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POETRY.

I Know.

At yonder turn in tangled woods,
The mountain brook is lost to me;
And yet I know it still flows on
And downward to the sea.

From out the nest the robin sweeps,
With song, into the wastes of air;
And yet I know he will return,
For still his nest is there.

The thoughts I have of one I love,
Go hence, and so are lost to me;
And yet I know they pass to him
Who dwells beyond the sea.

How wend the waters to the sea,
How finds the bird again its nest,
Or thought o'erleaps the continents
Upon love's high behest?

I cannot see, I cannot tell,
'Tis past my finding out;
Yet if I know, if I believe,
Oh, wherefore can I doubt!

—*A. D. F. Randolph, in the Congregationalist.*

MISCELLANY.

THE BROTHER-IN-LAW.

The slant February sunshine was streaming cheerfully across the kitchen floor,—the fire in the cooking-stove snapped and crackled, and the kettle *sang merrily* when Mr. Selden came in from the barn with the brimming milk-pail. Mrs. Selden started from the brief doze that had momentarily overcome her, even while the last ragged stocking, pulled over the dry gourd to be darned, was held in one hand, and the darning-needle in the other.

"Asleep, eh?" said the farmer, dryly. "I don't have the time to take naps in the daytime!"

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Selden, coloring. "But I dropped off before I knew it. The washing was very heavy this morning, and I got over-tired, I suppose."

"Work is always heavy," said Mr. Selden, gloomily. "Supper ain't ready yet? And the hired man is waitin' out in the shed, and you are sittin' here asleep. Get out the cold pork and beans as quick as you can! Time once lost can never be found again. Every minute counts in farm-work!"

Mrs. Selden put aside the stocking-basket, and made all the haste she could, in a nervous, uncertain way—and just then the door opened, and a tall, handsome young man entered, with a cluster of dark-green mistletoe in his hand.

"See what I found in the woods," said he. "You used to love mistletoe, Fanny, when you were a girl."

"It's very pretty," said Mrs. Selden, with a quick, sidelong glance at it, for her husband's eye was upon her, and she felt its cold scrutiny. "Put it on the window-sill, Carlos. I am too busy to look at it just now. Supper is behindhand!"

"And is that any reason you should hurry yourself to death?" retorted her brother, as he took the heavy iron kettle from her hand. "You will kill yourself with these ponderous weights yet!"

"Humph!" remarked Mr. Selden. "You don't seem in any hurry, young man!"

"Why should I be?" said Carlos Dorr, carelessly, as he flung himself into a seat by the window.

"You've been all day trampin' about the woods," said Selden, "and you've fetched home a bunch o' mistletoe!"

"Yet I have not been unoccupied," said Carlos, quietly.

"I shouldn't make much profit at the year's end," said his brother-in-law, grimly, "if I worked in that sort of way. Come, Fanny, make haste, the sun is down, and the chores are all to be done yet. And I don't want to be disagreeable, Dorr," with a sinister glance, "but if you mean to stay on here much longer, I shall expect you to help around the place a little."

Dorr took his seat composedly at the table, beside his sister, whose faint color varied painfully, as she looked from one to the other of the speakers.

"But I don't mean to stay on here," said he.

"Humph!" said Selden. "That was a good offer Deacon Sloane made you to work his farm on shares. I s'pose you'll accept that?"

"I am not fond of farming," said Carlos.

"And there's a fair lookout if you join that lead-mining business at Zoar Hill," added Selden.

"Neither do I intend to become a lead miner," said Carlos, as unruffled as ever.

"And Dutton Mill can be leased for a song—a capital place for trade," persisted Selden.

"Thanks," Dorr indifferently answered. "But I don't think I should shine as a miller."

"Humph," growled Selden, as he carved the cold pork into slices of portentous thickness, and served out solid masses of baked beans with them. "I see you don't want to work, that's the matter with you."

"Don't, John," said Mrs. Selden, appealingly.

"It ain't my duty to encourage idleness," persisted Selden, drinking off his tea in scalding draughts. "Here's Hannah," as a blooming girl, sufficiently like him in features to declare their relationship as brother and sister, but not at all resembling him in expression, came in. "She seems to think, because she teaches deestrict school, that she can set with her hands folded the rest of the day instead o' gettin' a rag-carpet under way, or beginnin' a sensible patchwork quilt, such as my mother used to make."

Hannah Selden sat down to the table.

