, authoritatively, walking up to the desk. "He's been sent for, young fellow," drawled the clerk.

"Ah, that's right—that's right," rejoined I, surprised. "When he comes I want him to make an arrest—do you understand?"

The clerk burst out laughing. "Why," roared he, "the constable's going to make an arrest—going to arrest you—you brassy scoundrel, you!" and he seized me by the collar, while the thief grasped my arms.

"Who—what do you think I am?" spluttered I, full of wrath. "Don't know who you are—nothing that's good though, I'll be bound," said the clerk. "I never saw a more rascally-looking creature in all my born days. Trying to rob a man, were you?"

"Rob a man! It was this fellow who was trying to rob me!" I exclaimed. "Look here!"

Forgetting all caution in my rage I broke loose, tore open the old valise and threw the money-packages upon the floor. "Look! Here's ten thousand dollars I'm taking to Shovel Brothers from the First National Bank of Sarepta. If you don't let me go I'll have you locked up!"

ROBBERY OF THE MAILS.

HOW UNCLE SAM IS VICTIMIZED BY POSTOFFICE BURGLARS.

The Department Using Every Effort to Check the Losses.—The Case of Rube Burrows Recalled.

OVER one thousand persons are annually arrested for trying in some way or other to pilfer from the mails, and on the average more than two postoffices are robbed every day, year in and year out. Last year there was an increase of thirty-five per cent. in postoffice burglaries, there being 426 more such crimes during that time than in the year preceding, and within the past ten years there has been an increase of 247 per cent. in postal robberies. The indications are that the present year will break the record, and that it will show more burglaries than any in our history.

The robbing of postoffices is now regarded to a science. It is known that there are in the country a class of professional burglars who devote themselves to robbing postoffices. They are experts in their line, and their stealings equal fortunes. They have their fences, through whom they get rid of the stamps they steal, and everything connected with them seems to be systematically organized. They operate in all parts of the country, though the headquarters of one of the biggest gangs seems to be in New York. During the past two or three years they have become bolder than ever. The Postoffice Department has for some time known of their existence, and the inspectors are working night and day to wipe them out. Two years ago the matter was taken up by Congress, and an appropriation of \$10,000 was made to be used by the Postoffice Department in the shape of rewards for the arrest and detection of such robbers. Last year this appropriation was increased to \$25,000, and the result is that the department now has standing rewards for noted postal burglars.

M. D. Wheeler is the Chief Postoffice Inspector. The inspectors may be called Uncle Sam's postal detectives. There are about one hundred of them, and they are scattered all over the country. They have charge of all crimes connected with the postoffice, and may be ordered by the Postmaster-General to go to any part of the country at a moment's notice. A number of them are on duty along the line between the United States and Canada, and they are especially busy now in keeping track of the robberies in the Western States and Territories. Every day or so there is a telegram from Oklahoma and the Indian Territory asking for the detection of some new postoffice crime. The inspectors are under the charge of Mr. M. D. Wheeler, who directs them from the Postoffice Department.

All complaints are classified. Those which relate to the registered mail are marked "A." Those which refer to the ordinary mail go into division "B." All charges against postmasters and postal employes and the improper use of the mails are assigned to another division, marked "C." The "D" cases are those which relate to the robberies of postoffices, and the "E" cases are complaints as to the foreign mail. There are daring crimes connected with all these cases. The registered mail is said to carry about two hundred million dollars a year. It handles about fifty million letters and packages annually, and last year it was alleged that over twenty-five hundred of these were opened and their contents stolen. There were several thousand other cases, some of which embraced the entire loss of the letter or package. Of the cases investigated, it was found that losses actually occurred in only about eighteen hundred instances, and that in half of these the money was recovered by the inspectors. As to the annual ordinary mail it is impossible to estimate its value. At the rate of twenty-five cents per letter it would be worth \$500,000,000. Complaints in this division amounted last year to about fifty-seven thousand, and the loss was comparatively small. The chief increase in crime has been in postoffice burglaries, and connected with them the numerous defalcations in the Territories of the West.

