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THE COURIER

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"SWEET SIXTEEN."

HOW SHE BEHAVES IN THE BOARDING SCHOOL.

A "Friday Night" Boarder Tells All About It—Coughing Down a "Suspect"—Guying the Professor of Chemistry—Candy.

[New York Times.]

Ere many days upper New York, in the residence district, will abound in small platoons of well-dressed young women, marching in couples, a more or less lynx-eyed teacher bringing up the rear, all of which means a boarding school out for a constitutional. For it is chiefly the female sex that supports the paid schools in New York. Many families can be found that relegate the sons to the grammar school, but for the daughter the expensive private school is obtained. And just here a wide field for argument opens, into which, however, it is not intended to enter, but rather, excepting both, discover a little of the inner life of that sacred and difficult-of-access temple—a young ladies' boarding school.

Girl nature is the same under all guises, and no matter what restraint in behavior or department girls are subjected to, they will still manage to work off a little of their surplus animal spirits in sportive pranks. But these are not serious. The brother at school or college laughs at the sister's tale of thrilling escapades. Her diversions compared to his are

"As moonlight unto sunlight,
Or as water unto wine."

ALL ABOUT IT.

"I suspect you young ladies are very jolly at school among yourselves!" said a reporter insinuatingly to a "sweet 16" in pink, whom it is his good fortune to know.

"Oh, that we are," was her ready reply, "it would be too dreadful to plod all day without a bit of fun to enliven us," and the overburdened student sighed in a way that was vastly amusing.

"Tell me about it," went on the reporter with an encouraging smile; "the playful part of your school life I mean."

"To begin with," she said, seating herself comfortably on her left foot, "I am what is called a Friday night boarder; that is, I come home every Friday afternoon after study hours, returning Monday morning. This position has its advantages, as it places me on a privileged footing with both factions of the school, for you must know that a veritable 'town and gown' feeling exists between the boarding and day pupils.

"Each set seems to consider the other legitimate subjects for amusement. Sometimes a couple of us—I mean the boarders—slip into the wardrobe-room of the day scholars and create utter and complete chaos among the garments there. Hats and cloaks are mismated, wraps turned inside out, or, if left apparently untouched, the wrists are pinned stoutly together. It is a wise girl who knows her own things even when she sees them, and when the confusion is at its height the perpetrators suddenly appear among the victims proffering assistance, which they continue to render as awkwardly as possible, all the time fanning the indignation expressed on every side by frequent denouncings of the trick."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the reporter. "How very outrageous! But retaliation comes, I suppose?"

COUGHING DOWN.

"Not always," replied his fair informer. "The 'dailies'—we call the outside girls 'dailies'—can't always trace the scheme to its source. They sometimes attempt to cough down one or two suspects at random, but they seldom strike the right ones."

"'Cough down' and 'suspects,' what mystifying language," interrupted the reporter.

"Oh, if a girl is suspected of being concerned in some such prank, she is subject to a very embarrassing experience. In some class where she is particularly proficient and con equently likes to recite, one generally conducted by a non-resident teacher, the moment she stands to recite a neighbor will be seized with a violent fit of coughing, for it has to be judicially graded, you know, to encourage the scholar to frequent attempts at recital, only to have her voice drowned every time by an apparently uncontrollable paroxysm.

"Some more good fun is to guy these same visiting professors, who are usually specialists, and spend the day going from one school to another, a recitation or two at each. They don't know the names of the girls half the time, and the life we lead them is too dreadful.

GUYING THE PROFESSOR.