"I'm sorry I was late," said she. "I meant to help Fanny get tea. But the Shakspearean Club was a little longer than usual. We finished 'Henry the Fourth' and——"

"'Henry the Fourth!'" contemptuously repeated her brother. "What sort o' use is that trash goin' to be to you?"

"Nothing, I suppose," said Hannah. "Except that I like it!"

"Likin' don't help to earn a livin'," said Selden, shortly. While the hired man, eating stolidly away at his end of the table stared first at one, then at another of the disputants, vaguely conscious that there was mental electricity in the air. "As for helpin', Fanny don't need no help. She's able to do her own work—and I don't want no nonsense put into her head about being a fine lady, with nerves and neuralgy, and all that sort of thing. Well! Where was I? Oh, about Carlos Dorr. He's my wife's brother, and I'm willin' to treat him decent, but I can't have no idlers about here. I'm speakin' for his own good!"

"Thank you, sir," said Carlos.

"In my household," went on Selden, more irritated than ever, "them as can't work shan't eat!"

"Well, I hardly come under that category," said Carlos. "I can work—but it isn't in pitching hay and measuring out bags of flour! I must claim the privilege of choosing *my own profession*, and—excuse me, Mr. Selden—of managing my own business."

"Mighty independent, to be sure," growled the farmer. "But I wash my hands of you once for all! And I want you to understand that arter to-morrow, your room will be wanted for them as is willing to work for their livin'!"

"You are welcome to it to-night, Mr. Selden," said Carlos Dorr, calmly. "After what you have said you can hardly expect me to remain here longer. I will go to the Parsonage, where Mr. Mildway will, I make no doubt, receive me as a guest!"

And he walked out of the room.

"Oh, John! oh, John!" cried the poor little wife, wringing her thin hands. "And Carlos is the only brother I have left in the world!"

"A shiftless vagabond," roared Selden, "who turns up his nose at them as could buy him out half a dozen times."

"John, you shall not speak so!" said Hannah, quickly. "Mr. Dorr is no vagabond! And he never——"

"Ah, ha!" sneered Selden. "So you're in the ring, too, are you? You're one of the Dorr worshipers!"

Hannah blushed, but held her ground bravely.

"I honor his talent and respect his principles," said she. "There now! And I don't believe in your theory of work, work, work, all the time, as if life were all one eternal tread-mill! You've harrowed yourself down to a mere machine, and you are killing Fanny, and I think it's a shame! Now you know my opinion about it, and much good may it do you."

And she went over to kiss and soothe her poor little sister-in-law, who was sobbing piteously.

"I hate scenes," said Selden. "Come, Timothy," to the hired man, "let's get out and fodder the cattle afore its gets to be pitch dark. The women will come to their senses afore we get back!"

But the next month he heard of the career his wife's brother had chosen with fresh contempt.

"An artist, eh?" said he. "A poor forlorn wretch, out at elbows, and starving in a garret. He needn't come to me for help!"

"He will not," said Hannah.

"And I forbid any one to speak his name in my presence," said Selden, sharply. "He's chosen his own path, now let him stick to it, and keep out o' mine."

It was not long, however, before the decision called ill luck began to persecute John Selden. He fell from a load of straw and broke his leg. It healed unsatisfactorily, and he found himself a prisoner in the house just when the farm required his most constant supervision. His wife became ill of malarial fever. The Lead Mining Company suddenly collapsed with a thousand dollars of his hard earned money in its jaws. Tax-bills came remorselessly in. Creditors began to press him. And, for the first time in his thrifty and methodical life, John Selden found himself hopelessly behind in his affairs, with not a cent of money for his necessary expenditures.

Poor Hannah, who had clung faithfully to them through all their year of reverses, burst into tears at last. She had been compelled to give up her school—and with it her income—to wait upon Fanny, and to do the housework.

"What are we to do?" she said, despairingly, to herself. See she was too good a little nurse to give way to her despondency in the sick room.

"Do!" repeated a cheerful voice, "stop crying in the first place—and in the next, tell me all about it. For there's no one who has a better right to share your troubles than I have, Hannah, dear."

And Carlos Dorr, handsome, travel-browned, and smiling, stood before her.

Hannah's dark, tear-wet eyes sparkled. "Oh," she cried, rapturously, "I never was so glad in my life. John and Fanny are in such trouble!"

And then she told the whole sad history.

That evening she came into the room where John Selden lay on a chintz-lounge, and his poor wife was in bed, in the opposite corner.

