

Thursday, Jan. 30.

Miss Katie Staggars, a well known young lady of Hanover, N. Y., was burned to death.

Speaker Reed told a western congressman that he thought congress would be ready to adjourn by May 15.

His highness the Thakur of Bhamagur died at Bombay. He was 34 years of age and a knight commander of the Star of India.

Miss Luella Stewart Pulk, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Stewart Pulk of Baltimore, was married to Mr. William K. Carter of Philadelphia.

The president sent to the senate the nomination of J. Kearney Rice of New Jersey to be attorney of the United States for the district of New Jersey.

Louis Gordon, shirt manufacturer of New York, was convicted of arson in the third degree on the charge of setting fire to his factory on July 24, 1894.

The Right Hon. Hugh C. E. Childers, formerly first lord of the admiralty, chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster and financial secretary to the treasury, died in London.

Friday, Jan. 31.

James Williams was held for trial, charged with attempted highway robbery in New York city.

Hon. Amos Paul, a prominent citizen of New Hampshire, died, aged 85 years.

Harvey Page, wife and two young sons, aged respectively 3, 2 and 1 months, were burned to death in their home in Marengo, Mich.

Peter Hall, one of the oldest conductors in the employ of the Erie Railroad company, died of pneumonia at Middletown, N. Y.

The president has sent to the senate the following nominations: John H. Brockley, collector of customs, district of Hartford; D. W. Andrew, district of Plymouth, Mass.

Herman L. Mueller, charged with embezzling \$14,000 from the Schilz Brewing company while acting as its bookkeeper in Kansas City, has been acquitted after a three days' trial.

The Farmers' Loan and Trust company of New York has filed a bill in the United States circuit court at Chicago to foreclose a mortgage for \$7,774,000 on the Lake Street Elevated road.

Saturday, Feb. 1.

The plaster factory of M. J. Donno & Co., at Yonkers, N. Y., was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$30,000.

Fifty-two volumes of the Philadelphia and Reading company in Pennsylvania resolved official notification to shut down.

Paul Brigham, alias David Coleman, the notorious confidence man, was sentenced in New York to seven years in state prison.

A plaster bust of the late Eugene Field, from the studio of Signor Giovanni Trentavolo of Florence, was unveiled in the library of the Union League club in Chicago.

Fire destroyed the tannery of Jacob Stine & Co., at Dover, Del., together with hides and furs valued at \$15,000. The fire is supposed to have been incendiary origin.

Governor Morton has granted a further respite to Ben Shea until Feb. 11 because of Judge Mayham's advice that he cannot give a decision in the matter of the application until Feb. 11.

Monday, Feb. 2.

Ex-Senators Ideu and Abbot of Columbus, O., have been indicted for bribery.

William Caesar, the condemned murderer, died suddenly in his cell at the state prison at Sing Sing, New York.

Judge Stephen Frey of San Diego, Cal., committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart.

Mr. Richard Croker of New York has 29 horses in training at Lecombe Regis, near Wantage, in charge of Charles Morton.

The federal census of Mexico, which is now completed, shows a population of 12,542,057. The city of Mexico has 339,935.

Rev. Henry Litta of Des Moines, N. J., a member of New Jersey Methodist conference, died in Susquehanna, Pa., aged 73 years.

George Bliss, the partner of Governor Morton in the banking firm of Morton, Bliss & Co., died suddenly at his residence, 537 Broadway, New York.

Tuesday, Jan. 4.

The cigar factory of Schulmbach & Co., at Colchester, N. Y., was burned. Twenty-five men are thrown out of work.

George Williams, said to be wanted in New York for manufacturing the accounts of Hildebrand & Co. of New York and was arrested in Chicago.

Captain J. Cleveland Geer, 60, one of the best known of the sound steamer commanders, died at his home, in Norwich, Conn., after a short illness.

Ex-Police Commissioner Stephen B. French, who was for several years the intimate friend of Chester A. Arthur, shot and killed himself in New York.