"Professor L., our professor of chemistry," continued the fair informer, "is a delicious subject. He is a funny little fat bald man with a fringe of black hair just above his collar. He is an enthusiast in his profession, but he knows as little about girls as we do about chemicals, and I suppose his hours with us are a sort of day nightmare. It sometimes happens that the class assembles not very well prepared in its lessons; the two or three who know it all will take head places, and the opening questions will be glibly answered. About the fourth girl discovers in her question a statement which she does not understand, a girl from the other side also announces complete mystification in regard to the same subject; the head girl intended herself to ask the professor about it, in fact, the entire class, bristling with ignorance and interest appeal to the teacher to elucidate the matter. The professor is delighted. Putting aside his text book he descants at length upon the rules and principles involved. If the girls see that the matter is becoming exhausted, a further question or two leads him on, and the bell taps the close of the hour with the day's lesson unrecited. The professor is surprised, somewhat discomforted perhaps, but assigns the same lesson again and one of the girls will remove any conscience pricks he may have by stopping an instant on her way out to say demurely:

"'I am so glad, professor, to understand about this—you have made it all so clear.'"

"What Machiavelian plots!" gasped the reporter.

"But," he went on, after he had regained his composure somewhat, "what do you do for candy during the laborious toil of the day?"

"Oh, candy, of course, is forbidden in school and the boarders are rarely granted permission to buy it, but it is had just the same. You see we all have 'satellites,' that is, some pet among the little girls in the intermediate who is only too delighted to execute our candy commissions outside. The risk is slight, and if the young one is caught the upper class girl comes to her rescue—we have to have candy," she finished determinadly, and the reporter cordially assented to the justice of the proposition.

Causes of Blindness.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

The author of a prize essay on blindness and its prevention, states that short-sightedness, which is increasing so alarmingly among reading people, is the cause of 10 per cent. of all cases of blindness of one eye, and that the immoderate use of tobacco gives rise to partial blindness.

McNamara, the grave-digger at Staunton, Va., is 69 years old, and has buried 9,000 persons.

A SUCCESSFUL FRENCH NEWSPAPER.

The Petit Journal with Its Phenomenal Circulation of 900,000.

[Fortnightly Review.]

The greatest French newspaper is The Petit Journal, the circulation of which, at the present moment, exceeds 900,000, and before the end of the year, thanks to the excitement of election times, it will certainly reach the unparalled circulation of 1,000,000 copies a day. According to the latest statistics there are in France about 6,000,000 persons who read newspapers, and admitting that each copy of The Petit Journal is read by three or four persons, which is a low average, one may say that The Petit Journal is read by half the reading population of France. The Saturday literary supplement of The Petit Journal, although it has only just completed the first year of its existence, has already attained a circulation of 200,000 copies, and is able to promise its readers original contributions by Zola, Halevy, Sardou, Dumas, Ciaretie, Daudet, etc.

The results obtained by The Petit Journal are certainly marvelous, and its chief editor, M. Henri Escoffier (Thomas Grimm), has displayed remarkable tact and moderation in working the paper up to its present position. Owing to the immense number and variety of its readers, its articles must be absolutely moderate, unmilitant, and unobtrusive in the expression of opinion. A single word too strong, too decided, too positively expressive, in one direction is enough to cause an immediate decrease of 30,000 or 40,000 in the circulation. Even in the statement of mere news, of a street accident, for instance, the slightest departure from strict moderation is immediately felt in the sales.

The choice of the feuilletons is equally delicate. Boisgoby, Jules de Gastyne, Jules Mary, Montepin, Bonvier and Emile Richebourg are the favorites, and the publication of a sentimental romance of the latter gentleman in The Petit Journal suffices to attract 100,000 new readers, while a feuilleton by some other writer will cause a corresponding diminution. The militant influence of The Petit Journal may be very great. At the time, for instance, of Marshal MacMahon's attempted coup d'etat, in 1877, the steady, calm and imperturbably moderate campaign of this little paper in favor of the republic was decisive in securing France from the grip of the reactionaries.

At this moment, now that politics is dull, The Petit Journal owes the continuous increase of its circulation mainly to its excellent and useful articles on practical matters, savings banks, and everything that concerns the economy and interests of those who work. We must not forget, also, the great attraction, the Two Romans feuilleton. Since this method of publication was discovered by the founders of Le Siecle, about 1840, no newspaper in France has been able to exists without a feuilleton novel. The last attempt to dispense with it was made by the Franco-American Matin, but a few weeks sufficed to convince its proprietors that it was useless to struggle against a tradition which was backed up by all the women of France.

