

It is said that nations move by cycles. A great many people move bicycles nowadays.

So rapid has been the change in the English language that the English today bears no more resemblance to the English of 1000 years ago than it does to German.

Instead of the old sign, "Five Dollars fine for riding or driving across this bridge faster than a walk," will be one, at each end of the new Milan Bridge at Topeka, Kan., reading, "No restriction." One of the tests of the bridge was the running of teams across the same at full speed. Only another evidence of the advance of practical ideas in science.

For the second time a woman has won a prize debate at Cornell University, the '94 memorial prize being awarded to Miss Abigail Laughlin, '98. Another fair orator won the Woodford medal several years ago. By holding their own in these more conspicuous competitions, as well as by the rank they attain in examinations, the women students at Cornell continue to justify by their works the principle of co-education of the sexes.

It does not speak well for the Paris police that fifty-three murders should have been committed along the Seine within three months and yet the first arrests are now made. According to Gaborian and other romance writers, the French police track and overhaul criminals with the instinct of the bloodhound, but in real life their work does not compare with the work of English or American detectives, who do not have the help of the admirable French registration system.

General Roy Stone, Acting President of the National League for Good Roads, believes that he has found a way to make postal savings banks and good roads promote each other. His plan, in brief, is that postal savings banks shall be established, and that the Postoffice Department shall invest the deposits in county bonds for the building of good roads. The scheme is favored by the League of American Wheelmen, road improvement associations generally, and many educational institutions. C. W. Stone, a member of Congress from Pennsylvania, has embodied it in a proposed amendment to the Postal Savings Bill.

The mineral production of the United States for 1897 is put by the Engineering and Mining Journal at a total valuation of \$762,061,106, of which \$257,451,172 is for metals and \$504,609,934 for non-metallic substances. The gold production is estimated at \$55,498,950 and the silver at \$61,117,000 ounces, worth \$33,558,900 against \$58,488,810 ounces, worth \$39,245,991, in 1896. The gold product is placed considerably under that of Mint Director Preston, who puts it at \$61,500,000. With the exception of the Southern States, whose yield is inconsiderable, every State and territory in the Union that produces gold has increased its output. Mr. Preston has shown himself a very conservative statistician, as he underestimated the 1896 production by \$10,000,000. The difference between him and the Engineering Journal is quite considerable, but as both show a big gain over previous years and as bigger gains are in sight for 1898 and an indefinite term thereafter, the public can afford to rest easy until the full statistics are obtainable.

Whether on account of improved sanitary conditions or on account of the increased skill which physicians have developed in battling with disease, there is gratifying evidence of a marked decline in the death rates of our leading American cities during the past year. As compiled by one of the leading medical journals of the country, the death rates for the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Boston and St. Louis, as disclosed by the figures for the past year, are as follows:

Per 1,000 Inhabitants.
Chicago..... 13.5
Philadelphia..... 18.8
New York..... 19.5
St. Louis..... 18.5
Boston..... 15.4
Baltimore..... 21.5
Cincinnati..... 14.5

While there is quite a decided difference between the death rates of some of the cities mentioned in the foregoing table, the showing which the record in its entirety evinces is unusually gratifying. Although the exact figures for this immediate section of the country are not accessible, it may safely be affirmed that the south will compare favorably with any other section in point of healthfulness. As for Atlanta, there is no city in the United States which possesses superior sanitary advantages.

THE SONG OF SIGHS.

There sits a maid where the winds of the wilderness finger her hair,
And the fair stars mock and steal the lustre and light of her eyes,
Where a terrible moan of silence and sadness sickens the air,
Where the shivering earth lies cold 'neath the sheeted mists that rise;
Still at her lattice she sits, and a heart-sad song she sings
(Song of sighs it is, has been, and shall ever be).
"Love is the King of all, a tyrant King of Kings,
A cruel tyrant of Kings, and my Love he loves not me."
—Aaron Mason, in Harper's Magazine.

LOST: A MILLIONNAIRE!



MRS. COLLINS-COX is in the waiting room and desires to see you immediately, sir," said one of the men entering the room where I was in conversation with the Chief at Scotland Yard.

"Collins-Cox, Collins-Cox?" repeated the Chief. "Isn't that the great American millionaire who has recently settled in London?"

"Yes, sir."

"Show her in at once. Wiseman, you remain for a time."

A few seconds later Mrs. Collins-Cox came quickly into the office and the door closed after her. She was a pleasant looking lady of twenty-seven or twenty-eight. Clearly she was greatly excited about something.

