AT FORTY.

The sun of life has or seed the line, The summer-shine of lengthened light Faded and faile i-t Il where I stand, 'Tis equal day and equal night.

One after one, as dwindling hours, Youth's glowing hopes have dropped away, And soon may barely leave the gleam That coldly scores a winter's dry.

I am not young, 1 am not old; The flush of morn, the sunset calin, Paling and deopening, each to each, Meet midway with a solemn charm.

One side I see the summer fields, Not yet disrobed of all their green; While westerly, along the hills, Flame the first tihts of frosty sheen.

Ah! middle point, where clouds and storm "Made battle-ground of this my life! Where even-matched, the night and day Wage round me their September strife!

I bow me to the threat ning gale; I know, when that is overpast, Among the peaceful barvest days, An Indian summer comes at last.

A Backwoods Elopement

"There ain't nothing here but the woods, in the river, in a few shiftless neighbors, but if you ken stand it, we should like to have you stay," remarked Mrs. Savage, when Marianne and I proposed spending a month or so at her hospitable mansion.

A winter's trip into the pine woods region had inspired us with a desire to visit it when it was green, instead of white, and as Marianne was somewhat of an invalid this spring, and believes in pine breezes, we started, on the last day of April, for the same obscure spot.

We left the east winds and the sea fogs behind us; we found clear skies, fresh breezes, arbutus blossoms, and May parties, which are still in vogue in this part of country. Not the forlora, paperbare-headed, shivering affairs which are plentiful in the suburbs of the larger New England cities, on the first of the flowery month, but merry tramps after arbutus flowers, the parties composed of young men, and maidens, as well as

Dinner is usually spread in some vacant logging camp, or, if it be warm enough, under the trees outside, while last year's leaves fall into the drinking cups, and a great deal of fun and jolitty prevails.

We encountered many of these gypsy parties on our way from Bangor upward, and control of the second control of the secon

and each one seemed merrier than the

Dusk was orceping like a mist over the little hamlet, cut like an oval from the midst of the forest, when we reached there, The river, not long released from its prison of ice, was singing the wildest of spring songs. Pale green birches, only in the bud as yet, were shivering against the dark velvet background of the pine woods. Frogs were calling tragically from every direction, and as we alighted at Mrs. Savage's door, we could smell the odorous breath of kine, and hear the pleasant sound of the dripping milk into full pails. The mirkmaid. a rosy-cheeked, moon-faced girl, rushed from the shed near by, pail in hand, while Mrs. Savage herself stood on the doorsteps to greet us.

"Hurry, Phebe!" she admonished the milkmaid; "supper's all ready now, and I expect nothing but what these ladies is half starved."

The cheer of a woodfire revived our somewhat drooping spirits. . The voices of frogs and extreme weariness are enough to depress the stoutest souls.

Mrs. Savage, "Phebe, my darter," and 'my son, John," compose the family. Mrs. Savage wears her hair short, and looks as determined as cheerful. When not about her housework, she makes log-cabin quilts, and hooks rugs. Phebe has strawcolored ringlets, she is nineteen years of age, she sweeps, washes the dishes, and, when John is busy, does the milking. John in getting out lumber in the day time, and in courting in the evening. All this we learned before noon of the next day, and we also learned that the first of May is rather early in the season in the backwoods, if there are no east winds, and the skies are clear.

Farly the next morning we took a little tramp into the woods. We found the picturesque ruins of an old camp, its crumbling logs beautifully draped with moss, a lovely little, round pond, blinking brightly under green fringes, a plenty of the pinkest arbutus blossoms, and a drift of white moosewood buds and delicate ferns. We and damp that we were glad to make our way home in a very short space of time.

I am interested in Phebe and her weeping," said Marianne. "After all, human nature is more interesting than any other kind, at this season of the year, especially." "I who love nature much as sinners can, Love her where she most grandour shows in

I quoted. "Mrs. Savage said the elder was coming to-night, and I am anxious to see him. Isn't there some connection be- fireside. tween this expected event and Puebe's

weeping?" "I in agined that her tears were evoked by the pathos of the New York Ledger, said Marianne. "I saw them dripping profusely over the first page, while she plied the dish-cloth this morning."