The men who rob Uncle Sam's postoffices are among the most dangerous of our criminal classes. They are usually men of more than ordinary intelligence, and they seem to be adepts in the art of getting out of Uncle Sam's jails. There is a man now in the penitentiary at Joliet, Ill., who held up five men and succeeded in making his escape after he had been arrested by the postal inspectors. This man's name is Lo Roy Harris. He was formerly in the employ of the New York Postoffice. About a year ago he got possession of some money order and postal note blanks of a Connecticut postoffice. With these, by means of forgery, he succeeded in obtaining about \$300 from the postoffice funds. He sent his bogus money orders all over the country. The inspectors soon discovered this fraud, and within six weeks after the theft of the blanks they had arrested him. He was taken to Buffalo, N. Y., and was brought before a United States Commissioner. While that officer was issuing the necessary papers Harris drew his revolver, made the five men in the room hold up their hands and escaped. He was captured, however, the same night at a little town in Canada, and was sent to jail.

Of all the desperate postoffice robbers who have broken jail, however, the department has no more remarkable case than that of Rube Burrows. This man was a famous train robber and burglar. He had been engaged in a number of postoffice robberies, and he ended his career through an attempt to rob a mail train in Missis-

sippi in 1889. He had two confederates, and the three men entered the train by way of the engine. They covered the engineer and fireman with their pistols, and then made their way back to the mail car. They took all of the registered packages and succeeded in making their escape. The Postoffice Department offered \$1000 for the arrest of Burrows. The railroads also offered rewards, and a man named Carter finally captured him. He was taken to Alabama, and was put into a village jail. Carter had gone off to sleep at the hotel. He left a white man and two colored men to guard Burrows. During the night the white man went off into a cabin to sleep, leaving the two colored men alone. Burrows had a little canvas bag with him at the time of his capture. He asked these colored men to get this for him, saying that it contained some crackers and he was hungry. They did this. Burrows at once put his two hands into the bag, and, notwithstanding the handcuffs on his wrists, pulled out two pistols. With these he covered the colored men. He made them go and bind and gag the white man, and then made one of the colored men bind the other. The unbound colored man he compelled to lead him to the room in the hotel where Carter was sleeping. He made him knock at the door and say to Carter that he was wanted at the jail. The result was Carter opened the door and found his revolver. He did not flush, however, but pulled his pistol and began firing. A number of shots were exchanged, and Burrows was killed. Carter received several wounds, but he recovered and got his reward. —New York Herald.

Good advice is harder to take than bad. Babies are the best educators of women. Advice should be well shaken before taken. Music paints rainbow tints on the heart. The worry of the day is a bad bell-fellow. Rest is an expensive luxury to most people. It is often better to be silent than sarcastic. Self-made men are not always the best made. Ambition is the murderer of mankind's peace. Talk moves fast when the burden of thought is light. Charity should not be an impulse, but a principle. Love is simple in sentiment and complex in action. A woman thinks of a man; a man thinks for a woman. It would be impossible to knock some people senseless. It is much easier to love some people than it is to agree with them. Man's life is a constant trial, and all his neighbors are on the jury. Women talk better than men because they have more practice. A kiss to a woman is a sentiment; it is merely an incident to a man. As a rule, country folks think more of their kin folks than town folks. Woman may be happy when she has only enough hair to pin her hat to. Many a man thinks his wife is pining when she really is sound asleep. A mother is the last person to discover that her son is a smart Aleck. Liberty and justice are represented as women, because men love liberty and justice. When a young man burns the candle at both ends, somebody else has to pay for the candle.

Postal Decorations on China. There is an employe of the postoffice, Washburn by name, says the Philadelphia Record, who is the proud possessor of what he considers the handsomest specimen of "postage stamp plate" in existence. This peculiar style of decorated coinware has attained considerable popularity of late. It comprises nothing more or less than ordinary china adorned with canceled postage stamps, arranged in various designs, the whole being subsequently subjected to a coat of veneering. The particular specimen in the possession of Mr. Washburn has a border formal of every denomination issued by the United States Government. In the center of the plate is an eagle formed of the miniature photographs of eminent men that grace the various stamps. A circle of similar miniatures surrounds the eagle. The whole effect is decidedly pretty and must have required tedious care on the part of the artist.

