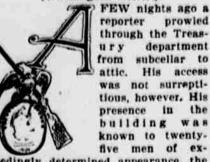
WATCHING TREASURY | gone on watch, which did not improve

ARMED VETERANS ON DUTY EVERY MINUTE.

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

(Washington Letter.)



seedingly determined appearance, the najority of whom did too much picket and patrol duty during the war to permit themselves to be caught napping in piping times of peace. Each of them had at his hand a persuasive sevenchambered army pistol. None looked as if he would hesitate the fractional part of a second to use his melting weapon if the occasion were.

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. If the secretary of the treasury should present himself at the main door for admittance at 4:05, having left his pass in one of the pockets of his other clothes at home and not be recognized, he would have to go home after it before he could get in. This happened to Secretary Folger on two occasions, and both times he commended the captain of the watch for his zeal in following orders.

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. Nearly all of the watchmen are men who were in the war as mere boys, and are therefore now in the prime of life. They are thoroughly trained and reliable men. Very few treasury watchmen have been discharged for negligence since the foundation of the government. The possibility of a raid upon the treasury is regarded as remote, but the watch force is disciplined to stand by for such a raid at any time.

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. Yet never a dollar has ever been taken from the treasury by

The secret service knows that many tle Jimmy" Hope, who successfully robbery, have from time to time contemplated the conversion of a few millions of treasury money to their pri- Others put a bark covering over them, be of too colossal a character.

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. The first watch of the day goes on at 8 in the morning. It is relieved at 4 in the afternoon by the watch which remains on duty until midnight. The midnight watch, which is regarded as the most important of the three, completes the triple-linked guard chain, and goes off at 8 in the morning. There are only fourteen men in the day watch, from 8 a. m. to 4 p. m. Each of the other two watches consists of twenty-eight men. Although, as has been said, the "mid" watch, so called, is considered to carry the greatest weight of responsibility of the three, on account of the well-



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 rosts. 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 Buddah-like contempla- opments. tion 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. Only a very few such cases have occurred, and in each case the sleeper has confessed that his drowsiness was caused by fack drinking after having pursuer .- Philadelphia Ledger.

his situation so far as regaining his

job was concerned. The watchmen confess that withia 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 roundsmen, 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 In-

dian Graveyard Nightly. About forty-five miles below Portland, on the Oregon side of the Columbla, 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 Rock," 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 celebrated cracksmen, including "Lit- of their dead, for no Pacific coast tribe ever buried their dead below the surpulled off the great Manhattan Bank face of the earth. Some hedged them about with rocks, above the ground, leaving the face upward and exposed. vate use, but they all thought better while others were suspended from of it. They decided the undertaking to 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. Students, dentists and physicans are eager to secure these trophies for articulation. So great is the demand that at least one man has for years followed the hazardous business of gathering these skulls for the market. It is risky, for the few remaining Indians still keep vigil over the remains of their dead, and to be caught in the act would mean a prisoner in the recesses of the neighboring mountains, followed by a death of slow torture, for no quarter or mercy would be shown the victim. Still, knowing this, Howard Clause, a recluse, nightly risks his life to gather these grinning, whitened skulls, and every now and then a box of large and small skulls is shipped from Portland, Ore., to the various noted seats of medical and dental learning in the east.

BOOK TITLES.

An Amusing Chapter of Literary His tory 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. We recall that Mr. Howeils not long ago had to publish a book in England under a different title from that which he kept for America, and now Miss Margaret Sherwood, who was said to be bringing out a novel called "An Experiment in Egoism," is announced to have rechristened it, before publication, "A Puritan Bohemia." Lucas Malet had to go through the same operation the other day and her new novel, "Carissima," comes out under the designation only after having suffered the most puzzling transforma-

tions. There ought to be a place of registry somewhere to assist authors in finding out before they publish whether their titles have been anticipated or not. At the same time, we repeat, there ought to be a chapter written with accounts of the occasions upon which these changes have involved serious complications or comical devel-

Panther and Bleycle Race.

A bicycle race with a panther was the exciting experience of an English lady in Singapore one evening lately. When riding slowly homeward along a road outside of the town the cyclist found that she was being quietly stalked by a huge black panther. She had the presence of mind to start off at full speed and soon distanced her

GINGER BUTTS.



