Dr. Talmage on the Evils of Improper Associations.

Bed Results Sure to Follow Contact With Maful Persons-Dangers of Too Much Idleness and Pleasure-Companloss to Be Avoided.

In a recent sermon at Brooklyn on the subject of Evil Associations Dr. Talmage took his text from Proverbs xiii. 20: "A spanion of fools shall be destroyed." Following is the sermon:

"May it please the court," said a convicted criminal, when asked if he had any thing to say before sentence of death was passed upon him; 'may it please the court, had company has been my ruin. I received the blessings of good parents and in return promised to avoid all evil associations. Had I kept my promise I should have been saved this shame and been free from the load of guilt that hange about me like a vulture, threatening to drag me to justice for crimes yet unrevealed. L. who once moved in the first circles of society and have been the guest of distinguished public men, am lost and all through bad company."

This is but one of the thousand proofs that the companion of fools shall be destroyed. It is the invariable rule. There is a well man in the wards of a hospital where there are a hundred people sick with ship fever and he will not be so apt to take the disease as a good man would be ant to be smitten with moral distemper if shut up with iniquitous companions.

In olden times prisoners were herded together in the same cell, but each one learned the vices of all the culprits, so that, instead of being reformed by incarceration, the day of liberation turned them out upon society beasts, not men.

We may in our places of business be compelled to talk and to mingle with bad men, but he who deliberately chooses to associate himself with vicious people is engaged in carrying on a courtship with a Delilah whose shears will clip off all the locks of his strength and he will be tripped into perdition. Sin is catching, is infectious, is epidemic. I will let you look over the millions of people now inhabiting the earth and I challenge you to show me a good man who, after one year, has made choice and consorted with the wicked. A thousand dollars reward for one such instance. I care not how strong your character may be. Associate with gamblers, you will be a gambier. Clan with the burglars and you will become a burglar. Go among the unclean and you will become unclean. Not appreciating the truth of my taxt, many a young man has been destroyed. He wakes up some morning in the great city and knows no one except the persons into whose employ he has entered. As he goes into the store all the clerks mark him, measure him and discuss him. The upright young men of the store wish him well, but perhaps wait for a formal introduction, and even then have some delicacy about inviting him into their associations. But the bad young sen of the store at the first opportunity approach and offer their services. They patronize him. They profess to know all about the town. They will take him anywhere he wishes to go-if he will pay the expenses. For if a good young man and a bad young man go to some place where they ought not the good young man has invariably to pay the charges. At the moment the ticket is to be paid for or the champagne settled for the bad young man feels around in his pockets and says: "I bave forgotten my picketbook." In fortyeight hours after the young man has enter d the store the bad fellows of the establishment slap him on the shoulder familiarly, and, at his stup dity in taking certain illusions, say: "My young friend, you will have to be broken in," and they immediately proceed to break him in.

Young man, in the name of God, I warn you to beware how you lot a bad man talk familiarly with you. If such an one slap you on the shoulder familiarly turn around and give him a withering look until the wretch crouches in your presence. There is no monstrosity of wickedness that can stand unabashed under the glance of purity and honor. God keeps the lightnings of Heaven in bis own scabbard and no human arm can wield them; but God gives to every young man a lightning that he may use and that is the lightning of an honest eye. Those who have been close observers will not wonder why I give warning to young men, and say, Beware of bad company."

