THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY TUESDAY MORNING
AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.
Office on Spring Avenue, next Door to Main St.

S. E. SULLIVAN, . . . EDITOR.

Terms of Subscription:

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, two dollars may be charged.

Chestertown Transcript

VOL. XVII. CHESTERTOWN, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1878. NO. 19.

THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT.

Advertising Rates.

EIGHT LINES BREVIER (or its equivalent in space) or less, will be inserted three times for One Dollar; Twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion.

One square, three months, three dollars; six months, five dollars; one year, eight dollars.

Fractions of a square will be charged as a square.

Yearly and semi-annual advertisements must be paid quarterly.

Advertisements not stating the number of times they are to be published, will be continued and charged for until ordered to be discontinued.

THE YEOMAN'S STORY.

FLORENCE K. BERGER.

Is it you, old neighbor and friend? I'm here in the dark alone;
I wasn't noticing much how sombre the room had grown.
I know by the grasp of your hand the things that you want to say,
But I'd rather you shouldn't say them—at least till another day.

Yes, Will, he has gone at last. My darling is really dead;
All I had left in the world, and I haven't a tear to shed!
Give me your arm—there's the moon, there full, over the apple-trees,
Let us walk and talk for a little—maybe it'll give me ease.

Will, you remember his mother? You must often have heard it said
There was never a prettier woman, nor one that held higher her head;
Yet only a village beauty, with cheeks like the month of May,
And a mother to slave for her dress, and a father to give her her way . . .

Philip was comely and tall, but I was richer than he;
Sometimes she liked Philip the best, and sometimes she seemed to like me
She played fast and loose with us both, as only these young things can
Who fancy no sport so well as to toy with the heart of a man.

Well, Will, without bonnet or shawl she came to my house one night.
Said she had broken with Philip, and if I would have her I might.
Shall I ever forget that moment, when, shaking in every limb,
I seemed to hear music about me more solemn and sweet than a hymn?

We were married within the month, and Philip had gone away—
A happier man than I never looked on the light of day!
I whistled from morning to night, and was blithe as a bird on the wing;
Ah, lad! that a strong man's soul should hang on so weak a thing!

I don't remember exactly when first I noticed the change,
But I know that soon something struck me as not like herself, and strange;
Her dimples were not so deep, nor so round her little chin,
And her eyes grew brighter and brighter as her cheeks seemed hollowing in.

She watched my every turn with her large blue wistful eyes,
As though she had something to say—she was full of trouble and sighs;
I thought she was sick for a sight of the old folks down at the mill,
But she wouldn't go near her mother, and that made me uneasy, Will.

She fretted a deal at last, and the child when 'twas born wasn't strong;
But like the fool that I was, I didn't think what was wrong,
Till I came unawares upon her in the beechcopse yonder . . . she lay
In a heap . . . with a letter . . . from Philip . . . and sobbing her heart away.

It was well she died as she did; she was spared from a heavier fate,
For when he came home from sea, he came just a week too late;
The osiers were binding her bed, and the May rose had burst into bloom,
When I heard he was back in the village. 'Twas close on the evening gloom,

I had opened the churchyard gate, with an armful of lilac flowers
To deck out her grave a little (not green yet in spite of the showers),
When I paused without dropping the latch, for Philip was standing there
With his arms hanging down at his sides, and his lips on the work as in prayer.

I was sorry for him, right sorry—he was so stricken and wan;
His face when he lifted it up was the face of an aged man;
The look that he gave when he saw me will never pass out of my sight,
But I couldn't give him my hand, Will, I couldn't, try as I might!

So you see I was left with the baby. Could you think such a little boy
Could grow all the world to me, my all of sorrow or joy?
No hands touched him but mine—don't smile, lad—I washed him, and fed,
And watched till he fell asleep every night by his cradle-bed.

I carried him in my arms, and played with his curly hair;
His eyes, the picture of hers, were sometimes hard to bear.
But I grew a better man, Will, than ever before I had been,
With her baby boy to live for, and her grave to keep neat and green.

'Tis wonderful, Will, these children, how soon they come to know!
It didn't seem any time before he could laugh and crow,
And stretch out his little arms when he saw me coming nigh—
The best child ever born, and never the one to cry!

