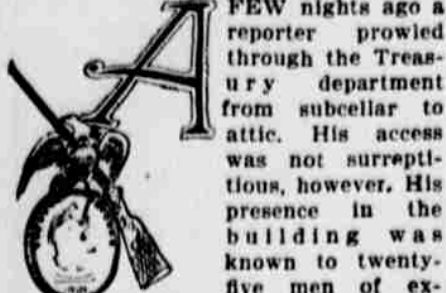


WATCHING TREASURY

AHMED VETERANS ON DUTY EVERY MINUTE.

Not a Dollar Has Been Stolen—Although All the Most Audacious Cracksmen Have From Time to Time Sized Up the Situation.

(Washington Letter.)



A FEW nights ago a reporter prowled through the Treasury department from subcellar to attic. His access was not surreptitious, however. His presence in the building was known to twenty-five men of exceedingly determined appearance, the majority of whom did too much picket and patrol duty during the war to permit themselves to be caught napping in piping times of peace.

In order to make his midnight tour of the treasury, the reporter was obliged to procure a very much signed and countersigned pass. No one is admitted to the building after 4 o'clock in the afternoon without one of these passes.

In all there are seventy guardians of the treasury, under the direction of a captain and two lieutenants of the watch. Capt. P. S. Talbert is the present head of the force.

To observe the fashion with which the night watchmen "cover" their posts, it might easily be thought that the secret service is in constant receipt of information as to contemplated treasury robberies.

The watch force is divided into three reliefs, like an army guard, only the treasury watchman is on post longer than the soldier. His tour of duty lasts eight hours.



A WATCHMAN ON DUTY.

known nocturnal preferences of burglars. Captain Talbert, the head of the watch force, is of the opinion that the day guard needs to be more on the alert for surprises than any of them.

Each watchman has a regular permanent post, and there is rarely any shifting of posts. On relieving the man of the old watch the "mid" watchman takes the pistol belonging to the post from the drawer of the table in which it is placed, sees that it is in proper shape, asks the 4 to 12 o'clock watchman if everything is all right, and sits down under the incandescent light to put in his eight hours, most of which are passed in Buddha-like contemplation of the walls and the shadowy, silent corridors.

The watch is not permitted to smoke, read or write while on duty. His business is solely to watch. If he goes to sleep and is discovered by the watch patrol, he is certain to be discharged upon being reported the next day.

gone on watch, which did not improve his situation so far as regaining his job was concerned.

The watchmen confess that within the compass of an eight-hour night watch they have plenty of time to array before them in orderly mental fashion the mistakes of their past lives, and they are a unit in expressing the belief that the strain of sitting still and doing nothing for exactly one-third of each day, year-in and year-out, would drive them mad were not the time broken by the complete round of their beats, which they are required to make every thirty minutes.

At the end of each of these rounds the watchman touches his electrical button, which informs the lieutenant of the watch at his desk at the main door that everything is well with him. The watch patrol, consisting of four men detailed for this duty every night in each watch, and whose duties are similar to those of police roundmen, are on tour through the corridors all the time, partly for the purpose of seeing that the watchmen are alive and alert, and partly to attend to the system of electrical button registering, which they in turn are obliged to carry on to indicate to the lieutenant their own wide-awakeness.

GATHERING SKULLS.

Howard Clause, a Recluse, Robs an Indian Graveyard Nightly.

About forty-five miles below Portland, on the Oregon side of the Columbia, the broad expanse of water flows without a ripple, and is as deep and still as death, says the San Francisco Call.

Just above this point is "Coffin Creek," which was the starting place to "the happy hunting ground" of the various Oregon tribes of Indians, but the high water of 1862 swept Coffin



ALWAYS READY.

Rock of all of its deposits to the point below. Here the overflowing waters of nearly half a century ago lodged the remains of many tribes, high and dry, literally moving the last resting place of their dead, for no Pacific coast tribe ever buried their dead below the surface of the earth. Some hedged them about with rocks, above the ground, leaving the face upward and exposed. Others put a bark covering over them, while others were suspended from limbs or left in the forks of trees. Time has robbed every form of its substance and left only the whitened bones and bleached skulls.

BOOK TITLES.

An Amusing Chapter of Literary History Might Be Written.

An amusing chapter of literary history might be written on the difficulties of novelists over the titles of their books, says the New York Tribune. Not one is sure if he prints a story in America under a title that seems to him absolutely original that some one won't turn out to have used it already in England.

Fanther and Bicycle Race. A bicycle race with a panther was the exciting experience of an English lady in Singapore one evening lately.

GINGER BUTTS.



THE Laborer: It was in Newborn, N. C., that I, first locked hands and swore eternal friendship to Harry Butts. Thirty years ago he and I worked on the Times of that city. The favorite drink with the lads in that locality was known as "whisky squeeze."

The gentleman behind the bar having poured out as much of the liquid hardware as he thought it prudent to hide away, the gentlemen behind that wooden structure would, with his dexter hand, force a few drops of lemon juice in the glass and your whisky squeeze was ready for the sacrifice.

Now, Ginger Butts was a good-natured, handsome fellow, and half the white girls in Newborn were in love with him, not to mention a few of the off-colored ones. But Ginger fought shy of the fair sex until he met a young lady in the name of—well, just here I'll call her Kate Devere.

Now, there wasn't a lad on the Times but would have given his whole week's string for a smile or a tender word from Kate, and for a time a certain individual who shall be nameless felt that he was making rapid progress in her good graces until Ginger fastened his blue eyes upon her, and then that nameless person's stock began rapidly to decline.

