ABBEVILLE PRESS AND BANNER.

BY HUGH WILSON AND H. T. WARDLAW. ABBEVILLE, S. C., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1882. NO. 36. VOLUME XXVI.

Hidden Treasures.

There are gems as bright, as precious,
Lying hid beneath the ground,
As those worn by lord or lady,
Gems as fair as ever found.

There are virtues just as noble
Hidden 'neath a load of care
As those blazoned on the banner
Which the conquering heroes bear.

There are hearts that beat as grandly,
Thoughts that never have a pen,
Treasures locked in sacred caskets
Never praised by tongues of men.

Rarest gems are ne'er discovered:
Shallow, hidden in the earth,
In the deepest caves of ocean
Lies the pearl of richest worth.

Search among thy fellow-workers,
Probe beneath the wound of toil,
Surely thou shall find a diamond
Hidden deep within the soil.

Hearts are bound in ribs of marble,
Gems are bound in ribs of rock.
Happy he who bursts the portal,
Happy he who the gates unlock.

—*By Emma V. Shattuck.*

SACRAMENTO.

It was an odd name for a girl—Sacramento.

So the girl herself thought as she stooped down beside a spring at the foot of a cottonwood tree and lazily dropped her pail into the water.

"It ought to have been given to a boy, if it was a fit name to give to anybody," she said, quite aloud. "But I'm more boy than girl anyway."

This last was added rather bitterly, as she looked at her brown, rough hands and her bare ankles, and thought of the "boys' work" she had to do.

And it was hard to believe that this was the best kind of a life for a young girl like Sacramento. Here she lived alone, for her father was down at the month of the canon all day. The garden work she was obliged to do, and the care of the cattle fell upon her. It was not often that she saw any person but her father, although now and then, in spite of herself, she came in contact with the rude men of the mining camp up above.

Yet Sacramento had her dream, one that she "scarcely dared to own;" but it came to her often as she went about her work.

She knew that down at Santa Barbara and in the towns along the coast, and far, far away across wide stretches of the continent to the great East, there were girls who lived lives very different from her life; and she dreamed of such a life for herself.

"Oh, if I could only go away from here!" she cried out, almost as one cries for help. "If I could only go down to San Francisco and go to school there for a single year! Ah, if I only had five hundred dollars!"

Suddenly there was a step—not of a man, but a horse—on the bank behind her, and then some one spoke. She knew the voice without looking up. It was Pete Larrabee, a fellow who lived down on Hahnemann's plantation, two miles along the trail. He sometimes rode by. He had not heard her last words at all; yet strangely enough his own were a repetition of them.

"Five hundred dollars, Sac," said he. "Five hundred dollars in gold! D'ye want ter earn it! There's yer chance," and he threw down to her a bit of paper crumpled into a ball.

She picked it up and slowly unfolding it ran her eyes over its contents.

$500 Reward.

The above amount will be paid for information leading to the arrest, dead or alive, of Walter Somers, who has worked for some time past on Maxwell's ranch. Said Somers is about eighteen years old and five and a half feet high, rather good-looking, with light, curly hair, blue eyes and a light mustache. When last seen he had on a black slouch hat, gray business suit with blue flannel shirt, and boots with red tops marked with maker's name.

The name of the county sheriff was signed at the bottom of the bill. Sacramento, having glanced it through, looked up.

"He's been stealin' horses," exclaimed Pete "Got off last night with four of Max'll's best somewheres. Thet reward won't do much good, though, Ther Regulators'll lasso him an' string him up long 'fore ther law'll git started. They're hevin' a meetin' now up at the Gulch. I tell ye, they are mad. They'll make quick work of they ketch 'em. Yer father's there. Ye needn't look fur him afore night much."

Then, after a word or two more, the man rode on; and presently Sacramento took up her pail and with the sheriff's bill still in her hand went slowly up the bank and across the trail toward the house, thinking very seriously about the five hundred dollars all the while.

It was some hours after this, and the afternoon sun was going down behind the tops of the mountains, that Sacramento, having finished her housework, was preparing to sit down on the porch to do her sewing when she was met in the doorway by a young man she had never seen before.

And yet he was no stranger. The girl knew him instantly, although the slouch hat was pulled down over the flaxen hair and blue eyes, and the gray pants, torn and muddy, had been drawn out of the boot legs so as to no longer allow the red tops of the boots with the maker's name to be seen. It was the horsethief.

She did not, however, express any surprise as she saw him. She was accustomed to the sight of rough, evil men; and at the first glance she had felt that this one could not be either very wicked or very dangerous. He was not much more than a lad, and had an air of gentleness and good-breeding bout him that six months of Western life and the miserable plight he was in at the moment had by no means destroyed. He seemed to be short for breath, too, and was trembling as if he had been running.

Instinctively he raised his hand toward his hat and then, bethinking himself, dropped it again.

"Could you give me something to eat and drink?" he asked, in a hesitating voice. "Anything will do. I am very hungry. I—I have had nothing to eat since last night.'

"Come in," said Sacramento, gravely. In her voice was neither kindness or unkindness. She was trying to realize the situation she was in. "Come in and sit down."

Then she went into the closet near by and began taking down from the shelves milk and bread and meat, as she slowly did so turning over the matter in her mind. Here was this man who had been stealing horses and for whose capture five hundred dollars was offered, in her kitchen. Five hundred dollars! Exactly the sum she had been wishing for—the sum that would take her down to San Francisco to school and help her make a lady of herself. And this sum might be hers if she could in some way secure this stranger or somehow keep him in the house until help arrived. Help? Why, she hardly needed help. He was weak and exhausted, and in the drawer of the kitchen table there was a loaded revolver which she knew well how to use.

She came out presently and set the things before him, bringing also a teapot from the stove and pouring for him a cup of tea. Then she went and sat down by the window and watched him furtively as he ate.

In spite of his caution he had taken off his hat while he was eating. She could better see what he was like. It was an almost boyish face, worn, but not wicked, with the curling hair lying in damp clusters upon his pale brow. In the hands, small and well-shaped, and in all his motions and manner she felt that she could read something of his story. She had heard before this how young lads in the East filled with romantic notions about Western life and adventure sometimes left their luxuriant homes and found their way out to the ranches of the Pacific slope. Perhaps he was one of these.

As she looked at him, fancying all this, and realizing the terrible strait he was in, and the probable dark fate that was before him, her heart yearned with true womanly sympathy; and her feeling found expression before she was able to restrain herself.

"Oh, how could you do it? How could you do it?" she suddenly exclaimed, her voice quite full of what she felt.

He looked up at her in wonder; but as his eyes met hers he understood her.

"I did not do it. Upon my honor, I did not!" he said. "It was that man Dennis."

Sacramento breathed a great sigh of relief. Horse stealing was held in that section to be a crime worse than murder; and she was by no means free from the popular estimate of its grave nature.

"Oh, I am glad of that!" said she. "But—" She hesitated, and then went on doubtfully. "But then how was it? Why did they say it was you? And why did you run away?"