First, I warn you to shun the skepticthe young man who puts his fingers in his vest and laughs at your old fashioned religion and turns over to some mystery of the Bible and says: "Explain that, my pious friend; explain that" And who says: "Nobody shall scare me; I am not afraid of the fu ure; I used to believe in such things, and so did my father and mother, but I have got over it." Yes, he has got over it; and if you sit in his company a little longer you will get over Without presenting one argument against the Christian religion such men will, by their jeers and scoffs and caricatures, destroy your respect for that religion which was the strength of your father in his declining years and the pillow of your old mother when she lay dying. Alas a time will come when that blustering young infidel will have to die, and then his diamond ring will flash no splendor in the eyes of Death, as he stands over the couch waiting for his soul. Those beautiful locks will be uncombed upon the pillow, and the dying man will say: "I can not die-I can not die." Death, standing ready, beside the couch, says: "You must die; you have only half a minute to live; let me have it right away—your soul." "No," says the young infidel, "here are my gold rings, and these pictures; take them all." "No," says Death, "what do I care for pictures—your soul."
"Stand back," says the dying infidel. "I
will not stand back," says Death," "for for have only ten seconds now to live; I want your soul." The dying man says: "Don't breathe that cold air into my face. You crowd me too hard. It is getting dark in the room. O God!" 'Hush," says Death, "you said there was no God." "Pray for me," exclaims the expiring infidel. "Too late to pray," says Death; but three more seconds to live, and I will count them off—one—two—three." He has gone! Where? Where? Carry him out and bury him beside his father and mother, who died while holding fact to the Christian religion. They died singing; but the young infidel only said: "Don't breathe that cold air into my face. You crowd me too hard. It is getting

Again, I urge you to shun the co ionship of idlers. There are men has around every store, and office, and shop who have nothing to do, or act as if they

litely suggest to such persons that you have no sime to give them during business hours. Nothing would please them so well as to have you renounce your occuwell as to have you renounce your occu-pation and associate with them. Much of the time they lounge around the club rooms or the doors of engine houses, or after the dining hear stand upon the steps of a fash enable hetel or an elegant res-taurant, wishing to give you the idea that that is the nace where they dine. But that is the pace where they dise. But they do not dise there. They are sinking down lower and lower, day by day. Neither by day nor by night have any thing to do with the idlers. Before you admit a man into your acquaintance ask him nelitains. (What do you do for a live ing?" If he says, "No hing; I am a gentioman," look out for him. He may have a very soft hand and very faultiess api arel, and have a high-counting family name, but he touch is death. Before you know it you will in his presence be ashamed of your work dress. Business will become to you drudgery, and after awhile you will lose your place, and afterward your respectability, and ast of all your soul. Idleness is next door to vilainy. Thieves, gamblers, burglars, lifters and assaulus are made from the class who have nothing to do. When the police go to hunt up and arrest a culprit they seldom go to look in among busy clerks or in the busy carriage factory, but they go among the idler-The play is going on at the theater, when suddenly there is a scuffle in the top gallery. What is it? A policeman has come in, and, leaning over, has tapped on the shoulder of a young man, saying: "I want you, sir." He has not worked during the day, but somehow bas raked together a shilling or two to get into the top

left hand is an idler. Shrink back from idleness in yourself and in others if you would maintain a right position. Good old Ashbel Green at more than eighty years of age was found busy writing and some young man said to him: "Why do you keep busy? It is time for you to rest." "I keep bu y to keep out of mischief." No man is strong enough

gallery. He is an idler. The man on his

right hand is an idler and the man on his

to be idle. Are you fond of pictures? If so I will show you the works of an old master. Here it is: "I went by the field of the slothful and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof and the stone wall was broken down. Then I saw and considered well. I looked upon it and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that traveleth and thy want as an armed man." I don't know of another sentence in the Bible more explosive than that. It first hisses softly like the fuse of a cannon and at last bursts like a fifty-four pounder. The old proverb was right: "The devil tempts most men, but idlers tempt the devil."

A young man came to a man of ninety years of age and said to him: "How have you made out to live so long and be so well?" The old man took the youngster to an orchard, and, pointing to some large trees full of apples, said: "I planted these wonder that now I am permitted to gather the fruit of them?" We gather in oid age what we planted in our youth. Sow to the wind and we reap the whirlwind. Plant in early life the right kind of a Christian character, and you will eat luscious fruit in old age, and gather these harvest apples in eternity.