Sometimes I used to lift the hem of his babyclothes
And nurse his tiny feet, pinkish-white, like a wild hedge-rose
And wonder through what rough paths they would tread in the years to come—
I didn't think then they'd be taking the safest and surest *home*. . . .

Three years old when he died! and just beginning to talk,
To prattle to Rover and me, and toddle about in the walk!
It makes you sometimes doubt if things are so right after all,
When the weeds are left to flourish, and the blossoms are made to fall.

You've some of your own at home—you'd like to see him mayhe?
It can only do you good, Will, to think upon him and me!
You'll feel the goodness of God as you never felt it before
When the young ones hear your footsteps, and rush to the cottage-door!

Do you hear that moaning noise? It's Rover down in the yard;
I'd a mind to shoot him the morn, and yet 'twould be rather hard!
The boy was fond o' the dog, and the poor brute seems to know—
Being old, and scarce able to crawl, he misses my darling so!

That's his hat on the peg, and yonder his poor little toys—
It grieves me above a bit that I've ever been vexed at the noise;
Now I'd give worlds to hear it, even though it were ten times more—
O Will! how my heart sinks down as we come near the bedroom door! . . .

There he lies in his cot, so quiet and happy and still,
He looks more like his mother than ever I saw him, Will. . . .
What a selfish fool am I, to regret that he's gone from here,
For hasn't his face a smile, lad? and that's better sure than a tear!

Death is sweeter than life, and slumber is sweeter than pain.
'Twas such a hard fight, old man, and we have so little to gain!
Who knows what he might have come to had he lived to be old as we?
If life is a good thing, Will,—tis a better thing not to be!

Those snowdrops he picked himself that he holds in his tiny hands,
Now he gathers the flowers of Paradise, as clothed in white wings he stands
In the garden of God, looking upwards to the throne of eternal grace,
With the light of ineffable love streaming down on the hush of his face.

Will, do you think he remembers? or has he forgotten all?
The old dog crippled and blind, who always limped up at his call,
The pipe of the early thrushes, the bloom on the orchard-trees,
My face, that his eyes were fixed on when I took him to die on my knees?

O God! let him not forget me! Let him still remember, and wait,
And watch with a wistful longing when they open the golden gate;
Watch with a wistful longing till he sees me enter in,
Pure as a little child, and free forever from sin!

But the house, Will, the lonely acres, the poor little empty chair,
The picture-books unopened, the silence upon the stair!
How shall I listen o' nights to the moan of the winds on the hill?
And the rush of the rain from the skies? God! how I shall miss him, Will!

From Temple Bar.

THE TELLTALE EYE.

BY A TRAVELLER.

Some years ago, while living in Paris, I met with a French detective who was boarding for the while at the house at which I was sojourning. I confess I was drawn to the man from the first. He was a frank, open-hearted, careless Frenchman, whose only aim seemed to be to enjoy life. I had no idea that he was a detective, but supposed him to be simply a young man of fortune. Together we attended the various places of amusement, and I soon found my friendship for Eugene Laromie was cordially reciprocated.

He was a tall, splendidly-formed man, with a good-looking careless face, black hair and whiskers. A close observer would have noticed self-reliance and determination in every feature, and the calm clear eyes told of more than ordinary courage. He was quiet and unobtrusive in his manners, and was decidedly a favorite with all in the house.

One morning as Laromie and I were sitting at breakfast, an old gentleman who had been boarding there for some time (he was there before my arrival) came in and seated himself opposite us. Laromie glanced at him carelessly, but I noticed a quiet smile in the corner of his mouth as he did so. I noticed also that Laromie was longer over his breakfast than usual, and rose only when the old gentleman did. My surprise was soon ended, however; for as the old gentleman turned to leave the dining-room, Laromie approached him, and laying his hand on his shoulder, said, quietly:

"Monsieur Du Far, you are my prisoner."

The old man turned deadly pale, and glanced around hurriedly, as if to secure some means of escape. But Laromie's grasp on his shoulder tightened, and he continued, coolly:

"Monsieur Du Far, I arrest you in the name of the state, for forgery and counterfeiting."

"Who are you?" faltered the old man.

"Eugene Laromie, one of the secret police of Paris, better known to you as Henri Gaubin."

The old man said not a word, but suffered Laromie to lead him away. I followed in the most complete astonishment. Arriving at the street entrance, we found a cabriolet waiting for some one. Laromie, after telling me that he would see me again during the day and explain the matter, entered the vehicle with his prisoner, and drove off.

