

## BROOKLYN POLICE.

The Guardians of the City of Churches.

WELL DISCIPLINED AND BRAVE.

A Pen Picture of Superintendent Patrick Campbell--Some Incidents in His Career--The Chief's Able Subordinates. Scenes in the Class Room.

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The Brooklyn police system, unlike that of its great neighbor New York, has a single executive. He is not only the head of the force, but also the chief of the detective department and the superintendent of the large number of officers who are detailed to the courts and other places of public importance.



SUPERINTENDENT PATRICK CAMPBELL.

The present incumbent, Patrick Campbell, is a striking character in the city of Brooklyn. He is a native of Ireland, and his father was a member of the Irish police force. Campbell himself was a member of the same force, and his experience and ability have made him a prominent figure in the city.

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INSPECTOR PATRICK M. McLAUGHLIN.

That of the one for whom they were looking. She refused to give her name or residence, and had nothing in her possession which could be traced. All of the chief's friends were brought to police headquarters, but not one recognized her. Three days passed, the case seemed hopeless and the press had begun to denounce the prolonged incarceration of a woman upon mere suspicion. The authorities were about to order her release, when the chief asked for three days further time. The moment the request was granted, he called all the captains together and ordered the entire force to set out at once and make a house to house visitation as to whether a person resembling the prisoner occupied a room and had been away for three days.

He further ordered that this should be done with every lodging and boarding house, as the woman's clothes indicated that she had had very little money for some time. His plan was to be carried out with the greatest success. Within twenty-four hours her real name and residence were ascertained, and what was of greater importance, in the woman's trunk were found the portrait of the murdered man, letters from him to her, which disclosed the motive of the killing and the party with which the act was committed. The prisoner was tried and convicted, but on account of there being doubts as to her mental condition she was sent to the State Asylum for Insane Criminals at Utica, N. Y. Such a search, and especially under such auspices, was unparalleled in the history of police and raised Campbell, who up to that time had been regarded as a talented politician, into the front ranks of American detectives.

One of the most interesting men on the Brooklyn force is Serg. John H. Johnson, who has been in command of the mounted squad ever since its organization in 1875. On horseback or near horses seventeen hours of the twenty-four he has naturally devoted much time and study to that noble quadruped. Not long ago, in speaking of the handsome stable he controls, he said: "It is wonderful how intelligent police horses become. What with being with one man all the time, who talks to it,

walks with it, cares for it and in fact, most lives with it, they become half human. There are several horses in my squad who would be lonesome in an average board of aldermen. My own horse will hear a runaway half mile distant and get ready to receive it coming our way, or turn and pursue it if going in some other direction. In stopping runaway we ride up sideways and grasp the bridle or rein and pull back as hard as we can. On one occasion when a team was dashing madly on the road I was not strong enough to rein them myself. My horse saw it, and without any word from me seized the rein between his teeth and stopped the frolicsome animals himself.

"Another horse we have noticed a rough looking character carrying a bag one day on Seventh avenue became excited and cried to rush at the fellow, and would not be satisfied until the officer had taken the man to the station house. The animal's suspicions were correct. The prisoner was a thief and the bag contained what he had stolen in a house before. We could not make out our minds whether the horse had sensed the contents of the bag, or whether he identified the man as a criminal he had seen in custody before.

"Nearly all horses understand not only police duty, but also, and in many cases, the duties of the other official systems which obtain in Brooklyn. If they could but talk, read and write they would make the finest policemen in the world."

The wharf rats and river thieves who make a living at the expense of those who do business near the long water front of Brooklyn were under the jurisdiction of Capt. Henry Keeler, who commands a precinct and is also commander of the police patrol of the city. The patrol consists of one patrol boat, the petty patrol boat being kept in the harbor. The patrol boat is a small, fast, and well equipped vessel, and is used for the purpose of patrolling the harbor and the river. The patrol boat is commanded by a police officer, and is used for the purpose of patrolling the harbor and the river.

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CAPT. HENRY KEELER.

On another occasion, a large fishing boat, which had been out with no one on board, was found drifting in the harbor. The police boarded the boat and found the fish, which had been caught by the boat, and the boat was found to be empty. The police then searched the boat and found a large quantity of fish, which had been caught by the boat, and the boat was found to be empty.

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Once in his class room he headed an aspirant for the chief "How far is it from here to the New York City hall?"

