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HE'S AN HEIR.

But Sergeant "Billy" Blair Will Stick to the Force.

It would be difficult to find a happier man on Manhattan island than Police Sergeant "Billy" Blair, who is attached to the city hall station. "Billy," as his companions style him, has fallen heir to a fortune of $50,000, left him by his uncle, Lewis R. Blair, and yet when seen the other evening he was as assiduously delving into the depths of the Police Manual as though nothing unusual had happened.

"Will I leave the department?" remarked the sergeant. "No, sir. Fifty thousand dollars will make no difference in me. I'll remain right here. I'm too fond of my duties and companions to permit such a trifle as $50,000 to change my course of life. By the way, that puts me in mind of something. Say, do you know that my uncle, Lewis, was a son of Robert Blair, of Marlborough, Ulster county, N. Y., a member of General Washington's life guards and the identical soldier who gave Major Andre his last breakfast on earth. Proud of my genealogical tree? Well, I should say so. And if ever you visit the parlor of my humble abode you will find Robert Blair's honorable discharge by George Washington framed and given a prominent place in my collection of valuable paintings.

"How many years have I been on the force? Well, I guess you may say 38. One of the old volunteer fire laddies? Yes, sir, and proud of the distinction. I haven't got the $50,000 yet, for I understand that Surrogate Arnold's decision is to be appealed from. But it will make no difference. Nothing but old age will drive me from the department. What's that? Purchase a racing stud? No sir—but excuse me. I must attend to my duties," and Sergeant Blair proceeded to answer a hurry call on the telegraph instrument.

TOLSTOI.

And the Challenge He Threw Down to the Czar.

I dare say that many of my readers will have wondered how it is that the novelist, Count Tolstoi, should be permitted to profess such very socialistic and revolutionary doctrines in his writings without hindrance on the part of the Muscovite authorities, who have sent many another to the mines of Siberia for utterances in speech and print not one hundredth part as inflammatory as those of the count. In the first place several of his relatives hold high office both at court and in the government administration, one of his cousins being minister of the interior, while another is chief of the household to old Grand Duke Michael. When the novelist first commenced to write in his present incendiary fashion the emperor sent for him and urged him to desist.

"Will your majesty," answered Tolstoi, "doff for an instant your imperial mantle and judge my works, not as an autocrat, but as an ordinary man? If a single word of my writings offends your human sense I will cut off my right hand."

Alexander became thoughtful, did not reply, and affably took leave of the novelist, who, no matter what he has written, has ever since, by his majesty's orders, been treated with astounding immunity in connection with his socialistic writings. The czar, however, was unable to prevent him from being excommunicated for his heresy by the holy synod, of which M. Pobiedonotzoff is the chief.

Telephones in Church.

Supporters of the telephone system in Birmingham can now be placed in communication with Christ church in that city and practically take part in the services. The telephone wires run straight into the pulpit, and the listeners at the other end of the system can hear the tolling of the bell, the prayers, the responses, the singing, and the sermon. Even casual coughing among the congregation can be distinguished. There are many classes of persons on whom this new departure confers a great boon. The sick and bedridden, who have long been prevented from attending any place of worship, can now be present, if not in flesh, in the hearing.

Too Much for Her Pride.

A French conjuror, who was performing in Nantes, announced at a certain stage of the entertainment that his next trick would be to cut off the head of some one present, and he invited volunteers to come up and submit to the operation. Upon this a young man, "who was known to have quarreled recently with his fiance," presented himself with the resolution of despair, and everything had been made ready for his decapitation, when the lady, who was also present, broke into piercing screams, rushed onto the platform, seized her intended by the arm and dragged him from the hall.

Who Made This Neat Puzzle?

We should like to know the name of the author of the following puzzle and anagram:

A —— old woman with —— intent
Put on her —— and to market went
"——," said she, "give me, I pray,
The wherewithal to —— this day."

Each of the blanks is to be filled with a word of four letters and the same letters occur in each of the five different words. These words are consecutively, "vile," "evil," "veil," "Levi" and "live."

Presumption.