The historic First Baptist church on Meeting House Hill, Dorchester, Mass., a familiar landmark and the oldest church in the district, was destroyed by fire.

Spencer W. Coe of New York city died at the age of 83. Mr. Coe was formerly a partner of Mayer Strong of New York and was also at one time associated with the late George Bliss.

Rev. Joseph Cook, the famous Boston Congregationalist who recently returned from Australia and Japan, is the sanitarium, Clifton Springs, near Rochester, suffering from an acute form of nervous prostration. He is nearly blind.

Wednesday, Jan. 5.

Cecil J. Rhodes, ex-premier of Cape Colony, has arrived in London.

A rich gold discovery is reported from Flint creek, in the Georgetown district, Mon.

Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, pastor of the Sinai congregation, Chicago, has declined the call of the Bethel congregation of New York.

Judge Josiah W. Wright, one of the late judges of the Mercer county (N. J.) court, dropped dead at Princeton Junction while on his way to Trenton.

It has been announced that King Alexander of Serbia has been betrothed to Princess Helena, third daughter of the Prince of Montenegro.

The steamer St. Paul, which was grounded ten days ago off the New Jersey coast, was floated. The vessel was apparently uninjured by the accident.

An English fire insurance company has deposited 5,000 ounces of gold in the sub-treasury in New York in connection with the new government bond loan. The gold was secured from the vaults of the Bank of England.

The major part of the employees of the Pacific Manufacturing company at Westfield, Mass., manufacturers of coffin trimmings, quit work on account of a reduction of wages.

The New Jersey State Convention.

TRENTON, Feb. 4.—The Republican state committee has decided upon April 15 for the Republican convention at Trenton for the naming of delegates to the Republican national convention.

Grand Duchess of Oldenburg Dead.

BREITENBURG, Feb. 5.—The Grand Duchess of Oldenburg is dead. She was born in 1829, and as Elizabeth, princess of Saxe-Altenburg, was married in 1852 to the Grand Duke of Oldenburg.

PROGENY OF FREAKS.

SOME RESULTS OF ROMANCES IN THE SHOW BUSINESS.

The First Real Living Skeleton, His Wife and Their Three Skin and Bone Sons. An Old Museum and Side Show Manager Tells His Memory Tally.

According to Manager T. E. Sackett of the first showman, Isaac W. Sprague was the first unaturally or abnormally thin skin and bone man to be exhibited to the public under the title of a "living skeleton." It was during the palmy days of Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth, and while that celebrated showman was raking the continents in search of curiosities in 1841. Incidentally Mr. Sackett was in those days with Tony Pastor. Mr. Sackett was acting as doorman, manager and all around man for Pastor. He had previously been out with Millie Christine, the two headed girl, and had an eye for eye for freaks. When the Tony Pastor show reached Florida, Stone & Murray's circus came there. The old inhabitants will remember Stone & Murray's show. It was contemporaneous with Dan Rice's, Thayer & Noy's and afterward with the John Robinson circus. With Stone & Murray was Isaac W. Sprague, the living skeleton. Mr. Sprague had been discovered by Barnum in Massachusetts. He was the first living skeleton to be secured since the discovery of the world by Adam. And Sprague was a real living skeleton too. He was nothing but skin and bones, yet he was healthy and jolly.

In 1865 Barnum collected several curiosities, including Sprague, and sent them for a tour of the world. Sprague was the big card. Next to him was a skeleton coming nearly as attested as Sprague, whose name has escaped the wonderful memory of Showman Sackett. Among the other freaks with which Barnum expected to and did astonish the world was Joyce Heth, the colored woman he picked up in the south, supposed to be 125 years old; the "woolly horse" of Annie Swan, the first giantess ever on exhibition.

Sprague, on the steamer going over to London, fell desperately in love with the skeleton woman. She returned his affection, and, according to Manager Sackett, who was on the voyage, it was a sight for the sentimental to observe the billing and cooing of these attendant curiosities of Barnum's "lean line."