"It's all right, John," she said, cheerfully. "The taxes are paid—and Squire Hubbard's money will be ready for him to-morrow morning. Don't fret, John. Cheer up, Fanny. The Wheel of Fortune has taken a new turn."

"And you found a gold mine?" said the farmer, incredulously.

"No," said Hannah, "but Carlos Dorr has come back. He has succeeded splendidly in his profession. His pictures of the Yosemite Valley were both sold on the very first day of the Exhibition! And he says his purse is Fanny's purse. And here he is now. May he come in?"

John Selden uttered a deep groan of contrition.

"I am ashamed to look him in the face," said he. "I—I am ashamed to ask his pardon!"

"Then don't ask it," said Carlos, cheerily, as he wrung his hand. "We're all one family, aren't we? Or, at least, we shall be, when I am married to Hannah, here. Look up, Fanny. I am glad to see a little color in that pale cheek of yours. I believe I am making more money out of my art than I could have done as a farmer, John."

"Forgive me," said Selden, hoarsely. "I've made a mistake. I can see it now. But if Fanny gets better—and I am spared for another chance, I won't run around on the old rocks. Hannah, I congratulate you. You've done wisely."

And Fanny whispered softly, "Dear Hannah, I hope you will be happier than I have been. But oh, I am so thankful that hope and comfort have come back to us through my brother Carlos."

Truly, there is no preceptor like Experience. The lesson had come to John Selden late in life—but he profited by it, and Fanny's existence was brighter and easier, thereafter.—*Shirley Browne.*

At the Photographer's.

Photographer—"Chin a little higher, please. There, that is better. Look at that nail." Philadelphia *Call* reporter—"Which one?" Photographer—"That big nail near those two little ones. Your head is turned again. Press it back against the support. There, that is better. I am all ready now. Keep perfectly quiet and assume a cheerful expression." Philadelphia *Call* reporter—"Beg pardon, but I forgot to ask what you are going to charge me for these photographs?" Photographer—"Seventeen dollars. Now look pleasant."

CHASED BY AN ENGINE.

It was a night colder than I ever want to see again, if I am to be out-doors in it. I had attempted to reach a railroad station by a short cut across the mountains, and getting lost, the fall of night found me in an unenviable position. I would have perished from the intense cold had I not been fortunate enough at last to see a light in the distance, gleaming like a star, staggering toward which I found a welcome and a shelter.

The house from which this light proceeded was a signal-station of the —— Railroad, in charge of a telegraph operator by the name of Joe Gaines.

After climbing the western side of the mountain, the railroad at this point came through a gap or depression, and after a level run of a few hundred feet went down the eastern side. Under the operator was a track-walker, whose business it was to go from the foot of the mountain on one side to the foot on the other twice a day to see that the track was clear. The position Joe Gaines occupied was a responsible one, and no train could pass this point and go down the grade until he had signaled it to do so.

"You must find it monotonous here, especially in the winter," I said to him, as we sat before the fire late in the evening, now and then shuddering as some fiercer blast than usual went howling past.

"Yes," he said, "it is a business the monotony of which is seldom or never broken. In five years, which is the length of time I have been here, I have met but with one adventure out of the common; but," after a pause, "that was a scorcher!"

"Suppose you tell me of it to pass away the time?" I suggested.

"Just as you say."

"Then go ahead!"

"Well, I will do so, and I hope it will prove of interest to you. It is not far from a year ago that the adventure happened. There had been a storm, which at first was snow, then rain, and last of all a mixture of both, that frozen as it fell. The weight of it was so great that the wires on the east side of the mountain went down under the load.

"The next day was a dark and gloomy one, and I had the blues most terribly. If it had not been for the consolation of talking with a fellow-operator over the west wires, I believe I should have deserted my post here, never to return. I don't suppose you have any idea how a man comes to love the tick tick tick of the little instruments, but that one yonder I know the voice of as well as I know that of my best friend on earth. When that machine begins to click, it talks to me.

"Well, it was about this time in the evening, and I was sitting here alone. Pat was out on the west side, pushing his way along in the bitter cold.

"The machine there began to click click.

"I pricked up my ears. I was being called. Wondering for what, I went to the key and answered, and then a message came over the wires that caused my heart to stand still. It was in these words:

"'A locomotive has broken loose, and is going up the mountain with a full head of steam. It must be stopped, somehow, or it will go crashing into the train at H——.'

"Now H—— is a town a few miles from the foot of the mountain to the east side of us, the wire between which and myself was down. As the road only has a single track, the runaway locomotive, unless stopped, would wreck the train that was at the time standing in the station there.