"It was Dennis' doings, their laying it to me. He did that to clear himself. And after that, you know as well as I do, there would have been no use in trying to prove myself innocent. They always hang a horsethief first and then consider his guilt afterward. I had to run to save my life."

"Do you know that there is a reward offered for your capture?"

"I know the Regulators are after me," answered the young fellow, sullenly. "They came pretty near catching me, too, this noon. I just escaped them and came down the canon by the mountain trail. I have had a hard run for it, and what with no sleep or food for twenty-four hours I am about used up. I felt as though I could not go another step when I saw your house. You—you have been very good to me. I shall never forget"—

"But what are you going to do now?" interrupted Sacramento. "You are not safe here."

"I know it. But I threw them off the track at noon, and I do not think they are within five miles of me. Now I have had something to eat I will take to the woods again. I hope I may get away. If I don't"—his voice trembled and tears came into his eyes. "If I don't, I shall get a hanging, I suppose. Oh, what a fool I was not to prefer home to this sort of thing. And yet, I wouldn't care so much either, if it wasn't for my father and mother." And there the poor fellow fairly broke down.

"Hark!" Sacramento exclaimed. She had been crying, too; she could not help it.

They both listened. In a moment they heard plainly the sound of horses coming down the trail. The girl turned with instant self-possession.

"Go in there! Quick! Quick! There is not a moment to lose! Here, take your hat!"

And handing his hat to him she half-pushed him across the room and into her own little room that led off from it. Then she hurriedly cleared the table again, barely finishing the task as the horsemen halted at the door.

There were three of them. One was her father. Sacramento knew the other two men by sight. They were rough, but of the better sort of those who made up the dwellers in Kelly Gulch. The faces of all three were stern and forbidding, and they evidently had been riding hard. They dismounted together.

"Sac," began her father as he entered the door, "hev ye seen anything of a young chap, afoot or a-horseback, coming this way?"

Sacramento had expected the question and was ready for it. And she meant, if it were possible, to answer it without a lie.

"A young chap 'about eighteen years of age and five feet and a half high, rather good-looking, and with red-top boots on?" replied she.

"Yes! yes! That's him!" cried one of the other men, eagerly. "Have you seen him? Has he been here?"

"I was only quoting from this handbill," said Sacramento, taking the paper from the shelf where she had laid it.

"Then you hain't seen him at all?" asked her father.

"I have been right here all day, and nobody has gone by except Pete Larrabee. It was he who gave me the bill. Are you sure he came this way, the—the—horse-thief?"

"No; but we didn't know but he mighter. The chances is thet he sloped off to the mountains, meanin' ter go through Stove-pipe Pass. They'll git him, though, afore sundown."

"It's sundown now," observed Sacramento.

"Then they've got him now," was the sententious response. "And we should be too late for the hangin' ef we sh'd go back. Leastways"—this was added to his companions—"you'd better come in and have a bite afore ye go."

So presently the three men sat down to the supper that the young girl quickly prepared for them. And while they were eating she herself, at her father's bidding, went out to take the saddle off Bueno, his horse, and give him his feed. As she approached the door once more a few minutes later she heard words which caused her to stop and listen.

"I don't like ter say anything against thet kid o' yourn, neighbor," one of the men was saying, "but it hes kinder seemed ter me all ther while 's though she sorter hed some 'at on her mind like. Ye don't 'spose she knows anything 'bout thet young feller, arter all?"

Sacramento's father laughed at this as though it was too absurd to be considered.

The other, however, was not to be laughed out of his suspicions.

"Fur we all know," persisted he, "she may hev him hid here somewhere on the premmysis."

"It's easy enough to see," returned the proprietor of the said "premmysis," testily. "Where d'ye think she's hid him? In her bedroom?"

As he said this Sacramento, who was now near enough to see into the kitchen, saw her father rise from his chair and step to the door of the room where she had concealed the fugitive. Her heart almost stopped beating as she saw him push open the door and enter the room, followed by his companions.

"We'll make a clus search of it while we're about it," she heard him say within.

And then she stood there in terrible suspense upon the porch, expecting every instant to hear the shout that would follow the discovery of the fugitive.

But no such shout was heard; and instead of it, a moment after, the two men came out again, her father still laughing at his friend.

What could it mean? Had the young man been able to conceal himself in the room and so evade their search? That was not possible. Then she thought of the window. Could he have escaped from the room by that? The window was so small she could scarcely believe that he could have crept through it. And yet he must have done so.

She went hurriedly to the back of the house and then down beyond the horse sheds. No one could be seen. She halted a moment under a live-oak tree just at the edge of the garden. The evening was very calm and still, and the twilight shadows were deepening fast. Was it the rustling of the wind in the boughs overhead that caught her ear? She listened.

"Hist! I am here—in the tree."

The words came in a distinct whisper from directly above her.

She stood and thought a single moment before replying. Then she said, "You must get away from here at once," in an eager whisper. "One of the men suspects something, and they may at any moment make a search of the place. I am going into the house a minute. Get down at once and go through the garden and across the trail to a spring that you will find there. It's at the foot of a big cottonwood tree. Stay right there until I come."

Then she went back hurriedly to the house. The three men were still sitting at the table, and Sacramento felt rather than saw that one of them still regarded her suspiciously as she came in. She did not speak to them at all, but went directly through the kitchen to her own room, and in a moment came out, went about her work in the kitchen, and took up a pail apparently to go to the spring for water.

Ten minutes later, standing in the shadow of the cottonwood, young Somers heard a step, and then Sacramento, leading Bueno all saddled and bridled, appeared. He started forward.

"Hush!" she said; "they may come out at any moment. Listen to what I say. Your life depends upon it. You must ride straight down the trail for a quarter of a mile. Then, close by a big cottonwood, just like this, you will strike a path to the left. Bueno will know it, once you get him in it. It will bring you out, half a mile on, at a corduroy road that crosses the swamp. This end of the corduroy has got out of order and there are some logs laid. Lead Bueno across and then pull the logs away. If you can do that it will make trouble for those who follow you. Beyond the swamp is a big plain. Strike straight across it, keeping the moon square on your right—the moon will be up by that time—and three hours' riding will bring you to the new railroad. After that—God help you to get safe away!"

Sacramento paused and put out her hand. "Can you remember?" she demanded.

"I can, but I can never forget—"

"Never mind that. Here, take this. It is a little money. You will need it. Now mount and ride—slowly, a little way, and then for your life."

The young man still had hold of her hand. The tears came into his eyes. The next moment he was gone.

The next morning Sacramento told her father the story and coaxed him into forgiving her. And the following afternoon a man brought Bueno over from the railroad town; and then she knew that the fugitive was safe.

Six weeks later a lawyer from Santa Barbara appeared with a letter from Walter Somers. He was with his friends at New York, and he begged Sacramento to accept, as a gift of gratitude, at least the amount of the reward that had been offered.

And so it was that she went down to San Francisco to school that winter, after all.—*Youth's Companion.*

Oysters.

