A CUNNING CONVICT.

Forging His Way Into Prison and Forging His Way Out. New York Tribum

It was a score or more years ago that an application was received at for the pardon of a convict, one of whose many aliasses was "Jack Flam," from Auburn prison. Jack had spent a large portion of his life in enforced confinement and had well earned the reputation of being one of the most desperate of unhung villains. application for clemency extremely disinclined to interfere. He very properly felt that it would be a crime against the public, a blow at peace and good order to turn loose such a relentless foe of society. However, he also felt that it was his duty to see based. The result was that on finishing the papers he rang for the pardon clerk and directed that a document should be prepared for his official signature releasing Jack Flam! The pardon clerk had also heard of Jack's bad eminence, so being on excellent and remarked, with a face the picture of amazement:

are going to pardon so notorious a character as Flam!"

"Yes," answered the Governor with a smile. "That's what I'm go. ing to do-unless you interpose your veto. After you've made out the pardon, glance your eye over the application and see if I haven't done as you will do in similar circumstances when you're Governor."

The pardon clerk promptly did as he was commanded. Having made out the pardon, he eagerly read the application; and when he got through he went in to the Governor, and said in an abashed way, as he laid down the pardon for signature: "You couldn't have done anything else; that's the most irresistible application for pardon that has ever met my gaze." The Governor smiled again, affixed his signature, and the pardon was mailed to Auburn. And yet nobody had asked for the pardon of Jack Fiam except Jack himself!

But as the pardon clerk said, it was an irresistible application. It bore the signature of the Warden, the doctor and the chaplain of the prison. They united in testifying that Flam's conduct during his incarceration had been in all respects satisfactory, quite without reproach; that was a very sick man, worn to a skeleton and sinking fast; that he was the victim of an incurable disease. It was a physical impossibility that he ever would be well again; the chances were that he would die within a month, and it was the agonizing desire of his venerable and heart-broken mother that he might have his last hours soothed by her abiding effection, outside the prison walls. The Warden dwelt upon Flam's fidelity and efficiency in the discharge of his prison duties. The doctor demonstrated that he could not possibly recover his health. The Chaptain expressed his conviction that Flam was thoroughly ashamed of his past and would die in the faith. Nor were these the only ap-plicants for Flam's pardon. The District Attorney who had convicted him was another. He wrote that he was heartily in favor of his release, that justice did not require that a dying man should be pursued with the rigors of the law. The foreman of the jury that found Flam guilty also made an eloquent appeal in behalf of the truly good dying felon, quoting to the Governor respectfully, but still with the words underscored, "He shall have justice without mercy that showed no mercy.' As soon as the mail train could carry it the pardon reached Auburn. The Warden was paralyzed. Jack Flam pardoned! Great Scott! What was the Governor thinking of? However, there the pardon was, duly signed and scaled, and Flam stepped out of prison a free man. Wasted to a skeleton? Hardly. He weighed two handred pounds if he weighed five. The victim of an incurable disease? Incurable bosh-he was as sound and as tough as a hickory sapling. A reformed man? Notto any extent that the chaplain could appreciate. A few weeks after Flam regained his liberty it chanced that the District Attorney referred to came to Albany on business. His business transacted, he found he had an hour at his disposal before it would be time for him to take the train for home. Accordingly he made up his mind to pay his respects to the Governor. They were warm friends and had a pleasant chat. As the District Attorney rose to go he remarked:

Ghancing at the writing the District Attorney replied: "No, that is not my autograph, but I'm bound to say it's an excellent imitation of it." Tableau!

A madder man than that Governor never existed. Five minutes later the pardon clerk hurried to the telegraph that an application was received at office with a dispatch, asking the au-the Executive Chambers at Albany thorities of Auburn Prison if they or any of them had ever signed an application for the pardon of Jack Flam. The pardon cierk informed the operator that the Governor would take it as a personal favor if he would take it "rush" it and request the Auburn operator to "rush" the answer. The two despatches were "rushed." consequently in course of half an hour the Govern-His ill-fame was known to the Govern-or, and accordingly he opened the nobody connected with the Auburn Prison had ever asked, or ever contemplated asking, for the pardon of Jack Flam. That was a clincher. The adroit convict had broken out of Auburn, not with a crowbar, but with a pen. He had released himself from prison on forged papers. The Governor looked at the pardon clerk, the pardon clerk looked at the Govon what grounds the application was ernor. Then a detective was summoned.