Again: I urge you to avoid the perpetual pleasure seeker. I believe in recrea ion and amusement. I need it as much as I need bread, and go to my daily exercise with as conscientious a purpose as I go to the Lord's Supper; and all persons of sanguine temperament must have amusement and recrea ion. God wou'd not have made us with the capacity to laugh if he had not intended us sometimes to indulge it. God bath hung in sky and set in wave and printed on grass many a rounde ay; but he who chooses plea ure seeking for his life work does not undera'and for what God made him. Our amusement: are intended to help us in some carnest mission. The thunder cloud ba h an edge exquisitely purpled, but, with voice that jars the earth, it declares: "I go to water the green fields." The wild flowers under the fence are gay, but they say: "We stand here to make a beautiful edge for the wheat field and refresh the hustandmen in their nooning." The s ream spartles and feams and frolice and says: "I go to laptize the moss. I lave the spots on the trout. I sake the thirst of the bird. I turn the wheel of the mill. I rock in my crystal cradie muckshaw and water lily." And so, while the world plays, it works. Look out for the men who always plays and never works.

You will do well to avoid those whose regular business it is to play ball, skate or go a-boating. All these sports are grand in their places. I never derived so much advantage from any ministerial association as from a ministerial club that went out to play ball every Saturday afternoon in the outskirts of Philadelphia. These recreations are grand to give us muscle and spirits for our regular toil. I believe in mu cular Christianity. A man is often not so near God with a weak stomach as when he has a strong digestion. But shun those who make it the rlife occupation to sport. There are young men whose industry and usefulness have fallen overboard from the yacht on the Hud:on or the Schuylkill. There are men whose butness fell through the ice of the skating pond and has never since been heard of. There is a beauty in the gliding of a boat in the song of skates, in the soaring of s well-struck ball, and I never see one fly but I involuntarily throw up my hands and catch it; and, so far from laying an injunction upon ball playing, or any other innocent sport, I claim them all as belonging of right to those of us who toil in the

But the life business of pleasure seeking always makes in the end a criminal or a casure. He danced with peeresses and swang a round of mirth and wealth and applaces until exhausted of purse and worn out of body and bankrupt of reputation and ruined of soul he begged a biscuit from a grocer and declared that he thought a dog's life was better than a

you off. They will want you to break out in the midst of your busy day to take a ride with them to Coney Island or to Central park. They will tell you of some people you must see; of some excursion that you must take; of some Babbath day that you ought to dishonor. They will tell you of exquisite wines that you must take; of gentleman who will soon return from had not. They are apt to come in when the firm are away, and wish to engage you in conver-ation while you are engaged in your regular employment. Po
derill dancers that you must see; but before you accept their convoy or their companionship remember that while at the end able without having to be impolite.

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Albany Journal.

back to the kindness dons, to honorable work accomplished, to poverty helped, to a good name earned, to Christian influence exerted, to a Saviour's cause advancedthese pleasure seekers on their deathbed have nothing better to review than a torn playbill, a ticket for the races, an empty rousal; and as in the delirium of the anful death they clutch the gobiet and press it to their lips, the drogs of the cup falling upon their tengue will begin to hise and uncoil with the adders of an eternal

Cast these men out from your company. Do not be intimate with them. Always be polite. There is no demand that you ever sacrifice politoness. A young man ac-costed a Christian Quaker with: "O d chap, how did you make all your money?"
The Quaker replied: "By dealing in an article that thou mayest deal in if thou wilt-civility." Always be courteous, but at the same time firm. Say no as if you meant it. Have it understood in store and shop and street that you will not stand in the companionship of the skeptic, the idler, the pleasure socker.

Rather than enter the companionship of such, accept the invitation to a better feast. The promises of God are the fruits. The harps of Heaven are the music. Clusters from the vineyards of God have been pressed into the tankards. The sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty are the guests. While, standing at the banquet, to fill the cups and divide the clusters and command the harns and welcome the guests, is a daughter of God on whose brow are the blossom: of paradise, and in whose cheek is the flush of celestial summer. Her name is Religion.

Her name is Religion.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are pease.