HE Laborer: It was in Newborn, N. C., that I first locked hands and swore eternal friendship Harry Butts. Thirty years ago he and I worked on the Times of that city. The favorite drink with the lads in that lo-

cality 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 gentleman 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.

One night Harry Butts changed the order of things and requested that a few drops of the extract of ginger be deposited in his glass instead of the customary lemon juice. This modest request of Harry's tickled the lads; and ever afterward he was known as "Ginger" Butts. No man ever drank alone in that town. Southern hospitality demanded that everyone should wait until his neighbor was accommodated, and the man who treated would shout: "Show your glass," when every glass would be drained. I have seen a score of typos outside of the oldfashioned bar of the Gaston house, which, I believe, was situated on Pollock street, wait with true politeness for the cry of "show your glass," at which command each tumbler would be emptied with precision.

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. Kate was a typical southern beauty. She had the dark hair, flashing eyes, ruddy cheeks, coral lips and the tall symmetrical form so often met with in the daughters of Dixie. That she was high-spirited and imperious, will be seen later on

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 confidently informed us that a week previously he had said to Kate "Will you?" and that the young lady had blushingly replied, "I will." So it was hands down and eyes off with all the rest of us after that. Some of us, the nameless person above alluded to included, felt rather sore upon the receipt of this information, but it was only momentarily. Ginger was such an all-round favorite that it was almost impossible to bear him malice, and in the course of a half hour we were all "showing our bottom" at Ginger's ex- sembled and the circle formed,



"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. As no paper was issued on Sunday, a Saturday evening in the latter part of September was selected as the most appropriate time for the affair.

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

Unfortunately for Ginger, in anticipation of the pleasure of the evening. he had indulged a trifle too much in his favorite beverage during the afternoon. Whether it was the whisky or the ginger that worked the change in him, I never could ascertain, but certain it was that he was a trifle weak in his limbs, and slightly incoherent in his

speech 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! "There's nothing half so sweet in life as a love's young dream," said Tom Moore more than eighty years ago. That sentiment held good in 1866, and does yet if an oldtimer's opinion is worth recording. Certainly never before or since have I seen anyone look "half so sweet" as Kate did on that evening. She was the very embodiment of love's young

dream. Well, the young lady sat down to the plano, 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. When she concluded Ginger rose, waltzed gracefully to the old-fashioned sideboard, upon which glasses and decanters were placed, and requested us to imbibe. As one man we accepted the invitation. Then the prospective bridegroom raised his glass, and stuttered: "N-now, gengentlemen sh-show your bot-bottom." We were about to empty when my eye

rested on Kate, and I raised my hand warningly. "Wh-what's matter?" persisted Gin-

ger. "Sh-show bot-bottom!" Again I ra'sed my hand. Instincfively every eye turned toward me, and

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

from me to Kate.

"Unmanly boor!" she cried, "is this language fit for a lady's presence? Begone!" and she haughtily pointed toward the door.

As if by magic the recreant lover stood before her completely sobered. "Kate," he cried piteously. But the haughty southern bloood within her was afire. That blood which overcame us at Buil Run and Chancellorsville and nearly turned the tide of battle at Gettysburg, was boiling in her veins like a volcano, and she again pointed to the door.

Broken hearted, crestfallen, humiliated, Ginger seized his hat and departed. Silen'ly we followed in his footsteps.

Poor Ginger! We tried to comfort him, but he was inconsolable. A few days afterward he endeavored to explain and affect a reconciliation. But 'twas of no avail. The imperious maiden, who should have been born in the middle ages-"in the days of old when knights were bold"-refused, most emphatically, to harken to his frantic appeal, and preemptorily ordered him from her presence. Within fortnight he left the Sunny South for the rugged hills of his native New Hampshire.

A dozen years ago, while touring the astern states I met Ginger in a country town in Massachusetts. He was greatly changed; presumably old, and suffering from melancholia. He made a confidante of me; told me he had never forgotten his early love; she was still his ideal, and that's why he never married.

INDIAN DIVORCES.