We went home to find the house as redoent of spices as on Thanksgiving Day, and | now. Mrs. Savage in a perfect bustle of cookery. Phobe's red checks were quite blistered with tears, and she was beating eggs with

an air of martyrdom. "The elder, he's as fond of sweetments as a child, and I'm a trying to git up something that he kin eat, though Phebe's actions put me all out, and I hardly know what I'm doing of. Who ever heard of a girl's crying the hull enduring time, for two or three days, coz her beau was a

coming," said the elder fady. "He ain't my beau, no morn'n another at all. I won't have him for a beau," 4.8scrted the tearful damsel, wiping her eyes with her apron, "and I think you would

privilege of marrying into the gospel, so to speak. An Phebe reckons she's put upon the worst kind, coz I kalkerlate she shell marry him, He'll make an awful good

nusband, 'n he's as fond uv her as ken be." "I should think he was," gasped Phebe, handling her egg-beater like a weapon of vengeance. "Tain't me he likes, 'n all the neighbors know it. He ain't got no property himself."

'Phebe Jane Savage, what air you talking about?" exclaimed her mother, in a tone of exasperation. "If you ain't keerful you'll lose him after all. There ain't a girl round here but what would jump to git him—girls better off'n you be, too."
"They're welcome to him, 'widere peak,' 'n all," said Phebe. "He—" 'widerer's

Marianne and I retreated to the sittingrcom. The fire snapped cheerily. The birds were singing outside, and we could see from the window we sat, the bold peak of Katahdin, softened into a velvet cloud by distance, over the tops of the waving trees. Marianue busied herself with her sketch book, while I idly watched the antics of an impish kitten, and meditated on Phebe's troubles.

The elder was expected before teatime, and we did not desert our post by the window until he made his appearance. He traveled in what they called the "commodashun," a primttive conveyance, driven by a jovial young man from the end of a stage route, several miles below. He was a tall, ungainly man of forty or thereabouts. He wore shiny black broadcloth and a tall hat, resembling a stage countryman in his Sunday best. His hair was black, oily and curling. His eyes were beautifully blue, but looked both sleepy and sinister, and when he moved his hat we were amused to notice the "widower's peak," which I hebe had mentioned so scornfully. The expression of his face was a strange mixture of both indolence and sharpness. He carried a gay carpet-bag in his hand, and in-variably swallowed before he spoke. He addressed Mrs. Savage as "Sister Savage," and rushed forward to greet her with a smile which was sultry in its sweetness. Phebe, without paying the least attention to the elder, was exchanging a great deal of mysterious banter with the jovial young man under his very nose.

"I am afraid that young man is on the downward road," sighed the elder, viewng their proceedings from the window, ifter he had reluctantly entered the house. Mrs. Savage looked alarmed, and hastned to call Phebe, who did not hasten to make her appearance. The young man was to remain at the house all night, as the oads were bad, and his horse was disabled

in some way, and not until he moved to-ward the stable with his weary steed did she exhibit the slightest intention of depriving herself of his society. The elder strode toward her with reproachful tenderness, and attempted to imprint a kiss upon her glowing check.

"Quit!" said Phebe, repulsing him, with "Phebe Jane!" ejaculated her mother, reprovingly,
"Lor, Sister Savage," said the elder,

with another sultry smile, "girls will be bashful, you know, and we must'nt blame little Phebe. She'll get over it in time, I'll And he beamed all over with still com-

placency. Mrs. Savage turned one admiring eye from his visage and another threatening one from that of her daughter, and proceeded to perform an introduction between us and the elder. His affability was extreme, and addressing us each as "sister," he commenced a theological discussion, while Mrs. Savage and Phebe busied themselves in preparing supper. But as he had be discussion all to himself he soon wearied of it, and favored us with his yiews on politics and temperance at great

longth. "Hain't I seen you down below?" suddenly inquired, from the midst of his disquisition, searching Marianne's face with a somewhat puzzled expression.

We were both considerably startled, for as his speech was extremely free with the name of his Satanic majesty, the "down below" was naturally suggestive of a very looks manly, but seems quite overcome by objectionable region. It was a great reshyness. He wears red shirts, is employed lief to find out that he only meant Barnog

Phebe and the strange young man, who seemed by no means strange to her, appeared rather excited and were inclined to laugh at the elder, during the solemn exercises of supper. The elder regarded him with severe disapproval, and remarked cheerfully several times, that he knew one or two young men who were going straight to destruction.