One hundred and fifty years ago there were 4,000 oysterwomen in Paris, who pursued their business with much zeal and dexterity.

The "green" oyster, so much prized in France, will not sell in our markets. The "greening" of oysters is extensively carried on at Marennes, on the banks of the river Seudre; and this particular branch of oyster industry extends for leagues along the river, and is also sanctioned by free grants from the state. The peculiar color and taste are said to be imparted by the vegetable substances which grow in the beds where the oysters are cultivated.

A resident of London, England, claims that the city spends over $25,000,000 a year for oysters, and that more than twice the number of these bivalves would be used if they could be obtained at as reasonable prices as in America. The genuine Whitestable oyster fetches about seventy-five or eighty cents a dozen. Oyster culture in England is yet in its infancy. Large numbers of oysters are now carried to England from this country. The most popular size for eating is in a shell about as large as a dollar. They are packed in barrels very closely, and kept right side up during the voyage. Quite a trade is now springing up in carrying "seed" oysters to Europe.

Car loads of oysters are shipped to California from New York every few days. The "native" oyster of that western coast is obtained in the Gulf of California, and is small and of coppery taste. There is as wide a contrast between the California bivalve and the Eastern as between a crab-apple and a Rhode Island greening. Something of a supply is being obtained on the Oregon or Washington Territory coast. These are better than the more southern.

The seaboards of Georgia, South Carolina and Texas abound in oysters. In some places they have grown up into reefs extending for twenty miles along the coast. Much of this oyster wealth may yet become available for Northern markets. Various river mouths and estuaries along the Connecticut and New York shores would be most excellent oyster farms if some means could be provided to keep the deposits of mud from covering and smothering the young oysters The time may be near when enterprising men will seek to clear off these ruinous deposits, as they now drain off marshes and fill up swamps and pools. The recent law of Connecticut creating a State commission to sell the deep-water ground of the sound has served to inspire great activity in securing farms in the sea. Many thousands of dollars have already been realized for grounds appropriated.

The production of oysters has more than doubled in quantity in and about New York harbor, Staten Island and Perth Amboy during the past five years. It is believed if the mud could be kept out of New York harbor it would make one of the finest oyster beds in the world.

The natural oyster beds on the east side of Staten Island are the places whence much of the "seed" for all the various famous kinds of oysters about New York is obtained.

Science has demonstrated that oysters can be managed so that their spawning seasons can be regulated, and thus good oysters be had and eaten every week in the year. This is arranged in the Connecticut waters by planting them in different depths of water. This secures variety in temperature. The greater the heat the earlier the oyster will spawn. Therefore, by moving them into shoal water in a sheltered place where the sun will warm the water easily the spawning season will be over in early summer. Those in the deeper and colder water will, of course, feel the heat later, and therefore spawn later. Thus one portion of the oyster supply can be always ready for use.—*Scientific American.*

A Squirrel's Fight for Life.

A story so strange that it seems almost incredible comes from the zoological garden, but it is nevertheless true, and a recital of the facts will give all a greater respect for the weaker animals, whose pluck and instinct—perhaps it may be called intelligence—triumph over the strength of their deadly foes. Yesterday afternoon a little squirrel killed a rattlesnake about to devour it, and the aggressor became the victim. It is customary to place live animals, such as the rabbit, the rodent or the squirrel, in the dens of the slimy, repugnant reptiles who tempted our first parent. The snakes, when they are hungry, with fearful deliberation approach their terrified prey and relentlessly devour it. The squirrel which battled so bravely for his life, and won, crouched tremblingly in the corner of the snake's abode, and seemed to understand that it would soon be food for the disgusting creature whose fierce, cold eyes began to glitter in anticipation of the promised feast. Slowly but surely the rattlesnake crawled toward the squirrel, but the bunnie quickly jumped on a perch above the deadly reptile's head. The long flat head was raised upon the perch, and the forked tongue sent forth its venom. But the squirrel, with a sudden spring, alighted on the back of the snake and bit off one of his rattles. The wounded reptile wheeled quickly around and struck the little hero a fearful blow, breaking the right hind leg. Brave little fellow, once more he leaped beyond the reach of his maddened foe. Another spring, and the squirrel was triumphant. He caught the snake behind the head, and with one firm thrust of his sharp, white teeth he decapitated the slimy monster and fell exhausted by the wiggling mass; but the battle had been won, and the snake was dead.—*Cincinnati Inquirer.*

SINGULAR SUICIDES.

Some Odd Motives Impelling to Self-Destruction and Some Odd Methods Employed.