Decide 1000, young man, on what
direction you will take. T are comes
such a moment of final decision—why not
this? One evening I saw a man at the
street corner evidently doubting as to
what direction he had better take, his hat lifted high enough so you could see he had an intelligent forehead, and he had a stout chest and a robust development. Splendid young man. Cultured young man. Honored young man. Why did he stop there while so many were going up and down? The fact is that every man has a good angel and a bad angel contending for the mastery of his spirit, and there was a good angel and a bad angel struggling with that young man's soul at the corner of the street. "Come with me," said the good angel; "I will take you home; I will spread my wing over your pillow; I will lovingly escort you all through life under supernatural protection; I will bless every cup you drink out of, every couch you rest on, every doorway you enter; I will consecrate your tears when you weep, your sweat when you toll and at the last I will hand over your grave to the bright angel of a Christian resurrection. In answer to your father's petition and your mother's prayer I have been sent of the Lord out of Heaven to be your guardian spirit. "Come with me," said the good angel in a voice of unearthly symphony. It was music like that which drops from a lute of Heaven when a seraph breathes

"No, no." said the bad angel, "come with me; I have something better to offer. witching carousal. The dance I lead is over floor tessellated with unrestrained indulgences. There is no God to frown on the temples of sin where I worship. The skies are Italian. The paths I tread are through meadows daisied and primrosed. Come with me." The young man hesitated at a time when hesitation was ruin and the bad angel smote the good angel until it departed, spreading wings through the starlight upward and away. until a door flashed open in the sky and forever the wings vanished. That was the turning point in that young man's history; for, the good angel flown, he hesitated no longer, but started on a pathway which is beautiful at the opening, but blasted at the last. The bad angel, leading the way, opened ga'e af er gate, and at cach gate the roat became rougher and the sky more lurid, and, what was more peculiar. as the gate slammed shut it came to with a jar that indica ed that it would never open. Passed carh portal, there was a grinding of locks and a shoving of bolts; and the scenery on either side the read changed from gardens to deserts, and the June air became a cutting December b ast. and the bright wings of the bal angel turned to sackcloth, and the eyes of light became hollow with hopeless grief, and he ountains, that a' he s art had tossed with wine, poured forth bubbling tears and foaming blood, and on the right side of the road there was a serpent, and the man said to the bad angel: "What is that serpent?" and the answer was: "That is the serpent of stinging remorse." On the left side the road there was a lion, and the man asked the bad angel: "What is that lion?" and the answer was: "That is the lion of all devouring despair." A vulture flew through the sky, and the man asked the bad angel: "What is that vulture?" and the answer was: "That is the vulture waiting for the carcasses of the

slain. And then the man began to try to pull off of him the folds of something that had wound him round and round, and he said to the bad angel: "What is it that twists me in this awful convolution?" and the answer was: "That is the worm that never dies!" And then the man said to the bad angel: "What does all this mean? I trusted in what you said at the corner of the street that night; I trusted it all, and why have you thus deceived me?" Then the last deception fell off of the charmer, and it said: "I was sent forth from the pit to destroy your soul; I watched my chance for many a long year; when you hesitated that night on the stree I gained my triumph, now you are here. Ha! Ha! You are here. Come, now, let us fill these two chalices of fire and drink to darkness and woe and death. Hall

sent forth by Christ or the bad angel sent forth by sin get the victory over your soul? Their wings are interlocked this moment above you, contending for your destiny, as above the Apounines eagle and condor fight mid-sky. This hour may deeide your destiny. God help you To hesitate is to die!

looking cloak?" asked one fair damsel of another as they strolled down State street together this morning. "Well, railway cars a great deal and like to have a seat all to myself. So I sit down and fling this coat over the back of the seat beside me. Every one thinks it is a coat belonging to some

JANET.

Ah, my false, false-hearted Janet!
She was false and she began it,
For she turned her eyes upon me coming homeward from the school,
Looked at me and blushed and faltered.
That I seemed so strangely altered.
Was it any thing that the had done that made
me mean so coal?

This was thirteen years aco, sir. In the spring, and we grew ele Through the dandelion seaso or stormy weather,
Wandering through the heary wee-list
beside the crystal creeks.

