

A CITY POLICE STATION.

LISTENING TO COMPLAINTS AT THE SERGEANT'S DESK.

A Droll Side to Dark Pictures of Metropolitan Life—Applications and Visitors of All Kinds.

An amusing hour can be passed in a police station listening to the complaints made at the Sergeant's desk, writes a correspondent to the *Albany Journal*. An occasional shadow is thrown by some pitiful case but there is a ridiculous side to the darkest picture. You get it in the police station as well as anywhere else. In an uptown precinct within an hour there were a dozen really droll applications for relief. A red-faced, pompous old German came in as if to report an alarming fire on his own premises. I want a policeman sent right away quick. Dere was a woman calling names and running after me mit de street." What's she running after you for?" asked the Sergeant. Dat's what I don't found out. She was crazy and makes so mit her fingers and speaks tam foolishness behind me when I walks in front of her house." "I can't see that the police have anything to do with it as long as she commits no misdemeanor or nuisance." "Put she was a misdemeanor herself and must be put a stop to. I am a doctor und she calls me 'Oit Coffins!' Mine name was Kaufmans not Coffins. It looks like I killed someones to have a name Coffins called behind me."

The sergeant promises to send word to the offending woman and the doctor is replaced by a young man who wants the whole police force to find his lost possessions.

An anxious careworn woman has been waiting. The instant she is beckoned up she bursts out: "Mrs. Flaherty must be kaping her dirty water on her own flure. She holy stones her kitchen deck ivery morning, an' the wather pours down a stovepipe hole, and strikes on me head as I step round me breakfast table. I want a warrant for her arrist." "We can't arrest a woman for washing her kitchen floor," says the sergeant, "your landlord must stop up the hole in the ceiling." The indignation of this woman is great. She abuses the whole force if living within a block of the station house she can't be protected from Mrs. Flaherty's dirty water. "An' spon-in' me landlord don't fix me saling, fwat thin?" "Put up your umbrella till the Flaherty kitchen is clean."

A smug-faced young man says: "I had a vest taken out of my window last night. It had a ticket for a letter and a silver toothpick in the top left pocket, a memorandum book and three letters in the inside pecket. A badge of the B. P. A. O. B. (Benevolent Protective Association of Bakers) just under the left lapel, and a small gold hand with a hammer in the side lower pocket on the left side." "The location of the articles in the vest don't amount to anything. Was there anything of value taken?" interrupts the sergeant. "There was the lottery ticket—" "Had it drawn anything?" "The drawing hain't took place." "You can't estimate that loss yet—anything else?" "A fifty-cent piece that I should know in a minute. It was wore smoother than most fifty-cent pieces." "I'm afraid we can't help you much. Do you suspect anybody?" "Yes. The thief reached over the area gate and hooked it with a cane, or an umbrella off the window seat—"

"That's too weak a case for us to offer you much hope of recovery," says the sergeant. "What can I do for you?" This to a meek little man who is twiddling his hat. "Might I speak to you in private?" he squeaks; "It's a very confidential matter." The good-natured sergeant takes him aside. "I'm come here to get the law on Miss Sarah Smith. I've been keeping company with her for over a year, and last Sunday she slammed the door in my face, after telling me she never wanted to see me again." "We don't settle lovers' differences here," says the sergeant in a pleasant, sympathizing voice. "But must I lose my things?" "Has she got any of your property?" "I gave her a silver thimble and an accordeon on her birthday, and a pair of yellow gloves last Christmas." "We can't make her return your gifts, and you couldn't do anything with 'em if we did, seems to me." "Oh, I could give 'em to another girl, and I don't want her walking round with no fellow and my yellow gloves on." "It's a sad case," says the sergeant, "but we can give you no relief here." And the poor, sacked youth is gently shown to the door.

What do we live for if it is not to make life less difficult to each other.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

To Remove Mildew from Cloth.

An exchange recommends to first wash with soap, or steep in a weak solution of caustic soda, rinse well, and then steep for several hours in a decanted solution of chlorinated lime containing one-half pound to the gallon; then rinse thoroughly, and dry in the sun. It may be necessary in some cases to repeat the operation. The above methods apply only to uncolored cotton and linen fabrics. Great care should be taken to entirely remove the bleaching solution by thoroughly rinsing, or the goods will be rendered rotten. It would be advisable to rinse first in weak vinegar (one pint vinegar to a gallon of water), then in water. For colored fabrics, the use of good soap rubbed on the spots, with thorough rinsing, and exposure to the sunlight, is probably the safest means.

Salt Mackerel.