I was positively bewildered by what I had seen and heard. Laromie a detective! I could scarcely credit it. I felt not a little uneasy, too. I had been expressing my opinions with regard to the government and condition of affairs to him without reserve, and many of them were not very complimentary to the "powers that be." I could not help fearing that his duty as a government official might require him to get me into trouble; and I was somewhat impatient to see him and have an explanation of the whole matter. I did not meet him again until late in the afternoon.

"Well, *mon ami*," said he, as he entered my room, where I sat smoking, "have you recovered from your surprise? Ha, ha! I don't know which was more amusing, this morning, your astonishment or that of old Du Far. The rascal was completely caught, and I do myself the credit to believe it has been one of the neatest affairs yet performed in Paris."

"Laromie," said I, as I pointed to a chair, which he took, "I am afraid I have been very imprudent since I have known you."

"What do you mean?"

"Not knowing your real character," I answered, "I have been perfectly unreserved in the expression of my opinions with regard to your government, and matters in general here."

"You fear, then, that I may have been playing the spy on you, and reported your sayings to the head of the Bureau of Police?" he said, hastily, while his face flushed painfully.

"Exactly," I replied.

He rose abruptly from his seat and went towards the door; but in a moment he came back, laughing.

"Knowing your opinions of our system here," he said, good naturedly, "I don't blame you for the suspicion, especially after what you witnessed this morning. But, believe me, *mon ami*, it is no part of my duty to sacrifice my honor; and being on such intimate terms with you, I should have warned you, had I thought it necessary for you to be cautious. But I am willing for you to hold your opinions, so long as you do not interfere with matters here. You have wronged me greatly, but I forgive you."

I at once offered him my hand, and apologized for my suspicions. He laughed good-naturedly, and assured me that I was forgiven. Then we sealed the forgiveness with a cigar and a bottle of claret.

"Now," said I, "I want you to tell me something of your experience as a detective; for, from what I have seen of you to-day, I think you must be an uncommonly clever fellow. Suppose you give me the history of the case you have just completed."

"They say at headquarters," said Laromie, "that I do my work well, and I believe the compliment is not undeserved. I give great care to my cases, and am usually employed in those which are considered difficult. But instead of telling you of the case that happened this morning, suppose you let me relate what I consider my most famous exploit."

"By all means. I want to know, also, why you became a detective. Tell me anything you like. I shall be a willing listener."

"I think I must have been born for my profession," said Laromie, brushing the ashes off his cigar; "for in my childhood I was always finding out other persons' secrets. My companions could hide nothing from me, and it seemed to me that events had only to happen for me to know them. Many that I did not seek to learn forced themselves under my very eyes, and frequently to my great annoyance. As I grew up, this talent, for so I consider it, increased. When I came of age, I found myself in possession of an ample fortune which was left by my late father. There was no necessity for me to adopt any profession, or enter any branch of business, for my support was already guaranteed; but, in order to give my talents room for legitimate use, I determined to enter the secret service of the government. The chief of the secret police was a friend, and I sought him, and asked admission into his force. At first, he advised me strongly against the course I wished to pursue, giving me many reasons which it is useless to mention here. Some of them were good, others of no consequence; but none of them sufficient to alter my determination. I pressed my application with so much earnestness that the chief at last consented to take me on trial for six months. At first, he gave me only trivial cases; but I soon satisfied him that I was capable of better things than these, and he gave me more responsible duties. I succeeded so well in everything, that in less than three months I was promoted to a position of great trust and importance. I have now been in the service nine years, and during that time have made myself valuable to the government; and it has become customary, whenever a case requires unusual talents, to entrust it to me; and I do not remember but one instance in which I have failed to give satisfaction.

"Having told you this, *mon ami*, simply in compliance with your request, I will now relate what I consider my greatest exploit.