"What was to be done?

"I tried to think of the right thing to do, but half a hundred ideas crowded themselves into my mind, one on top of the other, and I could not decide which was the safer and more practical, for while I would save the train at all hazards, I wished to save the locomotive as well, if it could be accomplished.

"I could see no way of doing this, and I finally started out with the intention of placing something across the rails, to throw the locomotive off them and down the mountain side.

"I had no more than stuck my nose outside the door than I knew that this would be an impossibility, for even then I could hear the engine snorting and panting up the grade, and not more than half a mile away. There was not time left for me to lug to the track and place across it anything heavy enough for the purpose intended.

"I remember a sensation crossing me that it was beyond my power to avert the catastrophe, and that I had no reason to blame myself. But the next minute came before my mind a picture of the train all crushed and smashed, and I fancied I could even hear the shrieks and cries of the wounded.

"It started the perspiration out of me in streams, and I felt I would be almost guilty of murder did I not make an attempt to save the train. Yet, what could I do?

"As I have said, the storm had been a mixture of snow and rain, that had frozen as it fell. The ground was covered by a mask of ice and sleet, and it glistened between the rails as it stretched away and was lost in the distance.

"To my mind, the problem of what to do appeared insolvable, and I was wringing my hands in helpless impotency, when light came.

"My foot had struck against a long hand sled, for which Pat found use in bringing in wood to burn.

"In this sled was salvation for the train! At the foot of the mountain was a siding. If I could reach which on the hand-sled in time to turn the switch, the runaway locomotive would be diverted from the course of destruction and would hurl itself against a rocky barrier at the termination of the side-track.

"When I placed the sled between the tracks, I could already see the glaring headlight of the engine. It was very close now, not more than an eighth of a mile away.

"Would it not overtake me after I got started, and before I reached the bottom of the grade? As the suggestion entered my mind, a cold chill crept over me. But I did not take time to count the danger—I did not dare to, lest I should become faint-hearted! I knew that the ties all the way down were close together, and the sled would cross them readily, as it had often done before with Pat.

"I gave myself a fling down on the sled, in the old schoolboy fashion, on my stomach. The impetus of my weight descending gave the sled a start, and the next second I was fairly flying down the grade between the rails.

"I had not gone far when I noted that the locomotive no longer panted in that heavy, distressed way that it had in climbing the grade on the other side.

"I knew what it meant. It had reached the level! In another minute she would be coming after me. Then what?

"I can tell you that you need never wish for such a feeling as came over me as the engine started down the grade in pursuit of me.

"I thought I had suffered mental agonies on several previous occasions, but I now know that never until then did I have the faintest conception of how much a human being can suffer in a brief space.

"So rapidly did the sled glide over the frozen sleet that my breath was fairly taken away. I dared not look back after I had been going for a few seconds, for so swiftly was I moving that it required my constant attention to guide the sled. One unguarded moment might send me headlong down the mountain side.

"It was awful not to be able to note the progress of the pursuing locomotive by means of sight, while my ears were telling me of its swiftly overtaking me. I shall never forget my feelings then if I should count my years to a century.

"Thud! thud! thud! I could hear the whirring wheels pound on the rails.

"The sled was a large and heavy one, and it could not help slipping along at a terrific rate on such a grade as this. Yet fast as it slid along I felt that there was need for greater speed if I would save the train. But faster than this I could not go. Even now I was all but flying. And behind me the locomotive was bounding along like dread fact behind; yet I dared not risk turning my head even for one instant.

At last the switch was in sight.

"Thud! thud! thud! The horribly suggestive sound was now close behind me. Fast as the sled was traveling, it appeared to me at this juncture as though it were only crawling at a snail's pace. I remember seeing the switch-handle ahead of me, of uttering a brief prayer, then digging my toes into the sleet to stop my headway. The next second I steered the sled sharply around. It slid sideways for some feet, and then lost motion.

some bloodthirsty monster, determined that I should not escape.

"It was only two miles to the bottom of the grade, so you can understand that it would not take me long to reach it. Yet it appeared to me that a year must have elapsed between the moment I started down the grade and that other one when I found myself near the bottom.

"Thud! thud! thud! The runaway locomotive was coming nearer—coming nearer with a speed rivaling the flight of a ball from the cannon's mouth! I felt sure it now could not be more than a few hundred feet behind.

"I did not take time to get upon my feet, but just rolled over in the direction of the switch, clutching which, I dragged myself on my feet, and glanced back in the direction whence I had just come.