A glance at the files of a New York newspaper during 1881 discloses many interesting cases of suicide worth noticing from peculiarities of mode or motive. Dr. McCreery, of Louisville, killed himself because he believed his newly acquired appetite for liquor was incurable; John McPherson, of Toledo, because he had promised his wife on her deathbed not to drink again, and after a three days' struggle he found that he must break his vow or die; the Rev. Jacob Mulford, of Greenville, N. J., because after reforming and laboring successfully for some months as a temperance advocate he fell into temptation and lost his church. Professor Louis Walter, a pyrotechnist of St. Louis, put a nitroglycerine cartridge on his breast and blew himself to pieces because he feared the shooting of President Garfield would spoil the Fourth of July business; John E. Jost, of the same city, read an account of a suicide, laid down the paper, drew his pistol and shot himself. A Philadelphian, on being slapped in the face by his wife, turned white with rage, and, after standing a moment irresolute, walked into the next room, took down his shotgun and killed himself. At Stepney, London, a girl drowned herself because her grandmother would not let her wear her new clothes, and at the funeral the Spartan ancestress was mobbed and almost killed. At Manchester a boy of thirteen hanged himself from remorse at playing truant, and at Newport, Canada, Ferdinand Pitcher, aged ten, went and did likewise when told to set the table for tea. William S. Pimer, of Willimantic, Conn., committed suicide on his wedding day from chagrin at not receiving a promised remittance to defray his expenses. Bruce Cooper, a young lawyer of Moorehead, Ky., eloped with Mollie De Hart, a girl of thirteen, whose parents had forbidden her to marry him, and after going a few miles advised her to return home, and shot himself. William Bennett, of Denton, Ala., was threatened with being disinherited in case he married a servant girl with whom he was in love; she refused him and he killed himself. At Newark, O., a rejected suitor made a final appeal to his obdurate sweetheart as they were driving together, and when she declared she never would consent to marry him took the check-rein from the horse, went into the woods and hanged himself. At Dallas, Tex., Mrs. C. T. Burke, of Little Rock, having followed and overtaken her eloping husband, put her two little children to sleep and poisoned herself with laudanum. At Louisville Mrs. Jennie Dorsey, when her husband, after six weeks of happiness, took to drinking and gambling and left her with a board bill of $25 unpaid, poisoned herself and died just a few minutes before a letter came protesting his love in earnest terms, and announcing that he was coming to take her away to a new home. At Melun, in France, Jules Roy and Clemence Wagner tied themselves tightly together and dropped into the river, leaving a request to the girl's father that they might be buried in the same grave. A young lady in South Carolina hanged herself because her father was defeated for the legislature. At Schoolcraft, Mich., Dr. Barnum, who had long been suffering from a painful disease, laid himself on his dissecting table and shot himself through the heart. David Crimmins, of Toronto, jumped over Niagara Falls, leaving a letter declaring that he had been forced to the act by his wife and their clergyman. Dr. G. T. B. Read, surgeon on the bark Veronica, drowned himself at sea near Madeira, while his brain was unsettled from the effects of an overdose of bromide, taken to relieve sea-sickness. At Buntingford, England, a servant girl of seventeen, named Miles, having been wrongfully accused of taking some articles belonging to her mistress, jumped down a well 120 feet deep. A female "Perfectionist," at Dallas, Texas, having failed in running herself to death, in the belief that this would be "running the race to the end" and making sure of heaven, threw herself into the river. At Hohemolsen, in Prussia, a police officer drove a three inch nail into his head with a curtain rod. Hugh Brandt, of Cohoes, having been unable to obtain work, tied a fifty pound rock around his neck, filled his pockets with stones and drowned himself in three feet of water. A negro named McJennings, at Indian Creek, Va., ran head foremost upon a circular saw in full operation, and had his head split through instantly. A woman in Milwaukee destroyed herself by holding her face in a basin of water, and a man at Constantine, Michigan, put his head into a bag with a number of stones, tied the mouth of the sack closely round his neck and jumped into a pond At San Saber, Tex, L. B. Chapman, fearing a relapse of the mumps, shot himself four times. At Greenville, S. C., W. R. Mims, a prisoner in the jail, choked himself by thrusting his felt hat down his throat. At Dansville, N. Y., Mrs. J. S. Boyd went into the cellar of her dwelling, stripped herself, poured a pitcher of kerosene over herself and set fire to the oil. Captain Fritz, of San Francisco, hanged himself with his feet shackled and his wrists handcuffed, but his wife explained that she had frequently fastened him in this manner at his own request when he felt himself unable to resist the temptation to go out and spend the night with political workers. Before shooting herself, Josie Langelet, of St. Louis, put on an elaborately embroidered wrapper, arranged her hair becomingly and seated herself in a graceful position on a lounge. Before hanging himself Leonidas Robertson, of Madison, Ind., put on his wife's clothes and sunbonnet. George Wiggins, of Port Washington, L. I., loaded both barrels of his gun, fastened it to a fence, tied strings to the triggers and walked backward till he was about ten yards away, when with a sharp pull he brought both charges into his head and body, ridding himself from the waist upward. M. Anderwert, president of the Swiss confederation, shot himself on the promenade at Geneva on Christmas day, 1880. General Uchatius, the Austrian inventor of the "Uchatius gun-metal," being nettled at the failure of one of his guns, blew out his brains. A Hindoo priest at Ahmedabad, who for twelve years had made a practice of praying two hours daily at noon, gazing intently at the sun all the while, paid off his debts, composed and sang a hymn of praise and then ascended a pyre of his own building and setting fire to it burned himself to death. William Newkim, a Chinese theological student at Marietta, O., poisoned himself with chloroform through being worried over his love affairs. At Fishkill Landing Mr. Saunder's old horse drowned himself in the Hudson, in shallow water, after having been once brought in when he attempted to swim out into the river with manifest suicidal intentions.

Great Mortality in a Large Family.

The little rural burying ground at Rockville Center, L. I., has one feature which is not commonly found in country church-yards or even in the large and pretentious cemeteries which abound near New York and Brooklyn. It is a row of sixteen little graves, in which the bodies of sixteen brothers and sisters, the children of Furman and Margaret Abrams, of Woodfield, in the town of Hempstead, all of whom died in childhood. Only one child of the family, a boy seventeen years of age, is living. A family so large as this is an unusual thing nowadays, although as many as twenty-four or twenty-five children were not considered too numerous in the early days of New England.

A boot-blacking tree has been discovered in New South Wales. The only trouble with it is it doesn't have a box and a chair.—*Lowell Citizen.*

THE SUPERNATURAL.

The Belief in "Wise Men" and "Witches" Still Held by Millions in All Civilized Countries.

People are only too apt to believe that witchcraft has become an exploded article of the popular creed, and that there are no classes holding to the faith professed by Raleigh and Bacon, Selden and Hobbs, Boyle and Moore, Sir Thomas Browne and Sir Matthew Hale. Yet there would not be the slightest difficulty experienced by any one whose reading includes a moderately large list of daily newspapers, domestic and foreign, in compiling a very respectable annual volume on contemporary witchcraft and proving that a belief in the supernatural and malignant attributes of crazy old crones, in the vampire tastes of unquiet corpses, and in the potency of charms and spells, is to-day entertained by millions of people in the most civilized countries of the world. They had an epidemic of witchcraft in Butler, Pa., a few months ago, when the fact was revealed that there were six professional "witch-masters" in the county, and that when the devil got possession of a man and was not disturbed in his tendency for two months, $5 was the smallest sum for which he could be evicted. The modus operandi is to cut a circle on a white oak tree and lure the devil to enter it, which he does with a noise like thunder and a vehemence that splits the tree to splinters. The patient is then corked up, as it were, with prayers and charms.

It is only a little while since the Davenport Ia, papers chronicled the death of Mary the Witch, and gave an appetizing inventory of her professional possessions, her "cabinet" containing a cat's skull, a chicken's head, bats' wings, toads' feet, spiders' webs, various bones of various animals, dried blood and eyes of owls and cats deposited in various places wrapped in paper. It is safe to say that the professors of witchcraft in the United States are numbered by hundreds and derive an annual revenue from the credulous which it would take at least seven figures to express.

Though witchcraft is not so public and profitable a business in England, the belief in witches is even more generally held. Within the last few weeks one case has been reported where the parson of the parish was appealed to to cut a sod from the alleged witch's grave to stop her nightly promenades for evil purposes, and two young men were brought before the courts for knocking down an old woman and "drawing blood" from her with a knife, so as to release their sister from her spells. At Sheffield, in November, 1880, Agnes Johnstone was sent to jail for three weeks for obtaining £5 8s. from Margaret Devaney, through a promise of "ruling her planet" and bringing her a fortune through the agency of subterranean spirits. The witch had, her dupe testified, danced with the fairies and worked with the devil for night after night. At East Dereham, one William Bulwer was fined for abusing and assaulting a girl named Christiana Martins, because she was a partner in the witch industry with her mother, his testimony being as follows: "Mrs. Martins is an old witch and she charmed me, and gotd no sleep for her for three nights, and one night at 11:30 o'clock I got up because I could not sleep, and went out and found a 'walking toad' under a clod that had been dug up with a three-pronged fork. That is why I could not rest. She is a bad old woman. She put the toad under there to charm me, and her daughter is just as bad, gentlemen. She would bewitch any one. She charmed me, and I got no rest day or night for her till I found this 'walking toad' under the turf. I got the toad out and put it under a cloth and took it upstairs and showed it to my mother and 'throwed' it into the pit in the garden. I can bring it and show it to you, gentlemen." In Dudley, in June last, a professional witch came to grief and the jail for selling "a bottle of stuff to burn at midnight" to a woman who, though admitting that this practitioner was a fraud, insisted that she herself was bewitched.