The man scratched his head and then, with all solemnity, answered: "One of the best known faces around the police headquarters is that of Inspector Patrick M. McLaughlin. A handsome, wiry man with dark hair, eyes and mustache, he is one of the most prominent figures in the city.



SGT. JOHN H. JOHNSON.

"Whip!" replied the veteran, "give it no more thought, my boy. When you've been on the force as long as I, the rest of us have, you'll make a matter of principle to forget every blessed one of them."

Once, when examining a tough young man, the inspector asked:

"If two men fight in your presence, which one should you arrest?"

"Why the man who hit first, unless the other fellow was a Dago, a Chinaman or a nigger, and then I'd collar the other fellow."

WILLIAM E. S. FAIR.

ELZO ALLEN'S \$20,000.

He Checks Out That Much of His Company's Money and Absconds. Elzo Allen, confidential clerk, etc., of the Austria company of financiers and money lenders at Kansas City, disappeared the other evening mysteriously, only to be arrested several days later at Chicago. Though he is a man of very peculiar appearance, with a neck so stiff that he cannot turn his head without turning his body and a singularly maimed hand, once doctor or brakeman on any Kansas City road, he has since been seen in the evening of his flight and no news of him could be had elsewhere for days. At 8 o'clock p. m. he made his young wife and baby good-bye, and that was the latest information until the hour of his arrest.



ELZO ALLEN.

The afternoon of his departure he drew a check on the Union National bank for \$20,000 of the Austria company's money. The check was cashed at the bank, and he took the money with him. He was perfectly cool and unemotional, just as if he were in the ordinary course of business. "Father a large sum on one check, isn't it?" asked the cashier.

"Yes, I have just closed a loan with an Arkansas man for \$40,000, and he wants half the money tonight. Please make it in his bill, as large as you can, Mr. Lewis."

It was done, and after counting the money very carefully, Mr. Elzo Allen disappeared into the wide, wide world. The Austria company at once began searching eagerly for him. The members said they would not let him go for \$20,000. And the company is rich enough to afford it.



MANSFIELD KING.

There is a story about the hotly disputed and sensational Denver robbery of some months ago, which is told by Mansfield King, the robber. By his own confession, as well as a mass of collateral proof, he is a murderer and a thief, as well as the most daring bank robber of the day, and being satisfied that his criminal career is at an end, he is hiding the authorities in every way possible to get at the evidence.

He has even been so accommodating as to pose a photograph showing how he robbed President Moffatt, of the First National bank of Denver. He held a revolver in one hand and a small can of nitroglycerine in the other, and threatening the president in his private room, compelled him to sign a check for \$20,000 and then compel him to send an assistant to an assistant to the cashier's desk for the money. The story was pronounced incredible at the time, but as both parties agree on the facts, it may now be accepted. King's last crime, according to his own confession, was the robbery of the First National bank of Denver. He was caught by the police, and is now in custody.

She Liked Admiration. A Woman's Vanity the Cause of a Murder and Suicide.



MRS. MAY FLAMING.

Mrs. May Flaming's third matrimonial venture was her last. After being divorced from a Mr. Aves and then from Mr. Lawrence, she married a year ago Edward Flaming, a San Francisco contractor of some wealth. The wife's handsome figure and fine features attracted the general admiration which her vanity coveted and, naturally, her husband after a while thought it proper to resort to her companionship with men he did not know. Mrs. Flaming, however, did not know of this, and continued to be devoted to her husband.

In the evening her husband called. What followed after the two met will never be known, for when the alarm of two pistol shots brought people to the door they found Mrs. Flaming dead and Mr. Flaming nearly so. Before losing consciousness he declared that he had shot his wife. It is the opinion of the San Francisco police that he was the one who so murderously handled the pistol.

Deserted Her When Sober. An application for divorce recently filed in a St. Louis court by Mrs. Katie Paul tells some remarkable stories about her husband Frederick. In her petition the plaintiff says she married Mr. Paul May 10, 1886, and that he requested the wedding. She is somewhat obscure, and may not say what she means. She suffered indignities, and so on. Then she commenced: "From on or about Dec. 1, 1886, to on or about Dec. 10, 1889, defendant was drunk continuously." She cites certain days on which he was the most stupidly drunk, and claims he turned the tables on her by insisting that if she wanted him for a husband she must support him. She says he pawned and mortgaged her furniture whenever the notion struck him. When he sobered up, it seems, he dared out, which she cannot endure, and for which she wants to get loose from him. Sheavers she has not seen him since Dec. 14, four days after he got over his three years' spree.