"About fifteen months ago I was summoned by the chief, and informed that a murder had been committed in the Faubourg St. Antoine, attended by an uncommon amount of mystery. He wished me to visit the spot immediately, and take charge of the case, which promised to be an interesting one. I at once repaired to the house. I found it in charge of the authorities, who had refused to allow anything to be disturbed until I had visited the place. I was told that the murder had been committed on the previous night. The victim was an old woman who had amassed a considerable sum of money, which she always kept hidden in her chamber. It was generally known in the neighborhood that she was very miserly, and kept her money by her, being unwilling to trust it out of her sight. Her body was lying on the floor of the chamber, and the room had evidently been plundered by the murderer. The woman's throat was cut through to the spinal column, and though she lay in an immense puddle of blood, there were no stains on her dress, and no blood marks on the floor of the room. This was singular, and at once convinced me that the deed was done by a practiced hand. The murderer had evidently held the woman in one position with one hand, while he cut her throat with the other with one powerful sweep of the knife. There was no other clue to the assassin. It was of importance to know that the murderer was not a novice, and, from the manner in which the deed was done, I inclined to the opinion that he was not a Parisian, for the method had never been practised in the city before.

"I returned to the Bureau and informed the chief of the result of my observations, at the same time telling him that I had very little hope of succeeding, the clues to the mystery being so obscure. Nevertheless, I promised to do my best to unravel it. In about three weeks I was sent to examine into another murder. The victim this time was the mistress of a boarding-house, and was a widow somewhat advanced in years. Her chamber had been entered and robbed, and her throat had been cut to the bone, in precisely the same manner as in the other case. She, too, lay on the floor, weltering in a pool of blood, but nowhere else was a drop of the blood visible, on her person, the floor, or the furniture. Evidently the same man had committed both murders. The only difference in the circumstances of the second affair was that I found on the floor near the body a pocket-handkerchief folded into a three-cornered shape, and showing marks of having been knotted at the ends.

"The thing perplexed me greatly, and I felt quite hopeless of dispelling the mystery which surrounded it. The pocket-handkerchief was of no use to me, as it had belonged to the deceased. Nevertheless, I took it with me, hoping that it might be of use some day. I was very anxious to trace the assassin, for I began to see that he was commanding an organized system of murder; and besides this, I felt that my reputation was at stake.

"While pondering over the matter—and it was rarely out of my thoughts—one of my friends, who is a photographer, communicated to me some intelligence that he had gained from his reading and studies. He had seen it stated that the last impression made upon the eye of a dying person would be retained there for a certain time after death. That being the case, he thought it possible to obtain a photographic likeness of that impression, and was very anxious to try the experiment. The matter interested me at once, and I readily promised to give him an opportunity to test it in the next murder case that came within my observation. I saw plainly that the discovery, if successful, would be of immense importance in tracing murderers, and I had a vague hope that it would enable me to find the man I was seeking, as I was confident that he would repeat his performance before long. A month passed away, and then a third murder occurred. This victim was, like the second, the keeper of a boarding-house, and was killed for her money. She, too, lay weltering in a pool of blood, with her throat cut to the bone, while, as in the other cases, the wound had been inflicted so as to cause no splashing of blood. The handkerchief lay near the corpse, as in the second case, but seemed to have belonged to the assassin this time, instead of being the property of his victim.

"I at once despatched a messenger to my friend the photographer, who soon arrived, bringing with him instruments of great power and delicacy, which he had procured in anticipation of this event. The eyes of the murdered woman were wide open, and we had no difficulty in fixing her face in a proper position. The day being clear and bright, an excellent negative was taken, and when the impression was transferred to the paper, we found it the profile of a man's face. The upper portion was obscure, but the lower part, from the nose down, was perfect. The features were those of an Italian. This confirmed my supposition that a foreigner had committed the murders. Only the lower part of the face being produced, I was somewhat perplexed. It was too bad to be so near the end I sought, and yet to be baffled by an imperfect picture. I was sorry that only the profile was the last thing seen by the dead woman. Had it been the full face, I might have had more to encourage me. Then again, there is something common to all Italians in the lower part of the face, and what resembles one might with reason be said to resemble another in this respect. However, my friend and I were delighted with the result of our experiment. It was a novelty then; now it is a common thing. We decided to say nothing about it until we had made other trials, unless we found it necessary for the development of the case I was engaged upon. I provided myself with a copy of the photograph we had taken, and determined to subject every Italian I met to a rigid inspection. On the whole, the matter was progressing favorably, and although the difficulties in my way were formidable, I could not help feeling encouraged by the events of the day, and I resumed my task with new vigor.