The entire love affair gave Barnum a business hint, which he was not slow to take advantage of. On their arrival in dear old "Lunnon" the showman advertised and heralded the astounding fact far and wide that on a certain day there could be seen at St. James' hall (where they were showing) something that the world had never before witnessed, namely, the marriage of two living, breathing skeletons. He also announced the fact that never before in the annals of show business had such a thing as the wedding of freaks been performed in public. This was a fact too.

Of the enthusiastic crowds which such a unique announcement drew, or the interesting conduct of the living skeletons, wedded in the presence of "assembled thousands," Manager Sackett is silent. But he tells of a fact, however, which is of such interest that it was recorded in medical works, but never before has been the light of newspaper publication. That was that a year after the marriage of the skeletons the wife bore a child which also was a "living skeleton."

Stranger still to relate—but Sackett stakes his fortune on the truth of it—two other children were also born to Mr. and Mrs. Sprague, and they were also of the skeleton mold. For many years afterward the parents traveled with their unusually thin offspring, and added to the stock of the world's astonishment, including both crowned heads and those that were bald. The original Sprague and his wife are dead, but the three skeleton children, now young men, are showing about the country, healthy, happy and rich.

This is the only case or succession of cases in medical annals where a father and mother transmitted the disease of wasting atrophy to their offspring.

Mr. Sackett also tells of another weird case that came under his observation in his peregrinating show days. Major Barnell, a celebrated showman of the sixties, found a pair of freak twins in the south, the offspring of colored people. One of the twins, a boy, was black as Kongo itself. The other, a girl, was pure albino. The major engaged the twins for his show and exhibited them for years. The albino girl grew up and married an albino in the west. The offspring of the marriage was a baby as black as the ace of spades. Of course this enhanced the showing price of Charley and his albino wife, and Major Barnell increased their salaries accordingly.

D. K. Prescott was the discoverer of the fat famed Sleeping Beauty, whom he found in Tennessee in the sixties. He brought her to St. Louis. She was a young girl of surpassing beauty, with but one fault discoverable. She slept nine tenths of the time. She was the greatest puzzle the medical men had ever seen. It was one of these latter who deprived her mother of a fortune and Prescott of one of his most popular curiosities. The young doctor was left alone in the showroom one day while the beauty was sleeping as usual. His curiosity prompted him to take out his lancet and puncture her arm. The blood started out and the beauty awoke with a scream. Her mother rushed in from an adjoining room. Seeing the blood flowing from her daughter's arm, she fainted away. This ended the showing of the Sleeping Beauty. Her mother took her home, and she never slept in public any more.—Buffalo Courier.

Good Digestion.

A good digestion is as truly obligatory as a good conscience; pure blood is as truly a part of manhood as a pure faith; a vigorous brain is as necessary to useful living as a vigorous will, which it often helps to make vigorous, and a well ordered skin is the first condition of that cleanliness which is next to godliness.—H. W. Beecher.

The Usual Way.

Fuddy—You know there is no rule without an exception.

Daddy—I believe you. I never lay down a rule at the store but most of the clerks take exception to it.—Boston Transcript.

THEIR OWN PHYSICIANS.

Self Doctoring Promoted by the Use of Medicines in Compressed Tablets.

Not only has the general introduction of medicine in the form of compressed tablets simplified the work of the doctor, but it has also vastly promoted self doctoring. The number of remedies put up in this form for popular use constantly increases. Many druggists make a specialty of these things. You see them displayed near the soda water fountain, put up in small bottles and sold at prices that must yield a handsome profit. Half a dozen remedies for indigestion are thus sold, some containing pepsin as the active principle, others containing soda mint, some bismuth, some charcoal or more powerful disinfectants. Some are designed to remove acidity of the stomach; others to attack a catarrhal condition. Others are to provoke appetite, and still others are to promote one or another natural function. A dozen headache cures are sold in this fashion, and the different cures for the throat are almost innumerable. There are grip tablets, liver tablets, heart, lung and brain tablets.