Slaves to Vehicles.

[Chicago News.]

Easy carriages are a luxury and street cars are a great convenience, but the growing use of them is driving the people of our great cities out of the habit of walking, and consequently into conditions of physical weakness. Almost everybody in the cities rides. The wealthy merchant comes to his office in his easy carriage, his best paid clerks roll up in cabs, and the "common herd" of his employes comes in street cars. All ride, and all are forgetting, if they ever knew, how to walk.

Go through the day with the ordinary desk-clerk, the representative of thousands of lives in every city, and see how little he walks. In the morning he manages to walk from his bed to the breakfast table, and from the table to the street car track. Sometimes, if he is feeling very strong, he even carries a cane or an umbrella from the front hall to the street. Seated in the street car, he rides to his office door and once more walks a couple of rods. If he has to go to an upper floor he sits in the elevator. Then until lunch time he sits stooped over his desk. Then, if all conditions are favorable, he sometimes walks—for he has not yet utterly forgotten how to walk to a restaurant in the next block and back to his desk, where he sits until a street car takes him home. If he goes out in the evening it is in a carriage with his young lady or in the street car with his family. He never walks when he can ride.

Substitute for Carbolic Acid.

[Boston Transcript.]

The extraordinary power of napthol as an antiseptic and disinfecting agent has been known for a long time, but its disagreeable smell and the difficulty of preparing it in a purified state, with the occasional toxic action of the crude napthol, have been a bar to its use as a remedial and antiseptic agent. Justus Wolff, a chemist interested in coal tar products, has recently succeeded in producing it in a pure and odorless state in well defined crystals, and claims its antiseptical action is much greater than that of carbolic acid. Recent research has demonstrated that the toxic effects of crude napthol were due to the impurities it contained.

Dr. Shoemaker of Philadelphia, in a paper read before the Philadelphia County Medical association on the Medical Use and Value of Napthol, conclusively proved the non-poisonous character of the purified or odorless napthol by taking large doses internally. It has no corrosive action on the skin, and will not injure textile fabrics. As a remedial agent it acts with greater efficiency, and has many advantages over carbolic acid; the fact of its being absolutely odorless will make it a desirable substitute. It is expected that it will shortly be produced on a manufacturing scale as a substitute for carbolic acid.

Electricity and Gas.

[New York Times.]

In the course of a recent paper on distributing light and heat and supplying heated air to ordinary gas burners, Mr. Frederick Siemens, brother of the late Sir W. Siemens, expressed his opinion that the influence of electric lighting upon gas lighting had been very great. People had been accustomed at exhibitions and elsewhere to brilliant illuminations from single sources of light, and had called upon gas engineers to produce similar effects. The requirements of practical illumination had increased by degrees to such an extent that it was impossible to foresee at present where and how this general tendency would end.

Animals' Sense of Color.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

The extent to which animals appreciate color is an interesting but unsolved problem. It is being investigated by J. Graber, who has experimented upon five mammals, seven birds, two reptiles, three amphibians, two fishes, three mollusca, twenty-seven insects, two spiders and two worms. He has found that the sense of color, as well as the power of perceiving light, is much more widely distributed among animals than has been supposed, although the variations in the sense of color and brightness in animals are great.

AS A SCIENCE.

GAMBLING VIEWED FROM A STRICTLY PROFESSIONAL STANDPOINT.

Founded Upon the Foibles of Mankind It Is an Evolution of Certain Phases of Human Nature—How Different Men Play.

[New York Times.]

"Gambling is a scientific profession founded upon the foibles of mankind," astutely remarked "one of them" to a reporter the other day as the two were seated in the main room of a watering place gambling resort, and as the reporter glanced down the vista of Turkish carpets and frescoed ceilings, of rich draperies and costly furnishings, and saw the obsequious servants laden with their viands and expensive wines gliding to and fro at the beck of the players, the thought obtruded that if all this elegance and luxury were the superstructure the foibles of mankind made rather a satisfactory bedrock.