"Good cause there was for the shudder that thrilled me, for the locomotive was only a couple of hundred yards away. Heavens! how she was tearing along!

"You can gain some idea perhaps, if you stop to think that she was coming down a heavy grade, under a full head of steam, of the fearful rate at which she was traveling.

"There was scant time in which to turn the switch. How I ever managed to do it in the time left me I do not pretend to understand, but got it turned in time I did.

"As I gave the switch handle a pull toward me, I instinctively shrank back out of the way. It was well that I did so, for the instant the wheels struck the curve of the switch the engine left the rails, jolted for a short distance over the ties, and then turned a somersault, struck heavily on some rocks, and lay there, like a monster panting for breath.

[illegible]

"I still had work to do. I must warn the now approaching train of danger, arising from the torn rails.

"Hastily gathering together some dry twigs, I lighted them, at a point a hundred feet beyond the break.

"When the train drew near, the engineer saw the fire and came to a halt. It being an impossibility for him to pass until a wrecking train had made repairs, he returned to H——.

"Two days later, the circumstances had probably been forgotten, save by myself and a very few others.

"And that is the account of the one adventure connected with my position that is at all different from the usual run of adventure in the employ of a railroad company."

"But was not your brave deed in some way recognized and rewarded?"

"It was not. I did not wish that it should be, for I was not cut out to fill the role of a hero."

"And the good old sled—what became of that?"

"Pat has it with him to-night. If you are going in the direction of H—— in the morning, you can go down the grade on it with him."

I did go down the grade with Pat, the next morning, on the sled, and more than once I shuddered as we slipped past some dangerous spot, where a slight miscalculation would have hurled us to the bottom of some ravine.

I had only to picture myself as being now pursued by a runaway locomotive to heartily wish myself somewhere else.—*Saturday Night.*

THE SURPLUS FOOD.

"Where do these beggars dispose of the surplus food they collect?" asked the reporter.

"They sell it to saloons of the lower class for free lunches. Am I sure of it? Well, I am as sure as any man can be of a thing which he never actually saw. I have had the admission from beggars themselves, and in speaking to our society the other night about this practice I was interrupted by a lady who said she knew positively of one case in which it was done. In short, there can be no doubt at all that after satisfying their hunger out of their baskets full of victuals, the beggars sell enough to enable them to buy whisky and tobacco, and then eat the remainder. One day I had an old woman up in court with an enormous basket full of food which she had just collected from charitable doors, and I asked her what she was going to do with it all, and she stammered some reply about having a large family, but there was no possible doubt about her habit of selling her collections. She was committed, and took the basket to prison with her. There was enough in it to make her independent of prison fare for [illegible]

A ITLIANS IN NEW YORK.

Great Wrongs Done to Poor Laborers.

There is no busier spot in all New York these winter afternoons than in the Italian colony on Mulberry, Worth, and Bayard streets, and it is very doubtful if there is anywhere a filthier one. It is a beehive, and the bees are lazzaroni. It is a rag fair, and the rags are walking about. It is a garbage heap, and the garbage is for sale as food. It is a convention of people who swore in youth never to wash themselves, and have kept their vow. It is a bedlam in which all are jabbering, gesticulating, jostling, and in which at times there are the flashings of knives, the imprecations of rage, the shrieks of fear or agony, and the groans of the dying. It is all these, according to the visitor's capacity and opportunity for observation in it. Yet there are here also frugality, industry, and other humble virtues not compatible with ignorance, poverty, and dirt.

There are in this colony about 15,000 Italians. It is the largest Italian colony in the city. The next in size is on Crosby street, and the smallest is scattered along from 107th to 117th street on the east side of town. Altogether, there are about 40,000 of these Italians in New York. Five years ago this section was almost entirely inhabited by Irish. The few Chinese, Jews, and negroes mixed in among them were scarcely noticeable. The Italians came in a swarm. One day, there was *only a man, a monkey*, and a hand organ to represent Italy. The next, Italy seemed to have come over to represent herself.