Persons who have eschewed patent medicines all their lives by these tablets of one sort or another, because most of them are supposed to be well recognized remedies. Most of the tablets are advertised only in medical journals, in accordance with the requirements of the medical code, and many of them, no doubt, have obtained their popularity through their use by reputable physicians.

Quinine, which is now extremely cheap, is sold largely in the form of two grain pills or larger pills containing iron. Although believed by many physicians to be a dangerous remedy, it has long been self prescribed by all sorts of persons, especially in malarial regions, and it is one of the remedies most frequently bought without prescription. It is self prescribed for malaria in its many forms, to check a cold in its early stages, and as a tonic. Stimulants of one sort or another are sold in this form, but more especially perhaps at the soda fountain, which has become a sort of medical dispensary. Many headache remedies are dispensed at the soda fountain. Some are recommended or suggested by the attendant, but many persons have their favorites among the various remedies and feel-frightful, and some are called for as regularly as the fruit sirups. New remedies are constantly introduced through the soda fountains, and many old ones have long been included in the annually lengthening list of the soda water dispensers.—New York Sun.

IN A BALLOON.

The Sensations That Are Superinduced by His Rising and Falling.

A timorous flight strikes us in the balloon. Suddenly we realize we are in bright sunshine again, with fleecy white clouds below us and a deep blue sky above. Look at the shadow of the balloon on the clouds! See the light prismatic colors like a halo around the shadow of the car. Here we are all alone, in perfect silence, in the depths of a great abyss—massive clouds towering on all sides, a mighty white mass below. But no sign of earth—no sign of anything human. Not a sound, not a sign of life! What peace! What bliss! Horrors! What's that report? The balloon must have burst. Oh, nonsense! Keep still! It's only a fold of the stuff nipped by the netting being suddenly released; that's all.

Well, we are falling, for see the bits of paper apparently ascending. And we must take care, for the coldness and dampness of this cloud will cause the gas to contract, and we shall fall rapidly. So get a bag of ballast ready, for we are already in the darkness of the cloud. Now the gas bag shrinks and writes, and the loose folds rustle together, and it gets darker. You can feel the breeze blowing upward against your face or hand held over the edge of the car. Well, that's not to be wondered at, for remember we are falling, say 1,000 feet a minute, which is the same thing as if we were going along ten miles an hour sitting in a dogcart. Not quite the same, you say—"you'd sooner be in the car?" Well, perhaps if the horse were going straight at a wall, without the possibility of being able to stop him, you would think otherwise. But look! There is the earth again; so out with your ballast. Go on! Pour out plenty; there's no good economizing.—Blackwood's Magazine.

She Wanted Pink Checks.

There is a girl on the North Side who admires pink checks, but she will be careful first this where she gets them. On a recent afternoon one of the caretresses was being jugged over the holes in the pavement of Rush street. At Huron street the wagon was stopped, and a young woman stepped in and took a seat near the center of the car. She knew several of the women, and returned their bows. She was a pretty girl, fashionably gowned, and was on her way to a public rehearsal. After sitting quietly for a few minutes, she, in an apparently unconscious manner, put her hand to her cheek and gave it a slight pinch. On her hands were black gloves. The day was damp and the slightest trace possible of the color was left on her cheek. Then she pinched the other one. A black spot showed. This she continued until Adams street was reached, and never a woman spoke. When she reached the Auditorium, her cheeks were a good color, but not what she expected.—Chicago Chronicle.

Mark Twain's Latest.

The authorship of "The Personal Recollections of John A. Roe," which has been appearing serially in Harper's Monthly during the last year, and which has been credited to nearly every well known author, is finally determined. Volume 4 of the National Cyclopaedia of American Biography, a work of such accuracy that it may be considered official, contains a new biography of Mr. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) which enumerates this work in the list of his publications.

The Other View of It.

"Caesar had his Brutus!" exclaimed the young orator, and as he passed to note the effect of his words a voice from the gallery replied, "Well, boss, you may be right, but it allars kinder strange that Brutus had Caesar."—Washington Times.

TO BANISH POVERTY.

SALVATION ARMY TO ESTABLISH A FARM COLONY TO "MAKE MEN."

