

A very readable article from the pen of E. E. Hale on "A Good Appetite" is in the June number of *Old and New*. In the following extract we have a few hints as to how the appetite for extra sleep can be cured:

"The Duke of Wellington always slept on an iron camp bedstead eighteen inches wide. When a man wants to turn over he must turn out. The Emperor Nicholas did the same. Mr. Owen says. The principle is well enough; but I think the detail is wrong. Sleep itself is far too important to be made uncomfortable. My old friend Rossiter fixed his alarm, so that at the fore-ordained moment the bed clothes were dragged from me, and I was obliged to skin-dive. I have myself some where the drawings and specification for a patent (which I never applied for), which arranges a set of cans and wheelwork under the bedstead, which, at the moment appointed, lift the pillow end six feet, and deliver the sleeper on the floor on the now horizontal 'feet-board.' He is still alive and well, but that Rossiter found another contrivance, which worked better. The alarm clock struck a match, which lighted the lamp, which boiled the water for Rossiter's shaving. If Rossiter staid in bed too long the water boiled over upon his razor, and clean shirt, and the player had to make another good shirt, and Cagliostro's auto-graphe and his open pocket book, and all the other precious things he could put in a basin underneath when he went to bed; so he had to get up before that moment came."

THE WHITE MODOC CHIEF.

Jaquin Miller Once Head Chief of the Modoc Tribe—His Plot to Attack and Sack the City of Yreka.

(From the Albany (Or.) Register.)

It may not be generally known that a few years ago—somewhere about 1858, probably—the head chief of the Modoc Indians was a white man, who had joined the tribe, and taken to himself, "for better or worse," a sky maid of the Modoc Indians, with whom he had lived and loved for some years. This head chief was no less a person than the now celebrated Oregon poet, Joaquin Miller.

While reigning as chief of this war-like band, probably more securely established than the chieftainship and gain the fullest confidence of his adopted brothers, the red-skins, he engaged the disloyal plot of attacking and sacking the city of Yreka, Calif., and Joaquin himself visited Yreka, and examined the approaches and chances of an easy capture.

Yreka then contained a much larger proportion of floating population, miners, gamblers, etc., all well armed and generally of a roving, reckless disposition. The Modocs, however, were always ready and willing to meet danger half way—in fact, a class of men to whom excitement of some character was absolute necessity.

Joaquin was not long in acquiring these facts, and the attack on Yreka was indefinitely postponed by the Modocs in consequence of his remarks. The fate of the Modocs, however, yet to come. Yreka seems seem to have "squeezed" the Modocs somewhat toward him, and it was not long before he returned to the "white settlements." These and other facts in the life and adventures of Joaquin were given to us by an old mountain man, who was personally acquainted with the Modoc chief at the time of his chieftainship.

THE FEMALE DETECTIVE.

Angular, Horrible and Majestic—She Turns a Reporter over to the Police as a Confidence-Man.

(From the Kansas City Journal of Commerce.)

Dickens' description of Madame Wilfer in "Our Mutual Friend" would describe a singular feminine who has haunted the Union Depot and the police headquarters for the past two days personating the female detective. She is angular, horrible and majestic, and such a model as one would select to personate a Woman's Rights lecturer in the sere and yellow leaf. She is about fifty-five years of age, and answers to the description of the eldest Mrs. Bender (so much so that Officer Moore chased her off yesterday, but insisted about attacking her unasked). She is dressed in a blue muslin dress, a boy's hat, with a blue veil streaming out behind, and was armed with two revolvers, was at least six feet in height, with scarce flesh enough to conceal a horrible death face. She was sufficiently remarkable in appearance to create a sensation.

She is a native of New England, New Mexico, and has started forth in the world, unprotected, as a female detective.

She has read in the newspapers about the three-card monte men, whom neither the police of St. Louis, Omaha nor Kansas City can suppress; so leaving the quiet little town of Galesburg, Ill., she has come to Plattsmouth, where she is intent on hunting down and capturing those notorious thieves. She reported to Marshal Neilsen, and after spending the night at the police office, was handed over to the city detectives, who failing to satisfy themselves as to her true character, gave her up as a bad case.

She made her appearance at the Union Depot yesterday morning, and at once made her business known to Officer Moore, who, astonished at the impudence and ugliness of the tall, masculine-looking female, became suspicious.

He consulted his note-book of suspicious persons, and was startled to find that the described was the description of Mrs. Bender. He "shadowed" that female all day long.

Last evening a *Journal* reporter interviewed this remarkable person. He found her in the baggage room making herself known. She at once became reserved, and after a brief conversation boldly accused our reporter of being a common man of the worst stripe—*Globe*.

"I know you, yer rascal. Its yer own fault, now I tell yer; if yer hadn't spoke to me so bold and brassy like, I'd never give ye a try to the police."

"Oh don't you think I don't recognize you, yer villain. I seen yer at Cheyenne, in the jail there; and I seen yer at yer driftnum in the cars, with Canidy Bill; why, I know enough about yer to hang yer. There's that you 'comical' Bluns, and that job at Leavenworth—oh, my boy, I have got you now!"

Our reporter, astonished at this haranguer, started to leave, when the old dog drew a pistol and stopped him, and called upon Officer Moore to give him charge, and strange to say, produced a description of a person resembling our reporter. The old dog, however, said the reporter was "the best" and the old dog was not be put off so. Last night she was seeking our reporter in company with Detective O'Hare, fully satisfied that she had caught a mite man, the old woman is evidently crazy.