"The most of these Italians are lazzaroni, that is, poor people who come to this country because they have nothing to lose and everything to gain by any change in the conditions of their existence. If an Italian has enough to live on at home he is not likely to come away except in exceptional cases. Don't imagine that the lazzaroni are all brigands, assassins, or thieves. No, they are simply very poor people, mostly industrious, frugal, simple-minded, honest as their neighbors, and very ignorant. Most of those who have come over in the past two years did not bring a penny into the United States, but they brought willing hands for work. They are good laborers, especially for railroad construction, and are steady in their habits, very seldom getting drunk, and rarely gambling, even for the smallest sums. Having made an agreement to work for a stipulated price, they stick to it, never striking for more wages, and they are content with the simplest and scantiest food and clothing. They are abominably cheated by those who control their labor in a vast number of instances, and then, sometimes, they rebel, as any men might, and in the heat of passion do violent deeds. The contractors generally employ foremen over the Italians, and those foremen are in league with the boarding masters to rob them. Sometimes, too, the companies or contractors at least wink at these practices. Here is an instance. About 2,000 Italians were working on the West Shore and Buffalo Railroad, between West Point and Newburgh. The company gave the contract to a man, who got his bills in every month to the company, and when the Italian laborers were paid this company took out the amount they owed for board. I know men who worked there for six months, and came back at the end of that time with only a five-dollar note, having been robbed of all the rest. One of the men showed me a wooden pipe which the boarding master sold to him for five cents, as he was told at the time of the purchase, but for which he was charged $5 in his account. And that is but one illustration of hundreds I could cite. There is a poor fellow standing out there now who has brought back with him to New York as the sole fruit of a whole year's hard labor on that road, and as his support for the winter, one $5 bill. He was swindled out of all the rest.

"Another way in which the poor Italian is victimized is by the men who manage the street cleaning. Foremen under Mr. Walton, the contractor for street cleaning, made a business of charging Italian laborers $15 or $20 for giving them employment at 12½ cents per hour, and, after they had worked a week or two, of discharging them to make room for others. Scarcely ever were these rascals compelled to refund. But, only the day before yesterday, a man reported such an outrage to me. I made the foreman give him back his money, under a threat that if he did not I would bring the case before a police justice. 'Very well,' he said coolly, 'I'll give him back his $15. I can easily get $20 from another.' I have no doubt he did.

ACCIDENTS FROM STOVE GAS.

How They May be Avoided By Proper Management.

"The real cause of so many accidents should be reported just now, arising from stove gas," said a stove manufacturer and inventor to a *Globe* representative. "The whole trouble lies with the old, cheap stoves. There is no danger with first-class base-burners. These have a chamber between the coal reservoir and the outside of the stove, up which the gas ascends and is afterward drawn down into the fire and consumed. It is a mistake to imagine, as is generally understood, that the gas makes its way up the centre of the stove. On the contrary, it goes close to the sides, and the chamber then receives it. The same principle applies to a stove as to a chimney—in neither case does it ascend in the centre, but in circles round the sides. Since the recent accident from coal gas I have left the top off a first class base-burner during two nights and no trouble has resulted. Now, cheap stoves are only single—there is no gas chamber. If the drafts are closed gas is rapidly made, and as there is no arrangement to which it can be temporarily held, and subsequently drawn back off the live coals and consumed, it necessarily escapes into the room. If the gas did not find its way out through the joints the stove would be blown to pieces. Of course, poor people cannot buy expensive, first class stoves. And as cheap stoves do not possess protection appliances, a little care is needful. The only precaution necessary, however, is to open all draughts whenever fresh coal is put in. As to the propriety of issuing printed instructions with stoves, as is done in the case of sewing machines and even oven stoves, I think they would be of little use. The working of stoves is always fully and carefully explained when sales are made. If the dampers are closed by mistake no danger arises with a first-class base-burner. As to the second-class stoves, which are the cause of accidents, all the instructions given would consist of an injunction to open the draughts when feed[illegible]

SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULTS.

Careless Habits of Depositors—Origin and Growth of the System.

"Yes, indeed, carelessness in handling their valuables and securities has lost many men their fortunes," remarked a manager of one of the safety-deposit vaults. "It was only this morning that one of our depositors left a note for $8,000 lying upon a desk in one of the retiring-rooms, but we were fortunate enough to find the valuable paper and restore it to the owner before loss resulted. It would surprise you to see how thoughtless people are in leaving valuables lying around."

What kinds of valuables are usually left by depositors?"

"Well, all kinds; stocks and securities most frequently. Men come in here, take their bonds to a retiring-room, and cut off their interest coupons. Not unfrequently they leave some of the bonds lying on the desk or floor. Men, as a rule, are more careless than ladies. If I should tell you the largest amount of bonds left in that way, the customer would be very mad. It would surprise you, too, for it ran away up in the thousands."

"What class of people usually patronize deposit vaults?"