Will Be Situated in New Jersey—Will Follow the Idea Worked Out in General Booth's "Darkest England"—Aims to Give a Man Back His Self Respect.

Following the announcement that Commander Ballington Booth of the Salvation Army is to be transferred to another command comes the news that the "farm colony" which General Booth has long had in mind to establish in America is about to be opened in Mahwah, Bergen county, N. J. The site selected is near the estate of Theodore A. Havemeyer. The plan is still partly a secret, the details of the purchase not having been made known outside the national headquarters in New York.

The farm colony is to be modeled after that which General Booth established some years ago in Hadleigh, Essex, in England.

The object of the farm is not, as has been said, to support aged members of the Salvation Army, but to carry out General Booth's "mannaking" plan, as his scheme for giving unfortunate mortals a new start in life has been called. The plan, in brief, is to take men out of the gutters, give them a chance to work if they are willing to do so and finally render them self supporting and decent members of the community. Colonel Kadie, who is Commander Ballington Booth's right hand man, admitted that the farm colony plan was nearing completion, but said he could give none of the details.

Well, however, that the work to be done is practically the same as that now carried on in England. For instance, it is calculated by officers of the Salvation Army that there are in New York 100,000 men and women in the streets out of work, out of money, down at the heels, ragged, wretched, bankrupt in pocket and nerve. The farm is intended to give these persons a new start in life. It is not intended that they shall be given money until they have earned it, because, say the Salvation soldiers, to give money to a man who has not earned it is to lessen his self respect and make it easier for him to accept charity again—perhaps seek it—when he might earn money by honest toil.

England, when General Booth touched its big heart with his stories of "Darkest England," contributed \$500,000 for the work which he outlined, and it is not thought that this country will be less generous if an appeal is made for funds with which to attempt the banishment of poverty.

The farm at Hadleigh comprises 1,150 acres, and it is thought that the one here will be about as large.

"Man making," according to the army idea, aims at four things in chief. First is the tilling of the soil, upon which unskilled labor can be profitably employed. This affords an opportunity to learn whether or not a man really desires honest employment and is worthy of assistance. The second point is to so cultivate the land that the work will give every man a useful training. The third is to carry on such industries as are connected with farming and in which unskilled labor may also be employed under conditions more healthful than those of the various factories and workshops. The fourth is to give the man a knowledge and character which shall afterward prevent him from becoming a charge upon the community. On the English farm men are only kept for six months. They are paid according to the work they do and are clothed and fed if their wages are not sufficient for these needs. A list of colored labor is kept at the farm, and men who have proved skillful and faithful are sent to these employers with a recommendation such as is likely to secure employment.

The tone of the colony is pure. While the discipline is not irksome the atmosphere is good. The men and women who are so bad that they cannot reform are sent four miles away to a reformatory.

Here the plan pursued in regard to populating the colony will be to draw recruits from the army meetings and from the public parks and other resorts of the unfortunate and outcasts. Such men and women will be asked why they are in distress and if they are satisfied with their lives. If they desire to change, they may join the colony, earn a living, secure their self respect, and learn to battle with the world anew.—New York Herald.

Sang In the Choir For Eighty Years.

In the last 12 years Mr. Starman's ministry at Waldborough's famous old German Lutheran church no salary was paid, the congregation being too poor. Old Conrad Hyer, who, although 101 years old, was as brisk as a man of 50, and had acted as chorister in this ancient church for 80 years, reading and singing from the fine print of Watts' hymnbook without the use of spectacles. Nothing remains on earth to mark the site of the church, but the dilapidated ruins of the building and the tall marble column in the cemetery which tells the passing traveler that there lie the remains of the sainted Ritts and Starman, pastors of the German Lutheran church of Broad Bay.—Leviathan (Me.) Journal.

A Mistaken Report.

"I hear the colonel is a hard drinker."

"Huh! He's the easiest drinker I ever saw in my life."—Detroit Tribune.

Liked Lawyers.