A Slave Trader's Suicide. Silva Porto, the aged and wealthy Portuguese slave trader, who is reported to have committed suicide recently at Ribe, Africa, was, up to Livingston's time, the only white man to travel extensively in the equatorial region. After amassing a fortune he refused to return to Europe, as that would necessitate the abandonment of his numerous wives and children.

## CUPID IN COURT.

The Gay Little God Makes a Sad Life Happy.

SUE YEE ESCAPES FROM BONDAGE.

The Romantic Story of the Honest Lee Fong, the Wicked Lee Khi and a Pretty Slave Girl, with Some Comments on Police Court Justice.

The other day the authorities of New York City learned that Lee Khi, a Mott street Chinaman, was holding in shameful



LEE KHI.

bondage and for purposes of pain a female of his own race. Police raided the den and found the victim of oriental cupidity and brutishness concealed in a scantily furnished apartment just beneath the roof. Better than looks or bars had been Lee Khi's cunning. He had told Sue Yee, the most beautiful girl in the white man's household, and brought her to think that she was the object of his affection. He had even taken her to the Mott street den, but still more she dreaded the unknown tortures of which she truly believed the white man intended to make her the object. Her fevered imagination conjured up grisly shapes and cruel devices in every nook and corner of the Tombs justice court, and in this half delirious state she almost began to regard Lee Khi and the throng of Mongolians hanging about the prisoners' dock as friends.

But where argument, persuasion and kind treatment had failed Cupid conquered, through his chosen agent, Lee Fong. In the brief spaces when satisfied brutality gave her repose Sue Yee had been wont to gaze through her dingy attic window on the bustle and rush of life in the dirty street below. From the throng she singled out as the object of her fancy a stranger of her own race, who passed and repeated daily, and she won in her mind regarding him these airy, dainty notions as common sense to the gibes of a poor little Mongolian prisoner as to that of a Marie Bashkistoff. Sue Yee met him first face to face after her rescue, and then only by chance. Others failed to convince the frightened child of her safety and he was brought in as an additional witness. At the sight of him her eyes brightened, her tremulous lips took on a smile. Confidence for the first time appeared, and she grew brave with belief. She asked her long known yet unknown friend his name.

"Lee Fong," he replied. Then Sue Yee reddened through her delicate copper tinted skin and said some thing that brought a surprised look to Lee Fong's face and a blush to his cheeks. Turning to Lawyer Hummel and the others present, he explained:

"Lilly said want to marry me. Guess I say yes, bimby all right."

So then and there the match was made, and when the wicked Lee Khi goes to state prison for kidnapping, the persecuted Sue Yee will become the wife of the honest Lee Fong, and it is arranged that all the leaders of Christian mission work in the town shall grace the wedding with their presence and presents.

But now the first thing which came out of a cruel master altogether wrong and mistaken in showing repugnance at the kindly and well meant attentions of the police? Is it not possible that, like a majority of her white brothers and sisters, she

felt an instinctive dread of the men who, if they chose to run the risk of ultimate punishment, have the power and authority to drag the vilest scum from off the streets and clap him, wings and all, behind the door of an unclean prison cell? Is "pretty rough" so the criminal thinks to be dumped like a load of refuse into a dungeon. What must be the views on the subject of a prisoner whose character is stainless and whose human faults, if any, are not designated on the statute books as a worthy of punishment? Yet probably not a word passes in any large town of America without the arrest of people absolutely innocent of wrong doing either actual or intended. And what treatment do they get? About this, in New York City, for example, the policeman having either maliciously or because of misinformation relayed upon the "running in" of a person, proceeds about his task with a rigor that justifies the use of the phrase comprised within the quotation marks given above. The



LEE KHI BEFORE THE JUDGE.

A Curious Plant Filly Named. The Sioux Indians tell a strange story about an historic locality. They say that on the hillside where Custer fell now grows a plant never seen there before--a curious plant with tall, slender leaves, curved in the next form of a saber, with edges so sharp as to inflict keen wounds upon unwary hands, and those who pluck it once soon drop it, so strangely cold and clammy are its leaves. It bears a golden hue, heart shaped blossom, and in its center is one small spot of brilliant red, like a drop of blood. The Indians regard it with superstitious awe. They call it "Custer's heart," and cannot be induced to touch it, claiming that the blossom crushed in the hand leaves a blood red stain impossible to remove.