Evening, however, found Phebe demure. he young man seepy, the elder still in a theological, but not so severe a mood, and casting lover-like glances toward the maid of his choice. But Mrs. Savage looked heard the low, sweet, long song of a bird anxious, and was continually dropping a that we had never heard before, but the stitch in her knitting. "My son John" and woods were wet, and the air was so chilly | the strange young man, who seemed to be fast friends, retired early, pleading fatigue. Then Phebe, in spite of her mother's remonstrating glances, retired also. The elder asked permission to smoke a pipe, and no objection being expressed he puffed away, uttering a little exhortation between

> "So Phebe is engaged to the elder?" inquired Marianne when the reverend gentleman had taken his departure for the night, and we sat with Mrs Savage by the

> "Why, yes, I kalkerlate they'll be married. She's awful bigoted though, 'n says she won't have him." (Bigoted is the word used for all sorts of objectionable behavior in the Aroostook.). "This young man that druv the elder up kep' school in our deestrict an' courted her a spell winter fore last, 'n I'm afcerd he's turnin' her head agin

"A marriage with him seems a great deal more suitable," I ventured, feeling deep sympathy for the poor damsel. "The elder is so much older than Phebe."

"Yes, indeed," said Marianne, warmly, 'you ought to marry the elder yourself, Mrs. Savage,"

"Sakes alive!" remarked that lady; "the elder's enough sight too young and handsome for me. I'm bound to have him in the family, though, of 'tis only to spite the Widder Jones, that's a setting her cap at him like all possessed, 'n is allers a whispering something against Phebe in his ear." The next morning Mrs. Savage was astir carly, as usual, for John, who worked on be a shamed to call him that before folks,"

"Strange that girls never will know when they're well off. The elder's the genteelest man in the county, to say nothing of the

the hall and Phebe's name echoed with unusual emphasis through the still house. But there was no response. She called again and again, but only silence prevailed.

"I declare that girl's growin' more and more shifless every day," she muttered to herself, and ran swiftly up stairs into her daughter's bedroom.

The room was empty, the bed had not ocen occupied at all, and Phebe's clothing had disappeared from the nails in the closet; so had her father's old hair trunk, which for years had s ood in one corner. There was an envelope on the table addressed to her mother. She tore it open and read with feelings better imagined than d scribed?

"DEAR MARM: -Seth Peckham and I is a goin' over to Patagumpus to get Elder Wright to marry us this moraing. I could stand the elder fur a pa, but not fur a husband. Cum and see us when you git through yore summer's work and the boarders is gone.

PHEBR JANE. Pr S .- I shall send after my hefer and fether beds and kochin chiny pulets and all my things next week."

Mrs. Savage, as she declared, was "dret-ful took aback," but determined to make the best of it. The elder, on being informed of the elopement, seemed to be more affected that they should have gone to Elder Wright to be married than any pangs of unrequited love.

"They might at least have give me The privilege of marrying them, though 'taint likely Seth could afford to pay a great deal of a fee," said he, regretfully.

A day or two atterward he informed

Mrs. Savage that it had been revealed to him that there was a providence in Phebe's refusal to marry him, and heaven had or-dained that he should marry her justead; and M -s. Savage accepted the ordination

A Human Gobbler.

About twelve miles north of Lawrenceburg, Ind., in Mauchester Township, on a dreary road which is rarely trod by any-body but paupers, and which, if it leads anywhere, might lead to the mythical secton of Hades familiary known as the "Half-acre," is located alot of dilapidated, proken-down, rookish old buildings which taken together, constitutes the County Infirmary. In the rear of this forsaken spot stands an old stone-pile, covered over by a roof, under which existed a being which esembles masculine humanity, but which exhibits all the traits and characteristics of a turkey gobbler. This "thing" is called Bradley, and has probably existed about orty years. The antecedents of the creature are unknown further than that it was picked up in Lawrenceburg Township some fifteen or twenty years ago, and carried to the Infirmary and thrown into a cell in the stone building dedicated to the hopeessly insane. When seen by the writer Bradley was sitting or rather roosting on a cot, which stretched across his cen. He was squatting, and appeared to rest enirely upon his rect, while his body swung between his legs, his head nearly on a parallel with his knees. "This," said Mr. Duncan, the Infirmary Superintendent, "s main for a half day and even a day at a blue drilling loose slip made in the shape of a bag. From his mouth protruded a handful of tobocco stems, all of them eight or ten inches long, and in his hand he held another bunch of stems of the same weed. He was surrounded by a lot of tin cans and cups, from which he never parts; no more does he part with his tobacco stems. With them perched upon his cot he toys constantly and, save when eating, he never ceases all denied the ownership. to wobble in his mouth the stems. In a few instances the experiment has been tried the creature has become wiid, and making a noise precisely like a turkey-gobbler, he has dashed about his cage furiously, butting his head against the wall, as if intent on self destruction. The experiment has always had the same result, and when again Bradley has invariably assumed his accustomed roost and become calm. Save the noise of a gobbler no sound has never come cold weather, because of his meager dress, Bradley is always kept confined. When summer comes, however, he is occasionally trusted out doors. On such occasions he uniformly wanders off into the lots adjoining the Infirmary climbing trees and fences and balancing himself on a limb or board, and, squatting down, roosts there hour after hour, frequently uttering the singular 'oblety goblety" sound. His tin-cups and obaçco stems he always carries with him on these expeditions.