What had become of the brilliant and audacious Mr. Flam? By dint of patient inquiry the detective discovered, not Flam, but the residence of a charmer to whom Jack was accustomed to devote himself when he was temporarily out of prison. The charmer's bower was in a back street in terms with his chief, he turned to him | the lower part of Albany. The detect-"Is it possible, Governor, that you his time and kept his eyes wide open. He watched and waited in vain three or four days. And then one morning early the front door of the bower opened, there was a tender leave-tak-ing on the threshold, and then a man sammtered away.

As scon as the detective set his eyes on the man he saw the escaped prisoner whom he and the Governor and the pardon clerk wanted so badly.

A minute later the detective and his assistant, both dressed in citizens' clothes so as not to attract attention.

were on Flam's track. The escaped bird, unaware of the net that was closing about his feet, took his way to the park that stretched in front of the Capitol. Reaching that park, he sat down on one of the wooden benches within a stone's throw of the Executive Chamber, whence the pardon had been issued. The detective slowly approached from behind, and almost before he knew it Flam found a pair of handcuffs on his wrists.

What does this mean?" he asked of the detective with an air in which amazement and indignation were mingled in equal proportions. "Why am I subjected to this indignity?"

along quietly, like a sensible man."

"I'll go with you quietly on one conyou have no right to arrest me, and upon by me you will testify that I made such a claim ask, and I'll give you no trouble. Understand me as resisting; I'm not such | I honestly owe." a fool as really to resist, for I have no desire to be roughly handled. But lawyer,

regard me as resisting you. The detective promptly acceded to Jack's request, and the two peacefully proceeded down the hill. A few hours later they were on a New York Central train bound for Auburn Prison. As they journeyed along, to relieve the monotony of the trip, the detective explain how he had so successfully managed to put up so neat a job as his escape.

ceded to my request willingly, being as kind-hearted a man as I ever met. had to sham sickness for two or three days in order to get the doctor's autograph. I was a matter of two

months completing my task. I breathed a long sigh of satisfaction as I placed the application papers in an envelope-it took me a week to get hold of that long white envelope-and wrote the name of 'His Excellency Governor ------, Albany, N. Y., 'on the back.

"Where did you get your postage stamps?" inquired the detective.

"I didn't get them-that's what bothered me. But I concluded that the chances were that a letter plainly directed to the head of the State Government, a letter which looked as if it might be an important document, would reach him, stamps or no stamps. So one day I tossed my unstamped letter into a pile ready for the postman and awaited developments. Ten days later the warden came to my cell one evening, with eyes bulging out of his head with astonishment, and informed me that he had good news for me. 'Have I been pardoned?' 'Yes,' said the warden, 'you have been pardoned. How in the world, Jack, was it ever brought about?'

"I bit my lip to keep from laughing, and answered that I was aware that several prominent and influential persons had addressed letters to the Governor asking for my pardon. I felt delicate about mentioning to the Warden that he was one of the persons. Next morning I shook the dust ive managed to secure a room in a of the prison off my feet. The rest the look of inquiry in my face, in all duty, but he must renounce at the attempts at reconciliation and re-bouse opposite Beauty's bower, biding you know. If I'd made a break for probability. "I was born in this output all thoughts of his own on the court for some time. the West I'd been all right. But a lady friend attracted me to Albany."

That was the substance of Flam's story. When the detective got through telling it, I inquired what ing on the threshold, and then a man was the upshot of the escape. How stepped out upon the pavement and many more years did Flam get for his queer crime?

"All the rest I can tell you in a few words," said the dedective. "Just before we reached Auburn, Flam turned and remarked to me, in earnest tones, that he would like to have me do him a single favor."

"I should like to have you after leaving me at the prison, proceed to the law office of — in Auburn, and inform him under what circumstances you returned me to prison."

"I saw no reason why I should not grant the prisoner this favor, and I did grant it. The result was that he girl and later yet, when I went really was discharged from prison, on a to work to help my widowed mothwrit of habeas corpus or something of er, taking a place in a factory, it was that sort. You see that the pardon still here that I came for most of my was genuine, although the applica-tion for it was not."

He Had an Offset,

From the Ionia (Mich.) Mail.

A hired man who has been employ-"It's no use, Flam," quietly answer-ed the detective. "I know you and what you've been up to. My name's ----. Now I take it you'll come of wages, amounting, as he claims, wages, amounting, as he claims, to \$32. The suit was on trial before Justice -- recently, and it lookdition," said Flam. "I claim that ed at first as if the plaintiff had a clear case. He gave dates and figures if you will promise me that if called in a straightforward way and seemed

a very honest young man. When the farmer took th e stand and resisted arrest, that's all I he said: "I claim an offset for that \$32. No man need sue me for what

> "What is your offset?" asked the 'He's an unbeliever.'