Soak over night a medium sized salt mackerel. Next morning drain and boil fifteen minutes, pour over it a little melted butter and the juice of half a lemon. Broiled salt mackerel always looks poorer than when boiled. The direct contact with the heat hardens its surface, making it somewhat indigestible. Should you insist on having it broiled pour over it a quart of hot water before removing it from the broiler. This softens them somewhat and swells them to their normal size. Many object to eating salt mackerel, claiming that they are indigestible and complaining of the long after taste. This unpleasantness is caused, says the *New York Sun*, by flooding the food with liquids while eating. Drink your coffee and other liquids before eating or even tasting the fish, and eat the fish and the rest of the breakfast perfectly dry. Above all, masticate properly, and you will have no further trouble.

Useful Hints.

A cotton flannel bag wrung out in cold water and tied over a broom is the thing with which to wipe floors where rugs, not carpets, are used.

To remove kerosene from a carpet, lay blotters or soft brown paper over the spot and press with a warm iron. Repeat with fresh papers till the spot is removed.

French toast is made of thin slices cut from a stale loaf and moistened in milk and eggs; two eggs to a pint of milk, and then fried on a griddle with a mixture of butter and lard, or butter and beef drippings. It is eaten with sugar or syrup, like griddle cakes.

A novel dish: Take a low glass dish, lay on it some leaves of lettuce, then cut slices not very thick (say, one-quarter of an inch) of the red and yellow tomato—two or three layers in all, more or less—then a little salt, pepper, and vinegar, or the juice of a lime or lemon, and lay some broken ice over all.

Meats and their accompaniments: With roast beef, grated horse radish; pork, apple sauce; roast veal, tomato sauce; roast mutton, current jelly; boiled mutton, caper sauce; boiled chicken, bread sauce; roast lamb, cranberry sauce; boiled turkey, oyster sauce; venison, black currant jelly; boiled bluefish, white cream sauce; broiled shad, boiled rice and salad; fresh salmon, green peas cream sauce; roast goose, apple sauce.

The true French polish is said to be one pint of spirits of wine, a quarter of an ounce of gum copal, the same of gum arabic, and one ounce of shellac. This polish is used for plain wood that has been stained in imitation of natural wood. The principle of action is filling the pores with gummy or resinous substance and bringing the polish up by rubbing. The simplest varnish is a solution of shellac dissolved in naphtha.

An Experimental Buccaneer.

Washington Irving, in his early youth, had a longing to go to sea and be a pirate. He determined to make the attempt, but wisely decided to prepare himself for it by preliminary experiences. He began by eating salt pork. That made him sick. He then slept for a night or so on hard boards. That made him sore. It was enough. He had no more desire to go away. Other boys who want to capture men-of-war, or who desire to go West and scalp Indians, would do well to imitate young Irving's example.—*Baltimore American*.

The world is a mirror, if you will show the world a pleasant face, it will reflect back a pleasant face.

Bats Are Not Birds.

There are few animals about which so many superstitions have been believed from very early times, as the bat, and even now the creatures are by many regarded with dread. When one of them flies into a room at night, all hands give chase, and the useful little insect hunter is too often killed. Our bats are quite harmless, and the stories of blood sucking, told of those in South America, are only partly true. Our bats, of which we have about half a dozen, are all small, being but a few inches in length, but there are those in the East Indies, the wings of which have a spread of four feet. These monsters are fruit eaters, and do not attack animals at all. The early naturalists classed the bats with the birds, but their ability to fly is the only thing they have in common with birds. They only differ from other animals in their having long fingers, over which a thin skin is stretched, reaching to the hind feet and tail; this forms the wing, and usually ends in a hook by which the animals can suspend themselves. The hinder feet are supplied with stout claws, by which they also hang when at rest. The eyes of the bat are so small and hidden by hair, that it was at one time supposed that they had no eyes, and "as blind as a bat" is a proverb still in use. However it may be as to their sight, their senses of smell and hearing are very acute. Some species of bats, like the Long-eared Bat of Europe, have enormous ears, and some species have curious leafy appendages to their nose, which are thought to aid the sense of smell.

Bats are nocturnal in their habits, flying at night with great rapidity, and whirling about with the ease of a bird, in their chase after night-flying insects, of which they consume great numbers. In the day time, they secrete themselves in old buildings, in caves, in hollow trees, and such places. In Texas there are a number of churches which, when that State belonged to Mexico, were built by the missionaries among the Indians. These are now deserted, and more or less in ruins. We visited one of these buildings that had been taken possession of by the bats, which hung to the timbers of the open-work roof, and wherever they could get a foot-hold, in myriads. Upon being disturbed, they would set up a tremendous chattering, and, although it was daytime, would fly about our heads in swarms. Some idea of our great numbers may be formed from the fact that their droppings covered the floor to a depth of three or four feet.—*American Agriculturist*.

The Fastest Vessel Afloat.

