

STORIES OF HOLD-UPS.

The Victims Seldom Act as They Previously Fancied They Would.

A group of men were looting in the loungers' corner of a San Francisco hotel says the Examiner. Each was reading a morning paper. Each had his paper open at the page describing a robbery that startled the country.

"I can not help having an admiration for such bold thieves," said a very respectable looking member of the gathering. "Not," he added, "not that I approve stealing in any form, but if one is bound to loot a strong box it is more manly to do it at the point of a pistol than to sneak into the victim's confidence and then betray it."

One by one the readers threw their papers aside, and without difficulty disposed of bandits and plunder in the remarkably short order that always prevails on such occasions. Then they grew reminiscent.

"The pluckiest robber I ever heard of," said a Denverite, "was the one who made Dan Moffat give up \$21,000 about three years ago. The story became familiar enough, but the sequel has been generally squelched. A young fellow walked into Moffat's private office at the First National bank, covering Moffat with a pistol, displaying a bottle of harness oil that he said was nitro-glycerine, made Moffat fill out a check and then get it cashed and hand him the money. He specified just what he wanted, demanding \$1,000 in gold, a ten-thousand dollar bill, and smaller bills. When Moffat went to the paying teller the visitor was just behind him with the revolver close to his ribs, but hidden by an overcoat. Having secured the money, the robber backed out the door and disappeared.

"Did they ever catch him? Well, now, that is hard to state. There is some mystery about it. Some people did not think that Moffat wanted him caught. But a big row was made about it, and rewards offered. In perhaps a year, after numerous arrests and releases, it was announced that a prisoner in jail in Clay county, Mo., charged with horse stealing had confessed to being Moffat's robber. The bank teller went there and identified him. The Denver chief of police told me, however, that the prisoner was a pretender, and that he did not believe he had ever been in the state of Colorado. Then the chap went crazy. You can't try a lunatic for robbery, and the public does not keep track of the crazy prisoners of Clay county, Mo. So the matter rests."

The Denver man had the floor. "You remember don't you, the way Senator Tabor's gold bricks from the Vulture mine in Arizona were stolen? He got the property along in the eighties. The output in the form of a brick left the mine every two weeks. One of these bricks was worth about \$8,000. The foreman thought he could carry the treasure himself, but a lone highwayman fooled him, got away with the game, too. He was afterward caught in the City of Mexico and the brick recovered. The foreman took some assistants with him next time and on the trip ran into an ambush. One assistant was killed and the other wounded. One of the robbers was hurt and caught later nursing his wound in a hut. The other robber was picked up in a lonely canon, dead, a bullet through his head, a revolver in his hand, and the brick on his breast. Must have been a grimly sarcastic cuss.

"I notice you are having a good many stage robberies out here. Used to have them in Colorado. Abolished the robberies first and then the stage. But speaking of robberies reminds me of one highwayman who could give your Black Bart points. He had held up stage after stage in Southern Colorado, taken everything in sight. He always gave orders as though he had a whole posse in his gang. When he was captured it was found that he was a cripple, weighing about 100 pounds and never had any confederates except dummies armed with broomsticks. He's in the government pen at Detroit now."

MICE BY THE MILLION.

They Furnished a Feast for Dogs, Cats, Owls and Other Animals.

During a fine moist summer, when grass and flowers were abundant, mice increased to an abundant extent in La Plata, so that everywhere in the fields it was difficult to avoid treading on them while dozens of them could be shaken out of any hollow thistle stalk lying on the ground. The most inconspicuous animals swarmed to the feast which they provided. Dogs lived almost entirely on them, as did the domestic fowls assuming the habits of rapacious birds. The cats all left the houses to live in the fields. Tyrant birds and snakes seemed to prey on nothing else.

Foxes, weazels and opossums fared sumptuously, and even the common armadillo turned mouser with great success. Storks and short-eared owls gathered to the feast, so that fifty of the latter birds could often be seen at once, and they got fat and bred in the middle of winter, quite out of their proper season, in consequence. The following winter was a time of drought, the grass and herbage had all been consumed or was burnt up, and the mice, having no shelter, soon fell a prey to their numerous enemies and were almost wholly exterminated.—The Naturalist.

Do Not Put Off the Shearing.

If wool is left on a suckling ewe until after the usual shearing time and her lamb is meantime weaned, the wool will start a second growth and will show a joint or break in the fiber that will injure it seriously.

Onion Juice Mucilage.