"I at once busied myself with searching for my man among all the Italians that I met. I frequented the places mostly patronized by them—the boulevards, the cafes, the theatre and the opera. Every Italian I met, even down to the organ-grinders, I subjected to a rigid scrutiny, and once or twice came near getting into quarrels with persons who resented my conduct as impertinence. At least two months passed away in this fruitless search; and, in spite of the advantages which I possessed, I began to despair.

"At last, the government having occasion to send me to Switzerland on a secret mission, I found myself in one of the small towns of that country. Having transacted my business, I set out on my return. In the compartment in which I was placed were four persons. One was an old lady, another a young one, the third a priest, and the fourth a man whose features I could not see, as his hat was drawn down over them. I knew at once, from the man's manner, that he was trying to avoid being recognized, and I determined to watch him.

"After we had gotten fairly underway, and had left the town some twenty miles behind us, the man raised his hat, and I could scarcely repress a scream of delight. There sat the very counterpart of the picture I had in my pocket. I was confident of it from the first, but I knew that it would never do to alarm him at first, and I did not wish to arrest him until I was sure of fastening the charge upon him. Every feature coincided exactly with those of the photograph. Although I felt certain of this, I quietly took out the picture, and compared it with the face before me. The examination satisfied me.

"It was necessary to proceed cautiously. As soon as I had entirely recovered my self-control, I caught the fellow's eye.

"'Monsieur is Swiss?' I said, inquiringly.

"'No,' he replied, with an unmistakably Italian accent, 'not Swiss.'

"'Italian?' I said.

"'Yes.'

"'Monsieur is going to Paris?'

"'Yes. Are you?'

"'No. I shall leave the cars at Dijon. Has monsieur ever visited Paris?'

"'Yes, frequently. I was there several months ago.'

"'Ah, then you heard of the terrible murders that took place in the city during your visit?'

"The man started slightly, and looked at me searchingly. I could scarcely repress a smile, but I kept my countenance motionless.

"'What murders?' he asked, hurriedly.

"I narrated the incidents of the three murders with apparent carelessness, but all the while watched him calmly. He was nervous, and as you Americans say, 'fidgetty.' Everything thus far confirmed my suspicions. I was confident that I had my man, but I determined to try him a little further. Since the last murder I had carried with me, together with the photograph, the handkerchief that I had found near the body of the third victim, and which I suppose had belonged to the assassin. Now I drew it out quietly, and, while pretending to use it, displayed it in such a way that the man could not help noticing it. As his eyes rested upon it his face grew perfectly livid. He glanced at me with a look of terror, but then by a powerful effort regained his self-control, and turned to look out of the window. In a few minutes he turned to me again.

"'Monsieur,' said he, 'that is a singular handkerchief you have. Will you let me see it?'

"I handed it to him, and he gazed at it searchingly. I saw his lips close rigidly. After a searching examination he handed it back to me.

"'There is a singular history connected with that handkerchief,' said I. 'The last of the victims of whom I have told you was a distant connection of mine, and I was the first one to discover the murder. I saw this handkerchief lying on the floor near the body. It was folded into a three-cornered shape, and had the appearance of having been knotted. I supposed it had been used in the assassination; but as it was not injured, and as I took a fancy to it, I took possession of it before the officials came. Do you know I have always had an impression that the murderer was, begging your pardon, an Italian?'

"'An Italian?' cried the man, suddenly, showing signs of great excitement. 'Why do you think so?'

"'From the manner in which the throat was cut. I have heard that your countrymen are deucedly clever with the knife in matters of this sort. But it's an ugly, unpleasant subject. Suppose we drop it?'

"'Willingly,' said the Italian.

"With that our conversation ceased. During the remainder of the ride, as I sat silent, with my hat drawn over my eyes, feigning sleep, I watched the Italian closely. He never took his eyes off from me, and I noticed that he glared at me with a look that was not indicative of a very warm friendship. As the train entered the town of Dijon, I quietly prepared my revolver (with which I am always provided when on duty) for use.

"'By the way,' said I, taking the photograph from my coat pocket, 'I forgot to tell you of a new discovery which was made in connection with the last murder of which we have spoken. It has been found that the eye of a dead person retains for a certain time the last impression made upon it. This being made known to us, we determined to try it with the hope of discovering the murderer of my relative. We procured an artist, who made an excellent photograph of the eye of the murdered woman. To our delight the features of the assassin were revealed distinctly. Here is the picture, if you would like to see it.'