"Yes," went on the card diplomat, "it is a truism to state that the successful gambler must be a close student of human nature. Of course he must, for his whole business is an evolution, simple and direct, of certain phases or human nature. Why, the other day, while running down to New York on the 'special' from here, I heard two or three rich old Jews talking about this very place. One of them was complaining that he had left $2,000 to enrich the house.

"'Oh!' said another, spreading out his pudgy hands, 'I left more than that, much more,' with a chuckle. 'But what do you expect, man? We must have our pleasure.'

THE PLEASURE OF PLAY.

"And that is just the keynote of the whole thing. There is a large class of men who find their pleasure at the gaming table alone, and it is this class which supports it. No other form of dissipation so panders to certain natures as a game of chance, and these make and maintain the bank.

"There goes a man now," he continued, "passing into the restaurant, who is a fair type of the bone and sinew of these places. He does not come often, but with fair regularity. He was in ten days ago and made a night of it. I took a cocktail with him just before he went to breakfast. He had lost but $60, but had sacrificed his sleep, and would waste the coming day in making it up, yet he confessed with entire honesty to having had a fine night's sport. He often leaves $500 behind him, rarely wins, but he can afford it, or thinks he can, and counts it only as paying for 'pleasure.'

"Of course others than these find their way into this and similar places, but they are comparatively few. Men come to retrive fortunes lost in natural channels, to drown grief or disappointment, etc., but not in the numbers that come to indulge in the to them pleasurable rack of suspension, the pain of loss and the always to be hoped for flush of victory."

"I suppose, then," observed the reporter, quietly, "that when a man shoots himself through the head in a gambling den the pleasureable pain of loss has probably been a little severe?"

"It is possible," was the reply, ignoring the sarcasm. "Nothing annoys a proprietor more than tragedy. He will take any measure to keep such emotional, high-strung temperaments from his rooms. If all the sentimental and sensational story book frequenters of these places were eliminated the bank would scarcely notice their absence. They are not the bone and sinew of the gambling harvest. It is the great majority of average commonplace men that yields the profits."

"Undoubtedly," assented the reporter, reflecting that the average commonplace man helps done most of the stupendous movements of the world's machinery. Then, not eager to discuss the moral ethics of gambling, a more practical question was put.

"Can you tell me what is the real percentage of risk the bank possesses against the player?"

IN THE BANK'S FAVOR.

"Well," was the replp, "the apparent percentage is small and varies in the several games—roulette, faro, and others carrying different rates—but the real percentage is enormously in the bank's favor. It lies in this same principle of human nature that I have just commented upon. The average player if he wins several consecutive bets becomes cautious, anticipates a change in luck, and ventures his money accordingly. The result is if his good fortune continues his winnings are small and unimportant. On the other hand, let him lose continuously and he becomes exolted. He loses his head, and, pursuing the same line of argument that it is a long lane that has no turning, he increases his stakes. This policy, with continued misfortune, ends in large losses. Thus, when the bank is loser it is for small sums, but when winning the gains are large.

"What the bank is afraid of are the conservative, persistent players, but there are not many of them. There is a class of men at the European gambling places, and a very small class, who have reduced the thing to a fine point. These men risk every evening a single bet, always the same amount. If the bet wins they continue to play, but only so long as their profits will permit. If, however, the first venture fails they quit the table until the following evening. In this way their loss is limited to the original bet, while if fortune favors them they may win a large amount. This policy is pursued daily, and a single night's winnings will often furnish capital enough for a long period of bad luck. Those men do not enjoy gambling, but it supports them, and I have no doubt that they accumulate valuable statistics in the ratio and proportion of games of chance. They are detested by the officials of the place, but their right to play as they please can not be questioned."

"But if this be a fact," said the reporter, "why is not the practice more universal?"

"Because," was the emphatic response, "not one man in a thousand possesses the requisite characteristics to so control himself under the spur of such excitement as the gaming table can offer."

"Do professional gamblers, as a rule, always have money?"