"Sir," she cried, coming forward suddenly, "I've lost my husband! He has disappeared."

"Since when?" asked the Chief, beckoning her to a chair.

"Since yesterday evening."

"Oh!" he said, smiling, "I should not worry about that, madam. No doubt he will come back safely. Did he not say he was going?"

"Oh, it's not that, sir, that frightens me. It is this, which I received a little while ago," and she drew from her hand-bag a small cardboard box and dropped it upon the desk.

My chief took the box, opened it and abstracted its contents; a letter and a small packet. Leaving over his shoulder I read the words of the former:

DEAR MADAM—Rest assured that your husband is right and safe so long as you don't attempt to find him. If you do you will regret it. He desired me to send you the enclosed check (£10,000), which you are to change and convey in cash to us after our instructions.

You will go to the bank, cash the check, put the money in a hand-bag, and to-night, at sharp, when it is dark, you will go to Cross street, Whitechapel, and put the money in the safe of No. 17, exactly where you find a white cross on one of the flags. You will go alone, and act secretly all through. It is your husband's wish, for the successful issue of our plans means his life. If the money falls into wrong hands your husband will write us another check, which you will cash and bring to us. So you will save yourself trouble by seeing it doesn't, and following our instructions. When we have the money, your husband will return.

Put the bag down on the white cross and walk away quickly. You will be followed; and if you don't walk away, or if you look back or there is anyone spying about, you will be a widow within two hours. Be careful, therefore. To betray us is to betray yourself and Mr. Collins-Cox. Meanwhile, we enclose first instalment of your husband to show we mean business.

CHARLES KINGSFORD AND CO., LTD.

The Chief next took the small packet, unrolled the paper, and suddenly recoiled from it. It was a human finger, cut from the socket, and wearing a plain gold serpent ring. I took up the finger, and examined it very carefully.

"Do you recognize this finger and ring to be your husband's?" I asked.

"The ring, certainly, but I can't be sure of the finger. Men's fingers are so much alike."

"Hum! Do you remember what—er—yes, what finger Mr. Cox wore this ring upon?"

"The third finger of his left hand, always."

"Then calm your fears, madam; a million chances to one this is not your husband's finger, since it is the second of some hand. Of course, it may be genuine. But I don't think so. Your husband has been kidnapped."

"Do you wish me to take up this matter?" I asked, turning to my chief. He nodded, and I turned to Mrs. Cox.

"Go to the bank, cash the check, and return home, where you will find me. You must do this, because you are probably being watched. Stop a bit, though, madam! Have you the check?"

"Yes, it's here in my purse."

I took it from her, and crossed to the window to examine it. It was made out, payable to Mrs. Cox, on a sheet of ordinary note-paper. The body was written out in one hand with a steel pen, and the signature was in another.

"Are you sure the signature is all right?" I asked of Mrs. Cox.

"As far as I know, it is," she answered. "But I could not say for certain, though I attribute the dissimilarity from his usual signature to his being nervous when he wrote it."

"It is dissimilar!"

"Yes, my husband wrote a very firm hand, and that is rather shaky."

"Well, madam, please do what I tell you. Go to the bank, and meet me at your house. Let me lend you this black hand-bag. It will suit your purpose."

With that I took up my hat and went off. I walked down Carlton House terrace to the Coxes' house. To the footman who answered my summons I said I wished to see Mr. Cox's valet, and in a few moments this lordly gentleman came to me with a mixed manner of cordiality and condescension.

In a short time Mrs. Cox returned. "I guess I shall go mad before the

day is out," said she, as she came into the room, followed by a man carrying my hand-bag.

"Oh, no," I said, cheerfully. "I want to see you alone." She dismissed the man, and then sank into a chair.

"Yes, I've got the money, after the greatest difficulty," she said, answering my look. "But have you discovered anything?"

"Yes, two things," I replied. "I want these things: A piece of cream note paper—get it from your cook—a steel pen, ink and a specimen of your husband's signature. Please get these things yourself, and let no one know. Now, tell me—who is in this house?"

"Myself—you mean usually? Well, Mr. Cox, myself, the secretary, three male and five female servants."

"They all live here?"

"Except the secretary—yes."

"This gentleman, has he been in your employ long?"

"Three years."

"We might get some information from him, perhaps. However for the present, I'll see no one. Will you please get me those things?"

Mrs. Cox went out, and returned after a few minutes with what I had asked for. I smiled as I saw the note paper. Though it was not the same make it was very like what had been used for the check for £10,000.

