## BAD COMPANY.

Dr. Talmage on the Evils of Improper Associations.

Bad Results Sure to Follow Contact With Sinful Persons-Dangers of Too Much Idleness and Pleasure-Companions to Be Aveided.

In a recent sermon at Brooklyn on the subject of Evil Associations Dr. Talmage took his text from Proverbs xili. 20: "A companion 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. I, 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 destroved. 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 apt 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 m a good man who, after one year, has made ce 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 men 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 pocketbook." In fortyeight hours after the young man has enterr 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 let 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 plous friend; explain that" And who savs: "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 it too. Without presenting one argument against the Christian religion such 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 fiash 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 coul." "No," says the young infidel, "here are my gold rings, and these pict-ures; 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 fou have only ton 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 in-"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-out and bury him beside his father and mother, who died while holding fast to the Christian religion. They died sing-ing; but the young infidel only said: "Don't breathe that cold air into my face. You crowd me too hard. It is getting

dark in the room." Again, I urge you to shun the compan-ionship of idlers. There are men hanging around every store, and office, and shop

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 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 hour stand upon the steps of a fash enable hetel or an elegant res-taurant, wishing to give you the idea that that is the page 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 politely: "What do you do for a living?" If he says, "No hing; I am a gentleman," look out for him. He nay have a very soft hand and very faultless ap arel, and have a high-sounding family name, but he touch is death. Before you know it you will in his presence be asbamed of your work dress. Business will become to you drudgery, and after-awhite 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 assaudus 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 c'erks 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 has 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 overed 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 to an orchard, and, pointing to some large trees when I was a boy, and do you wonder that now I am permitted to gather the fruit of them?" We gather in old age what we planted in our youth. Sow to the wind and we reap the whiriwind. 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 unders'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." 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 hust andmen in their nooning." The s ream sparkles and feams and frolice and says: "I go to taptize the moss. I lave the soo's on the trout. I sake the thirst of the bird. I turn the wheel of the mill. I rock in my crys al cradie muckshaw and water lily." And so, while the world plays, it works. Look out for the man who always plays and

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 Schuvikill. There are men whose bustness fell through the ice of the skating There is a beauty in the gliding of a boat in the song of skates, in the soaring of 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 grand industries of church and state.

But the life business of pleasure seeking always make: in the end a criminal or a sot. George Brummel was smiled upon by all England and his life was given to pleasure. He denoed with peerseses and swang a round of mirth and wealth and tion 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

back to the kindness done, 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 tankard and the cast out rinds of a carou-al; and as in the delirium of their auful death they clutch the gobiet and press it to their lips, the dregs of the cup fulling upon their tongue 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 polits. There is no demand that you ever sacrifice politeness. A young man accosted a Christian Quaker with: "Od 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 seeker. 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 harps 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 ways are ways of pleasantness, And all her paths are peace. Decide : con, young man, on what direction you will take. T are comes such a moment of final decision -why not thisf 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. Hon-ored 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 toil and at the last 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 well?" The old man took the youngster lute of Heaven when a seraph breathes on it.

> The wines I pour are from chalices of bewitching 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 flows, he hesitated no longer, but started on a pathway which is beautiful the opening, but blasted at the last. The bad angel, leading the way, opened ga'e af er gate, and at cach gate the roa i 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 road changed from gardens to deserte, and the to crown, I said to myself: June air became a cutting December b ast. and the bright wings of the bat angel turned to sackcloth, and the even 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 ion 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

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? 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 street 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. Hail!

O, young man, will the good angel 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 Apeunines eagle and condor fight mid-sky. This hour may decide your destiny. God belp you. To hesitate is to die!

- "Why do you wear such a mannish looking clock?" asked one fair damse of another as they strolled down State street together this morning. "Well, you see," was the reply, "I ride on we did not have to prove it, as he made railway cars a great deal and like to

## 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 she had done that made me seem so cool?

This was thirteen years are, sin, In the spring, and we grow closes Through the dandelion season : ated weeks, And we two were found together

or stormy weather, dering through the heavy weedla beside the crystal crocks. We were young: had we been older Our devotion had been colder, Hand in hand we had not wandere

feet all brown and bare: We were ten; had we been twenty Surely I should not have plenty Of dead dandelion blossoms Janet's tangled hair.

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

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

But ere I had learned to whisper.

## A LUCKY DETECTIVE.

Chance Enabled Him to Make Some Important Arrests.

Going for a Shave and Catching a Murderer-Luck Plays a More Importaut Part Than Shrowdness 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 detective business about five years. I 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 murder at Peru, Indiana, several ays before. An old man had been nurdered and robbed of a large amount 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 wait about ten minutes. Having nothing to occupy my mind, I looked the two barbers over in detail, and then turned my attention to the customer in 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 aukle, were several stains. They might have been made by either blood or seid. 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

"This chap has all the looks of a professional tramp. That suit was

scrape up enough to pay the barber." brushed he felt in his pockets for change. He had two ten-cent shin-

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

It was blood on his trousers, though 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 scale 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 together, 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 \$6,000 worth of dry goods, clothing. had accidentally been discharged, the and fright the wounded man sprang work, and the negro was their cook. up, and turned fiercely on the other The boat was hidden away in a branch with the exclamation:

yourself."