ALOFT IN CLEARER AIR.

Enjoying the Sky Parks of Cotham --What the Roofs of the Tall Tenements Are to the Dwellers Within. Providence Journal.

The baby seemed to be making for the edge of the roof as fast as very rapid locomotion on its hands and knees could carry it there.

"No, no! Come here, pet," said the mother calmly, and the infant halted and then turned and sat down.

What a place for a baby that weson the roof of a six-story tenement house in Baxter street, the tallest house in the neighborhood, with a view somewhat recalling a scene or the Rhode Island coast, with here and there a black roof to represent the inky bolders, here and there a puff of steam to suggest the clouds of spray made by the conflict of the waves and rocks, and all around the white and pale blue expanse of the upper air.

mother, she and the infant and I being the only ones up there, and I not only feeling the polite necessity of saying something, but being really curious to know how a mother could let a

baby out of her arms in such a place. "Why should I be afraid?" she in-quired: "I was as good as born and brought up here on this roof, and no harm came to me of it."

"Roots aren't to the poor what they are to the tich," she continued, seeing probability. "I was born in this house, and when I was a little wee thing my mother, God rest her soul, usea to bring me here for the fresh air in fine weather and the cool breeze in the summer. When I was a little girl 'twas here that I came after school to play at store and house and with my doll making a tour of inspection, when he in the royal Swedish frigate Vanadia. and little playmates. When I got came upon a German soldier, who, Shortly after his return his friends disbig enough to be allowed to sit up a little late at night here I still came, to see the lads and younggirls at their merriment, dancing and courting and flirting and singing and entertaining one another. And do you know it was a leather in the cap of a boy or girl to be here. and is yet for the matter of that, for you'll never find the wayward or the wild up here once they have yielded to the life of the streets. And when I got to be cash

play and good company. Ah, that may seem strange or very dull to you, but that is the best of my recollections, for everything good that ever came to me, outside of money and the comforts of the church, came to me

here on this selfsame roof. "Twas here that I learned to dance, to the music of the accordion reported that thegeneral was standing that him who is now my husband on duty in his place. His injury uncould play better than any boy in the ward. Night after night, in all the fine weather, John would come uphere and play for the girls of the house and our friends of the neighborhood, and when there were boys enough we would dance with them, and when there were not each girl would take another and be partners. It is just the same now. Any night eight months in the year, you'll find some eeping half an eye on the young ones

trusted make the best of what draught there is, while the men, with a pillow and a blanket, or sometimes with nothing at all but their regular clothes and an old coat rolled up under their heads, turn in on the roof until it's that thick with men that an old soldier once told me it reminded him of the dead in the trenches on a battlefield where he was in the war. But before there's any goes to bed at all, every one in the house sits up there to cool off, and I really think in all the year those are the happiest hours we poor people ever spend.

"They even had a death on the roof a few doors below last summer. It was a poor old German gantleman, and he was very low and sinking when they brought him up, thinking it would revive him, which it did, poor man, but it was in the other world he felt it. Nothing bad like that ever came to this roof, and I am glad of it for some would always be thinking of it, and the place would not be the same after. "Aren't you afraid to let your baby But we've had a little of everything long line of ancestors all galiant sol-play around here?" I inquired of the else, I'm thinking, and to me it's the diers, but little money. Eventually, best place there is and the one where I have lived the best hours of my life,

child, girl and woman."

His Duty.

Military discipline implies a sacrifice of all the natural emotions. A man who follows the profession of arms must not only be prepared to leave home and friends at the call of outset all thoughts of his own comfort or wellbeing. He is no longer free individual; he is the servant of the State.

During the siege of Gibraitar, its governor, General Elliot, was one day though standing at his post, neither presented arms, nor even held his musket.

"Do you know me, sentinel?" in-quired the general. "Why do you neglect your duty?"

"I know you well, general, and my duty also," was the reply; "but with-in the last lew minutes two of the fingers of my right hand have been shot off, and I am unable to hold my musket.

"Why don't you go and have them bound up?"

"Because in Germany a man is forbidden to quit his post until he is relieved by another.

The general instantly dismounted. "Now, my friend," said he, "give me your musket, and I will relieve you. Go have your wounds dressed.