"The train stopped at the depot, and the guard appeared at the door as I handed the photograph to the man. He glanced at it for a moment, and then with a yell sprang to his feet, and moved towards the door. I had anticipated him, and as he turned he saw me standing at the door, covering him with my revolver.

"'One step more, and I will fire,' I said. 'In the name of the law, I arrest you upon three distinct charges of murder.'

"In a few minutes I had him handcuffed. I did not get out at Dijon, but kept on to Paris with my prisoner. On the way he confessed everything; and indeed, on searching him, I found a memorandum book with a calendar. Opposite the date of each murder there was a black cross, and other dates had a slight mark, with the names of women, and the words, 'without husbands.' These, he told me, were murders which he meant to have committed. I also found in a private pocket of his coat a large, pointed, sharp double-edged knife in a paper sheath. The picture which I had shown him had completely cowed him, and had induced him to confess everything to me.

"Well, he was tried, convicted and beheaded, and I was complimented by the chief for the way in which I had conducted the case. I really do think it was done handsomely, if you will allow me to say so."

I thanked Laromie for his story, and we talked for a long time about criminal affairs in France. He promised, now that I knew his true character, to take me with him in some of his rounds, and show me the wonders and mysteries of Paris. I frequently availed myself of this kind offer, and some of these days, when I have leisure, may be tempted to relate my experience for the benefit of my readers.

"THE FIRST PRIVATE."

A rare specimen of soldierly humanity once appeared at a Southern hotel. In the large bar-room of the house, during the evening, a discussion arose touching certain events that transpired at the battle of Shiloh. The dispute waxed warm. Many of those present had been in the war—some engaged on the one side, and some on the other—and, being military men, and officers at that, they were very emphatic. At length a modest gentleman, who had been sitting in a corner, quietly listening, arose and came forward.

"Gentlemen!" said he, "I happened to be in that battle—was in at the beginning, and came out at the end—and, if you would like, I will tell you just how it was."

All were respectfully silent while he spoke, and they could not be otherwise than attentive—for the man's description of the battle was so precise, so circumstantial, so eloquent, and so startlingly vivid, that those who had been there seemed to be living the fiery scene over again. When he had concluded, all understood, and there was room for no more dispute. On the following morning, the soldier of Shiloh went to the office to settle his bill previous to departure, and asked the amount of his indebtedness. Said the landlored:

"You were in the army?"

"Yes, sir!"

"May I ask what office you held?"

"I held no commission, sir; I was but a private soldier."

"Is it possible? Well, sir! I shall claim the privilege of celebrating this rare event by making you a present of a receipted bill without further cost to you. Of the thousands of soldiers who have stopped at my house since the close of the war, you are the first private."

WHERE THEY DRINK BEER.

Beer is drank pretty freely in all parts of Germany; but in Munich it literally supersedes water, which is only used for boiling potatoes, washing dishes, and making beer. As much beer as a person can drink can be had for ten pfennigs, or about two and one-half cents—cold and sparkling—and it is not to be wondered at that everybody relies upon it, when good drinking-water is so scarce, and if you put a lump of ice in it will cost as much money. A visit to the breweries and beer-gardens and tap-rooms of Munich would astonish the most inveterate beer drinkers of Philadelphia. It is sold at the breweries in mugs holding about as much as four ordinary glasses, and so great is the demand that of an evening when the spigot of a fresh barrel is turned it is never stopped until the barrel is empty. We have seen five barrels thus running at one time in a large establishment, the mugs being filled with remarkable dexterity. It is used in every family as a part of the daily food, young and old partaking of it with all the freedom that we use water. They contend that it is healthy, and much less injurious than coffee, and that as few persons injure themselves by drinking it to excess as others do by drinking to much coffee.

ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

Many curious traits are exhibited by dogs, showing the highest order of instinct, if not of reason. Telesius relates the following fact of his own dog, to which he was an eye witness: The animal had been worried by another of greater strength; when he returned to his home it was observed that he abstained from half the quantity of the food regularly given him, forming a kind of store of his savings. After some days he went out, brought back with him several dogs of the neighborhood, and feasted them upon his hoard of food. This singular proceeding attracted his master's attention, who, closely watching the result, observed that they all went out together. Following them he found they proceeded by several streets to the outskirts of the town, where the leader singled out a large dog, which was immediately set upon by all his guests, and very severely punished.