A very convenient mucilage can be made of onion juice. On being boiled a short time it will yield, on being pressed, quite a large quantity of adhesive fluid.

SHE IS A TOMBOY.

So She Did Not Mind Stopping a Runaway and Saving Two Lives.

Fanny Krause is a bright little 12-year-old girl. She has been cared for by the San Francisco boys' and girls' aid society since her foster mother died about a year ago. The society has found lots of homes for Fanny, but she will not stay in them. She always runs away and makes direct for the boys' and girls' home—that is she will do this eventually if the good people to whom she is sent do not return her themselves. They all like Fanny, they say, but she is too wild and harum-scarum, and they are afraid of what Fanny may do next.

Not that the child is vicious or inclined to wrong-doing, they all say Fanny is very good and innocent, but then she is such a tomboy.

She can jump off as high woodsheds and over as many high fences as any of the boys, and she does it when she gets a chance. She can catch on the tail of a wagon and climb in with the agility of an acrobat, no matter how fast the horse is running and as for cable cars she can hop on and off with such rapidity that the conductors gave up trying to stop her from catching on. It makes them tired.

Fanny never knew her parents. She had an indulgent foster-mother, though. Fanny always got along with her all right. They lived in a cozy home for a long while, but one day Mrs. Frederika Krause fell on the sidewalk and never rose again. She died in the hospital the next day. That was a sorry day for Fanny. She has had no mother like her since.

One day Fanny told Superintendent Heap she wanted to go and see somebody. He thought the girl knew enough to take care of herself and let her go. There was a parade down town that day. Fanny doesn't like to miss anything like that, so she was looking around for the band when about the corner of Eighth and Market street, when a horse and buggy passed by. A man carrying something crossed in front of the horse. The animal got frightened, snuffed its nostrils, put its ears back and started to run.

A woman and a little baby were in the buggy. The woman became excited, thereby losing all control of the horse. Things looked very serious. It seemed as if a shocking accident were unavoidable.

But Fanny, the tomboy, was there. Climbing into a runaway buggy was no work for her. She swung herself into the buggy-box at the back, clambered around the side by the wheels, grabbed the lines and brought the horse up with a turn. The woman kissed Fanny, and wanted to give her a dollar. Fanny wouldn't take the money. She jumped out of the buggy and ran home. She doesn't know that she did anything smart, either.

HERO WORSHIP.

Men Are Seldom Heroes in Their Fellow's Eyes Until They Are Dead.

"Men have a poor eye for the truest heroes round about them in their own day; their hero worship is concerned chiefly with the past," says Edwin D. Mead in his Editor's Table in New England Magazine. "Emerson said of Webster, at the time of the Fugitive Slave law when Garrison and Phillips and Parker and Whittier were waging their great fight: He knows the heroes of 1776 but cannot see those of 1851 when he meets them in the street." However severe this view of Webster may be, the word is true of a thousand men. It is as common to-day as it was in Christ's time and before Christ's time, for men who busy themselves in painting the tombs of the prophets to be just as busy in stoning the prophets sent unto their own generation. Carlyle himself, the greatest of all our hero-worshippers, whose name rushes to our lips at the very mention of heroes and heroism, had but a poor eye and ear for the heroic figures and voices of his own epoch. He never caught Mazzini's vision, he hardly understood what Mazzini was about in the world, even when he had him for his neighbor and went in and out with him day by day. There had been no considerable exhibition of heroism in England according to his vision for two centuries—no real body of heroes since the Puritans. It may well be doubted whether, had he been the contemporary of Cromwell or of Luther, whom he celebrated so well, he would not have been found their enemy and counted them malcontented busy-bodies and disorderly fellows."

A Wild Turkey's Fate.

Some of my friends, in hunting last fall, found an immense turkey gobbler that had met his death in a strange and tragic manner. He was found with his head fast in a live-oak bush, his feet being about a foot from the ground. When found he seemed to have been dead not more than a day or two. My friends supposed that he had jumped up to get an acorn, and in doing so had got caught. It was a violent death, as was evident by the way in which the surrounding brush, also his wings were torn up.—Forest and Stream.

Musical Item.

Mr. Jones being on a visit to a friend in a Texas town, and having a good voice, was urged to sing in the local choir. He at last yielded.

"I hear you have at last consented to sing in our choir," said a lady in meeting him.

"Yes, I have at last yielded. I believe that when you are in Rome you should howl with the wolves.—Texas Siftings.