In speaking of this singular specimen of have again and again seen Bradley, while off in the fields, get frightened, and then seen him in a stooping posture (he has never been seen erect), with his traps gathered upon his arm, the stems sticking out of his mouth, run as no dog anywhere in this whole region can run. When he comes to a fence he runs up over it, using his elbows and feet, and in the operation is almost instantaneous. In speed the creature can almost outstrip a fast horse." Bradley has very coarse hair all over his face. He obeys only a few commands, but does not recognize his name. When slowly moving over the ground he frequently hops, instead of planting one foot after the other. In his habits he is as helpless as a baby. His food is principally granivorous, he rarely eating anything other than that food made from grains. By everybody who has seen Bradley here it is regarded as one of nature a monstrosities.

A Lesson in English.

What queer blunders these foreigners make ! A German woman living on Tenth street, Philadelphia, had a severe attack of cramps the other day, and a doctor was called in. He gave her some ginger to relieve the pam. Next day he called again,

"Well, Mrs. Bummenschlager, how do you feel to-day?" "Fust-straighdt, doctor," was the reply; 'shoost so goot as never vas!" "Do you feel any pain?" he asked.

"Vell, I'fe god a liddle pain in my sthumwick, but it don't hurd me!" The grin on that doctor's face sprouted

The Time o' Day.

WINNSBORO, S. C., MARCH 5, 1881.

The gallant Irish soldier, General Bligh, of Sepoy fame, while holding the commis sion of captain in a dashing marching reginent, was on a trip of pleasure, with his wife, in the north of England, and having come one day to a small Yorkshire inn, the larder of which was well nigh empty he ordered all the host had on hand in the shape of food, to be served up for his dunner, after which he joined his wife in an

apper room. While the host was preparing the meal for his guest a party of sporting gentlenen of the country entered the inn, and called for refreshments. The landlord was sorry to inform them that all his larder contained of food had been bespoken by a gentleman who was at that moment waitng up stairs with his wife to have it

served. Who was the gentleman?

The host could only tell them that he was an Irishman, and seemed to be a very quiet, good-natured and harmless body. The Captain was traveling in citizen's

"An Irish gentleman! A potato, with pepper and salt, will answer for him. up and tell him so." But Boniface preferred not to do so.

"Then," cried one of the party-a 'squire of the neighborhood, with more money than sense-"take up this watch to the gentleman, and ask him if he will send us word what's the time o' day, for we can't tell."

It was a habit in that section, when one would intimate to another that be didn't have much faith in his good sense, or in his judgment, to show him a watch and ask him to tell what's the time o'clock?"

The host, himself fond of fun, and feeling assured that the last callers would get the worst of it, took the watch-a very valuable gold repeater-and went up stairs and did the errand. Bligh took the watch and looked at it.

"By my life! it's a beauty. Tell the gentleman I'll be down presently, and shall take pleasure in expounding to them the mystery of time-telling by the watch, and I'll fetch the watch with me."

The host returned with the answer, and shortly afterwards carried up his guest's dinner. The 'squice was for a little time. furious with the landlord for having left his watch behind; but he finally cooled off, and having called for a gallon of beer, ne sat down with his friends to wait.

After he had finished his meal, Captain Bligh opened his portmanteau and took out two great horse-pistols are placing them under his arm, he took the watch in his fire was caused by the bursting of a cupola hand and went down into the barroom, where the sporting gentry still waited. "Ah, gentlemen, I give you a good day.

And now who is the man that wants the time o' day? I shall be delighted to en- He started to get his coat and dinner lighten him."

the tiger manifest.