The soldier obeyed, but went first ! to the nearest guard-house, where he fitted him for active service, but the story of his courage soon reached England, and he was made an officer.

Detecting Counterfeits by Feeling.

From the Kansas City Star.

A bank cashier says that the best way to tell a counterfeit bill is by sound and feeling. "Take a bill firm- son could not be influenced in the of them here, dancing and sparking, sound and feeling. "Take a bill firm-and the old tolks sitting about, ly between the thumb and index finger matter, his Majesty was induced to

A ROYAL ROMANCE.

Prince Oscar of Sweden Forfelts His Right to the Crown by a Love Match.

At Stockholm, in court circles, the question of peace or war excites considerably less interest just now than the royal romance that has culminated in the engagement of Prince Oscar Charles, second son of the King of Sweden, to a young lady of his nationality, but not of royal blood. The Crown Princess of Sweden who is a daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden, and granddaughter of Emporer William of Germany, had amongst her maids of honor a young Swedish lady, Miss Munck, known for her beauty, grace and charming manners.

But although of noble birth, Miss Munck was poor and an orphan. Her father, Colonel Muuck, had left her a Miss Munck, yielding to the pressing advice of her friends, accepted an offer of marriage from a wealthy young officer belonging to a crack cavalry regiment, and everything was prepared for the wedding. The day was fixed, the trousseau was bought and the presents had arrived, when suddenly Miss Munck broke off the engagement for reasons which convinced her that she did not possess the exclusive affections of her suitor. She resisted all When she returned her former high spirits had gone and her face wore an expression of melancholy, which, however, enhanced her beauty consid-

erably. Meanwhile Prince Oscar had been for a two years trip around the world in the royal Swedish frigate Vanadis. covered that he was in love and the fact likewise became evident to Miss Munck herself. She could not fail to be sensible of the admiration of the gallant and handsome young sallor prince; but what was to be done? According to the Swedish constitution, any prince marrying outside the circle of royalty forieits his rights to the throne and his privileges as a member of the royal family. Miss Munck, listening to what she be lieved was the voice of duty, again left the Swedish court. She announc-ed formally to her relatives never to marry and assumed the garb of a nurse and the charge of a ward in one of the large charity hospitals of Stockholm. Prince Oscar at last succeeded in meeting her and finally after a long struggle he wrung from her the confession that she loved him. Still the brave girl refused to marry him and it was not until the Prince could tell her that the Queen-Mother had been moved to give her consent that finally she yielded. But the King's sanction had yet to

be obtained. In vain did Prince Oscar at first plead that as his brother the Crown Prince had already two sons his own chance of ever ascending the throne were practically nil, and that he therefore, ought to be allowed to abandon the privileges of royalty and to become a private citizen, but pany owing to the ies of the Queen, who was on the eve ot undergoing a surgical operation from which she was not expected to recover. The King could not resist this appeal from his beloved wife, whom he feared he was going to lose, and thus for the first time for 800 years a prince of Sweden will marry the daughter of a private gentleman. The Prince in future will be called Bernadotti. He retains, however, his rank and command in the Swedish army, which he has earned through various courses of promotion.

Governor. I am surprised that so upright a Chief Magistrate should have pardoned so consummate a rascai as Jack Flam."

"Well, for cool impudence that beats anything I have ever heard," laughingly replied the Governor. "After first beseeching me to pardon Flam, you turn around and upraid me for granting your request!"

This led to an explanation. The District Attorney assured the Governor he had signed no application for the pardon of Flam. The dumbfounded Governor rang for the pardon clerk, and when he appeared asked in an excited tone that the application for Jack Flam's pardon should be brought to him. Taking the papers the Gevernor hurriedly turned to one of the letters, and placing a finger on the signature attached to it, he handed it to the District Attorney with the remark, "Isn't that your autogranh?"

"Yes. I think it was pretty neat," said Flam, "and I don't mind telling you, in confidence, how I worked the racket, for I know you're square. During my trial my attention was called one day to the signature of the District Attorney who tried me. It was attached to some unimportant paper. I made out to secure this paper without being observed, cut off the signature and destroyed the rest of the document. I put the signature carefully away in my vest pocket and

transferred it to my mouth on entering Auburn, so that it would not be taken from me when my clothes were exchanged for the pris-on uniform. You see, taking time by the forelock, I had formed my plan of escape before my trial was finished. I was sent up for lorgery, and thought it would be a good joke all around if I could get out on what put me in." "Sort of homeopathic-like cures

like," suggested the detective.