"All classes—bankers, professional men, and all others are having valuables they do not care to keep at home. Ladies are patronizing them largely now. Many of them keep their jewelry in the vault. They are becoming our best customers, for one lady who is pleased with the system tells her friends about it, and then they come around. This is a good experience for them. It teaches them business habits. A great many poor people now keep their savings in deposit vaults. Some of them have had unpleasant experiences with savings banks, and, not caring to resort to the dangerous primitive method of keeping their boardings between the bed-ticks, they rent places at deposit vaults. Young men are also using the vaults as a means of saving money. I know a young man who began saving in that way. The first year found him $300 ahead, instead of behind, as usual. He acquired business habits in that way that have obtained him a position worth $5,000 a year."

Safety-deposit vaults are of modern growth. Originally, valuables were kept at some secret place about the house, and it was not infrequent for persons to conceal large sums of money or valuable papers in their beds. This led to frequent losses by fire, robbery, and other causes, to say nothing of those occasioned by the carelessness of the owners. It then became customary for persons desiring greater security for their valuables to deposit tin boxes with their bankers, and soon bank vaults became overcrowded with them. This demand for depositories finally led to the establishment of safety-deposit vaults. The first one constructed in this country was at New York about a quarter of a century ago. They are being organized all over the country, and are constructed with a special view to preventing loss by fire. The demand for them has materially increased since bankers began refusing to take such deposits, even bank presidents and directors making use of them. In some of them large quantities of coin and idle bank funds are kept. When people who are known to have valuables in their houses take to making use of them, burglaries and murders by house-breakers may become less frequent, for the fact is well established that many crimes of this character are committed because the persons burglariously visited are believed to have articles of value concealed on their premises.

MORE REALISM WANTED.

The Work of Art That Was Shown to the Horse Reporter.

"Good day, gentlemen."

A rather pretty young lady stood in the doorway of the Chicago *Tribune* editorial rooms and paused in graceful expectancy after announcing her presence.

"Do you object," she continued, "to my talking to you, gentlemen, a little while on a matter which may be of interest to you?"

"I don't," replied the horse reporter. "If any person can gain instruction or amusement from a chaste conversation with me they are welcome to do so. Heaven forbid that I should by the thoughtful refusal of an innocent request embitter forever a life that would otherwise be bright and happy. What direction would you like to have the conversation take? I know some daisy stories concerning the trials to which early missionaries in Africa were subjected through neglecting to take mosquito bars with them, and a corker about a man in Ohio who, forgetting that his wife was born in Boston, said that he would sooner own Goldsmith Maid than be the author of Emerson's work."

"It wasn't anything of that kind I desired," said the young lady, blushing very prettily. "The purpose of my visit was to call your attention to a work of art I am engaged in selling," and she unfolded a picture which represented two boats lying alongside of each other on a placid sheet of water, one containing a young man and the other a young woman.

"Is that the work of art?" asked the horse reporter.

"Yes, sir."

"What's the name of it?"

"The title is 'On the Lake,' and it is considered a very pretty picture," continued the young lady.

"I suppose so. I see the young man has got hold of the young lady's hand. What's that for?"

"Why," said the visitor, blushing violently, "he is—that is, I suppose—they seem to be—why, the man is making love to the young lady."

"Oh," said the horse reporter, "he is seeking to win her young affections, is he?"

"Yes, sir," replied the fair art merchant, "I suppose that is it."

"But what's he lying down on his stomach in the boat for? Has he got the colic?"

"No, sir," was the reply, followed by more blushes. "His position is one of negligent ease, made so by the artist in order to more fully carry out the thought suggested by the picture."

"Well, I don't know," said the horse reporter. "Maybe you're right, but it doesn't look natural. I guess he's sort of scrunching down that way in case the girl's father should happen to be over there on the shore of the lake with a gun."

"Perhaps," said the young lady, [illegible]

"No," was the reply. "It's too ideal again. If you could get up one entitled, 'One Heart and Four Spades,' it would sell well in Chicago. Such a picture would appeal to the artistic nature of our most prominent citizens."

"Good day, sir," said the young lady. "I am much obliged for your courtesy and advice."

"Don't mention it. Come in again and I will let you look at some of our prize stories."—*Chicago Tribune.*

NEITHER PIG NOR PUPPY.

A Story Once Told by Henry A. Wise on the Hustings.