Brigh, at your service. A short time since, the landlord brought to me this watch, ac-Warrant you. Wimmen folks atn't often very backward as far as I am concerned."

his uniform posture when not moving. In companied br a message which I have falling, he dropped partly into the hissing come to answer as such a message richly pool that had began to widen and spread deserves." And he significantly tapped out. Just at this point two men near by his finger upon the pistols. "Now whose saw the engineer's distress, and started to

'squire himself. The 'sduire denied the ownership giving the metal a chance to burn him promptly. All the watches in the world seriously. He even went and got his coat, would not have tempted him to expose his and was returning to cross the leaden life to the terrible Irish captain whose flood at a narrow point, when a second infame was known to him.

Bligh then applied to the next man, and rection and caught him. This time it was then to the next, and so on to the next, and impossible for him to escape. The two

"I am happy to find, gentlemen, I have made a mistake. You will pardon me, I ning small channels in every direction, so of depriving him of his toys. Instantly am sure. I thought the owner of the that the nien could not get near the strugwatch was here."

He then put the watch into his pocket, slipped the pistols into the pockets of his blouse, turned to the bar, and settled his bill, then bade the company good evening, after which he joined his wife on the in possession of his trinkets and stems porch, at the door of which his carriage was in waiting.

Captain, afterward General Bligh, kept the watch to the day of his death, often from the creature's throat. During the telling the story of its capture, when he left it by will to his brother, the wellknown dean of Elphin.

A Weird Visitor,

I was terribly frightened one night in Queensland by a dead man riding up to my camp-fire at midnight. I was quite alone. I heard my horses neighing and another answering in the Malgas bushes, so I got up and put wood on, making a bright blaze the human, Dr. Kyle, who for years has and presently into the circle of light came been the Infirmary Physician, said: "I a horseman, bending over his pommel, with his large straw hat slouched over his eyes. I took my revolver off my saddle and sung out. "Good night mate! You travel late. Will you have a drink of tea?" Not a word of answer. Just then my two dogs, who were snifling about, set up such a terrible cry it made me jump again. After a bit I began to open my eyes to the state of affairs and mustered courage enough to walk up to the horse and take hold of the reins. While doing so I touched the rider's hands, which were cold as ice. I tried to get him off the saddle, but it was of no use. His legs were out of the irons and wound tightly around the mare. I had to cut the reins from the grip of his fingers. I packed him on the horse when sunrise came and led him into Tambo. where I found he was well-known as a digger. He had set out thence that morning-afier drinking nearly a bottle of brandy-to go to a place distant above

horsebells.

Launching a Ship.

Not one-half the people who witness the launching of a vessel can tell how it is done. They hear a great sound of pounding and driving of wedges for half an hour or so, then a loud shout is raised, and the ship starts slowly at first, but, gradually increasing her speed, slides with a steady, stately motion from off the pile of timber and blocks where she has been standing for months; and where, but a moment be fore, the huge creature towered aloft, noth ing remains but a debris of timber and planks, while out on the water floats one of the most graceful works of man.

When the ship is about ready to launch, her immense weight rests principally upon blocks some eight or ten inches square on the ends, and perhaps some fifteen or eighteen inches in length. These blocks are placed directly under the keel, and in order to launch the vessel it is necessary to transfer the weight of the vessel to the ways,-two long lines of heavy timber reaching about two-thirds the length of the vessel on either side, and about midway the bilge or bottom. These ways are simply two lengths of timber with a thick layer of grease between them, so that as soon as the ship acquires any momentum they will shp one along the other. To transfer the weight of the vessel on to these ways so that gravity—the stem or heaviest part of the vessel being much lower than the bow-will cause her to move, is the whole secret of launching. To do this, between the top of the ways and the vessel are driven pine wedges, which, of course, raise her somewhat, and so relieve the blocks under the keel of part of the weight resting upon them. This done, workmen take their places under the vessel, and with iron wedges cut and knock away the blocks. When these are removed, the entire weight of the vessel settles at once upon the greased ways, and the result is exactly the same as would be if a person should seat himself upon a sled pointing downhill upon an icy slope-away she

There seems to be a strange sort of fascination for most people in the launching of a large vessel, and in our ship-building ports it is 'not uncommon for a thousand persons to be present to enjoy the spectacle-Potter's American Monthly.

Burned in Melted Lead.

The establishment of the St. Louis Smelting and Refining Company, in St. Louis, was destroyed by fire, and John Williams was caught in a stream of molten metal and literally burned by mches. The of one of the furnaces, in which about twenty-five tons of lead was being smelted for retining. Williams, the engineer, was standing at the door of the engine room. lighten him."