"Yes, that was it, although I never expressed it that way. Well, to go on, not long after I entered the prison. was placed in the office-as I expected to be sooner or later-and given some routine writing to do. Then I watched my chances and went to work. I carefully thought out in my cell at ed in print. night the application for my pardon, which subsequently reached the governor. I copied it with infinite trouble, a sentence one day, two sentences to-morrow, and so on until I had it done. The district attorney's letter to the governor was in my own disguised handwriting, but I closely copied the district attorney's signature, wrote over the top the letter 'dictated.' The and of letter I palmed off as . coming from the chaplain I wrote in what I regarded as a scholarly hand, a litgoing to have his letters 'dictated' like the District Attorney's, but it occurred to me on reflection that the chap-

lain's salary probably was not large enough to admit of his keeping a secretary. In the Warden's letter, which I wrote in a plain round hand. I put one or two errors in spelling, for the Warden was not a cultivated person. I 'dictated' the doctor's letter on a venture. Of course, I had no difficulty in procuring the signature of the Warden, for he had frequent occasion to write his name in the office. I induced the chaplain to give me his autograph one Sunday in my hymn book-he ac-

"In what?" "Why, in the Bible."

"What has that to do with your owing him \$32?"

"It has a heap to do with it. I had six hands in my employ, and we were rushing things when I hired this man. suggested that his companion would He hadn't been with us two days when they stopped the reaper in the middle of the forenoon to dispute about Daniel in the hon's den, and in three days we had a regular knockdown over the whale swallowing Jonah. The man who run the mower got to arguing about Samson, and drove over a stump, and damaged the machine to the tune of \$18, and the very next day my boy broke his leg while climbing the tence to hear and see the row which was started over the children of Israel going through the Red Sea. It wasn't a week before my wife said she didn't believe Elijah was fed by the ravens, and hanged if I didn't find myself growing weak on Noah and his flood. That's my offset, sir, and if he was worth anything I'd sue him for \$1,000 besides.

A Story of Bonanza Kings.

They were talking of old bonanza days in Virginia City. He had been a newspaper man there in the exciting days when Fair and Mackey knew more of the bowels of the earth than they did of the surface. They always knew a great deal about the people in the earth, though, and managing deals was a matter that few could do This as well as Mr. Fair especially. newspaper man related a little incident that I don't think ever appear-

"John Mackey," he said, "was never much of a manipulator. He was a miner, and always wanted to go One time Fair straight at things. went off and left Mackey to run things. They were drifting in the Union Consolidated, and in making three different drifts which formed a triangle, they came on stringers of ore on all sides. John Mackey, like a miner, immediately came to the conclusion that there might be a large body of ore in the center or thereabouts of that triangle. He immeditle cramped kind of a back-hand, and ately started straight in toward the not too easily read in places. I was middle. There was some excitement, of course, in the stock, but as they went on with no indications of a body of ore interest began to die out, and they got through without finding anything. Fair got back and the first thing he did was to start a drift at an acute angle, in the direction the stringers pointed. He came on a small body of \$60 rock. He tried a deal, but he couldn't make it

"'John, John,' he said to Mackey, you've knocked the stuffin' out o the mine. Why didn't you keep the center of that ground a mystery till we'd given the boys a deal." -San Francisco Chronicle.

whom they pretend not to see at all, though for that matter when you have children they are seldom off ing on the edge of the sky like this. Not a bit. I never gave a thought to the danger, and I don't suppose they do. Well, here John courted me, and when we were engaged by his asking me right there where you're sitting, we thought to have a nice party down stairs in mother's room, and so we did, but really the best party of the two was when we were making the arrangements, and all our friends met here and we had the best time of all, with dancing and beer, and Mike Cronan and his fiddle, and some of the best singers from the church happened in. "I wonder if you understand what

a tenement roof really is. For instance, it's all the yard we have, and it's divided up so that it rightly belongs to one floor-that's two famiies-each day in the week, excepting Sunday, for them to hang up their wash. Well, some practically never use it, for the good reason that all they wash they can hang in the open windows of the kitchen. Some use it.

week. But it belongs to a different flock every different day, and no one would think of using it for clothes on any day but their own without asking permission. Each family puts up and takes away their own clothesliness each day, and, mind you, even then the soot of the city's smoke gathers on them that fast, that they must be wiped before clothes are hung on them. Then, again, do you see those boxes of earth around the edge yonder? They also belong to the different tenants, and in the summer one vies with the other to see who'll keep theirs the greenest. Some never have any luck in growing things, and the best of the boxes don't amount to much, owing to the heat of the sun above and the tin below drying up the little earth there is in them, but it is pretty much all that many a tenement child sees of the country the first few years. I was twelve years old before I ever saw more than the City Hall Park and the Battery Park, and then when I went up into Westchester County to my uncle, who has a farm, I had enough to do to tell all those who wanted to know what the country was really like.