A Recorder of Weights.

A Massachusetts man has invented a recording device for scales. Upon a roller is placed a piece of paper, upon which a marker records the weightings of the scales as desired.

JUST PEGGED ON.

An Old Man Who Found It Hard Work to Die in Kansas.

There died down in the Neosho valley not long ago a man known for miles and miles around as Old Joe Kimpton says the Kansas City Journal. Old Joe came to Kansas in 1856. He brought weak lungs with him from the "ager" swamps of Indiana, but he plugged along and was ailing off and on for a number of years when he was "taken down" with lung fever. It went into quick consumption and one of his lungs was gone before he knew it. The doctors gave him up and didn't think he could live through the winter. But he just plugged along and allowed he'd pull through somehow.

The children were little tots then, and Joe bought a bunch of calves that spring and said he guessed he'd have them anyhow for the children to go to school on. The doctor told him he couldn't possibly get through the next winter, and he made his will. He hung around in the house and coughed most of the time, and the children helped him about the chores in cold weather. He had his spells, and everybody thought he would die, but Joe he just plugged along and allowed he'd pull through somehow.

The next year and the next and the next he bought calves and steers and pulled through somehow. Summer afternoons he used to sit in front of the long, low farm house, built of addition on addition, thinking and coughing absent-mindedly. He was a Democrat and his chief dissipation was his attendance on the county conventions every year and the state conventions when they came. He got to be known as a large cattle buyer, and strangers who saw him would look and wonder which undertaker would get him. But old Joe used to take grim delight in counting up the doctors who had given him up and who had since died of natural causes themselves. Every winter he would have his spells and every winter he would tell the doctors between his coughs that he would just plug along and pull through somehow.

He had attended the funerals of ten doctors whose bills he had paid for pronouncing him beyond hope and for tiptoeing into the room to tell him they feared the worst. He had a bad spell the last winter. They said it was the grip combined with the old cough, but old Joe Kimpton didn't say anything though he took their medicine with the old reproachful look, as if to say the old words. Old Joe was 62 years old when he died. He was 62, and most of the time enduring constant physical suffering. Yet he seldom complained. All over Lyra county and Morris county, where the old man was known and lived, he is missed. His peculiar case may pass into tradition, and child stories may grow from it about the kind, grim old man who couldn't die.

BY A HAIR'S PHOTOGRAPH.

One Man Liberated and Another Convicted of Murder.

In Chambers' Journal T. C. Hepworth writes an interesting paper upon the detection of crime by the aid of photography, as exemplified in the experiences of Dr. Paul Jeserich of Berlin.

The first case mentioned is one in which the liberty of the suspected man literally "hung upon a hair." for by a single hair he was tracked. The case was one of assault and two men were suspected of the deed.

A single hair was found on the clothing of the victim, and this hair was duly pictured in the form of a photo micrograph.

A one of the suspected men, had a gray beard, and a hair from his chin was photographed and compared with the first picture taken. The difference in structure, tint and general appearance was so marked that the man was at once liberated.

The hair of the other man, B was also examined, and bore little resemblance to that found on the victim. The photograph of the latter clearly showed for one thing that the hair was pointed. It had never been cut. Gradually the conclusion was arrived at that it belonged to a dog—an old, yellow, smooth-haired and comparatively short-haired dog."

Further inquiry revealed the fact that B owned such a dog, a fresh hair from which agreed in every detail with the original photograph, and the man was convicted. He subsequently confessed that he alone had committed the crime.

The Time Fixed.

"Miss Twilling," said Mr. Calloway, glancing down at his polished boots with a self-satisfied air, "don't you like to see a man looking as if he had stepped out of a band box, his clothes nicely brushed and everything about him indicating refinement?"

"Yes, Mr. Calloway, I do," replied Miss Twilling, glancing at him significantly. "I like to see such a man as you have described about once a year."—Clothier and Furnisher.

Oh, It's Not Difficult!

Yabley—Now, Mudge, you know I am your friend, or else I should not speak so plainly to you of your faults.

Mudge—But, if what you have been saying to me is true, I can not see how you can be my friend and retain your self-respect.—Indianapolis Journal.

How She Spends Pocket Money.

A New York lady has a weakness for murderers. She spends all her pocket money on bouquets, which she carries to the cells of the condemned and presents them to the occupants.

A Half-Hearted Effort.