The trial for speed of what has proved to be the fastest torpedo boat afloat took place on the Thames yesterday. At 10:20 A. M. the new torpedo boat Rayo, built to the order of the Spanish government by Messrs. Thornycroft, of Chiswick, took on board a number of gentlemen connected with the Spanish legation and others. The Spanish Minister made a brief inspection of the boat, but did not accompany the party on the trial trip. The Rayo is of steel, contains twelve water-tight compartments, and is a twin-screw vessel. She is constructed to carry four torpedoes. Six runs were made over the measured mile, giving an average run of 20½ statute miles per hour. The fastest run—the fourth—was equal to a speed of 32½ statute miles. Subsequently a two-hour's run past the Nore and to sea took place, a speed of 24.63 knots being recorded.—*St. James's Gazette*.

A Remarkable Case.

A case of a somewhat remarkable character is at the present time in the London Temperance Hospital, under the care of Dr. R. J. Lee. A girl, age 15, had the last molar tooth in the lower jaw on the right side removed about six weeks ago. No anæsthetic was administered. She was in perfect health at the time. Half an hour after the operation she began to yawn, and has continued to do so since. One yawn succeeds another without interruption, and with an interval of two or three seconds. Galvanism had been tried without effect, and other remedies previous to admission into the hospital. Three days afterward the yawning changed to sneezing, and recently she has suffered from constant and rapidly succeeding fits of sneezing, each of which paroxysms appears to begin with a yawn. She seems to have no power of controlling herself, or only to a very slight extent, and if she attempts to do so, the next sneeze is more violent.—*London Lancet*.

"WILL HE COME."

The sun has lit the wood and set;
With heavy dews the grass is wet!
The firs stand out in silhouette,
Sharp, tall and stilly;
Sometimes a rabbit flits in sight,
A scampering whisk—a gleam of white;
Naught else. Her scarf she gathers tight—
The air is chilly.

The belfry-clock strikes slowly—eight.
"Ah, waning love makes trysters late;
Slack suitor he whose queen may wait!"
She stops and listens;
A dead leaf rustled—that was all!
Well, maiden pride will come at call;
She will not let the teardrop fall—
It stands and glistens.

She turns—but hark! the step she knows!
The branches part and, swinging, close;
What penance now on him impose
The tryst who misses!
She can't be hard, though sore she tries,
For love will melt through loving eyes,
And all the chiding words that rise
Are crushed with kisses.

—*Cassell's Magazine*.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

There may be nothing new in this world, but there's a heap that's fresh.—*Tid-Bits*.

Gamblers are said to frequent ocean steamers because gulls are very thick at sea.—*Life*.

Talk is cheap. The man who talks too much gets so liberal that he gives himself away.—*Baltimore American*.

There is about as much spring in the Waterbury watch as there is in two years in New England.—*Somerville Journal*.

The girl who hooks a fish will shriek
To see its frantic wriggles;
But when she hooks a man—queer freak!
She simply grins and giggles.

—*Charlestown Enterprise*.

The woman who marries an ill-tempered husband is right in thinking that she has struck a Lucifer match.—*Merchant Traveler*.

It is said that the Empress Josephine had thirty-eight bonnets in one month. No wonder the whole family failed in business.—*Ewington Free Press*.

Dr. Torsey, of Boston, marries a pair in eighty seconds. There are many young persons who would like to make a minute of this.—*Courier-Journal*.

THE NON-ADVERTISER.

The man who does not advertise
Displays as much good sense
As the man who dons his Sunday pants
To climb a barbed wire fence.

"Aim high," is the Savannah News's advice to young men. This is the same old chestnut the girl sprung on the fellow who kissed her on the chin.—*Nashville American*.

A New England man has just had a patent granted to him for "an electric switch." It is expected that all the boys of the country will rise up in vehement protest.—*Boston Post*.

The minstrel show's on deck again
And the end men are chaffing,
And the jokes that tickled old Adam and Eve
Again set the audience a laughing.

—*Boston Courier*.

The latest and most wonderful cure effected by a patent medicine recorded is the following: "A boy had swallowed a silver dollar. An hour afterward the boy threw up the dollar, all in small change, principally dime pieces."—*St. Louis Magazine*.

A young lady in Missouri has a collection of 17,653 spools. This hobby is far ahead of the crazy quilt mania, and more useful than decorating china with flowers unknown to botanic science. The young man who shall link his destiny with this girl will have a soft snap on kindling wood.—*Boston Globe*.

Occupation in Ceylon.

The wayside villages of the maritime districts of Ceylon are, as a rule, exceedingly neatly kept, and the trade carried on by their inhabitants is sufficiently profitable to enable them to lead lives of comparative comfort, as compared with many of the village cultivators of the interior, who frequently, during unfavorable seasons, find it extremely difficult to support life. Along the line of the seacoast fishing provides for the daily wants of very many of the people, while the families of others among them find occupation in the preparation of the fibres of the outer husk of the cocconut, for making into coarse yarn and rope, a use to which they are very generally applied. The distillation of arrack from the juice of the palm tree also affords employment to thousands of villagers along the seacoast, where the tree flourishes with but little cultivation.—*Art Journal*.