Thomas Sheridan, the father of Lady Dufferin, once displeased his father, who remonstrating with him, exclaimed: "Why, Tom, my father would never have permitted me to do such a thing!" "Sir," said his son, in a tone of the greatest indignation, "do you presume to compare your father to my father?"

FLYING FISH.

Bombarded a Ship From the Big Overhanging Waves.

"My experience in midocean last year with swarms of flying fish is one of the most pleasing incidents that ever took place in any of my ocean voyages," said Samuel W. Young. "I was on a voyage from San Francisco to Hong Kong, China, on board the magnificent steamer Belgic. The trip across the continent to 'Frisco pretty well tired me out and by the time we were out of the Golden Gate I was overcome by the god of the sea. The voyage for a week was very monotonous. When midocean was reached we encountered the aftermath of a typhoon that had evidently passed only a day or two before. The sea was very rough and great swells like mountains arose and receded, causing our great ship to sway to and fro, almost to an angle of forty-five degrees. At first we were frightened, but as it kept up for three days and nights we got used to it.

"During this mighty rocking swarms of flying fish could be seen to leave the mountains of water as they were rolled up. The fish would fly across the valley of water and enter the next mountain as it followed the other. They seemed determined on a straight course, despite the ragings of a great tide. Once as the steamer mounted one of the great swells and turned fearfully to one side a swarm of these fish, in attempting one of these freaks, flew right into the ship on the lower deck. What a feast it was to the passengers! Every passenger claimed one of the poor captives. They were not larger than an ordinary herring, and were perfectly shaped, only they had two wings so well formed that it was a matter of taste or convenience to them whether they would fly or swim. I secured the wings of the one I got and pressed them in a book, which has been a great curiosity to those who never saw a real flying fish, and to carry out the test of the merits of the sea sport had the steward to serve the fish for my dinner that afternoon, which was a very delicious dish."

LINCOLN'S VIEW OF THE MOON.

Couldn't Understand Why the Moon Looked Upside Down.

From 1862 to 1866 Professor Asaph Hall worked on the nine-and-a-half-inch equatorial at the naval observatory under James Fergason, making observations and reducing his work. One night, while he was working alone in the dome, the trap door by which it was entered from below opened and a tall, thin figure, crowned by a stovepipe hat, arose in the darkness. It turned out to be President Lincoln. He had come up from the White house with Secretary Stanton. He wanted to take a look at the heavens through the telescope. Professor Hall showed him the various objects of interest, and finally turned the telescope on the half moon. The president looked at it a little while and went away. A few nights later the trapdoor opened again, and the same figure appeared. He told Professor Hall that after leaving the observatory he had looked at the moon, and it was wrong side up as he had seen it through the telescope. He was puzzled and wanted to know the cause, so he had walked up from the White house alone. Professor Hall explained to him how the lens of a telescope gives an inverted image, and President Lincoln went away satisfied.

Nicety of Touch.

It is a common opinion that machinery works with an exactness and steadiness of movement not to be acquired by a laborer's hand. This is not really true. The workman can suit his stroke to the needs of the case as no machine can do, and this is proved in the trimming of roofing-slates. The splitting process is performed with great nicety by means of chisels, but the shaping is more remarkable, and cannot be properly executed by any who have not been trained to it from youth. The workman sits on a stool with a pad on one knee and a ledge by his side. He lays the slate on the pad on his knee, and allowing the part to be cut to rest on the ledge, strikes it with a heavy knife, and separates it instantaneously with the greatest accuracy.

Sea Monster.

A strange sea monster was recently met with by the good bark Loongana as she was drifting about in the vicinity of the Santa Cruz group. It was a gruesome beast, very like a whale at its nether end. Its body was 30 feet long and 11 feet wide, dark in color and spotted with white, with a head containing a mouth large enough to take in twelve men. Alarmed at the advances of the beast, the crew had recourse to a Winchester rifle. But the monster was invulnerable in the body. Its weak spot was the head. After two wasted shots a third was skillfully planted in the skull, and with one sweep of the tail the monster turned and disappeared.

Deadly Bacilli.