Daughter—Yes, I know Mr. Stay-late comes very often, but it isn't my fault. I do everything I can to drive him away. Old Gentleman—Fudge! I haven't heard you sing to him once.—New York Weekly.

MADE OF HIS WIFE'S HAIR.

The Pair of Mittens Which a German Seaman gave a Yankee Captain.

In the extensive collection of curiosities that Captain Alvin Hall of Deer-ing, Me., has been accumulating during his many voyages in the past twenty-five years, is a pair of mittens that at a casual glance has a very ordinary appearance and, according to the Portland Transcript, look rather out of place among the beautiful corals and shells of the cabinet. But closer inspection shows that they are no commonplace mittens but are made of human hair very neatly woven. When drawn upon the hands they feel as if the cold atmosphere could not penetrate them or the roughest usage destroy them. They are undoubtedly exceedingly warm and durable for they have seen hard service on the hands of a second mate of Captain Hall's vessel whom he shipped in South America two years ago. The man was a German and said that the mittens were made from his wife's hair. He gave them to Captain Hall since he had another pair made from a mixture of the hair of his mother and sisters. The hairs of this second pair were of several colors the white of his aged mother being prominent. He said it was not an infrequent custom among the German sailors to be thus supplied with mittens for a voyage, and certainly it is a sensible economy to thus utilize the combings from the heads of their families, which would otherwise be thrown away.

Another curiosity in Captain Hall's collection is a tiny boat about three inches long fashioned from a fragment of the British man-of-war Samo-et, that was sunk off Cape Cod over 100 years ago and that during an unusually violent storm about five years ago was washed ashore from out the depths of the sea and thus brought into the light of the sun after a century's entombment. The wood is black oak and is in a perfect state of preservation. No description could do justice to the beautiful coral specimens in this collection. In point of quality this collection of corals has been said by many to surpass anything in the country.

CURE-ALLS.

How They Were Advertised Nearly Two Hundred Years Ago.

The art of advertising is carried pretty far in these days, but after all there is nothing new under the sun, and very likely if the hieroglyphics of the Egyptian sculptures were properly understood they would be found to be merely advertisements of patent nostrums, cosmetics and gimcracks generally. At least as far back as the publication of newspapers has extended the art has always been much the same. An instance is to be found in the advertisement of a hundred and seventy-five years ago in which were set forth the virtues of a quack medicine which cured all sorts of diseases "by promoting the cheerful Circule of the Blood and Juices raising all the Fluids from their languid State to one more florid and sparkling restoring a Juvenile Bloom, increasing the animal Spirits, and evidently replenishing the crispy fibres of the whole Habit with a generous Warmth and balmy Moisture, and thereby invigorating to such a degree as not to be imagined. It is an admirable Remedy in all Weakness of the Body or Decay of constitution of any kind, and even seems to keep back the effects of old age itself." This is hardly to be outdone in these days of abundant advertising, when the profession of writing advertisements is recognized as a legitimate business, on a plane somewhat lower, it is true theoretically, than the writing of epics, but equally legitimate and far more profitable.

Decidedly Inaccessible.

Not long ago, at a wedding dinner, one of the guests told this story: In a Western town a small number of zealous people decided to put up a Young Men's Christian Association building. A committee was appointed, and sent for a contractor to undertake the work.

When he came the first thing he did was to inquire, in a very worldly and matter-of-fact way, in the financial resources of the organization. The president replied:

"Never fear, sir, we are sure of funds; the Lord is on our side."

"That is all very well," replied the contractor; "but I want some one that I can send the sheriff after, if necessary."

Cause for Thankfulness.

When Johnson, the lexicographer, was preparing his dictionary, his publisher could only, by the greatest importunity and oft-repeated requests, get the "copy" from him as it was needed by the printers. There came a time, however, when the great dilatory author sent in the last pages of his manuscript, and when the messenger returned, Dr. Johnson said to him: "What did the man say?"

"He said," was the reply, "thank the Lord God I am done with him."

"Well," said Dr. Johnson, "I am glad to know that he thanks God for anything."—Argonaut.

A Chicago Woman.

Primus—The woman I proposed to to-night declared that she loved me, but that she could never marry me as long as she lived.

Secundus—That's queer. What's the trouble?

Primus—Well, I was divorced from her once, and she has scruples about marrying a man whose first wife is still living.—Life.

The Crown of Charles II.

The oldest English crown is the ancient imperial diadem made for Charles II. to replace the one worn by Edward, the confessor, which was broken up and sold during the civil war.

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