They did not like the looks of the man look; and just now there was a good deal of the triger manifest.

The molten lead, which was running on the ground in every direction, had narrow stream had made its way directly across the path between Williams and the "Come, come, gentlemen—I am Captain place where his coat was hanging. As he went forward he gave a little leap, expecting to clear the stream, but tripped over. is the watch? Is it yours, sir?" to the pull him out of the puddle. He, however, succeeded in picking himself up without terruption came along from a different dimen tried to reach him, but the consuming mass was covering the whole floor, run-

The Horse That "Died of Grief."

gling engineer. He was seen to fall, and,

all efforts to rescue him having failed, the

building burned over and about him, and

the ruins fell upon him.

One of the San Francisco papers having published an account of the death of a horse from grief at losing his master, the Chronicle sent a reporter to verify the statement. The groom was interviewed, with the following result:

"Yes, sir, that thar were the curiostest case I ever hern tell on. No more than ain't no such case writ about in books, nuther," and the stableman removed a brief r. D. pipe from his teeth, and rested its cheering bowl on the reporter's arm to fix his attention more closely. "Ye see that hoss were as sound a hanimal in wind and limb as ye'd see at a prize fair in the old country. Gentle as a kitten, and a pet for the children." The stableman paused to rekindle the fire in his pipe, which the rain, dripping from the reporter's ulster, had quenched.

"When did it die?" asked the reporter,

"The hoss died Saturday last." "What ailed it?" "Lung fever. "When did its master die?"

"Two weeks ago to-day." "Well, what is there curious about that?" sked the reporter in amazement.

"Curious! why its curious enough, I shud say, when thar ain't another hoss sick in this stable, and we've got a hundred of them here!

Effects of Tea on the Skin.

If you place a few drops of strong tea upon a piece of iron, a knife blade, for inthe tannate of iron is formed. which is black. If you mix tea with iron forty miles, and I was only twelve miles filings, or pulverized iron, you can make a from the township when he paid his ill- fair article of ink. If you mix it with timed visit. There was no doctor within fresh human blood, it forms with the iron 200 miles at that time. However, they of the blood the tannate of iron. Take held a kind of inquest, at which the P. M. human skin and let it soak for a time in talked learnedly of muscular contraction strong tea, and it will become leather. and sunstrke, and was puzzled to decide Now, when we remember that the liquids whether the brandy had anything to do which enter the stomach are rapidly abwith it, as he could swear from his own sorbed by the venous absorbents of the experience, that the liquor was first-class. stomach, and enter into the circulation and He praised me more than I deserved, for I are thrown out of the system by the skin, had halt a mind to run away at first. When lungs, and kidneys, it is probable that a I am camped out, even now, alone, drink so common as tea, and so abundantly strange thoughts of that nocturnal horse- used, will have some effect. Can it be man come into my head. If any one had possible that tannin, introduced with so told such a story to me I should hardly have much liquid-producing respiration, will credited it-I mean that a manshould stick have no effect on the skin? Look at the to a horse in that way without any other tea-drinkers of Russia, the Chinese, and help than his saddle straps afforded. His the old women of America, who have so little mare was very quiet, though, and was long continued the habit of drinking strong evidently attracted by the sound of my tea. Are they not dark-colored and leath-thorsebells.

Burglars' Mistakes.

For two years past the officers of the se cret service division of the government have been endeavoring to unravel the mys ery attached to the attempted robbery of the United States sub-treasury in Philadel phia, Pa. Up to this time they have met with indifferent success, and the chances are they will never be able to ascertain with distinctiveness who were in the plot. As the case stands now it is a matter of suspicion against some of the boldest cracksmen in the country. None but thieves were concerned, and they refuse to give information which might lead to the detection of their confederates. The story is an interesting But for a miscalculation on the part hbers they

would have succeeded ring some \$12,000,000 of coupor. . cash. It would have been the largest haul ever made in this country but for their stupidity. The large vault in Treasurer Eyster's office, in the Custom-house building, contains two apartments. In one of these it is customary to store the cash and coupons that are presented for interest. In the other small coin is kept. The fact became known and a gang was organized to make a raid on the place. Prominent on the list was Jimmy Logue, now in the Eastern Penitentiary, who had \$70,000 on hand fresh from a bank burgliry. There were a couple of well known New Yorkers and two fellows who had escaped from the and two renows who had escaped from the Kings County Penitentiary, believed to be Porter and Irving. Another of the party was a new man, for whom the country has been scoured but without avail.