The London *Daily News* is authority for the statement that "to-day in England women of bad temper and a certain originality of character deliberately give themselves out to be witches. They win some respect and exercise some influence. One woman has at this moment a reputation for keeping seven little familiar spirits, which leap out of her mouth, like the red mouse from the lips of the fair witch in 'Faust.' A witch often lowers the rent of the adjacent cottages and demoralizes a whole neighborhood."

The last legal execution in England for witchcraft occurred in 1716, but in 1863 a reputed wizard was drowned in a pond at the village of Heddingham, in Essex, not forty miles from London; while in 1867 "Dr. Harris" was committed for trial at the Radnorshire assizes for duping persons into the belief that their ailments were caused by their being "witched," and for professing to cure them by giving them charms to wear suspended round their necks.

At Havay, in Belgium, in June last, a peasant lost not only his child but his cow, and consequently consulted the village wise man, or devin, who said: "Go home and to-morrow morning burn the first person who crosses your door-step. That person will have been the cause of your ills I will take care that God sends him." The countryman went home as directed, and with the aid of his spouse prepared a kind of funeral pile in the biggest room of the house, and when next morning a kind neighbor, who had nursed the child in its last sickness, came to the door, the couple pounced on her, tied her hands and feet and kindled the pyre, on which they laid her. She had the wit to confess her guilt and beg for a priest, and when the priest came he liberated her, but not till she had been fearfully burned. The tribunal of Mons laid its iron hands on the culprits, sent them to jail for sixty and forty days and made them pay $60 damages to their victim. In the south of France a similar charm is in vogue. If you are worried by witches you have but to steal a new kettle put into it all the old nails, pins and pieces of iron obtainable and boil it furiously. As soon as the vessel begins to sing keep an eye on the door and the first person to enter will be the witch, obeying an irresistible impulse. Upon clubbing the witch vehemently the evil spell will be broken. At Charleroi, in Belgium, four women were convicted recently of swindling by pretended sorcery. Their practice was to select old women who had come into property and blackmail them under the threat of allowing the spirits to kill or bewitch a favorite child.

At the Russian village of Wratshevo, near Nevgorod, two years ago, there was a woman named Agrafena Ignatjeva, a widow, who had the reputation of being a witch, and who encouraged the belief, as it made the peasants bring her food and gifts in abundance. There were many persons in the district suffering from epilepsy and it was popularly believed that the witch had thus punished them for offending her in some way. One of these epileptic sufferers, a girl from a distant village, besought some peasants to burn the witch and so release her from her sufferings. At an assembly of headmen and seniors of the village it was resolved to extinguish the source of mischief. They proceeded to her hut, which they found fastened up. They broke it open, discovered the wretched woman, charged her with the crime and then nailed up the window and door to prevent her escape. By this time over 200 men had assembled around the hut and amid their jeers and shouts of exultation it was set on fire and the whole crowd remained until it was quite consumed. Though the rural policeman was offered a bribe of $16.50 to report the burning as accidental, he informed on the villagers, sixteen of whom were brought to trial. The three prime movers in the cremation were sentenced to slight penances in church, and the others were set free. The courts in Germany were called upon not long ago to decide a suit brought by a peasant and his wife against a neighbor whom they accused of having caused the death of their two little pigs by witchcraft. "You couldn't see any marks on their bodies at all," he testified. "In the evening they were healthy, ate heartily, the pigsty was locked, and in the morning one of them was already dead. The defendant crossed the yard in the night and bewitched them. I speak to you, judge, as to a father, and I implore you to make her give you the doctor books she has got. In there it stands how to bewitch" When the suit was dismissed the complainants said they would appeal, and as they went out the husband exclaimed: "This we cannot lose; it is impossible." It may be added that while in Madagascar the missionaries have rooted out the last vestiges of idolatry, the belief in witchcraft defies extinction. It was reported last winter that a dog had spoken and had announced that a hurricane, causing grievous famine, would devastate the district; that immense hailstones would descend and that even the heavens would fall. To advert this the people were told to get six black and six white beads and to wear them around the neck and no harm would come to them, and all the influence of the missionaries could not prevent the converts from investing in beads.

The Journalist.

The journalist knows all the news. Therefore he is said to have a nose for news.

He is a man of parts—part modesty and part truthfulness. He has great regard for the truth, and approaches it only with diffidence and awe.

His modesty is so great that when he secures an exclusive article of news he never brags about it—until after it is in print.

The prime article in the journalist's creed is that it is not right to get left; and many a prime article he gets in consequence.

The journalist is a reflector of the times, but has little time for reflection, nevertheless.

The life of the journalist is one continual round of pleasure. It is made up of theater-going, banqueting and walking about the streets. Any fool can become a journalist, but it is not becoming a journalist to be a fool.

Everybody pays court to the journalist—everybody who wants to get his ame in the paper. And that is all most bodies feel called upon to pay.

He is not required to have ideas. Everybody is willing to supply him with all he needs and more.

The journalist does not have to work very hard. He is scarcely ever busy more than twenty-six hours out of twenty-four. The rest of the time he can give to sleep or to work.

There is said to be honor among thieves; but the journalist is not a thief. The journalist is always ready and willing to help his fellow, when he cannot get ahead of him.

He never tells a falsehood, though he will lie all day for a bit of news.

When he sees a wrong, he writes it at once.

The journalist is the man of the age —mucilage.

The journalist handles the Archimedean lever that moves the world. Archimedes had no foundation to rest his lever upon, and much that the journalist writes has the same airy basis.

It is a mistake, however, to suppose that the journalist makes the news. The news makes him.

The brightest journalists, it is said, are graduates of the case; but this is denied by those who never worked at the case. Therefore let us rest our case here.

Children, if you would be good and great; if you would be respected of all men; if you would get your food, raiment, amusements, traveling expenses, etc., gratis; if you would live an active and useful life and escape the dangers inherent to riches, be a journalist.—*Boston Transcript.*

Pots and Pans.