We were young: had we been older Our devetion had been colder, Hand in hand we had not wandere

feet all brown and bare:
We were ten: had we been twenty
Surely I abould not have plenty
Of dead dandellon blossoms plu
Janet's tangled hair. But ere I had learned to whitener

Passion moved, or she to lisp her Soft replies of doubt or confidence The summer time had fled; And when came the winter cover Drew my false, false-hearted Janet of son-colored sled.

-H. S. Tomer, in N. Y. Mail and Express. A LUCKY DETECTIVE.

Chance Enabled Him to Make Some Important Arrests.

Going for a Shave and Catching a Mus derer-Luck Plays a More Importaut Part Than Shrewdness in Detective Work.

The .uck and ill luck of detective life is something wonderful. The luck we hear of every day. The ill luck is suppressed as much as possible. In the month of June, 1867, I was spending a few days with relatives of mine on a farm near Oberlin. Ohio. I had been in the one called Tom. detective business about five years. drove into the town one day. On the way in I got out of the wagon and picked up a copy of a Cleveland paper which was lying on the highway. The first thing I saw was an account of knew his leg would have to come off, murder at Peru, Indiana, several ays before. An old man had been nurdered and robbed of a large amount that he make as fast time as he dared of money. Not the slightest clue of the murderer had been discovered. No one could say whether he was old or young. white or black, or which way he had gone. It seemed a hopeless case, and I felt a bit sorry for the two Chicago officers who had been sent for to work the case out.

The first call I made after reaching Oberlin was at the post-office. I then visited a barber shop, bul the two chairs were occupied, and I had to him to a seat at the rear of the coach, ing to occupy my mind, I looked two barbers over in detail, and then the nearest chair. I began at his feet first. He wore No. 8 gaiters, and they were a new pair; indeed, they had never been blackened. His trousers were frayed about the bottom, and, as I came to look closer, I saw that they were old and threadbare. On the left leg, which was nearest me, between the knee and the ankle, were several stains. They might have been made by either blood or scid. When the man sat up straight after his shave I saw that his coat was also old, and I looked over to his hat on the hook to find it very rusty. 'The barbers were not speaking to either of the men, so that both must be strangers in the town. My man had reddish hair, which he had had clipped close before I came in. His neck was sunburned and dirty, and, after looking him over from toe to crown, I said to myself:

"This chap has all the looks of a professional tramp. That suit was probably given him, but ten to one he stole those gaiters. Wonder if he can scrape up enough to pay the barber."

The bill was thirty-five cents. The man gave me a furtive look as he got out of the chair, and while being brushed he felt in his pockets for change. He had two ten-cent shinplasters, but as these were not enough he half turned from me and fished a greenback out of his pocket. The barber had to go out to change it, and the it out, but the stranger muttered his confidence that it was all right, and reached out for the pile and crammed it into his vest pocket. He was about to go, when I rose up and said:

"My friend, I want to have a few words with you, if you are not in a big

"But I am!" he replied, trying to push past me without looking me in the face.

"But you'll have to wait just the same. I want to know who you are." There was a back door to the shop. he pulled a revolver from his bosom and leveled it on me and fired a shot which went over my head and through the window. Before he could fire again I had him jammed against the wall, murderer who had been dodging about the country for six days, and who had run the gauntlet of a hundred officers. It was blood on his trousers, though you see," was the reply, "I ride on we did not have to prove it, as he made a full confession. It was simply my

who left their tools behind but no clue. I was at this time at Bowling Green, Kentucky, after a counterfeiter. I got a false clue, which led me down to Franklin, and when I started to return I took an accommodation train. It was at night and there was but one coach on the train, and that contained only five passengers beside myself. Three of these were natives, sure enough, while the other two talked about a coal mine in Tennessee, and seemed to own land in that State. I kill me." gave them little attention, being three seats in the rear, and was talking with the conductor on general matters, when the two men suddenly became interested in something one of them held in his hand. Their heads were tugether, and they were evidently deeply interested, when the report of a pistol was heard, followed by a cry of agony and a yell of alarm. The object of their curiosity was a derringer, and it had accidentally been discharged, the bullet entering the leg of one of the men just above the knee. In his pain and fright the wounded man sprang

with the exclamation: "Curse you, but you did that on purpose! You wanted all the swag to yourself."

up, and turned flercely on the other

The conductor and II were beside them in a minute. The wounded man fell back on the seat, and he evidently regretted the break he had made a few seconds before, for he said, as we came up:

"Tom, old fellow, I had my own finger on the trigger, and pulled it off. You are not a bit to blame."