Logue secured a fine residence in West Philadelphia, where the whole party resided. He was to be reimbursed for his expenditures out of the proceeds of the robbery. As warrants and requisitions were out for the men on all sides, they selected Fairmount Park as their place of rendezvous. Their favorite resort was the quiet retreat at Srawberry mansion. Here they met daily, after taking an airing and mapped out their plans. It was found necessary to have one of their number inside the Custom-house, so this happy plan was hit upon: One day a reverend-looking gentleman,

with clerical-cut garments and a white choker, waited upon Collector Tutton and informed him that he was the Rev. Mr. Paddock. The official knew of this clergyman. The sham minister was accompanied by an innocent-looking young man who he stated was one of his parishioners. Dr. Paddock would be so much obliged to the Collector if he could only give the young man something to dosome light work, such as watchman-as he was in need, and his health would not admit of exposure. Collector Tutton was exceedingly pleased to see Dr. Paddock. Mr. Tutton's rector in Downingtown and Dr. Paddock were in fact well acquainted, and Mr. Tutton talked freely of Downingtown's spiritual needs. To the reverend gentleman he explained that no estimate could be almost on the recommendations of politicians, while a minister's endorsement was nearly always a safe guide. The sham clergyman got quite shaky when Mr. Tutton touched on Downingtown matters, but soon switched off the conversation and avoided embarrassment. It is now disclosed that "Shoey" Miller, who was mixed up in the borns natural and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the Eastern penitentiary, personated the Rev. Dr. Paddock, and was a party to the job.

The young man recommended by him was appointed and made a watchman. By a strange coincidence the fellow was assigned to that end of the building where the sub-treasury is located. For weeks he was attentive to his duty; but all this time he was gathering points and familiarizing himself with every part of the building and with all the persons employed in it. These facts were made known to the gang of which he was a member, and some of his confederates visited the place to learn The robbers exhibited no undue haste in

moving upon their prey, but waited until

the time when the quarterly interest on the U. S. bonds fell due. They knew that large sums of money were stored in the vaults. One Sunday morning it was discovered that a hole had been made in the side of the Custom-house wall, large enough to admit the passage of a man's body through A closer examination revealed the fact that this led directly into the vault. The place had been cleaned out, but the robbers had been fooled. In this apartment had been stored the pennics and small coins. Next to it, and with only the thickness of a few bricks, was the huge pile of interest money. It has been presumed that the thieves believed they had struck bags of gold, and that in the darkness they merely felt of them to learn whether they were com or not, and immediately passed them out to their confederates to carry to a place of safety. Instead of going further the job was for some reason abandoned at this time, and after an outlay of thousands of dollars the burglars captured but a couple of dollars the burglars captured but a couple of hundred dollars worth of pennics. It is 4830 numbered 5,522, against 3,492 in thought that daylight came too fast for them, and they were compelled to vacate number 5,954 against 4,210 in 1875 the premises, which was a good thing for the Government.

Investigations were made by the officers, and detectives were put to work up the case. They never discovered much. Suspicion began to point to the watchman Company has ordered twenty-five new appointed at the "Rev." Mr. Paddoch's Baldwin locomotives, similar to those instance. It suddenly was revealed to every one that no one knew anything conenrning this individual. He was sent for by the collector and told to send Mr. Paddock to the office. But he did not. That young man left, and to this day he has never been seen or heard of. This job for the Portuondo tobbery, he had little his house for a certain sum of money, con- a cane. ditioned upon the fact that if the mortgage was not paid at a set time the house was od in manufacturing establishments, to be sold. As part of the bargain, a employing 60.000 persons, the annual prominent lawyer of Philadelphia, it is product of which is estimated at \$120, said, agreed to educate and care for Logue's children until he served his three years' sentence. The mortgage has been foreclosed, and the children are in want. One of the secret service men traced a lot of bride's white satin gown was empennies to the custody of a couple of well broidered at the Royal School of Ari known thieves, but they made a satisfactory explanation of where they came from. There the veil drops.

-For the eight performances Salvini in Boston, receipts of \$22,-894 are reported. The attendance exceeded Bernhardt's averageby 27 per

BRIEFS.

-Gold leaf is the 230,000 part of an uch in thickness. -New York pays \$8,240,965 Interest

on the city's debt. -The total Indian population of Michigan is 10,141.