"What are you going to do?" Mrs. Cox asked.

"I can't do much until 8 o'clock, so I am going to try a little experiment."

I took from her the specimen of her husband's signature and examined it.

From my pocketbook I drew a piece of tracing paper, and this I laid upon Mr. Cox's signature, which I went over carefully some thirty or forty times. Then I took the sheet of note paper and calmly forged the millionaire's name, making a queer little curl at the tail of the "x" similar to what I had noticed in the signature of the £10,000 check, which was not to be seen in the specimen signature before me.

Mrs. Cox watched me with an air of profound mystification as I put the sheet of paper bearing only the name, "C. Collins-Cox," upon the table and covered it up in such a way that no other part of the paper was visible.

"Now," I said, "will you be good enough to summon every one in the house, and let them remain in the room until I call them?"

She went away and in a few minutes later returned, saying that every one was in the room adjoining the one in which I sat.

"Very well, then. I want them to come in here one at a time. Begin with the secretary."

"Ask Mr. Stainer to come here," said Mrs. Cox.

Mr. Stainer came. He was a tall, gentlemanly man of 30, wearing gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Of course," I said to Mrs. Cox in an undertone, but loud enough to be heard, as he came forward, "if it's genuine you must change it, and do as instructed. It will cost you a cool £10,000, but that can't be helped."

"Mr. Stainer," and I turned to him quickly, "can you tell me if this is Mr. Cox's signature?"

"Yes, it is."

"Be sure, please. It's a highly important matter. Look at it closely."

He leaned over it and examined it like a near-sighted man, for some moments. I watched him, noticing his hands trembling and his lips twitch nervously.

"Yes," he said, quietly. "I'll swear to that. But I fancy he was unwell when he wrote it, for it is very shaky for Mr. Cox."

All the others were brought in in turn, but no one else was able to identify the signature.

"I want a cab," I said, smiling.

A cab was called and I went out, gave the driver a note, with instructions to take it to the Yard and await an answer. Then I returned to the room and drew Mrs. Cox aside.

"Don't breathe a word to any one," I said; "but does it not strike you as strange that the man who best knows your husband's writing should be the one to say most emphatically that my forgery was written by your husband?"

old dress, cloak and hat of yours ready for me, and a room at my disposal, if you please." Then to Chambers I said in the same tone, "Pay particular attention to Mr. Stainer. He interests me." And then I came away.

At about 7.30 the same evening a woman, tall, agile and well but quietly dressed, with a rather thick veil that hid her face, which, for the first time in eighteen months had been denuded of a brown silken beard and mustache, left Mr. Cox's house in Carlton House Terrace, and, walking to Waterloo place, got into a cab.

She gave the driver an address, with instructions for it to be reached by a roundabout route, and placed beside her on the seat of the cab a black hand-bag. The cab eventually stopped in Oxford street.

The woman sprang out, paid the driver and hurried eastward. Presently she encountered four or five cabs plying for hire at the curb. With a quick glance around her she sprang into one of these, gave the driver an address through the roof trap, and the cab rolled off at a quick rate.

The cab rattled eastward past Newgate, the Exchange, through Fenchurch street, and finally pulled up a few yards from a small beer shop in Whitechapel. The woman alighted, gave the cabman, and crossed to the other side of the road, where four laborers were standing talking together. She went up and held an animated conversation with them for a few minutes. Then the four men moved off in different directions, leaving the woman standing alone in the shadow of a doorway. Here she remained until a neighboring clock struck 8, when she issued from her hiding place and turned down a by-street.

The street in which she now found herself was narrow, dark and deserted. The light was barely sufficient to enable the woman to see a white cross upon a flagstone in front of No. 17, and upon this she put the hand-bag she carried. The moment she had done so, she started to run down the street, but she did not run far, turning sharply into the deep shadow of a projecting wall. From here she could see up and down the street, the mysterious house and the hand-bag. The house was apparently empty. Not a light was there in any window.

She was attentively watching the windows of No. 17 for an indication of life, when she heard a strange grinding sound that made her start. No one was to be seen. Everything was exactly as it had been before, except that the bag had gone! Vanished!

"Fool!" she cried, "I might have guessed it!"

Running out of hiding she drew a police whistle and blew it thrice, and then set about to examine the flagstone. Yes; the cement around it was in loose powder. Some one had shifted the flag; some one in the cellar below and the bag was gone and the flag pushed back.

There was no area door, so the only way to gain admittance to the house was by the front door.