Dispersion of Plant Diseases. It is remarked in the Kew Bulletin that the dispersion of plant diseases through the interchange of plants is a peril requiring careful prevention. The phyloxera was introduced from England into Switzerland. The coffee-leaf disease has been conveyed from Seydon on the one hand to Fiji (with ceylon), where it practically extinguished the promising coffee industry, and to German East Africa on the other. It has always been a matter of the deepest anxiety lest by any accident it should be introduced through Kew to the New World, where it does not at present exist. It has been no less a matter of anxiety lest the coffee-leaf miner should be introduced into the Old World. Kew extends, undoubtedly, an involuntary hospitality to many strange guests, which come unbidden, no one knows whence. —London News.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Compensation—The Exception—A New Definition—As He Inferred—Rejected Addresses, Etc., Etc.

There's always a bitter for every sweet, A thorn for every rose, A rival for every sweetheart, And corns for the daintiest toes. If ever we love a fragrant flower, 'Tis sure to fade away; Whenever there's soup for dinner There's sure to be hash next day. —Kansas City Star.

A NEW DEFINITION. "Why do you call a man a ball toss?" inquires this philologist. "Well, you don't want to have him knock you when he's broke," is the answer.

THE EXCEPTION. Edith—"What! Mr. Worth asked you to be his wife? Everybody says he is a woman hater." Kate—"Yes, but I don't seem to be the woman." —Boston Transcript.

AS HE INFERRED. First Tourist (grandly)—"While in Europe last summer I went through Wales." Second Tourist (from the West)—"How much did his Princelets have in his clothes?" —Truth.

SHE WAS PARTICULAR. "Let us go to the beach and bathe," said Mrs. Wiffells to Mrs. Taddells. "Thank you, but I prefer not. I think it is unsanitary under present conditions. When individual oceans are provided for bathers I will go in." —Judge.

REJECTED ADDRESSES. Miss Mildmay—"I am sure that there is good in Mr. Spooner. He certainly is very ten-ler-hearted." Miss Frost—"Yes, but I have a heart that has been tendered to about every unmarried woman in town, if that is what you mean." —Boston Transcript.

HOW HE KNEW. "No," said the man who staid in town while his family went to the seashore, "I haven't had any direct news from them. But they are enjoying themselves immensely." "How can you tell, if they don't write?" "I read about it in my check book." —Washington Star.

REPARTÉE IN THE MENAGERIE. "You look as if you needed a hair cut," said the elephant, nosing about the lion's cage. "Before you go around making remarks about other people's appearance, you'd better trim down your ears," retorted the lion, shaking his mane. "You show your ivory too much when you talk, anyhow." —Chicago Tribune.

CHANGE OF CONDITIONS. The stout man wiped off his forehead. "Yes, I was a good deal run down before I got a bicycle," he said. "But now," he added, determinedly gripping the handles, and taking aim at an old lady crossing the street, "it is the other people who are that way." The old lady was piled up in the gutter. —Rockland Tribune.

A FAMILY MATTER. Mrs. Perkins (calmly reminiscence)—"Jonathan, we've bin married forty years next Tuesday and never had a cross word yet." Mr. Perkins—"I know it. I've stood yer 'awin' party well." Mrs. Perkins—"Jonathan Perkins, you're a mean, hateful, deceitful old thing, and I wouldn't marry you agin for love ner money!" —Judge.

A TEST OF MERIT. "That's the best thermometer on the South Side; I paid a big price for it, too." "You're foolish. I got one for a quarter." "But it isn't a correct instrument." "Well, sir, I'll bet you it'll register three degrees hotter in summer and five degrees colder in winter than this one!" —Chicago Record.

REMOVING THE OPPORTUNITY. Major Roswell was a man of fixed habits. At nine o'clock every morning he entered the door of his club, seated himself before the fireplace, and producing a copy of a New York paper of the previous day's issue, proceeded to peruse it. It was an unwritten law of the club that while the Major was so occupied he should not be disturbed, and the only man who at any time dared to do so was Crichton.

Crichton was a man with an inexhaustible supply of dreary anecdotes. Everything reminded him of stories, which he would relate with infinite care and elaborate detail whenever he could secure an audience.

Therefore when the Major saw Crichton enter the library one spring morning he buried his nose deep in the editorial columns of his favorite journal, and made no sign of recognition. Crichton strolled about the room in a desultory way, until the Major began to grow nervous and uneasy, and to feel that the room was getting rather close, so he called to one of the servants: "Charles, I wish you would let that window up. It's very close in here."

Here was Crichton's opportunity. Smiling pleasantly, he commenced, "Letting that window up reminds me of a story—" when he was interrupted by a roar from the Major: "By Jove, Charles! let that window down!" —Harper's Magazine.