"The average professional gambler," was the reply, "is dead broke nine months out of the twelve."

The American Rage for Relics.

[Exchange.]

Referring to the rage among Americans for the collection of relics a London paper sarcastically says: "It is the American who rubs off bits of the Parthenon, who suggests the lynx eyes of the Swiss guards at the Vatican, who used to make Temple Bar even more hideous than it was, and who barks every British tree to which any historical character has been suspended. Americans supply a steady market for locks of hair and old boots, and they were the chief bidders for the clippings of Thorwaldsen's beard, which were sold in Copenhagen.

Alaska's Newspaper.

Sitka, Alaska is to have a newspaper. It will be called The Alaskan, and be devoted to the development of the material resources of the territory.

TREATMENT OF LONDON SEWAGE.

What It Is Estimated To Be Worth—Plans for Its Disposal.

[Bradstreet's.]

It has been computed that the annual value of London sewage amounts to 8 shillings and 9 pence per individual, and, estimating the population at 4,000,000 persons, the total value would be more than $8,000,000 per annum. It would thus appear, on the face of it, that in some way or other this sum should be saved for the city. There are two ways of deriving profit from sewage: One is by the application of sewage to land, as, for instance, is done in Pullman, Ills., or from treatment by chemical processes. Precedents for the first plan exist in Great Britain, the more notable ones being in Edinburgh and Doncaster; but from neither of these could the commissioners derive sufficient encouragement to infer that the pumping and other expenses would not cancel all of the possible profit. The second plan is regarded as yet more unfavorably, for the "available material value of the sewage is at present too small to admit of obtaining from it any product which can be sold at anything like the cost of its production."

With reference to the plans for the treatment of the metropolitan sewage, four possible schemes are presented and analyzed. These are broad irrigation, filtration through land, processes of deposition or precipitation, and precipitation supplemented by application to land. The testimony seems to be quite decisive and uniform that for every 100 persons one acre would be needed in broad irrigation, and that the sewage should be strained or purified before permitted to finally pass upon the surface of the land. When it is remembered that 40,000 acres are equal to about sixty-two square miles, the impracticability of this scheme is apparent, for no such farming area can be found in the neighborhood of London.

The method which meets with the greatest favor from the commission is the last one mentioned. The chief advantage is that the sewage is thereby much more thoroughly deprived of its noxious qualities. The process is found in actual use in Birmingham, and is described as follows: "The sewage is treated with lime and allowed to deposit in a series of large tanks; the clarified liquid is then passed through porous land, after which it runs into the river, being found perfectly innocuous. The sludge deposit, which amounts to 580 tons a day, is allowed to run in its semi-fluid state upon a portion of the land laid out to receive it, after which it is dug into the ground, which is covered with soil, planted, cropped and used for filtration. One acre per week is allotted for this purpose, and the land so used remains for three years before a sludge is put upon it again. Thus the quantity of land required for the disposal of the sludge would be 156 acres."

Such a system meets the chief difficulties. It does not require the large area demanded for broad irrigation, and it clarifies the filth which is now polluting the Thames even up to the bridge. The history of London sewerage experiment conclusively shows that a city has not solved the problem when it has even devised a method for drawing off its drainage. The termini must be considered as well as the lines of transportation.

An Anecdote of Beau Brummell.

[The Caterer.]

"Your dinner, sir! Why here is your bill for that, which you see, with the wines, amounts to three pounds ten, and this you have handed me is only a shilling!"

"Yes, I see it's only a shilling," said Beau, looking curiously at the coin which the landlord held up to him between his thumb and finger, "but I can't help that. You told me I could have a dinner for my money, and I assure you, on the honor of a gentleman, that little coin is all the money I possess. By some unaccountable accident it happens to be only a shilling; I wish, for your sake, it was something else."

A puzzled, angry look came over the face of the landlord for a moment and then gave place to a broad grin.

"Well! I suppose this might be called a joke, eh! One of the very good, if not very funny sort. Your name is—"

"Brummell, sir; Beau Brummell, at your service."