A watch dog that was habitually chained to his kennel found that his collar was large enough to allow him to withdraw his head from it whenever he chose to do so. Reflecting, however, that if he should attempt any such practice when his master or keeper were about they might so tighten his collar as to prevent its repetition, he always refrained from the manœuvre during the day, but he availed himself of the privilege by night, roaming about the neighboring fields that were stocked with sheep and lambs, some of which on sundry occasions he wounded or killed. Bearing on his mouth the marks of his misdeeds he would go to a neighboring stream to wash off the blood, having done which he would return to his kennel, and, slipping his head into his collar, lie down on his bed as though he had been there all night.

Mr. Jesse gives the following anecdote of remarkable sagacity in a dog belonging to a farmer in Lincolnshire: If any well dressed person goes into the farm yard during the day the dog takes no notice. If, however, a beggar enter the premises the dog instantly goes to him, gently lays hold of his stick or clothes and quietly leads him to the door of the dwelling house, and sees him safe off the premises under similar precautions. But in the night the faithful animal will apprehend all persons alike, and never release a gentle grasp until bidden by his master or mistress. The latter has a sister living on an adjoining farm. In order to make a short cut between the two houses a single plank was thrown across a deep brook. The wife of the owner of the dog constantly and fearlessly intrusts her children to his care when on a visit to their aunt. The animal halts the little group of children when he comes to the narrow bridge, and conducts them over one by one, always taking firm hold of the child's garment behind, and when he has safely escorted one child he returns for another. He then waits their return and conveys them home in a similar manner.

At Woolwich theatre, during the performance of "Jesse Vere," in the third act, in which a terrible combat takes place between a mother and two assassins for the possession of her child, a large Newfoundland dog, that managed to get into the pit along with his owner (an engineer of a steamship), leaped over the heads of the musicians in the orchestra, and flew to the rescue, and seizing one of the ruffians, dragged him to the floor. The dog was with difficulty removed and dragged off the stage. He had been accustomed to the company of children, and had on many occasions evinced strong proof of affection. The mimic life on the theatre stage had all the appearance of reality to the noble brute and he hastened to exhibit the promptings of his kindly instincts.

VAGARIES OF WILD ANIMALS AT SEA.

It is a fact perhaps not widely known that most of the wild animals procured for the menageries and zoological gardens of Europe and America are brought from Africa mainly through North Germany. It seems they are collected in Africa, (mainly cubs,) brought to Trieste, and then to North Germany, and from there are distributed to the countries where they are needed. It thus happens that the North German steamers frequently carry these animals to the United States; and it is interesting to hear about their habits on shipboard. The lions, tigers, and hyenas, are great cowards in a storm. They also suffer a great deal from seasickness, and whine about it. The elephant has little to say when he is seasick, and he looks "unutterable things." It has been described by Charles Reade how the sagacious elephant, in storms at sea, saves himself from being washed off the deck by throwing himself flat upon his belly with all his four legs and his trunk spread out with suction power upon the planks. Captain Neynaber, being interrogated upon this point, remarked with a sly wink, that it would not do to believe all we saw in print. He said that no shipmaster would undertake to carry a loose elephant on deck. A loose elephant tumbling about in a gale would be a more dangerous object than the loose gun told of by Victor Hugo. The elephant, and all the other wild animals transported by steamer, are confined in the strongest kind of boxes, and the boxes themselves are secured in the firmest manner. The horse, it appears, is the most nervous and sensitive animal that goes to sea, and a hen shows the most utter disgust with life when seasick.

—A female infant, born in a New York town, has her head set on the wrong side before—her face where the back of her head ought to be. Such a girl, when she grows up, will possess some advantages over the ordinary woman. When she goes to church her neck will be saved many a twist, as she will not be obliged to turn her head to see who comes in. But unless she walks sort o' backwards, she will be apt to collide with lamp-posts, store boxes and things.—*Norr. Herald.*

Varieties.

—Chicago has 45,000 school children, with 810 teachers.

—In England and Wales there are 68,538 persons of unsound mind, an increase of 1,902 over last year. The ratio to population is 27.57 to 10,000.

—There is a pigeon roost from two to three miles long, and from half to three-quarters of a mile wide, in Potter county, in this State. Every tree is full of nests.