She flung herself against it again and again. But it resisted all her efforts, and she stopped to consider. At that moment a laborer ran up.

"It's all right," he said. "We've got him—bag in hand. He had laid his plans for quick escape at the back, but ran into my arms as we entered. The house is quite empty."

"Oh, are you sure?" I asked, for of course, the agile female was myself.

"Perfectly certain. The house is absolutely empty of everything and every one."

"Ah, then I think I can understand. Get me a cab and take the chap to the station in another."

Two cabs were procured. In one we put our prisoner—a well-dressed man of a pronounced American type—between two of my Scotland Yard laborers and sent him to the local station. The second cab I took myself, and in it I drove to Carlton House Terrace.

When I arrived at the Coxes' I found the footman just paying off another cab.

"Oh, then Mr. Cox has returned?" I said.

"Yes, sir. Just this moment arrived."

"Where's Mr. Stainer?"

"Your friend has him locked in the pantry. He arrested him by your instructions half an hour ago."

Running up the steps I pounced right upon Mr. and Mrs. Cox locked in each other's arms. He wore an air of mystification, while she was simply bubbling over with delight.

"What does all this mean?" asked Mr. Cox, turning upon me. "It's mystery upon mystery! Who is this woman?"

"This woman," I replied, "is Detective Sergeant Wiseman, of New Scotland Yard, who has just discovered one of the nearest little plots ever invented. Your secretary is a genius."

"I don't understand," he said, looking at me as if he fancied I was playing a joke at his expense.

"You had a telegram yesterday?" I asked.

"Yes, which took me to Paris on a wild goose chase. Some one has been making a fool of me. The telegram purported to come from an old friend in Paris, and requested me to go to him there without a moment's delay or a word to any one. I went. His name was not known at the hotel. I called to New York and had an answer to say my friend was there and well, so I came back. What does it mean?"

"It means this," I answered. "It means that your secretary and two men—one of whom is now in custody, the other probably in Paris—plotted to fleece you of £10,000. Your secretary forged your name on a sheet of note paper which was made out as a check for £10,000, payable to your wife. This is a large sum, and the

chances of getting such a check honored at short call was remote, unless the person offering it could satisfy the bankers it was all right. How to do this set the plotters wondering, until they hit upon the grand scheme of getting your wife to change the check."

And I then recounted to him our adventures and their result.

"The kidnapping idea was introduced in order to frighten your wife, and the finger, which was that of some one else adorned with one of your rings, which your secretary found in your bedroom, was calculated to further unnerve her."

"Madam," I concluded, turning to Mrs. Cox, with a slight evidence of justifiable pride. "I congratulated you upon coming to Scotland Yard. You have provided me with the only really interesting case I have had for years."—Tit-Bits.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A naturalist recently asserted that man is descended from the angleworm.

A German chemist has discovered that alcohol is among the by-products which can be obtained from coke-oven gases.

A physician, who has given much thought to the subject, says that so long as the cyclist can breathe with the mouth shut he is reasonably safe from heart strain.

Last year 1308 persons bitten by mad dogs were treated at the Pasteur institute in Paris, of whom only four died. Since 1886 the number of cases treated is 18,642 and of deaths one hundred and forty.

According to a dispatch from Melbourne, in Australia, Professor David states that the results of coral borings in the atoll of Funafuti show the soundness of Darwin's theory of the formation of coral reefs.

Hats and coats can be left on a sliding bolt without danger of theft, a new lock being fitted with a lock and key, by which the garments are clamped tightly, and cannot be released until the owner inserts the key to draw the bolt.

Checks can be indelibly marked to prevent raising, by a new protector which has number dies to mutilate or break the fiber of the paper, which at the same time forces ink into the mutilations so it cannot be erased without destroying the fiber.

The Massillon (Ohio) Bridge Company has received an order for the construction of a cantilever bridge 562 feet long and eighteen feet wide, which is to be built by the New York Dredging Company at Honda, on the Magdalena River, in Colombia, South America.

The Borehardt automatic pistol is cited as an example of rapidity in complicated mechanical movements. As eight shots have been fired in one-third of a second, one-twenty-fourth of a second will suffice for advancing the firing bolt, exploding the charge, extracting the cartridge and reloading and cocking for the next shot.

An inventor has hit upon a method of putting stone soles on boots and shoes. He mixes a waterproof glue with a suitable quantity of clean quartz sand, and spreads it over the leather sole used as a foundation. These quartz soles are said to be very flexible and practically indestructible, and to give the foot a firm hold even on the most slippery surface.