It is recorded of Andrew Johnson that when, senator or president, he was invited to a dinner party, he was accustomed to ask if any lawyer was to be present. For, said he, I have always liked lawyers. He took a greater fancy to William M. Everts, his attorney general, because of his post-prandial fame than because of his eminent legal attainments.—Green Bag.

Goes a Long Way.

Bony—My wife makes a little money, so long as she keeps her address in respect—So does mine unfortunately. She's always subscribing for missions in Africa and Polynesia.—Pearson's Weekly.

Shun no toil to make yourself remarkable by some one talent. Yet do not devote yourself to one branch exclusively. Strive to get clear notions about all. Give up no science entirely, for all science is one.—Seneca.

LEIGHTON'S FAIR MODEL.

Dorothy Dene, Who Posed For Many of His Best Pictures.

A tall woman, beautifully formed, with a skin firm and smooth and of that golden tinted white that Henner delights in, a head Grecian enough to have furnished inspiration for one of Praxiteles' Aphrodites, with golden hair, violet eyes—such a woman is Dorothy Dene, whom the late Frederick Leighton made famous in many of his best known paintings.

She was his favorite model. With all her charms of person, Dorothy Dene is as simple as a child, modest and retiring. Her naturalness, as much as anything, endeared her to the great artist, who was devoted to her for many years.

Rumor has woven a romance in his life, in which his model figures.

It says he loved her, but that circumstances over which he had no control prevented him from marrying her.

She is one of five sisters. They all live in London, where they have a cozy little apartment in South Kensington, the art center of the British capital. It is one of the most artistic flats in London, and one in which more to be seen of the artist's friends, and literatures gather, when she is at home, two Sundays in each month, than in any other in the big city.

Miss Dene visited this country in the winter of 1893 and was seen on the stage here. Her theatrical vocation was not a brilliant success, but her beauty caused quite a sensation.

The spoke of Sir Frederick Leighton—he had not then been made a peer—with great tenderness. In an interview with her at that time, published in The Journal, she said, "Although Sir Frederick is over 60 years old, he is the youngest man I know, and I might add, the kindest, most generous."

She told of where the great artist painted his wonderful Grecian pictures. He believed in the beautiful, lived in the beautiful, and many of his best canvases adorned the walls of the room in which they were brought into existence.

No "artistic dust" was visible there; everything was neat, she said, showing an even mind given to beautiful thoughts and the portraying of them.

He was the soul of good nature and occupied in English society a position somewhat like Chauncey M. Depew does here as regards his after dinner speaking. Whenever there was a big banquet, Frederick Leighton was always there, and when he spoke he always had something to say on something to which everybody listened.—New York Journal.

MISS RUTH'S AMBITION.

The President's Daughter Wishes Her Father Were a Policeman.

Little Ruth Cleveland is a national character. Her brilliant career has been watched with interest by all classes of American people without regard to political affiliations or prejudices.

It is now five years ago that she began to understand the distinction she enjoys as a daughter of the president. But, after all, Ruth is only a child, with the ideas and instincts of innocent infancy. Childhood's estimate of greatness was charmingly illustrated by Ruth the other day.

One of the policemen whose duty it is to guard the private portion of the grounds in the rear of the White House is a stalwart specimen of manhood. He is habitually careful as to his attire, and his buttons always shine with a brilliant luster.

The other day, the weather being balmy and springlike, this policeman took his little daughter with him, that she might enjoy the well guarded flower garden and the clean walks to which she is habitually careful as to his attire, and his buttons always shine with a brilliant luster.

While the policeman was pointing out the beauty of the grounds to his daughter, Misses Ruth and Esther Cleveland, under the escort of their respective nurses, left the mansion for a healthful run in the fresh air. Ruth ran ahead of her mother, and upon discovering a girl of her own age, straddled up and surveyed her from head to foot. After looking herself up and, with an air of importance, said:

"My papa is president; who is your papa?"

The policeman's daughter defiantly replied:

"My papa is a policeman."

Ruth glanced up at the burly form, ornamented with bright brass buttons, and, banging her head in an abashed manner, replied:

"I wish my papa was a policeman."