"But what about the 'swag?" I de manded, as I stood over them. "He meant our coal mine," replied

"Yes; we are partners in a coal mine," added the wounded man. "O, that's it. Well let's see what can be done for you?"

It was a bad wound-so bad that I as the big bullet had shattered the bone, and I suggested to the conductor to Bowling Green, where medical attendance could be had. To my surprise the men asked to be put off at some highway crossing, near a farmhouse, saying that a country doctor could manage the case well enough, and that the quietness of the country would be best for the patient. This satisfied me that they were suspicious characters, and I assumed the authority to remove the one and handcuff and before I was through searching I and jewelry. It was sheer luck again. Four of our men were out on their picked them up in the South. The fellow who was shot not only lost his leg but his life. The other was returned to Chicago, and he received a long sentence for his crime. There was a great deal of newspaper talk about my to me. The ripe fruit dropped into my

gaged in. This tract was for sale at a low figure. but my friend could not raise the cash. just what all other people do under the circumstances-headed the wrong way. Instead of going toward the river, I went away from it. It was in July, and although the mosquitoes nearly devoured me, there was no danger of suffering from the inclemency of the

It was about ten o'clock in the morn ing when I started out, and by mid-afternoon I had walked at least tec miles, and knew that I was entirely bewil-He wheeled and sprang for it, but it dered. I couldn't keep a straight course was locked. As he turned on me again for the creeks and swamps, and the day was so cloudy and the forest so dense that there was no sighting the sun to sized stream, and the first thing I saw other on his throat, and I choked him There ,was smoke coming out of a until he sank down in a heap. Who stovepipe thrust through the roof, and reached shelter and something to cat Peru, in this State. It is a fa-There was a plank reaching from the the rude room, and a fire had just been kindled in the cook stove. There was a door at the other side of the boat. costly operas that you must hear; of won- the smoking car and act as my escort. Aside from this there was a package of late each other and both rolled to the

committed by professional cracksmen. flung himself into the water and swam to the opposite shore.

"Doan't shoot! For de Lawd's sake doan't kill me!" yelled the negro as he rolled over and over on the floor.

"What does this mean?" I demanded. "It means dat I surrenders!" he replied.

"Very well. Now sit up and tell who you are and what you are doing

"I had to come along, boss. I didn't want to, but dey said dey would dun

"Who owns this boat?" "Why, dat Harding gang, in co'se." "And what are you doing here?" "Dun hidin' out, I s'pose."

I was so stupid that I did not realize what luck had come to me until the negro gave it away. Then I secured him against escape and searched the boat, and in that old hulk I found over \$6,000 worth of dry goods, clothing, boots and shoes, jewelry, hardware and other stuff, the proceeds of a dozen big robberies along the river. There was a gang of four men engaged in the work, and the negro was their cook. The boat was hidden away in a branch of the White River to wait for a rise of water to get down to the Mississippi, and three of the gang were off that day to spot a country store some seven miles distant.

The negro and I stood guard all night, for I soon found that I could trust him, but if the fellows returned to the neighborhood we did not see them. Next day we got the boat down to the mill, which was hardly four miles away, and from thence she was taken to Clarendon and the goods returned to their owners, as far as possible. The robbers were all identified by name and person by the negro, and within a few weeks were either captured and sent to prison or run into the swamp and shot down.-N. Y. Sun.

WINGED SCAVENGERS.