-Queen Victoria has an income of 3,000,000 annually.

-In Germany the ladies take their knitting to the beer garden.

An outbreak of rinderpest is reportd in Derbyshire, England.

-John Clay, a brother of Henry Clay, is living in Kentucky.

—Gambetta is a liberal host and keeps open house all the time.

-Petrified grass is found about the mineral springs of Calistoga.

All prosecutions against Cuban insurgents are to be abandoned. -Lord Beaconsfield's "Endymion"

paid him about 50 cents a word. -Chicago consigned \$1,000,000 worth of wild game to Europe last year. Pittsburg is to have a \$500,000 hotel,

a stock company being the builders. -The state debt of Wisconsin is \$2,-252,057; that of Maine 1s \$5,885,800. -On a single ranche in Texas 1,000 lambs were killed by this winters cold

snap. -There are 35,613,000,000 matches consumed annually in the United

States. -Our Indian wars from 1865 to 1879

re estimated to have cost the govern. ment \$22,680,000. -The balance of trade in our favor on last year's business with the world foots up \$73,000,000.

-A female salmon as a rule carries bout nine hundred eggs to every pound of her weight. -New York saloonkeepers, of whom

there are 10,000, are said to control 75,-000 votes in the city. -Kellogg is to get \$600 per night for twenty-night engagement at the Grand Opera in Paris.

-The mines of the United States have produced during the past seven years \$280,000,000 in gold. -It is estimated that the British

army the coming year, will cost the treasury over \$100,000,000. -The Greeks have for 200 years had a monopoly of the trade in dried currants in the London market.

-Walter Scott was born in Eddin-burgh August 15th 1771. His father was a lawyer or conveyancer.

—In Missouri last year 482,989 of the children attended school, leaving 240,-495 who received no schooling, -An Indian farmer deposited in a bank last week \$2,000 that he had had

buried in the earth for 17 years. -Philadelphia has forty-two night actionly in operation, with a might attendance of over three thousand. The increase in the population of Pennsylvania, as shown by the present census, is 760,905 over that of 1870.

-Of the seventy-six United States Senators only thirty-three were born in the states which they represent.

-The Parker Memorial Chapel. Boston, which cost \$110,000, will be sold to a leading Spiritualist for \$15,-

-At a recent paper exhibition in Berlin, artificial teeth made of paper were shown. A German Invented them -It is estimated that the cost of the Whitaker court of inquiry and of the

Whitaker court martial will be about -The expense of the White House and its occupants last year was \$119,-964, of which the president's salary

was \$50,000. -The first complete translation of the Bible in English was printed in 1522. A perfect copy of it was sold in 1838 for \$1750.

-The annual sale of pews of Plymouth Church took place recently. The first pew was bought by Horace B. Claffin for \$700. -During the year 1880 \$32,283,279 worth of gold coin was turned out of

the United States mints, and \$27,409,-708 worth of silver. -A harp, discevered in Egypt in 1823, had several remaining strings

which responded to a touch, and awoke from a rest of 3000 years. -The Journal Official of Paris has been purchased for \$120,000 by the French Government, and will here-

after be the official organ. -Frederic R. Guernsey, of The Boston Herald, is preparing for the estabishment soon of an Anglo-Spanish commercial paper at Boston.

-They are very exact in Russia, The wellfed government officials report that 701,028 peasants are starving in a certain district in that empire.

1875. In 1880 the teachers employed -The University of Berlin during this winter has more than 4,000 stud-

ents, the largest number ever yet reached by any German university. -The Manhattan Elevated Railway

now in use on the 'I hird avenue line. -The Paterson (N. J.) rolling mill has spent \$15,000 in boring an artesian well through 2100 feet of red sandstone, only to strike a stream of salt

water. broke up Logue. When he was arrested about on a crutch. He has a wooden -Wade Hampton no longer goes leg to replace the one lost by the klok money on hand, but gave a mortgage on of a mule, and is able to walk without

-Connecticut has \$60,000,000 invest-

000,000. -Lord Wentworth, grandson of Byron, was married December 30th. to Mary Caroline Stuart-Wortley. The Needlework, and her veil was antique Brussels.

-The Very Rev. Pacifico None, D. D. O. S. A., the present provincial of the Augustinians in America, was recently appointed by his holiness Pope Leo XIII. superior-general of the Order of St. Augustine throughout the entire world.