Utensils for boiling purposes have undergone little modification in shape from the remotest times to the present day. The reason for this is not far to seek. Water heated in a round vessel with upright sides would soon boil over, whereas when treated in a pot whose sides incline inward toward the top, the bubbling waves of the liquid have a tendency to a common center, and usually waste themselves in conflict with each other. Thus the caldron, kettle and saucepan have in all ages and in all nations much similarity in form. With regard to material, no doubt the earliest pots and pans consisted of such natural objects as adapted themselves to the requirements of cooking, as the gourd, pipkin, cocoanut shell, etc., and among savage tribes these are still employed for the purpose. In course of time vessels of clay came into service, and afterward metal was brought into requisition. The old Egyptians had pots precisely like the modern saucepan, and their larger utensils were furnished with the well-known ears and feet which may even yet be seen in some of the homesteads of our country. Shakespeare makes the "secret, black and midnight hags" in Macbeth use a caldron of this description, and it will be remembered that the savory mess with which the more respectable Meg Merrilles appeased the hunger of worthy Dominie Sampson was dished from a like vessel. That these articles were common in China in dim antiquity, and that the Chinese had a superior method of mending them, can surprise no one, and is what we have expected to find in a people who seem to have forestalled nearly every invention, great and small, that was ordinarily supposed to have first seen the light in other lands than theirs.—*Thomas J. Bowditch.*

The Wear of Gold Coin.

It is estimated that the average weekly depreciation of the $7,000,000 in gold held by the Boston banks is nearly $300, or say $16,000 per annum, the circulation being made on the recognized basis that a gold coin in use actually loses a five-hundredth of its weight in a year. The coin is packed in bags of $5,000 each. These bags are passed from bank to bank, and the constant friction which is made in handling and weighing wears away the edges and faces of the coin, so that sooner or later a bag falls short in weight, and valuable time as well as money is lost in determining which bank shall make good the deficiency, the labels attached to each parcel, on which appears the names of the banks through which the bag has passed, being the only means to aid in fixing upon the responsible party. The treasury department has refused to issue gold certificates for large amounts, on the ground that it would occasion trouble and expense for the government. Other expedients proposed are—the appointment of an institution, not chartered by the United States, as a gold depository for the national banks, the interchange of certificates among the banks, and the establishment of the clearing house as a depository. There are objections to each plan, and another—the division of the burden among five or six banks—is the one which may be temporarily adopted until Congress shall apply a permanent remedy. The packing of the coin in bags is a conventional way, and it does not reflect much credit on the inventive faculties of bank officers that they have not thought out a better way. If the coin were packed in boxes fitted with grooves in which the pieces would lie close and so confined that they would not move in course of transportation, and these grooves were made so that they could be lifted out, with their contents, the loss from friction in tumbling around the bags and pouring out the coin as though it was sugar would be very much reduced.

The Boston *Post* considers it possible for animals to blush. A turkey has been seen to turn mighty red around his gills when pointed out to the cook, and maybe the *Post* is right.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

The Care of Tools and Farm Implements.

Dollar after dollar dwindles imperceptibly but surely away on many farms during the winter season because reapers and mowers, seed-drills, plows and harrows are left just where they were last employed to bear the injurious effects of pelting storms and dry winds. Tools worn or loosened and calling for simple repairs are used until past mending, and yet it is the leisure season of the whole year.

A few hours spent each day by the farmer and his boys in the repair shop or, barn cleaning and oiling machines, painting wagon-bodies and repairing wheels and axles, replacing rake-teeth, tightening hoe-handles, sharpening the knives to reaping machines, making rollers and stump-pullers, etc., would not only save unnecessary loss in actual dollars and cents, but a vast amount of time, anxiety and annoyance in the spring when the rush of work leaves little or no time in which to make repairs or supply the place of lost tools.

There are a variety of mixtures that may be applied to the iron parts of implements to prevent rusting, the cheapest of which is grease that has not been salted. An excellent article for the protection of steel or iron may be prepared by melting lard and common rosin slowly together and stirring the mixture until it cools. When required in large quantities it may be made in the proportion of about six pounds of lard to two of rosin. If only a small amount is desired, a piece of rosin the size of a hen's egg will suffice for one pound of lard. This mixture can be applied with a cloth to the metal surface, giving it a thin coat. The rosin prevents the lard from becoming rancid and the grease excludes the air and moisture.

Previous to applying any protective wash, machinery should be thoroughly cleaned and the bearings wiped and oiled with castor oil or other lubricant. Castor oil, by the way, is counted among the best of oils for iron axles. A wheel well lubricated will not only revolve readily but runs much longer than when oiled with cheaper sort of grease.

It is also economy to look after the woodwork of tools and machinery. Alternate wetting and drying soon injures any wood, causing cracking and final decay. This may be prevented by the timely and occasional application of some cheap paint. When woodwork from exposure has become cracked it is advised to give it a wash of crude petroleum previous to an external coat of paint. Petroleum not only improves all wooden tools, but is alike valuable for rustic furniture, such as arbors, garden chairs and vases that are exposed to the weather. Gas tar is sometimes employed as a paint for wagon wheels. A correspondent who has made use of it in this way says that it forms a hard, durable black polish, somewhat like Japan on tinware, and dries in the summer sun—on wood in one day and on iron in two days. A good black paint for coarse iron work, according to the *American Journal of Industry*, may be made by mixing plumbago with hot coal tar. Equal parts of asphaltum and rosin dissolved in common turpentine, says the same authority, make also a good cheap covering for heavy iron work.

To preserve harness, leather-belting and the like, keep in some dry, airy place; take apart occasionally and thoroughly clean and oil every portion. Never oil harness until it has first been relieved of all dirt; scrape off the thickest accumulation of mud, etc., with a dull knife, then remove the rest with a wet cloth. If oiled previous to cleaning the oil soaking through the dirt into the leather carries with it fine particles into the pores of the leather, thereby rendering it hard and stiff. For harness common neatsfoot oil is excellent, but when mice and rats abound pure castor oil is better, for these varments do not like it. Apply the oil with an old woolen cloth, putting on as much as will rub in and dry readily. After oiling harness and belting let it hang for two or three days in some warm, airy place and expose to the sunshine when that is practicable. Never keep leather appliances of any sort in a dark, damp place.—*New York World.*

Farm and Garden Notes.

Sheep give back to the farm more, in proportion to what they take from it, than any other animal.

Do not allow the cattle to tramp over the mowings when the ground is soft enough to retain the imprint of their hoofs wherever they go.

Frequently after squashes begin to blossom they dry up and die. For this disaster no one has yet been able to give a satisfactory cause.

Strawberries are much more prolific when four or five different varieties are planted together, although each variety may be a perfect one, than if but one perfect variety were planted alone.

The opinion has generally prevailed that a little bran mixed with meal would produce more pork than clear meal, but in some experiments lately tried it was found that clear meal made more pork than a mixture of bran and meal.

The best thing to do with inferior stock, when the price of grain and other feed is as high as it is now, is to fatten them quickly, if possible, and sell them or dispose of them in some other way. Better give them away than, by keeping them, to deprive the better animals of an abundance of food.

A correspondent of the London *Live Stock Journal* cured a horse of the bad habit of rearing when mounted by providing himself with a bottle of water, and dashing the contents "with violence on its head" the moment it began to get upon its hind feet. A second application was never needed.

The Flemish farmer scrupulously collects every atom of sewage from the towns, he guards his manure like a treasure, puts a roof over it to prevent rain and sunshine from spoling it; he also gathers mud from rivers and canals, and the excretions of animals along the highways, for conversion into phosphates.