The Courts Playing Havoe with Customs of Marriage. With most of the plain Indians mar-

riage 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 occasionally with some slight ceremony performed by a chief or medicine man, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. And when the brave grows tired of his partner he can get rid of her as easily as he won her. The people who are now flocking to the Dakotas or Oklahoma to get divorces would be supremely happy if they could throw off the galling bonds of wedlock as easily as does the reservation Indian. The fact having been formally announced by the head man of the clan the divorce takes place when the tribe is gathered at a dance. When all are ascontented warrior strikes a drum used by the revelers, gives away a few presents (ofttimes making a present to the squaw he intends to take next) and then in a short, bombastic speech he stigmatizes his wife by giving her over to tender mercies of the other braves, while they look upon him enviously and consider that he has performed an act of bravery in his desertion. Often as many as half a dozen divorces are thus obtained at a single dance. No tedious waiting, no courts, no lawyers and no trouble about alimony or the custody of children. And the squaws thus cast off, as a general thing, seem to take it as a matter of course, and before the close of the dance are using the wiles known and used by women the world over in an effort to repair as speedily as possible the break in their hearts and matrimonial experiences. With the taking of land in severalty and putting on of citizenship, however, the Indian finds that he has cemented the ties that were so loose before, for the courts everywhere are deciding that the tribal marriages are legal and binding upon the Indian who becomes a citizen. And if the weight of one legal marriage wears somewhat heavily upon a white man, how must it be with the red man, who has contracted two, three, four or even more alliances which the court now declares legal and at the same time takes away his former avenue of relief?

Strange Burial Customs. The Greenlanders know a thing or two. In the belief that "a dog can find its way anywhere" they bury a living dog in the same grave with a dead child. The canine is supposed to be used by the child as a guide in the other world. The Australians pull out the corpse's finger nails, and then tie the hands to prevent its digging its way out of the grave to engage in the vampire business. The primitive Russians put a certificate of character in the dead person's hand, so that no questions might be raised at the gate

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 hunters near Newberry, Mich., says the New York Journal. In digging out a een by twenty-five inches in size, the entire surface of which was carved with curious symbolical characters. Beside the tablet were three stone images. The largest was that of a man in a sitting posture and about three feet high. placed with their faces toward the east. Scientists who have examined that those who made them were sun worshipers. Upon the slab were engraved inscriptions, each set in a square of about one and one-half inches. There were 140 of these figures carved on the slab. Those who saw the statues say they look like Egyptian idols, though the heads were those of human beings and not of the sacred animals with which the ancient race of the Nile was wont to ornament carved images. These works bear a strong resemblance to the work of the Aztec and the even more ancient Toltec race, remnants of whose craft are scattered so plentifully about southern Mexico and the Central American states. The trick of lengthening the eyes, noticed in the Michigan finds, was known to the ancient inhabitants of Mexico as well as to the Egyptians and is noticeable in the carvings of Uxmal and other ruins of the Miztees, Toltecs and Aztecs. The strange figures engraved within the squares are also not without parallel, being found upon the ornamentation of the sacrificial altars of Central American ruins.

A REPUTATION FOR ONIONS. The Odorous Bulb Is Exported to Eng-

land by Egypt. English imports of onlons 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. Egypt has been regarded by some people as the land of the pyramids and mummies only, but it has from time immemorial had a reputation for onions. Ancient Egyptians swore by the onion and regarded the plant as sacred. The inscription on the pyramid of Cheops tells us that the workmen had onions given to them and from the bible we learn that the Hebrews, when slaves and that when far away they remembered "the leeks and the onions and traffic, bringing consignments from world to hear of a royal shoeme Alexandria to Liverpool, Hull and London. The Egyptian onion is a hand- Russian nobleman turned cobbler selecting the best strains of seed the The Egyptians know two varietiesthe "baali" and the "miskaoui"-but supplies of the latter kind are seldom sent abroad, as they absorb so much ground in which they are grown that they do not stand a sea voyage well The "baali" onion is the more popular Egyptian onion and is grown in yellow soil, which is sparingly watered while the bulbs are maturing, in order that the onions may stand a lengthy sea voyage with little risk of "sprouting." So excellent in quality are these onions that efforts are, it is said, being made in other countries to raise onions from Egyptian seed.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

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

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.

The Mosque 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.