"I thought so. Well, Mr. Brummell, I assure you that, while appreciating the joke, I am not so selfish as to want to monopolize the whole benefit of it. I'll tell what I'll do," and, with a chuckle, he took Beau's arm, led him to the door and pointed across the way to the house of his rival.

"Do you see that place on the corner there?"

"Quite plainly," said Beau.

"Well, I will give you a receipt in full for the dinner you have had and say no more about it, provided you will go to-morrow and lay the proprietor of that house the same trick."

Beau paused a moment, as if in thought, then, drawing out his card-case and handing one to the host, said:

"You're a good fellow, and I should like to oblige you. There is my card. If you will furnish me with a list of proper establishments I will attend to them in their proper order; but with this fellow across the way I might have some difficulty. You see I was there yesterday and he sent me here!"

Insanity in California.

[Exchange.]

The San Francisco Bulletin accounts for the prevalence of insanity in California by several facts which were entirely adequate to the effects produced. The state was settled with a rush by men of all nationalities were thrown together under unprecedented conditions; transplantation was carried out under circumstances most unfavorable to the continuation of settled habits of thought and action; many men, deprived suddenly of accustomed props and landmarks, lost their balance and their bearings; their previous training was unequal to the strain; the fierce struggle for sudden wealth urged them beyond their physical and mental power; moral restraints were largely removed; many dropped into fortunes disproportioned to all their previous ideas and habits; disappointment overwhelmed others; intense life in the pursuit of intensits and ever-changing objects was the order of the day.

Has It Come to This?

[Texas Siftings.]

Johnny Fizzletop, who is attending the Texas university, did not return home until about 5 o'clock last Monday afternoon.

"Johnny, why did you come to be kept in?" asked his father. "I gave you a written excuse."

"I know you did, pa, but I did not present it to the teacher," replied Johnny.

"Why did you not do so?"

"I regret to hurt your feelings, pa, but the truth is that your style of composition is not au fait, and I felt a delicacy in exposing the ignorance of the head of the family."

Dangerous Pets.

[Youth's Companion]

Not one sane man or woman in 10,000 would make a pet of a lion or a rattlesnake. Yet many young men and women secretly nourish, not in their houses but in their homes, some vicious habit, or temper, or thought, which one day, when full-grown, may overcome them, and rend their souls beyond hope of help.

A DETECTIVE'S MAP.

HOW A POSTOFFICE INSPECTOR STICKS PINS THROUGH THIEVES.

Catching Railway Postal Clerks Who Steal Letters Containing Money—Locating the Mischief—Detection Made Certain—Caught at Last.

[Washington Cor. New York Sun.]

Chief Inspector Sharpe, the head of the detective service in the postoffice department, resigned his office several weeks ago to engage in private business. His resignation was accepted, to take effect Sept. 1. His record is that of a capable officer. He is an east Tennessee man, tall and spare in stature, and in appearance and manner the typical detective. During the war he was a Union man, and did good service. As a department officer he has been a terror to rascals, and has hunted many of them out of the service, even when sheltered by strong political influence.

One of the most important duties of the chief inspector is to detect railway postal clerks who steal letters containing money. To accomplish this Col. Sharpe follows a simple but ingenious system, which he explained the other day to the writer.

"To catch these thieves," he said, "I had constructed a large railroad map of the United States, which hangs in my office. Now, supposing a man mails a letter in Boston for Kansas City containing $50—a very bad practice, but people will do it. The letter never reaches its destination, and pretty soon we get a complaining letter stating the circumstances.

"Now, if the supposed case were an isolated one, we probably could do nothing. The letter, in going from Boston to Kansas City, would pass through thirty or forty hands, and it would be useless to try and fix the blame. But the Boston man's case is not isolated. Every day we get from one to fifty similar complaints from all over the country, and this fact, as you will see, enables us to locate the mischief.