The city of Omaha has in its service

force of thousands of scavengers who

draw no pay, report to no official, but

How the Crows Are Respected in Omal's for Their Good Works.

are protected by law from molestation. They are the crows who flock in town as regularly as cold weather comes, stay during the winter and vanish in the spring. Each evening as the shadows fall legions of crows wing their way in a seemingly endless flight to the willow copses and clumps of small cottonwood trees on the banks of the Missouri, where they roost for the night. A favorite haunt is at the bend of the river between Cut-off and Florwait about ten minutes. Having noth- and to search both. The one had a re- ence Lakes, where the banks shelter with sable wings and resonant with turned my attention to the customer in brought to light all the stolen bonds hoarse caws there after sunset each night, as the scavengers settle down among the branches to dream of back trail, but on false scents. They were area lunches and carrion spreads. supposed to have gone East, while I With the break of day the sable flock bestirs itself. Each member hops about to warm its chilled legs, stretche its shiny wings and heads back town the city. The vast flock breaks inc small groups and they alight here and there on the tree-tops and survey the shrewdness, but I didn't deserve a back yards and alleys until they can word of praise. The case simply came pick out foraging places. Then they descend and in short order the remains hands. Things fall that way to a lucky of the breakfasts, the scraps of meat man, no matter what business he is en- from markets and the rats killed by household dogs and cats are gobbled One of the bits of luck which fell to up. Some crows do scavenger work me several years ago, and which was about the residences. Others alight much talked about at the time, came cautiously in the alleys, and others are about in a very singular way. I had attracted to the stock-yards and packbeen sent down to Augusta, Ark., to ing-houses at South Omaha. They identify a man who had been arrested fight shy of the business blocks. The there, and was supposed to be a robber crow who inhabits the Missouri is of wanted in Chicago. He did not prove the same breed with the crow who to be the man we hoped he was. and I pulls up the farmer's corn in Vermont. was making ready to return when a In the East he is a nuisance. The resident of the town, who was an old granger shoots him on sight, tries to acquaintance of mine, put forward frighten him with scarecrows and dips a speculation. He had just purchased the corn into coal tar before he plants a saw mill a few miles down White it, in the hopes that it will spoil the river, and he believed there was big pretty raven's appetite. Two healthy money to be made in buying a large New England crows can devastate a tract of timber contiguous to the mill. twenty-acre corn field if unmolested. But the crow who migrates to the West becomes a respected resident, The result of our talk was that we took and nobody asks, "What was your man was so impatient and nervous that a boat next morning and were left at name back East?" or asks how he he could not stand still. When the bar- the mill landing. While he was over- stood with the farmers. He mates ber returned he had the change for a seeing some change of machinery with a chipper Dinah crow in a clump twenty-dollar note. He began to count I started out to get some idea of the of willows on the bottoms, and in due value of the timber. The first thing 1 time they hatch out a nest of hungry knew I was lost in the forest, and I did crowlets. The father rustles for grasshoppers, bugs and toads, while the youngsters are growing their pin feathers. As soon as they can fly their mother leads them away from the contaminating influences of the city into the pure, green country, and the whole family turns loose upon the vermin and insects. None of them ever trouble the corn-fields, and none of the farmers ever trouble them. During the fall they pick up the loose grain, and now and then play free-lunch fiend on the corn-fields. In the West much of the corn is left standing in the fields during the winter, while in the East it is stored guide me. It was just five o'clock in this apparent generoeity on the part of the afternoon when I reached a good- the farmer in Nebraska has semething to do with improved conduct of the bird. However this may be, the bird was an old house boat tied to the bank. in the Missouri Valley does not rely upon the corn-field, summer or winter, for subsistence. Nebrasica, lowa and did he turn out to be? The Indians I congratulated myself that I had Missouri crows rendezvous largely at rosst for them, and has attracted the boat to shore, and I accended it and entered the cabin unannounced. A control of the Normal School at Peru, has made a close study of the habits of white man and a negro were sitting in these crows, and is writing a series of papers on that subject. Meantime the sable crow continues to spend hours mers in the country and his winters in nected with the force in Chicago, a lit stood wide open, and the instant the pranging the fashion which is wealthiest biped patrons set for the door. In the rush they bumped themselves.—Omaha World.

-The fleece of ten goats a