A Startling Tale from India. From India comes a strange story of wholesale attempts at murder. It is said that at every station on the Eastern Bengal railway passengers are warned not to accept food or drink offered them by strangers, "as an organized band has been discovered whose plan it is to treat passengers to food, drink and sweetmeats which have been poisoned, and death with their body while the victim is insensible or dead. Many deaths have resulted from these crimes."

captivity is looked at the station house, deprived of everything about him save the clothes on his back, and secured in a cell that violates, as far as decency can suggest, every principle of sanitary regulation. The lurid bench which serves for couch and chair is a favorite resort for vermin, such as thrive by preying on the human frame. Hats, of a size and ferocity found nowhere save in a police station, scurry about the floor.

The man with delirium tremens in the next "apartment" howls intermittently, and the unfortunate street walker across the passage way adds to the din by strident endeavors at singing. Night under these circumstances brings small repose and the morning but light refreshment, for a prisoner's breakfast consists of a dry bun and hot water colored to the semblance of coffee by the introduction of burnt bread crusts. Then the police court. There the alleged culprit thinks he will have a chance. The judge shall know of the outrage perpetrated on him by that "infernal court." The case is called.

"People vs. John Doe; charge disorderly conduct; Officer Richard Rose complainant. Well, Doe, guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, and your honor."

"Order now, order. Officer, state your case."

"Any witnesses for the defense, Doc?"

"No, sir, but I'd like to say."

"Say it another day. Ten dollars or ten days."

A police court is nearly as minute in its atmosphere as a station cell, so if John Doe can raise the money he pays his fine, reclaims his valuables and gets out. If he wants to fight he can complain of the officer to the board of commissioners and they will arrange for a hearing. The blue coated defendant raises the point that Doe has been convicted after a fair trial in an open court of justice, and the charges are promptly dismissed.

I know of a man who got into custody under circumstances not wholly dissimilar from the foregoing ones. The policeman the affair occurred in Chicago "took him for some one else." Before the mis take was rectified the man's creditors grew alarmed at the affair, and began inquiries and suits which led to an indictment, trial, conviction and sentence to three years in the penitentiary. The alleged criminal appealed to the supreme court of the state of Illinois, and pending a decision was locked up in Cook county jail, but being refused at the end of a year the documents were reviewed, the action of the lower court reversed and a new trial ordered. Then the man was acquitted, and, as the judge remarked, "left court without a stain on his character."



A GROUP IN THE COURT ROOM.

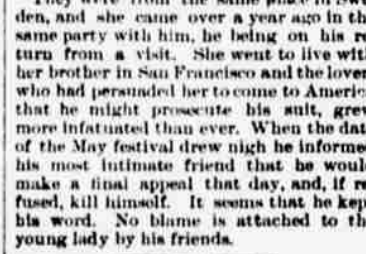
That this may not be regarded as a fancy sketch I append the name of this person who lost his business, lost a year of his life and came near being forever disgraced because of an officer's blunder, that in itself, apparently, seemed a trivial matter. W. S. Skyles, formerly wholesale dealer in and importer of seeds. It is pleasant to add that throughout his long term of confinement Mr. Skyles retained the affection and confidence of the church to which he belonged, and from his prison cell managed his business affairs, as financial secretary.

FRED C. DAYTON.

DIED FOR UNREQUITED LOVE. A Handsome and Intelligent Swede Kills Himself.

A large party of Swedes of the well to do class in San Francisco were returning from a picnic the other evening when, as the steamer neared the wharf, Otto Philip Backstrom fired a bullet through his heart and fell a corpse. Miss Lillie Lundstran, who was near him, fell senseless to the deck, and soon it was learned that their lives were connected in the events leading to the tragedy. She is remarkably handsome and was a fine looking and intelligent man, but though he was madly in love with her he did not return her love.

They were from the same place in Sweden, and she came over a year ago in the same party with him, he being on his return from a visit. She went to live with her brother in San Francisco and the lover, who had persuaded her to come to America, that he might prosecute his suit, grew more infatuated than ever. When the date of the May festival drew nigh he informed his most intimate friend that he would make a final appeal that day, and if refused, kill himself. It seems that he kept his word, and was attached to the young lady by his friends.



OTTO BACKSTROM.