DIRECTED HER LETTER TO HEAVEN.

Pathetic Little Story of a Child's Epistle to Her Dead Mother.

At a recent wedding the bride had retired to her dressing room to don her wedding gown. Her mother had been dead for years, and she had had the constant care and companionship of her little sister ever since their affliction.

The 7-year-old entered the room and went to her sister's chair very thoughtfully. Drawing a letter from the little pocket, she said:

"Alice, here is a letter to mamma. I have just written, telling her all about the wedding. Will you send it to her?"

The elder sister, a little shocked, replied as gently as possible that she couldn't send a letter to mother.

Then the little one, looking quite bright, said promptly:

"Oh, yes, you can, because now you are married, you will be getting a little girl, and when you send for her, just give the doctor this letter, and he can take it to mamma when he goes for the baby."

And there on the envelope was the address, printed as best she could: "To Mamma, in Heaven. Kindness of the Doctor."

She took the letter, and hugged the little one to hide the tear which was rubbed off on the curly brown head.—Washington Star.

Something New in College Tricks.

At Mount Union college, during the usual term of the junior class, W. M. Farber, a junior, whose home is at Lisbon, was delivering his address. He was waxing eloquent in his oratorical flights, when suddenly a big white curtain descended in front of him, completely shutting off the speaker from the audience. On the curtain was painted in glowing letters, "God hold these little juniors." Farber ceased speaking, and the oratorical efforts had not yet been finished.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

IN THE HEATER PIPE.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR RELATES HIS MOST SINGULAR EXPERIENCE.

He Had an Elegant Lay Out of Wedding Presents at His Marry When He Made an Unfortunate Step in the End He Made a Contribution to the Collection.

"In a house that I was looking over in a town up the state one night," said the retired burglar, "I came across something that I never struck but that once in all my experience, strange as it may seem, and that was a lot of wedding presents, all just as they were arranged for display. When I turned my lamp into the room, I wished I had brought a horse and wagon; there was a good deal of it that wouldn't have been of any earthly use to me, but if I had a pile to carry any of it home, I would have been a rich man. I had the fun of picking, and I started to look the things over. They were arranged on tables and chairs and on the floor around on three sides of the room; on the side opposite to the side that I had come in at, and on the side to the right and left; running around those three sides in a sort of irregular order. On the side where I was there were a few chairs. I thought I'd start in on the left and work around to the right, and I started from the door and had gone about three steps when I went down through the floor, as it seemed to me, but what I had really done was to step down through an open register. I suppose somebody must have dropped something down through it and have taken it out to get it and forgot to put it back.

"There was a wire screen under the register over the pipe opening to keep things from dropping down the pipe, but it was very fine light wire, and it didn't stop me at all; I just slid down into the pipe, pushing that along under my feet. When I dropped into the pipe, I was facing down; I got it; in some way as I went down I got skewed around so that when I got down as far as I did go I was facing to the front; that is, toward the center of the room. The pipe didn't go straight down, but with a curve. I had thrown up my hands as I went down, and I suppose I might have gone plumb to the furnace if I hadn't clutched at the edge of the register opening and hung on. A minute before I was going to take my pick of a roomful; now where was I?"

"I had started across the room carrying my tooling in one hand and my lamp in the other. The shock when I went down had shaken the bag out of my hand, but I had held on to my lamp, though it was lying on its side now with my fingers clutching through the handle. The falling of the tooling and the striking of the lamp on the floor and the scraping of the wire gages down through the tin pipe must have made all together a good deal of noise, and I expected every minute to hear somebody moving about up stairs and coming down to haul me out, but nobody did come, and I set my lamp up straight, and after I'd waited a minute or two more I started to see if I could haul myself out.

"As I lay in the pipe my head was below the level of the floor; by a great effort I could raise myself so that the upper half of my head was above the opening, but no higher; there was no room for play; when I got that high, I found myself with my elbows close to my body and fairly wedged into the pipe; I couldn't get any higher.

"I let myself down again, and