A dear friend of mine, who has a never-failing fund of anecdotes, was telling the other day how the expression of "neither pig nor puppy" originated. During the Know Nothing campaign in Virginia James Lyons met Henry A. Wise, his kinsman, on the stump. Mr Lyons accused his antagonist of having changed from one party to another with ludicrous facility. Wise, in turn, retorted in kind and said further on: In my neighborhood dwelt two farmers. One was hospitable and the other unsociable. They were differently constituted by nature. The first had an intimation that Hon. Abel P. Upshur, then Secretary of the Interior, would spend a day at his house while visiting the county. Mr. Upshur was inordinately fond of roast pig, but his expectant host discovered that this dainty was not procurable, so far as he knew, in time to gratify the appetite of the Secretary. The other farmer happened to hear of this and, in a generous moment, ordered a negro to catch one of his finest pigs and carry it to his friend. The boy did as he was ordered and forthwith proceeded on his journey. Half way there was a public house and Sambo stopped to get a drink of whisky. The bag containing the pig was put behind a door for fancied security. Warmed with the liquor, the negro told the whole story of his mission. Some wild fellows heard it and determined to have a bit of fun. They removed the pig from the bag and introduced a puppy in its place.

The negro shouldered his load, resumed his journey, and finally appeared with his burden before the delighted farmer, who was profuse in thanks. He told the boy to untie the bag and let him see the present. To the consternation of the negro and rage of the farmer the puppy darted out, with a lively bark. The negro was wreathfully commanded to put the puppy back and go home to his master, who would be seen later. Reaching the tavern on his return trip, the young scamps who had previously tricked them plied him with whisky, others hastily removed the puppy and restored the pig to his old quarters.

The negro again took up his bag and trudged homeward in a state of mellow but utter perplexity. Confronted by his master he told how he had started with a pig that had turned to a puppy and could not account for it short of diabolical intervention. The farmer swore that there was no puppy about his and emphatically ordered the poor negro to untie the bag and let the dashed thing go. Obeying the order, out rushed the pig, with a grunt of delight at deliverance. The master flamed out at the negro for his lying propensities and threatened him with condign chastisement. The astonished darkey flung up his hands in desperate protestation, wildly ejaculating: "Fore God, massa, when I first started that was a pig and it turned to a puppy, and when I started again it was a puppy and turned to a pig! The durned thing can turn to a pig or puppy whenever it chooses!"

Mr. Wise had no occasion to make the application to his opponent. The crowd took it in unanimously and bore the speaker off on their shoulders in triumph.—*Augusta Chronicle and Constitutionalist.*

POST OFFICE MYSTERIES.

A Secret Bureau That Dishonest Employes Dread.

William Gillespie, a youth of nineteen years, charged with stealing mail matter from his employer, Mr. E. P. Tiffany, of No. 195 Fulton street, made a full confession of his guilt. Detective Newcome, of the Post Office, detected Gillespie with stolen postal notes in his pockets.

A reporter asked Detective Newcome for information regarding his duties.

"My duties," he said, "are to look after all irregularities against the postal laws.

"The inside workings of our bureau must necessarily be kept a secret," continued the officer. "No one but myself and those in my office know how many persons I employ. My work is nearly all done by shadowing. I investigate a case and my suspicion falls on a certain person. Sometimes I hit it right in the first instance and sometimes I have to take a back track several times. Who does the shadowing, or how it is done, is the chief secret of the office. Let me give you an illustration of the way we are sometimes seemingly baffled. Last month George A. Wandell was sent to prison for eighteen months for robbing the mails in Jersey City. In Wandell's case I had nothing definite to work upon. Five times my suspicions pointed in other directions and five times I was deceived. Wandell was the sixth man and he was shadowed until caught opening a letter in the back room of a Pavonia avenue saloon. Wandell was in the custom of stealing letters from other carriers' tables, and hence innocent men were suspected. Then there was Orants, the Post Office agent on the New Jersey Central Railroad between Jersey City and Long Branch. I changed his 'shadows' daily and was two weeks in trapping him, and there was nearly as much difficulty in getting positive evidence against McGee, the stamp clerk in Station D, this city, who was robbing publishing house in that vicinity.

"Recently it was reported to me that a post office in a certain locality was being systematically robbed. I went to the designated place in disguise and made an investigation. The next night I entered the house of one of the carriers divested of my disguise. He was seated in his front room a young child on either knee, and his wife, a pretty woman of twenty-five years, was preparing supper. 'I want to see you alone,' I said to him and he led the way into the rear apartment. I saw him throw some times under the bed while we [illegible] way. He knew the object of my [illegible] [illegible]