A Strange and Unprofitable Series of Crimes. All spring and early summer New York women were in the habit of wearing and careless malice of some unknown person who, as opportunity offered, poured in deluge ink on the gowns of promenaders along Broadway and Fifth avenue. The crime was repeated so frequently as to create a general public outcry and all the police of the city were ordered to keep special watch for the mysterious person known as "Jack the Ink Slinger."

Soon after the promulgation of the order a patrolman stationed at Fifty-ninth street and Ninth avenue saw a shabbily dressed laborer following two women. He took the fellow in custody, and caught him, as it were, red handed, for his fingers dripped with aniline, and several bottles of the stuff were found on his person. At the preliminary examination next day it was ascertained that his name was John Connors and his occupation that of a hostler. He refused to give any reason for pursuing his singular and unprofitable line of mischief doing.

Asking a Pension on Novel Grounds. Heseckiah Forrester, of Halesham county, Ga., has made application for a pension on grounds that, to say the least, are a little unusual. He states that during the war, while on a march, a comrade playfully struck him with a knapsack. In the knapsack was a three pronged fork, and the prongs stuck in his left elbow, two of them breaking off and remaining there. The arm has been useless ever since.

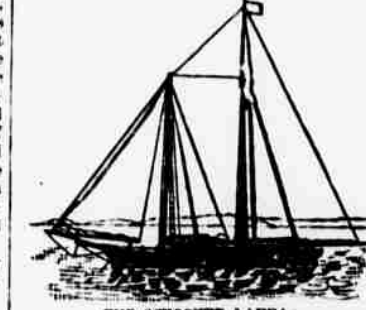
Colleagues cut astonishing capers some times. When Harvard defeated Yale in a recent athletic contest the friends of the victors found outlet for their joy by painting the legs and face of the John Harvard statue a bright red.

Every man in Burmah is expected at some time in his life to be a priest. As a consequence the streets of Mandalay are thronged with yellow robed, shaven headed monks.

THE PIRATES' TREASURE.

Some Californians Think They Know Where It Is.

About 400 miles southwest of Panama is a little island called Cocos, and on that island an immense treasure lies buried, according to a story that has been growing for fifty years or more. Indeed, if the story had not been so long in growing it would be more credible, but such as it is here it is:



THE SCHOONER LAURA.

About 17 years ago a foreman castaway on the coast of Newfoundland was cared for by a family named Caten, and told them of the buried treasure. He said that he had been compelled to resign a lieutenant in the English navy on account of having killed another officer in a duel, and had then entered the Peruvian navy. Learning that an immense treasure was on its way from Peru to England, he had organized an outlaw crew and captured the vessel and treasure after a bloody fight. The pirates then quarreled about it, and many were killed. The others buried the treasure on the Cocos island and had to disperse at once, as two or three government ships were after them.

In time nearly all of the pirates were killed or taken and hanged, and Thompson (the name by which the stranger called himself) gave up whatever claims he had to Caten and returned to England. Caten recovered the treasure and removed part of it, but reburied the remainder. His sons started after it, but their vessel foundered and all on board were lost. Meanwhile Thompson had married in England and died. His widow appeared in San Francisco recently, claiming to have a complete clew to the locality of the treasure, and the schooner Laura, fitted out under her direction, sailed the other day for Cocos. There are immense possibilities, either for failure or success, in the enterprise. Those who have risked money on the venture will either "go broke" or become millionaires.

MURDER OF A PRIEST.

The Pastor of a Chicago Church Killed by a Lunatic.

The only possible theory on which to account for the recent killing of Father B. M. A. Barrett, at Chicago, by Patrick Keady, is that the murderer is insane. He did not know his victim, had no prejudice against the Catholic religion, and seems to have been actuated by the morose freak of lunacy.

The afternoon of the tragedy Father Barrett, who suffered from paralysis, sat on the porch of his house. A man entered the front gate and approached.

"Good evening, father," said the stranger. "Good evening, sir," the priest replied cheerily. "I hope you are well."

"I am not," the man said, rather abruptly. "I have a pain in my heart that is bothering me very much and I'm afraid I'm going to die."

"Have you been drinking?" the priest asked, noting for the first time the stranger's fiery complexion and the peculiar expression of his eyes.

"No, I have not," he replied. "The only thing that ails me is my heart."

"Then you had better go home and rest yourself," was the priest's advice.

At this the man drew a revolver and shot Father Barrett through the bowels. On being arrested a few moments later he gave the name of Patrick Keady and said he was a horse-shoe by occupation. The wounded priest died next day. He was nearly 50 years old and for twenty-three years had been pastor of St. Stephen's church.