No Patriotism in China.

As for the patriotism of the Chinese, if it ever existed, it is unquestionably a thing of the past. At the time of the war with Japan, China had two squadrons, the main or northern squadron, with headquarters at Port Arthur and Wei-Hai-Wei, and the southern squadron, composed of fine Armstrong cruisers, of gunboats and torpedo boats. As it was clear that the Japanese would carry the war into Manchuria and toward the Gulf of Petchili, the southern squadron was ordered to proceed northward and to reinforce the northern fleet. Far from obeying, the commanding admiral and his officers decided that, being a great deal safer in the south, they would quietly remain there, and go up a river, the entrance of which could be defended by torpedo mines, which they hurried to lay. Why, in the name of Confucius, should they have exposed themselves for the sake of defending the northern provinces?

About the same time, the Chinese government being in need of money to carry on the war, decided that a small tax would be imposed upon the tea plantations, most of whose proprietors are wealthy, or at least well-to-do people. But these patriotic citizens, in order to avoid paying that small tax, begged the foreign merchants to take the plantations in their names!—Illustrated American.

A New Wrinkle For Foundrymen.

One of the New York printing machine builders, says Engineering, has succeeded in producing extremely accurate gear-wheel castings by the simple device of using a machine-cut metal pattern, and baking the mold in a core oven before the pattern is removed. Under these conditions the metal mold expands while the clay tends to shrink, with the result that on cooling, the pattern can be withdrawn, leaving behind it a perfect mold. Wheels cast in this way show, it is stated, the tool marks on the original pattern, and customers have accepted them as machine-cut wheels.

Electric Lamp Output.

One of the largest domestic manufacturers of incandescent electric lamps has an output of over 6,500,000 a year.

Longest Canal.

The longest artificial watercourse in the world is the Bengal Canal, 906 miles, the next is the Erie, 363,

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Cause of Soggy Potatoes.

Strange as it may seem, baked potatoes are still occasionally seen on the table in a covered dish. Served this way, they become soggy almost once. After pricking them with a fork, as they are being taken from the oven, they should be laid on a folded napkin on a platter, the napkin folded so that one corner will cover the potatoes, in order to preserve their heat without condensing the steam from them.

Home-Made Flavoring Extracts.

A New Hampshire woman who had always made flavoring extracts for use in her own family began some thirteen years ago to manufacture the extracts for sale, using the same process, that of making them directly from the fruits themselves, instead of from oils, that she had used when making the extracts on a small scale. The result has been that she had not only regained vigorous health from the out-of-door employment necessary in gathering and overseeing her materials, but she is building up a constantly enlarging sale for her extracts throughout New England.—Philadelphia Times.

Sweeping and Dusting.

In the course of a series of papers on "Cookery For Girls," continued in the Woman's Home Companion, Sallie Joy White gives these simple rules for orderly housekeeping:

"Begin at one side and sweep toward one place. Hold the broom close to the floor. Sweep with short strokes, and let the broom take the dust along the floor instead of tossing it in the air."

"I wish every girl would learn the rule for dusting by heart. I dare say you have all seen the aimless way in which the majority of girls—and women, too, for that matter—dust a room. They seem to think there is no such thing as a systematic way of doing it. Dust the room thoroughly. Begin at one corner and take each article in turn. Dust from the highest things to the lowest, taking up the dust in the cloth, but not brushing it off on the floor. Shake the duster occasionally in a suitable place, and when through, wash and hang it to dry."

Put Flowers on Your Table.

Set flowers on your table—a whole nosegay if you can get it, or but two or three, or a single flower, a rose, a pink, a daisy. Bring a few daisies or buttercups from your last field—work, and keep them alive in a little water. Preserve but a bunch of clover, or a handful of flowering grass—some of the most elegant of nature's productions—and you have something on your table that reminds you of God's creation, and gives you a link with the poets that have done it most honor. Put a rose, a lily, or a violet on your table, and you and Lord Bacon have a custom in common; for this great and wise man was in the habit of having flowers in season set upon his table, we believe, morning, noon and night—that is to say, at all meals, seeing that they were growing all day. Now here is a fashion that will last you forever, if you please—never change with silks, and velvets, and silver forks, nor be dependent on caprice, or some fine gentleman or lady, who have nothing but caprice and changes to give them importance and a sensation. Flowers on the morning table are especially suited to all. They look like the happy waking of the creation; they bring the breath of nature into your room; they embody the very representative and embodiment of the smiles of your home.—Detroit Free Press.