Store cattle, or dry cows, may be kept on the poorest forage until the cows come in, when they should have as good food as can be afforded. So the best way to manage will be to feed up the poorest stuff first. If it is found that the corn-fodder is injured by the blackening and mildewing effects of the rains it should be fed before the hay; but if it has been secured in good order before sustaining any damage it may be as well to feed it last or after the hay is pretty well fed out. This is of importance mainly as the feeding season will have to be well extended into summer next year, or until soiling crops can be obtained.

Recipes.

GRIDDLE CAKES.—Take a cupful each of sweet milk and sour milk, a tablespoonful cream or other shortening; sift a scant half-teaspoonful cream tartar in the flour; dissolve a half-teaspoonful soda in a little water; stir in flour to make a thin batter; have the griddle hot and buttered, dip on a spoonful at a time and fry a light brown.

APPLE CREAM.—Peel and core one pound of apples, place them in a stewpan with eight ounces of sugar and a pinch of ground nutmeg. Let cook until tender; pass the apples through sieve and let get cold. Whisk up rather stiff half a pint of cream, add the apple pulp, a little essence of lemon, one ounce of isinglass boiled in a gill of water; mix well together; pour into a jelly mold and let set. When required dip the mold into warm water for half a minute, wipe it with a cloth and turn it out on a glass or silver dish. Garnish with red flowers and slices of lemon.

MASHED POTATOES.—Boil the potatoes gently, after having made them as nearly uniform in size as possible, by dividing the larger ones, or what is better, by slicing all, but not very thinly. As soon as the fork goes through readily turn the water off (saving that for mixing your bread if you bake the same day), then mash through a colander into the same kettle or saucepan. Add butter and cream and salt, and with a long-handled spoon beat a few minutes briskly. Set the saucepan where it will thoroughly heat again, and your potatoes will be a noticeable feature of the best of dinners.

NOODLE.—"Noodle," if properly made, is a great addition to soup, and is preferred by many people to the best "A. B. C. macaroni." For a family of four two eggs will be sufficient; beat them until they are very light; stir in flour as long as it is possible to work it in; salt it well; roll it out on a kneeding-board until it is almost as thin as paper and is perfectly smooth; put a clean paper on a chair or table near the stove and lay the noodle on it to dry. It should be prepared early enough in the morning for it to dry for an hour at least. About twenty minutes before the soup is taken from the stove take the noodle and stir it over and over until you have a strip three or four inches wide; then with a sharp knife cut it in narrow strips; put these in the soup and let them cook from ten to fifteen minutes. Beef soup, with noodle, and a pinch of curry powder, is a dish to be "somewhat considered."

Household Hints.

Alum is one of the best additions to make whitewash of lime that will not rub off. When powdered chalk is used, glue water is also good, but would not answer for outside work exposed to much rain.

That rustic black Italian crape may be restored by dipping in skimmed milk and water, with a bit of fine glue dissolved in it and made scalding hot. It should be clapped and pulled dry, like muslin.

Common soda is excellent for scouring tin; as it will not scratch the tin and will make it look like new. Apply with a piece of moistened newspaper and polish with a dry piece. Wood ashes are a good substitute.

Mildew may be removed from linen by mixing with soft soap a little powdered starch, half the quantity of salt, and the juice of a lemon, and applying it to the mildew stain with a paint brush on both sides of the linen. The stained article should then be left out on the grass day and night until the spot be removed.

Insects in India.

You have recently arrived in the country, are living in a kutcha house (built of sun-dried bricks and mud-mortar), have made yourself comfortable therein, and are going to have your first dinner party. All your knick-knacks are proudly displayed on your table, and in its center blazes your lamp, just unpacked. The dinner hour approaches, and you nervously take a look round to see that all is right. One or two insects, new to you, are fluttering about the lamp or on the table, and in brushing them off you perhaps notice that the same insects are swarming out of a corner or from the floor. Your guests arrive; and while receiving and marshaling them in to dinner the insect invasion has assumed formidable proportions, so that when you sit down to soup, you find the air around the lamp alive with termites, and your fair cloth covered with them. Every soup-plate is stuffed with them, as also your glasses of sherry. In despair you appeal to the company or to our table attendant, and are advised to remove the lamp at once from the table. On doing so, the invaders on the wing are diverted; and then you notice that the thousands on the table have dropped their wings broadcast, and are now chasing one another about. In comparative darkness you finish your dinner and adjourn to the drawing room. When your guests have left, curiosity takes you back to the dining-room, and you find the table and the site of the removed lamp strewn with myriads of wings, and their owners nowhere.

Watch the insect outside, and the sight is equally wonderful. From a spot in the ground where you would least expect it, you find one or two termites fluttering into the air; watch them narrowly and you will find a minute hole, far too minute for the hordes which are squeezing out of it and then rising into the air. Around the hole half-a-dozen wingless workers are fussing frantically. But let us watch the perfect insects and return afterward to the workers. Soon we see a pyramidal cloud of insects in the air, the apex resting over the hole. This becomes denser and spreads wider as the breeze catches their wings. News of the flight have been telegraphed far and wide. Sparrows and crows, fly-catchers and king-crows, kites and mynas, flock to the scene and gorge on the flyers. (Kites feast laboriously; every termite is individually seized with the talons and then disposed of by the beak.) If evening is setting in bats and even frugivorous flying foxes join in the revel, and termites are devoured in myraids Turn again to the hole whence the last termite has emerged and you will find the workers busily engaged in plastering it up again and destroying all traces of the flight. The few survivors of the swarm seek the earth, drop their wings and disappear. The dropping of the wings is a marvelous process; two pair, with all their machinery of blood vessels, nerves and ligaments, are instantaneously dispensed with, and the insect seems livelier than before; and this mutilation occurs precisely at the exact moment. Seize a termite by the wings at the wrong moment and he will struggle violently to escape, the wings remaining firm in your grasp. Seize it at the right moment, and you will see it lift its body upward and backward like an earwig, deliberately unhook its wings, and so escape.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Jay Gould.

Jay Gould's regular broker (Connor) is only one of the many in his service, and Connor himself often employs other brokers in order to carry out Gould's secret schemes. It was in this manner that Gould depressed the elevated stock until it touched the desired point, when he loaded himself with all he could carry. He then changed from bear to bull, working out his scheme with grand success. A vast amount of money was lost by those who sold out under Gould's attack, and the advance of these very shares now adds a million or more to his wealth. It has for ten years been Gould's role to watch for weak stocks. When he has made a selection he forces it down by a series of well-concerted attacks, and then makes heavy purchases and forces the market up as easily as he forced it down. Only a man of the highest order of genius can carry on such a system, and the fact that Gould succeeds is the greatest proof of his vast natural powers.