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MAIDENS ARMED WITH GUNS.

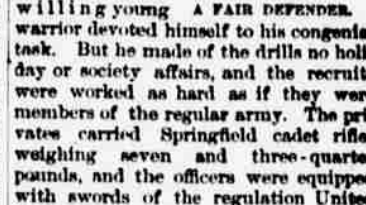
Military Drill as a Means for Successful Physical Training.

Bangor is known as the Queen city of Maine, and she now deserves the title in a double degree, for a number of the princesses have of late been learning how to rule in times of war as well as in days of peace.

The Chilcothians is the name of a military company composed entirely of comely young women who last winter came to the conclusion that physical training was a good thing, and that the best results in that direction could be obtained through the use of the army drill. Having settled preliminary the maidens secured for an instructor Capt. L. Chilcote, the handsome commander of Company G, Second regiment, and amply recompensed him for his services by naming their organization in his honor.

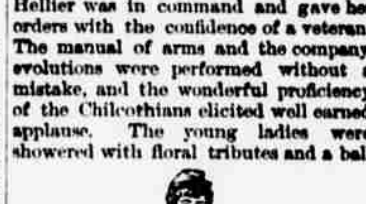
Throughout winter the willing young A FAIR DEFENDER, warrior devoted himself to his congenial task. But he made of the drills no holiday or society affairs, and the recruits were worked as hard as if they were members of the regular army. The privates carried Springfield cadet rifles weighing seven and three-quarter pounds, and the officers were equipped with swords of the regulation United States army pattern.

The other evening the Chilcothians invited their friends to witness a drill at Norumbega hall. Those present were amply rewarded for their attendance. They saw thirty lovely maidens in tight fitting waists and killed skirts, trimmed handsomely with white lace, with white top fastened after the hussar style, and wearing jaunty cadet caps on well poised heads. Capt. Blanche Louise Heller was in command and gave her orders with the confidence of a veteran. The manual of arms and the company evolutions were performed without a mistake, and the wonderful proficiency of the Chilcothians elicited well earned applause. The young ladies were showered with floral tributes and a ball



THE FOURTH EXERCISE.

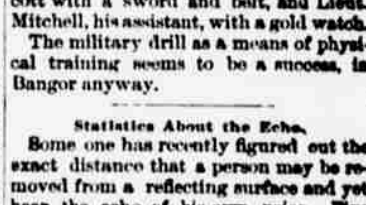
ended the event. On behalf of her comrades Capt. Heller presented Capt. Chilcote with a sword and belt, and Lieut. Mitchell, his assistant, with a gold watch. The military drill as a means of physical training seems to be a success, in Bangor anyway.



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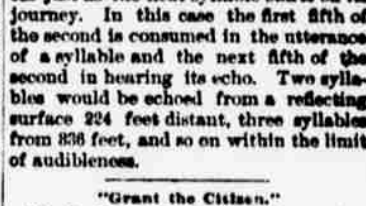
Statistics About the Echo. Some one has recently figured out the exact distance that a person may be removed from a reflecting surface and yet hear the echo of his own voice. Five syllables a second is said to be the limit both of distinct pronunciation and distinct hearing. This gives one-fifth of a second for each syllable. When the atmospheric temperature is 61 degs. sound travels 1,120 feet a second. In one-fifth of that time it will cover a distance of 224 feet. Hence, if a reflecting surface is 112 feet distant the initial sound of an uttered syllable will be returned to the ear just as the next syllable starts on its journey. In this case the first fifth of the second is consumed in the utterance of a syllable and the next fifth of the second in hearing its echo. Two syllables would be echoed from a reflecting surface 224 feet distant, three syllables from 336 feet, and so on within the limits of audibility.

"Grant the Citizen." Mr. H. H. Kohlman, of Chicago, has arranged to erect at his own expense a statue of Gen. Grant in civilian dress, which is to stand on an appropriate site at Galena, Ill. The figure will be of bronze, eight feet tall, and will surround a pedestal ten feet high. The statue will be unveiled some time next spring in the presence of a distinguished company of invited guests.



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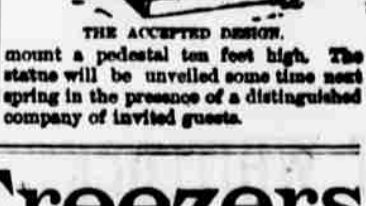
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