Vegetarian Recipes.

Fried Cucumber—Boil a good-sized cucumber till nearly soft in milk and water flavored slightly with onions. Remove and drain dry, cut it up into slices when cold and brush each slice, which should be about a third of an inch thick, with egg, and dip in bread crumbs, after which fry in butter till amber brown. To be served in the center of a hot dish with mashed potato round.

Fricassee of Beans—Steep one pint of haricot beans for a night in cold water, then remove them, drain and put on the fire with two quarts of soft water. When boiling allow the beans to simmer for another two hours. While they are cooking thus put on in another saucepan two ounces of butter, an ounce of parsley (chopped) and the juice of one lemon, and when the butter has quite melted throw in the beans and stir them round for a few minutes. To be served in a casserole of rice.

Vegetable Aspic Molds—In the bottom of some very small molds lay alternately small pieces of chill, chervil and hard-boiled white of egg. Cover these with liquid aspic, then add a further layer of chopped parsley and finely chopped yolk of hard-boiled egg. Having mashed this also in aspic, put in another layer of small squares of cheese and a few capers, and so continue the operation till the molds are quite full. When set on ice turn out of the molds and serve on lettuce leaves with mustard and cress and chopped aspic jelly.

Carrots a la Creme—Take a large bunch of very small new carrots, scrape them, tie them loosely in a piece of coarse muslin and put into a saucepan almost full of boiling water, to which has been added a small lump of beef dripping and two ounces of salt. In about twenty minutes they will be tender, when remove from the hot water and plunge for a moment in cold. Next melt an ounce of butter in a saucepan and stir into this a dessert spoonful of flour, a small quantity each of pepper, salt and cayenne, also a little nutmeg and half a teaspoonful of cream. Remove the carrots from the muslin, put them into the saucepan with the other ingredients and let them simmer in them for a few minutes, then serve very quickly while hot.

WISE WORDS.

Guilt has a hard pillow.
Truth wins no easy victories.
Zeal is the dynamite of appeal.
Trials are blessings in disguise.
Fanciticism is Faith turned sour.
Spiritual hunger is heart prayer.
Adversity is God's pruning knife.
Suspicion is the scent of cunning.
You can't bury character in the grave.
Before faith can rest it must stand a test.
A shaggy camel may bear a smooth burden.
Pleasure soon palls when it costs nothing.
Flattery serves as gas in the balloon of pride.
Purity opens the way to a world of gladness.
Friendship may soon die, but enmity never.
Boasting is blowing off the steam of self-conceit.
Storm-tried faith is better than fair weather belief.
Whispers and runaway teams make the break-ups.
Blaming others is a poor way to justify yourself.
Reputation is like an eel—a slippery thing to handle.
Despondency unnerves a man, hope invigorates him.
Elbow grease makes the wheels of fortune move easier.
Morality is often used as the perfume bottle of society.
Truth and facts always agree. Error and lies are associates.
Education has been substituted for consecration in the modern pulpit.
Slander is the moral hydrophobia—those who are bitten generally run mad.

An Extraordinary Similarity.

An ambitious young lawyer paid his first visit to a country court, not far from New Orleans, not long since. He went to represent a big railroad in a suit brought by a countryman to recover the value of an ox which he had lost in a vain attempt to hold up the limited mail. The question before the court was one of identification, and the countryman had testified that he knew the ox by his color and the flesh-marks. The young lawyer rose and with dignity said:

"If your Honor please, there can be no question that this witness has sworn falsely when he testified that an ox can be recognized by its color. I was a stenographer before I became a lawyer, and for two days, your Honor" (drawing out his note-book), "I have taken a detailed description of every ox that passed the hotel, and I am prepared to swear as an expert that all oxen look alike to me." "You are trifling with the dignity of the court, sir!" sternly said the Judge, "I will fine—"

"Hold on, Judge," said the clerk, "there hasn't been but one yoke of oxen in this town in a week. Old Man Henley's been a hauling wood, and the lawyer's been counting the same oxen over and over." "Judgment for the plaintiff," said the Judge, and the lawyer took his departure, a sadder but wiser man.—Argonaut.

Thrifty Firemen.

The fire engine house, No. 15, at Sixteenth and Bell streets has in addition to two horse reels and trucks and prancing horses the essentials of a dairy and a chicken farm. At No. 12 there are always milk cows in plenty and chickens in profusion. This engine house is on the north side of the stock yards and abuts on