Gould is the most inferior of all leading business men in point of personal appearance and a stranger would take him for a Bowery clothes dealer rather than a railway king. He has the air of a spruce trafficker in cheap goods. Both front and side face are inferior, but the lower part of the latter is concealed in a heavy beard, so intensely black that it suggests artificial means. Gould leads a hard life. He labors with close application, and is driven by the pressure of his engagements until he may be considered a mere bondman. He has no leisure, no society, no reading, no recreation, but is simply under the whip and spur of necessity. To this has been added the consciousness of impending danger. He has a bodyguard of detectives to protect him when walking the streets, but he spends most of his time in his office, being as secluded as possible. The sense of danger is certainly very natural. I hardly think such a man is to be envied, notwithstanding his immense wealth.—*New York Letter.*

It is one of the unexplainable things of moral ethics how people decide so promptly as to how little rain and bad weather it takes to keep them away from prayer meeting and how much is required to keep them away from a good show.

THE MYSTERIES OF JUNK.

Glimpses Into a Wonderful Business of Vast Extent—How the Waste of a Great City is Utilized.

In a highly complex civilization like that of New York it is not to be wondered at if the waste of this great city has given rise to one of its most marvelous industries. How to utilize every scrap of refuse, every piece of worn out twine or rope, every pair of old boots, every sheet of moldy paper that may be thrown away, is the aim and occupation of perhaps ten thousand persons depending on this apparently very humble, but in reality highly lucrative livelihood. There are no less than 200 junk shops (wholesale and retail) in New York; there are 1,100 licensed junkmen who go out with carts every day to collect the refuse from door to door, and the number of unlicensed ragpickers is estimated by officers of the license bureau at a thousand at the very lowest. Some of the junk shops employ from fifty to eighty persons in collecting, weighing, sorting and packing the stuff, and considering the number of families whose bread winners are engaged in the industry it is regarded by those most competent to judge as but a moderate estimate that about ten thousand people are dependent upon it. The whole business is as systematized as the United States treasury or the British civil service. Every possible description of pasteboard, rag, bottle, waste paper or piece of old metal has its fixed price, and in a famous junk shop of this city no less than seventeen grades of wares of different prices (varying by perhaps only one-eighth of one cent per pound) were counted by the foreman.

The most valuable stuff, according to an official of the license bureau especially conversant with the subject, are old garments the cloth of which, after being unseamed and ripped open, is worth from ten to fifteen cents a pound to the manufacturers of shoddy. A junkman who has a "lucky day" and finds plenty of old cloth rags like these, good bottles, the best sort of paper, etc., will make $4 to $5 a day, while a wet day will sorely diminish his profits. The bulk of the junkmen are Irishmen, though a goodly number of Germans have also lately gone into the business; while the Italians, who are mostly unlicensed ragpickers and form quite a large colony in Jersey, Crosby and Mulberry streets, collect from the dumps and ash barrels what the others (who, as Guiteau would say, are more "high-toned") would have left behind. The stuff collected by these Italians is so filthy that most of it has to be washed before it can be sold, and the best junk dealers do not accept anything from Italians because they say, the manufacturers to whom they must sell it declare that it is too dirty for them.

There are two big iron yards in Leroy street where the scrap iron that is collected is bought at a half cent per pound and afterward melted in the foundries, while the light sheet iron is generally disposed of to telegraph wire manufacturers. Take a broken down old stovepipe for instance. That makes excellent material for a telegraph wire and fetches from three to five cents a pound, according to quality. An immense business is done in bottles. Hardly a medicine bottle is thrown away that is not carefully washed out and restored to the trade as new. An east side bottle dealer has almost a monopoly of this business. The grease and fat that are picked up by Italians are sold to rendering establishments and reappear as lard, and the meat bones collected are said to be ground for manure, for which purpose they are said to be specially effective. Old hats that are thrown away are stripped off, recovered and reopened, and the east side "manufacturer," who has bought the hat originally from the ragpicker for ten or fifteen cents, resells it, in its rejuvenated shape, for one or two dollars. Old boots and shoes are worth anything, from five cents upward, and sold to the Baxter street shoemakers, who use them, as far as possible, in making up their "new shoes." Quite a romantic chapter and one full of the most extraordinary incidents is opened by an attempt to describe the lucky "finds" made in refuse heaps by junk dealers and their employes. Perhaps the most remarkable of these was the discovery of the secret correspondence relating to the marriage of Jerome Bonaparte and Miss Paterson, of Baltimore, and the subsequent negotiations between the Paterson and Bonaparte families, in the waste paper of the old warehouse of the bride's father. From the letters found in this strange manner the entire history of these negotiations between the Paterson family and Napoleon, and of their failure, was collated and the result published in 1873, in a book. A firm of junk dealers had purchased the refuse of the warehouse as such, and in the emptying out of some long-closed desks the letters probably found their way among the waste paper. Thus the waste paper stock of an old warehouse has actually been made to serve for the purposes of contemporaneous literature. But junk dealers tell of other extraordinary "finds." A Maiden lane jeweler gave up a diamond ring which was sent to him by express as lost, when lo! months afterward the man to whom he sold his waste paper stock and other refuse found it in the heap and returned it to him. Another instance, perhaps equally remarkable, was the discovery of indorsed checks to the amount of $3,000, found among the waste paper of a well known city bank. It appeared upon investigation that the owner was not aware of his loss, and had, therefore, taken no measures to stop the checks, so that they would have been paid upon presentation. To return to the matter of smaller and every-day losses of this character, the junk dealers very frequently find penknives, postage stamps, scissors —but money, they all agree, very rarely. It would thus appear that while people are reckless with letters, checks, rings and other articles of value, the hard cash is about the only thing which they will take good care not to drop into their waste baskets.

The women who sort the stuff in the junk shops and who are quite a numerous class in the city—they are called "sorters"—all understand that these articles belong to the perquisites of the foreman or superintendent of the shop. "Them's my pickings," a foreman uptown said, and he added with great gusto that the autographs of well-known persons often found in heaps of moldy letters formed a very pleasant addition to his wages. He had studied up the subject of autographs thoroughly and knew their commercial value, both here and abroad, to a penny. He could tell off-hand what the autograph in a letter of Washington or Jefferson or General Jackson or any public man would fetch in the open market just as he could tell whether a bundle of old paper brought to him was worth one and a half cents or one and three-quarter cents per pound. In visiting a junk shop the writer was not a little surprised to see some torn "L" railroad tickets on the floor. He picked them up and said: "Surely you don't buy these?" "Certainly," was the junk dealer's prompt response, "the elevated railroads sell their tickets regularly after they have been taken out of the boxes into which the passengers throw them before entering the cars. They have about three thousand pounds of these tickets which in falling into the boxes are mutilated so that they cannot be used again, and they are worth about one cent a pound. The junk dealers buy them just like any other stuff."—*New York Herald.*

A countryman who had selected a seat at the theater from which he could obtain a good view of the stage was greatly discouraged when a young lady wearing a fashionable hat sat down in front of him. He bore the affliction in silence as long as he could and then bending forward, said politely: "Please, miss, would you be so kind as to lower your umbrella?" She lowered the applause of the audience.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*