—Secretary Evarts' youngest daughter, Miss Louisa Evarts, is said to be an expert oarswoman, and can handle a boat with the skill and firmness of a masculine hand.

—The late Caroline B. Derby, of Salem, Mass., after bequeathing the bulk of her estate of $50,000 to relatives, leaves $5000 to the Salem Hospital and $2000 to other local charities.

—A Bridgeport (Conn.) genius claims to have invented an attachment for the telephone to prevent a message being heard by any one on the line other than the person for whom it is intended.

—The Liberian exodus ship Azor is at Charleston, and will probably take a cargo of naval stores to Antwerp, earning money to pay off the claims against her ere she again sails for Monrovia.

—Two Treasury clerks in London have been detailed to read all the speeches delivered by Gladstone within the last six years, for the purpose of culling all passages that may be construed into personal attacks on the Earl of Beaconsfield.

—The bones of the intrepid explorer, Pere Marquette, have been discovered near Point St. Ignace, Mackinac, about thirty yards from the former Jesuit Church, and probably within the fence which once surrounded the dwellings of the missionaries.

—The letter-boxes at Liverpool have a spring attached to the flap, and when a letter is pushed in a plate moves and shows the hour of the last clearance.—People can thus tell if they are in time for a certain mail, and a check is had on the postmen charged with emptying the box.

—The old Bassett House, in North Haven, Conn., which was built in 1713 and was recently demolished, showed many huge oaken girders and rafters and beams apparently as sound as when they first came from the forest. The property has always remained in the Bassett family.

—An acoustic experiment was made in Paris August 21 with the captive balloon. Twenty musicians went up in it and played Bilse's "Storm," while the other half responded from below. The ruins of the Tuileries gave back a decided echo, and people in the street were surprised at hearing the "music of the spheres" after this fashion.

—The Norwegians complain that foreign sportsmen, especially English, are likely to exterminate the reindeer and wild fowl. More than fifty reindeer are now seldom seen on the Hardanger table-land, where 300 or 400 could formerly be found; and Professor Friis, the greatest Norwegian sportsman, says there are only 6000 or 8000 in the whole country. A couple of sportsmen, moreover, are said to have shot 1200 wild fowl in a week.

—While a French trader was journeying toward Constantinople, his cart broke down and his money rolled out upon the ground, when it was pounced upon by some Russian officers who were passing. The Frenchman demanded his property, but was informed that according to Russian law all money found upon the highway belonged to the State. He appealed to the authorities at San Stefano, who confirmed the decision, and he did not get his money back.

—Postmaster Boughton, of Ridgebury, Connecticut, it is said, has discovered in his yard a comb of honey attached to an apple tree. It was made by a small swarm of bees, and the comb is as large as a peck measure, hanging from one end of the limbs of the tree. At night the bees cover the outside of the comb instead of resting in a bunch in some one part of it. They do this to protect it from the dew and so closely do their bodies join as to completely cover the surface.

—"Potato plants used to be grown, a very long time ago, in front yards on Broadway, New York, for the sake of the flowers, which were much prized for bouquets and other ornamental purposes. However, the potatoes themselves"—I suppose this means the tubers—"became such favorite food in a few years that the plants were promoted backward from the flower beds to the kitchen gardens and open fields. The beauty of the blossoms was forgotten in the usefulness of their roots."—*St. Nicholas.*

—At Scales Mound, near Galena, Ill., a week ago, Henry Haar, a young man laboring under a mild attack of insanity, built a bonfire of corn-fodder, and, divesting himself of all his clothing save a shirt, deliberately walked into the burning mass, chanting at the same time his own funeral dirge. He was stifled by the smoke and fell to the ground, his feet and legs remaining in the fire. He was found in that condition and rescued from the flames by his parents, still singing while roasting alive. Both of his legs have been amputated, and he will probably die.

—There are 4,000,000 dead letters received annually at the Dead-Letter Office. Three hundred thousand without stamps, 50,000 partially addressed, 6000 no address, $1,500,000 of money orders and drafts of money value, 45,000 packages containing property, $40,000 in money—nine-tenths of which is returned, the balance remaining in the Treasury subject to application for four years; 15,000 photographs; 250,000 European letters are returned unopened; one tenth of all letters received contain property; 10,000 applications for letters reported lost, the great proportion found and delivered.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8204-0617