Advices from Buenos Ayres tell of an extraordinary murder trial in which the murderer, a professor of chemistry, killed his guests by inoculating them with the bacilli of cholera and when assured that his conviction was certain, completed the tragedy by taking a mysterious poison. It is a wierd and ghastly story, and one which the up-to-date novelists and dramatists will scarcely fail to utilize in their respective crafts.

The Lily.

It is not very long since the design of a fleur de lis, or lily, was used to brand criminals in France. Now the gracefully drooping curves of the flower are in great favor among lovers of elaborate modern jewelry.

LIGHTHOUSES.

Marvels of Contrivance and Science—The Song of the Siren.

Did you ever see a lighthouse of the modern kind? Here in its narrow tower is a strong electric light; round the light all night long, revolves the cylinder of prisms artfully arranged. Flash of ten seconds; rest of ten seconds; flash again; rest of five seconds; third flash; darkness for the rest of the minute. And so on all night long. Out at sea the officer on watch counts the flashes and knows the lighthouse and where he is. Or there is a fog horn; in a chamber beside the lighthouse are the tanks or cisterns filled with compressed air; nothing short of compressed air will sound this terrible alarm; compressed air worked with a steam engine.

Then there is the voice of the siren. You have heard the modern form of the once enchanting and alluring voice of the siren; it is now the voice of torture and agony; the maiden, the water nymph, the ear piercer, is now provided with a throat which contains one cylinder within another. Both cylinders are provided with long, narrow apertures; the inner one is set to revolve at a thousand turns a minute. Then the compressed air is turned on; and the song of the siren begins. It is the shriek of the imprisoned air forcing its way out through these apertures; it passes at the velocity of 3,000 feet a minute. "Beware!" cries the modern siren. "Come not nearer; give me a wider berth! Stand off! Here is danger; here are rocks; here lurks death upon sharp and relentless rocks, hungering for sailors!" Safety before poetry. Let us not regret that we no longer wreck the ship and drown the crew for the sake of a sweet false face and a sweet false song.

AVAUNT FOUL BUTTER.

A Plan to Make the Rankest Smell Like a Fragrant Flower.

Boarding house inmates, whose nostrils are offended by the scent of rancid butter, can thank their stars that they will not have to suffer much longer. One of themselves—J. V. Bannister, of New York, whose sense of smell was long since blunted by boarding house butter, has discovered a cheap way to give foul smelling butter, butterine or oleomargarine the scent of the most fragrant flower. This discovery will at the same time be a priceless boon to boarding house keepers, who are pestered half to death by the plaints of their prisoners.

So, if Mr. Bannister succeeds in bringing his discovery into general use in boarding houses the inmates thereof are likely to hail him as a Newton, a Davy and a Franklin rolled into one. His plan is to treat rancid butter with essential oils. By this means, he says, he can give the most offensive butter any scent that may be desired.

Violet, lily of the valley, rose, verbena, heliotrope, magnolia and jessamine are among the sweet perfumes butter buyers may chose from. Still, he confesses that experience has taught him that there is a brand of so-called creamery butter used in theatrical boarding houses in summer time the rankness of which musk alone can overcome.

KEEPING THE DEVIL AT BAY.

How the Chinese Circumvent the Enemy of Mankind at a Funeral.

A Chinese funeral is a constant succession of efforts to cheat the devil, who is supposed to be lying in wait to capture the soul of the departed. So long as the body remains in the house the soul is safe, for the devil cannot come in; the risk begins when the funeral procession starts. When ready to march great quantities of firecrackers and pyrotechnics that emit much smoke are set off in front of the door, and under cover of the smoke the pallbearers start at a lively trot, run to the nearest corner, turn it as quickly as they can and stop short. This is done for the purpose of throwing the devil off the tack, since it is well known that he cannot easily turn a corner, and, to aid in the deception, whenever a corner is turned more fireworks are burned. By dint of turning quickly and trotting as fast as they can the bearers finally arrive at the cemetery, but do not enter the gates, but go through a hole in the surrounding inclosure, for they know that the baffled devil will be waiting for them at the entrance. In the cemetery the soul is comparatively safe, though to make the matter perfectly secure the discharge of firecrackers is kept up until all the rites are ended.

Left Handedness.