It is asserted by Lyell, the geologist that at a period comparatively recent all that portion of the United States south of the Black Hills was under from 500 to 900 feet of water.

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.

A nervous gentleman in Bath, Me. is seeking a divorce from his wife on unusual grounds. He declares that he can not obtain sleep, because his wife

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 122 pounds of honey. The bees had entered through a knot hole.

MOLIERE'S WOMEN.

How They Compare with Those Shakespeare. A comparison with the women char-

acters of Shakespeare inevitably suggests itself, but must be discarded at the outset, for Shakespeare's creations, Indians, was recently made by two like the passions he portrays, are on a gigantic scale, while the people of Mollere rarely rise above the stature of wild animal they unearthed a large the average human being, says the stone tablet six inches thick and eight- 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 ting posture and nearly life size. The to which they severally belong. For second image, presumably that of a the exploitation of a heroine as such woman, was three feet in height and a love story is essential in a comedy, the third was that of a child in a sit- but as in Moliere love pure and simple is rarely the dominating theme it nat-All three of the images were found urally follows that the heroine is rarely the personage of the play. Taking the group of which "L'Avare," "Tarthe relics regard this as an indication tuffe," "Le Malade Imaginaire" and "Le Bourgeoise Gentilhomme" are shining examples, the motif is the vice or foible of an elderly man and the plot is worked out on a love story of a rather conventional character. L'Avare himself, Le Malade Imaginaire, Le Bourgeoise Gentilhomme and Orgon, the victim of Tartuffe, are all men of advanced years, heads of families. Each has a daughter, young, lovely and accomplished. Each daughter loves and is loved by a youth amiable, virtuous and devoted. Each father has picked out a son-in-law according to his own tastes, which never happens to be his daughter's, and each father is ultimately outwitted through some reactionary movement of his own foible and is prevailed upon accordingly to bless the rightful lovers. These girls are all sisters in kind and character. They have charming comedy scenes, in which they profess their love, generally to a faithful waitingmaid, whose ready wit brings about a happy solution of their troubles, or in which they either defy their fathers or implore them, preferring death or a convent to an unloved husband, and occasionally piquant scenes in which their lovers appear in disguise and make love to them under the very nose of a stern but easily bamboozled father,

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. Queen Marguerite of Italy is a fine musician, and could earn her living as a music teacher; the Czar of Russia is an expert cabinetmaker, and has under Pharaoh, enjoyed these bulbs, made two or three excellent violins, while the Kaiser of Germany is said to be a jack of all trades and a pastmaster the garlic." The trade with Egypt for of all arts. He can make anything onloss is now so important that four from a drama and a painting to a linelines of steamers are engaged in the of-battle ship. But it remains for the the person of the Prince of Wales. some and useful vegetable, and by the person of Count Leon Tolstoi, and, according to the London Woman at quality tends year by year to improve. Home, it has now been discovered that Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, heirapparent to the throne of Great Britain, can turn out a pair of patent leathers or hunting boots with the best of moisture from the frequently irrigated English shoemakers. The Queen of England and the Prince Consort, it appears, wished that each of their children should learn some useful trade or occupation, and the Prince of Wales chose shoemaking for his trade, and acquired such a degree of proficiency that boots made by his hands were the pride of his fellow-workmen, as they were the envy of his friends at court. The Prince has never sought to coneal his talent, and even today examines with the eye of a connoisseur the shoes sent him by the furnishers. And that is way Albert Edward is the

The Origin of "Windfall,"

best-shod man in England.

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. All that could be gathered for fuel or other purposes was such limbs as the wind should happen to break and cast to the ground. On this account the peasants hailed a great windstorm as a blessing, because it was apt to cast enough of "windfalls" for winter firewood. From this old-time forestry custom comes the modern application of the expression, At one time it was decreed that only such limbs and whole trees as snould fall during the three summer months could be used as firewood, but the unjustness of the act was so plainly apparent that no attempt was ever made to enforce it .- St. Louis Republic.

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 persists in eating dry crackers in a goodly number of regular customers. On days when the weather looks threatening this wise young man issues rain checks, good for twelve hours, so that if it rains and a customer's shine is ruined he gets a new one free of charge. The rain checks are slips of paper with the date and hour written in pencil.-New York

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