"First we ascertain exactly when and where the missing letter was mailed and its address. Then we are ready for the map I spoke of. I take the Boston man's letter and a bunch of similar complaints, and then I begin to stick pins into my map. I know just the route which a letter would take to go from Boston to Kansas City, and I stick pins along to sketch out this course. Then I take the next complaint. Perhaps this is from a man who lost money transmitting it from Mobile to Chicago. Very well. I trace out the line such a letter would take. The third, perhaps, was sent from New York to San Francisco, the fourth from New Orleans to Buffalo, the fifth from Saginaw City to Philadephia, and so on. Now, before very long the map begins to look quite interesting. The pins are strewn all over the country, but we notice one track—say, for instance, between Chicago and Cleveland—where all the lines unite. That's where the thief is.

"Knowing now where the stealing is going on, we advise our most trusted man in that division—we have to trust somebody, you know—that there is trouble in this section and tell him to keep a sharp look out. We inquire into the habits and associations of the clerks, and we are, perhaps, able to spot the man at once. At other times it is more difficult. But we always fetch him. Detection is certain."

"But don't the clerks know of this system?"

"Perfectly well," replied Col. Sharpe.

"Then why do they steal?" was asked.

"Ah, there, you ask me too hard a question," said the inspector. "I'm sure I can't tell. I only know they do, and the history of almost all cases is the same. A postal clerk will be tempted and will steal a letter that he feels has money in it. For the next few days he is scared to death. He thinks everybody reads his guilt in his face, and he is certain he will be caught and put in prison. He resolves never to steal another letter, and possibly he does not. But generally in about a month or two months his fear and remorse have worn off. Evidently he has not been caught and is not suspected. A good chance comes and he steals another letter. This time he does not wait a month before he tries it again. And before long he is stealing all the letters he gets hold of which contain money. About that time I am sticking pins into my map. It is sure death. Sometimes we get more than one, as fishers will now and then land two or three fish at once when the biting is very lively. We caught three in two weeks once in different parts of the country when we supposed we were after only one."

"But why do men keep on stealing when they see others caught, and understand that the machinery of detection is so perfect?" again asked the reporter.

"As I said before," replied the inspector, "that I can't answer, except in this way. Every rogue thinks himself a little smarter than anybody else. He sees that others are caught, but he thinks that he is too cunning and can cover his tracks."

Something About Gypsies.

[Chicago Tribune.]

A late writer on gypsies informs us that "Monge—who organized the Ecole Polytechnique, gave a new direction to public instruction in France, suggested the scientific expedition to Egypt in 1798, led it, and brought it, in spite of the ultimate defeat of the French army on the Nile, to a successful issue—was the son of gypsies, born in a wagon at a fair, and brought up, until he was of an age to go to school, in company with a dancing bear and other accomplished animals. Monge translated descriptive geometry. His early life was worked up by Victor Hugo in 'L'Homme qui Rit.' He also says that Miss Neilson, the actress, derived her beauty from a gypsy mother. Sir Walter Scott had a good basis of reality in his pictures of gypsy life in 'Guy Mannering.' Gypsies are not held in suspicion or dislike in France. Now and then they pilfer, but they are seldom accused of murder or great robberies. On the whole, they are industrious and thrifty, although they reside in vans and lead wandering lives."

Strongest Horse in the World.

[Chicago Times.]

The Scientific American contains a woodcut of a horse said to be the strongest in the world. It is of a Belgian breed, is about six feet high, and weighs 1,800 pounds. It is a clumsy-looking animal, with a small head, strongly suggesting that of a camel, set upon an extremely thick neck, a round compact body, heavy shoulders and haunches, and thick legs, but not remarkably large hoofs, the latter being fairly high and of good shape.

Wedding Anniversaries.

The principal wedding anniversaries are: First year, paper; fifth year, wooden; tenth year, tin, fifteenth year, crystal; twentieth year, china; twenty-fifth year, silver; fiftieth year, golden; seventy-fifth year, diamond.

Going Beneath the Crust.

In Paris the people are asked to give their sous in aid of a project to bore a big hole far down into the earth to see what is going on inside this mysterious planet upon the unscratched crust of which we live.

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