"Then here's where many of the men in the tenement sleep all through the hot weather. Yes, it is the biggest and the best bed-room we have when the sweltering heat comes, and the women would be glad to make use of it for the same purpose if it was considered right for them to do so. On such nights the windows are thrown open back and front, and the women and children that are too young to be years.

of your left hand and pull it quickly through your fingers like this. Now listen to the sound it makes. It is your mind, in sight or out. You'd not just like rubbing silk, and neither think, maybe, they'd be afraid, danc- does it resemble a paper sound closely. It's a noise that is too peculiar to admit of a description."

"Do they make counterleit paper so like the original that you can't tell the difference?"

"You can't tell by looking at it. It is only by the sound and touch. Now listen to the sound made by this counterfeit \$20 bill. You see, that's a slick noise, something like pulling glazed or oiled paper through the fingers. A child could tell the difference between that bill and a genuine one. But look at it and you will think your eye is on something that would pass muster for \$20 worth of groceries.

"Who taught you this business?" "Oh, my first lesson was given by an old man who has been all over this country and Europe teaching the business. He has in his possession over a thousand specimens of counterfeits. He obtained them from the authorities of the different Governments. He has no peer in the busionly about once a month and some ness, and every expert in the country hang the whole air full of linen each owes his knowledge to this old man."

Troops in Ireland.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

Ireland always absorbs a very large portion of the military forces at home, and just now there are some 200 more troops there than twelve months ago. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar has command of about 27,-300 officers and men, with 3,000 horses and 60 guns, the whole being divided into three commands. In the Beltast district, under Major General Wineman-Clarke, there are 4,300 officere and men, and 450 horses, constituting a regiment of cavalry, 300 artillery-men, four battalions and three depots of infantry, and a pro-portion of departmental troops. In In the Dublin district there are about 14,000 mea, 2,000 borses and 28 field guns, forming three regiments of cavalry, six batteries of artillery, three engineer companies, fourteen battalions and three depots of infantry, eight companies of the commissariat and transport corps, and two divisions of the medical staff. In the Cork District, where Major General Stevenregiments, seven batteries of artillery, an engineer company, eight battalions and two depots of infantry and a new departmental troop, making up altogether 8,800 officers and men with 1,000 horses and 24 field guns. The present total of troops in Ireland is the nearest approach to the 30,000, which is the highest record of recent

The Origin of Beer.

Ale was the sole title of malt liquor until the reign of Henry VIII., up to which time the employment of hops as an ingredient in the beverage was unknown in England. In the year 1524, or thereabouts, the use of hops was introduced from Germany, and to distinguish the new kind of malt liquor from the old, the German name beer was adopted, and with an infinitesimal change of spelling, became part of our language. Germany, in truth, is the native land of beer, and nowhere in the world is it treated with such special honor. In Germany the drinking of beer is not, as with us, a mere means of carnal refreshment, but particularly, among the students of the universities, is elevated to the dignity of a cult, familiarity with whose ritual is deemed an essential branch of a liberal education. We remember to have seen, appended to a recipe of M. Francatelli's for some specially seductive beverage, the recommendation, "Stir and drink devoutly." This is precisely the mental attitude of the German student in relation to beer. He drinks devoutly; indeed, it might be almost said, parodying the familiar Oriental phrase, that in Germany, "there is no God but beer, and the student is the prophet."-Cornhill Magazine.

The March of Science.

Puck. "Are you interested in the newest discoveries in science and in the inventive arts?" asked Mr. Knowall of

Miss De Pork, a Chicago girl. "O, yes, indeed!" she replied enthusiastically. "I am so interested in anything of that sort. Why, do you know that when my papa first went into the pork business he had to kill son commands, there are two cavalry all his pigs by hand, one at a time; and it was dreadful tiresome, sticking three hundred or four hundred a day. But now he has machines that simplify and beautify the work so that they kill and scald and scrape and cut up thousands in a day at his porkpacking parlors, as you would say in Boston; and the work is done beautifully. You must go with me and see some it day; its just lovely!"