One night at a little social gathering Ginger confidentially informed us that a week previously he had said to Kate "Will you?" and that the young lady had blushing replied, "I will." So it was hands down and eyes off with all the rest of us after that.



"UNMANLY BOOR! BEGONE."

The day of the consummation of the nuptials had been named. They were to be married in October, and Ginger thought it would be a good and friendly thing to give an entertainment to a few of his bachelor friends shortly before the wedding.

So on that memorable Saturday evening a score or more of us, by special invitation, repaired to Miss Kate's vine-clad cottage, which was situated just outside of town, all prepared to have a quiet, sociable, but jovial time.

Miss Revere was alone in the parlor when we arrived and received us with true southern hospitality. How beautiful she looked! What a vision of delight she appeared!

Well, the young lady sat down to the piano, and for half an hour entertained us with the "Star Spangled Banner," the "Bonnie Blue Flag," "Hail Columbia," "My Maryland" and various other patriotic airs.

his glass, and stammered: "N-now, gentlemen sh-show your bot-bottom." We were about to empty when my eye rested on Kate, and I raised my hand warningly.

"Wh-wha's matter?" persisted Ginger. "Sh-show bot-bottom!" Again I raised my hand. Instinctively every eye turned toward me, and from me to Kate.

She stood erect, her tall form towering to its fullest height, and from her black eyes flashed forth a glance of scorn and contempt.

Broken hearted, crestfallen, humiliated, Ginger seized his hat and departed. Silently we followed in his footsteps. Poor Ginger! We tried to comfort him, but he was inconsolable.

A dozen years ago, while touring the eastern states I met Ginger in a country town in Massachusetts. He was greatly changed; presumably old, and suffering from melancholia.

INDIAN DIVORCES.

The Courts Playing Havoc with Customs of Marriage.

With most of the plain Indians marriage consists simply of picking out the maiden, leading her to a cabin or wigwam and installing her as mistress of the house and corn-field, sometimes with the necessary preliminary of paying the father a pony or two or an installment of blankets and occasional-ly with some slight ceremony performed by a chief or medicine man, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mohave county, Arizona, is infested with millions of army worms. The Wallapai Indians make soup of them, and find them very fattening.

The Mosques of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, was built over a thousand years ago, and the mortar used was perfumed with musk. The musky odor is still perceptible.

Smallpox Oldest Disease. One of the oldest of actual specified diseases would probably be small-pox, which, on the authority of Masudi, attacked the African tribes who made excursions into Arabia and laid siege to Mecca in the latter half of the sixth century A. D.

Beggars Who Are Rich. Several beggars in Pera own a large amount of property. One well-known man has a house worth 10,000 liras, and yet is to be seen begging in filthy rags.

In the United States there are over three million unmarried men.

MICHIGAN IDOLS.

Three Strange Images and a Slab Which Were Recently Dug Up.

A remarkable find which seems to indicate that the neighborhood of the great lakes was at one time inhabited by a race of aborigines other than the Indians, was recently made by two hunters near Newberry, Mich., says the New York Journal. In digging out a wild animal they unearthed a large stone tablet six inches thick and eighteen by twenty-five inches in size, the entire surface of which was carved with curious symbolical characters.

A REPUTATION FOR ONIONS.

The Odorous Bulb Is Exported to England by Egypt.

English imports of onions have increased from Egypt and it is acknowledged that this country is at present the most active and aggressive competitor in the onion trade, says a writer in Chambers' Journal.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A fortune of \$2,000,000 has just dropped to Richard Pilkey, a young man of 26, who for some years has been employed as a laborer on the Erie canal.

A funny election bet was settled by a gentleman in Philadelphia, in view of a large number of amused spectators. With a crowbar he pushed a peanut four times around the city hall.

Love entered the hearts of a couple of inmates of the poorhouse in Delaware county, Ind., and they eloped. The groom is a cripple, aged 60, and the bride is an apoplectic woman of 27.

R. T. Brooke, a wealthy rancher in Tonkawa, Okla., is a dead shot. Five desperadoes attempted to enter his home. He shot two of them dead, wounded a third, and the other couple fled for their lives.

A board on the side of a house at Forbes, Me., was removed the other day by the owner, as it appeared warped. He found a hive in the wall, and 123 pounds of honey. The bees had entered through a knot hole.

MOLIERE'S WOMEN.

How They Compare with Those of Shakespeare.

A comparison with the women characters of Shakespeare inevitably suggests itself, but must be discarded at the outset, for Shakespeare's creations, like the passions he portrays, are on a gigantic scale, while the people of Moliere rarely rise above the stature of the average human being, says the Chautauquan. Also it is to be noticed that in Moliere the feminine roles instead of standing out in bold relief, with the strong contrasting individualities of Beatrice, Portia, Rosalind, take their color from the group of plays to which they severally belong.

A COBBLER PRINCE.

Britain's Heir Apparent Learned the Shoemaker's Trade When a Youth.

Custom forces the crowned heads of Europe to remain mere amateurs in the arts, professions or trades they fancied in youth, or which they were obliged to practise, owing to the practical ideas of wise parents, who may have foreseen that thrones have a way of disappearing in these enlightened days.

The Origin of "Windfall."

The origin of the expression "windfall," which is used when one wishes to refer to a streak of good luck, dates back to the time of William the Conqueror. At that time it was a criminal offense to cut timber in the British forests without royal consent.

A Bootblack's Novel Scheme.

The most enterprising bootblack in New York is a young negro who has a stand on Columbus avenue, not far from the Natural History Museum. His location is one which does not bring much "transient" trade, but he has a goodly number of regular customers.

The women of Topeka, Kan., are so well dressed that the Topeka Journal thinks the town ought to have a horse show.