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 trust him, but if the fellows returned few seconds before, for he said, as we to the neighborhood we did not see 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?"

manded, as I stood over them. "He meant our coal mine," replied the one called Tom. "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 knew his leg would have to come off, as the big bullet had shattered the bone, and I suggested to the conductor that he make as fast time as he dared 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 authorand to search both. The one had a revolver and the other the derringer. and before I was through searching I brought to light all the stolen bonds and jewelry. It was sheer luck again. trail, but on false scents. They were supposed to have gone East, while I 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 sendeal of newspaper talk about my shrewdness, but I didn't deserve a hands. Things fall that way to a lucky man, no matter what business he is en-

gaged in. about in a very singular way. I had there, and was supposed to be a robber probably given him, but ten to one he to be the man we hoped he was. and I stole those gaiters. Wonder if he can was making ready to return when a money to be made in buying a large he half turned from me and fished a This tract was for sale at a low figure. greenback out of his pocket. The bar- but my friend could not raise the cash. confidence that it was all right, and knew I was lost in the forest, and I did reached out for the pile and crammed just what all other people do under the although the mosquitoes nearly defering from the inclemency of the

weather. It was about ten o'clock in the morn-"But you'll have to wait just the ing when I started out, and by mid-aftsame. I want to know who you are." ernoon I had walked at least ton miles. There was a back door to the shop. 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 he pulled a revolver from his bosom was so cloudy and the forest so dense and leveled it on me and fired a shot that there was no sighting the sun to which went over my head and through guide me. It was just five o'clock in this apparent generosity on the part of the afternoon when I reached a good. the farmer in Nebraska has something the window. Before he could fire again the afternoon when I reached a good-I had him jammed against the wall, sized stream, and the first thing I saw one hand hold of the weapon and the one hand hold of the weapon and the other on his throat, and I choked him There was smoke coming out of a non the one field anymous on winter until he sank down in a heap. Who did he turn out to be? The Indiana I congratulated myself that I had Missouri crows rendezvous largely at murderer who had been dodging about reached shelter and something to cat. Peru, in this State. It is a the country for six days, and who had There was a plank reaching from the run the gauntlet of a hundred officers. boat to shore, and I accended it and entered the cabin unaunounced. A white man and a negro were sitting in the rude room, and a fire had just been ride with them to Concy Island or to Contral part. They will tell you of some excursion that
you must take; of some excursion that
you must take; of some Every one
you ought to dishonor. They will tell you
of exquisite wines that you must take; of
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exquisite wines take; of exquisite wines take; of exquisite wines tak who have nothing to do, or act as if they 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
They are apt to come in when the state you must beer; of wonthe firm are away, and wish to engage you in conver-ation while you are engaged in your regular employment. Pogaged in your regular employment. Pothe state of the you must beer; of wonthe smoking car and act as my escort. In consequence I am always comfortable from this there was a package of into each other and both rolled to the fore you accept their convoy or their comyou in conver-ation while you are enyou in conver-ation while you are enyou must beer; of wonthe smoking car and act as my escort. In consequence I am always comfortable from this there was a package of into each other and both rolled to the
fore you accept their convoy or their companionship remember that while at the end
able without having to be impolite.

The sheece of ten goats and the
work of several men for half a year are
able without having to be impolite.

Albany Journal.

Albany Journal.

The sheece of ten goats and the
work of several men for half a year are
and wondering he scrambled up and
the safe for security. The robbery was

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 re-

"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 their curiosity was a derringer, and it boots and shoes, jewelry, hardware and other stuff, the proceeds of a dozen bullet entering the leg of one of the big robberies along the river. There men just above the knee. In his pain was a gang of four men engaged in the of the White River to wait for a rise of "Curse you, but you did that on water to get down to the Mississippi, purpose! You wanted all the swag to 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 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.

How the Crows Are Respected in Omal a for Their Good Works. The city of Omaha has in its service

a force of thousands of scavengers who draw no pay, report to no official, but 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 visited a barber shop, but the two ity to remove the one and handcuff night. A favorite haunt is at the bend chairs were occupied, and I had to him to a seat at the rear of the coach, of the river between Cut-off and Florthe northwest wind. The air is thick with sable wings and resonant with hoarse caws there after sunset each night, as the scavengers settle down Four of our men were out on their among the branches to dream of back area lunches and carrion spreads. 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 towar the city. The vast flock breaks in tence for his crime. There was a great | small groups and they alight here and there on the tree-tops and survey the back yards and alleys until they can word of praise. The case simply came pick out foraging places. Then they to me. The ripe fruit dropped into my descend and in short order the remains of the breakfasts, the scraps of meat 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 eautiously in the alleys, and others are 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 crow who inhabits the Missouri is of wanted in Chicago. He did not prove the same breed with the crow who pulls up the farmer's corn in Vermont. In the East he is a nuisance. The resident of the town, who was an old granger shoots him on sight, tries to The bill was thirty-five cents. The acquaintance of mine, put forward frighten him with scarecrows and dipe man gave me a furtive look as he got a speculation. He had just purchased the corn into coal tar before he plants out of the chair, and while being 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 New England crows can devastate a plasters, but as these were not enough 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. ber had to go out to change it, and the 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 it out, but the stranger muttered his value of the timber. The first thing 1 time they hatch out a nest of hungry crowlets. The father rustles for grasshoppers, bugs and toads, while the it into his vest pocket. He was about circumstances—headed the wrong way. youngsters are growing their pin feath-Instead of going toward the river, I ers. As soon as they can fly their went away from it. It was in July, and mother leads them away from the contaminating influences of the city into voured me, there was no danger of suf- 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 core-fields. In the West much of the corn is left standing in the fields during the winter, while in the East it is stored in the barn before snow falls. Perhaps to do with improved conduct of the bird. However this may be, the bird upon the corn-field, summer or winter, for subsistence. Nebrasica, lowa and roast for them, and has attracted the attention of naturalists. Prof. Taylor, attention of naturalists. From Paylor, of the Normal School at Peru, has made a close study of the habits of these crows, and is writing a series of papers on that subject. Meantime the sable crow continues to spend habitime the mers in the country and his winters in the city following the fashion which