A French physician mentions a curious case of left-handedness. One child in a certain family was left-handed, and a second appeared at the age of one year also to be left-handed. It was then learned that the mother always carried her child on her left arm. She was advised to carry her child on her right. The infant, having its right arm free, began to grasp objects with it, and soon became right-handed.

Charon's Error.

Satan ordered the windows opened at once. "Christopher," he exclaimed, "what an awful odor!" Lucifer nodded. "Your majesty," he explained, "Charon must have got mixed with his passenger list and sent that india-rubber man up here by mistake." It seemed a very plausible theory.

The Scapegoat.

"Everything that is done in this house is always blamed onto me," sniffled the small boy, "an' I'm jist gittin' tired of it. I'll run away, that's what I'll do. Doggone if I mean to be the Li Hung Chang of this family any longer."

AMERICANS, AWAKE!

Rome Hates Everything American, From the Flag Down to the A. P. A.

Under the caption "Awake Patriotic Americans," a writer in the *Independent Leader* of Bridgeport, Conn., says:

Wherever you find a Protestant country you find progress. Wherever you find a country governed (misruled is nearer to the truth) by popery you will find poverty—the more popery the more poverty. Rome robs and grows rich. To stop this robbery is to make Rome howl.

"Through Cardinal Rampolla the corruption of Tammany, the investigation of the Lexow Committee, the dealings said to go on between influential Tammany men and even more influential members of the papal priesthood have been explained to the pope, who has been much concerned at these disclosures."

These holy [?] robbers are all down on the A. P. A.—it is so un-American that Leo, the unlucky, would like very much to massacre them in the good old St. Bartholomew style, which caused Gregory VIII. to proclaim a jubilee to celebrate "the triumph over heresy." Rome has always been willing and eager to kill or convert heretics—and as she never changes, the no danger squad had better follow the good example set by mummies—and keep quiet. Mummies do not seem to be thoroughly alive to the dangers that surround us, but they, [the mummies] do not keep repeating "no danger" in an imbecile manner. Neither do they appear to be weak-kneed—possibly this is owing to the bandages they are so wrapped up in. As specimens of "brotherly love," mummies are as good as the best—better today than they were 4,000 years ago. Ever since that little misunderstanding between Cain and Abel, brotherly love has not been what it should have been. This is one of the subjects on which some should keep "mum;" also about liberty and freedom. What liberty of freedom have Protestants in papal countries? Would it not be the same here if Rome had the power? You see Rome hates everything American—from the flag and school-house down to the A. P. A. who are fearlessly opposing foreign influence, of every kind whatever. Some are foolishly afraid of Rome's boycott—foreign influence again. Americans should not scare at this bugaboo—its bark is worse than its bite in nearly if not all cases. Is being forced to do some silly action against one's honest convictions, liberty or freedom? Decidedly not.

he First Rock.

Little Rock took its name from a bowlder on the shore. It was said to be the first bit of stone seen by the early voyagers on their way from the mouth of the river to that point, and so they named the trading station Little Rock.

Errors of Youth.

SUFFERERS FROM Nervous Debility, Youthful Indiscretions, Lost Manhood, BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN.

HOPE

Many men, from the effects of youthful imprudence, have brought about a state of weakness that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease; and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever being suspected, they are doctored for everything but the right one. During our extensive college and hospital practice we have discovered new and concentrated remedies. The accompanying prescription is offered as a CERTAIN AND SPEEDY CURE, hundreds of cases having been restored to perfect health by its use after all other remedies failed. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation of this prescription.

℞— Erythroxylon coca, ½ drachm.
Jerubebin, ½ drachm.
Helonias Dioica, ½ drachm.
Celeswith, 8 grains.
Ext. ignatiæ amaræ (alcoholic), 2 grains.
Ext. lupendra, 2 scruples.
Glycerine, q. s.

Make 60 pills. Take 1 pill at 8 p.m., and another on going to bed. This remedy is adapted to every weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are astonishing, and by its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nervous condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

To those who would prefer to obtain it of us, by enclosing $1, a sealed package containing 60 pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by mail from our private laboratory, or we will furnish 6 packages, which will cure most cases, for $5. All letters sacredly confidential.

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