MAIL ROBBERY.
How a Dishonest Mail Agent Was Detected.

(From the Rock Island Union.)

The loss of several letters containing money, on the line of the Western Union Railway, was brought to the attention of the Postoffice Department, and special Agent Stewart, of Iowa City, was detailed to ferret out the guilty party. He made several trips over the road, but discovered nothing. Among other pieces of evidence, he took a registered letter, without record, into the Fulton pouch. Being without a receipt it was a strong bait to the agent handling it, provided he was disposed to steal.

The young man in charge of the mail on this train was Thos. Sargent, a son of a man, 20, son of Mr. Sargent, of this city, who is a postman here. The father being an old man of 70, had his son sworn as assistant, and the latter occasionally made him run, and assisted him as he could. But the register came through all right.

The next device was to send some money in a common envelope from Davenport to Davenport as follows: "To the post master, Davenport, I send this letter, went up was Mr. Sargent's run. The mail came out from this city being heavy, Mr. S. took his son Tom along as far as Watertown to assist him. Special Agent Stewart was on the train. After the train had gone beyond Mr. Stewart went into the mail-car and asked to see the Dubuque pouch. The pouch was not there, when it was discovered that the "decoy" letter was missing. The circumstance at once directed attention to young Sargent, and when his father returned he took him to Davenport, before P. M. Russell, to whom the young man made confession of his guilt. He left a ring as temporary security and was allowed to return home with his father.

On Saturday, during the absence of his father on the road, his son was taken before United States Commissioner Sweeley, who held him in bail of \$800 for appearance before the United States Court at Chicago. In default of bail he was committed to jail.

In an interview with the editor of the *Union* last evening young Sargent admitted the theft of seven or eight letters containing in all some \$50, the first theft dating back to March last. He deeply regretted his crime, to which he seems to have been brought by evil association with the contractor of a taste for gambling.

His father, aged 70 years, is a most estimable man, and both his parents are weighed down with grief at the sad event.

A Woman's Idea of Comfort.

I know a room, says Shirley Dare, where sunshine always lingers, and there is a breath of summer and mignonette in the air whenever I think of it. There a tired man comes home, and there is a chair, a sofa, a table, a chair, looking to see what becomes of them. There is a broad table in the light, strewn with papers and magazines, and woman's work, with a few rose leaves drooping over them from a central vase. There is a wide sofa of the days of the Georges, fresh covered in chintz, with forms and bare-bells for patterns, and a cushioned back. It is covered with a great ruffled pillow under his shoulders, and opens parcels and letters, dropping them as he gets through on the floor, the most natural place for them. A girl has been painting, and her water-colors and paper lie on the side-table, just as she left them to rush away for an imprudent ride. I have been able to discover no single disarrangement of the household economy by this flight.

Somebody left a shawl on a chair. There will be nothing said about it at breakfast next morning. There are no laws here against playing with the curtain-tassel. Men rule as they often do, though many men cannot be put up or let down. They do not like to be shown out, crisp or speckless, as our neighbors do across the way, but the only consequence is they are oftener new and clean.

There is nothing very fine about this house, but things are renewed oftener and look brighter than they do in state-houses. The walls have particular places, and everybody feels at liberty to draw the sofa out when it pleases him. There is no primness about the place. If there is grass upon the lawn, it is to be walked on, and the geraniums are fondled and petted and caressed, as if they were children. Do you like to be a mother? There is a green leaf in the earth's heart, that makes it good to handle and feel them? This is known at the house where one dares to be late at breakfast. There is no ceremony of waiting. Coffee and cakes are put where they will be hot; the table is cleared to suit the housewife's fancy, and the housewife is set for the last kiss. Nobody lies awake at night till the lights cease to shine under your chamber door, if you want to sit up and read your novel through.

There is an unwritten law of convenience every day, which regulates every day's habitation, and an Napoleon. And the benefit of allowing people to be a law unto themselves is, that they are much better natured about it when they do obey. There is indulgence and repose in this lovely home, and the most dear of time for things which most people cut short, an hour's play with a child, a night's good sleep, with a neighbor a day of letter writing once a fortnight.

And the worth of these merry, comforting letters quite outweighs the fact that there are cigar ashes on the mantel, and a pile of work on the sofa—Disorder is not only dust or soil of any kind, but also not either cleanliness or mean cheapness. It means care to be in most cases, thinking of people more than things. Order is simple harmony of a few notes. Disorder is the flowering, branching melody of one theme—and that theme, individuality.

A Life Plant.

A gentleman of Williamsport, Pa., traveling in Jamaica, W. I., a few years ago was attracted by a vigorous-looking plant growing on the roadside in the dry and arid soil, apparently the only vegetation that could withstand the extreme heat and humidity of the island. He was told it was the life-plant, and that, if a leaf should be damaged by a thread from the ceiling, it would put forth rootlets from each of the dentate notches. He broke off a twig and a leaf and packed them among dried grass and brought them home with him. The plant, which in the tropics was so penetrating that they grew in his trunk, and the twig continued to grow after it was planted in the ground up to the present time. Last winter it bloomed, the flowers were in a large panicle, purple bell-shaped, about an inch and a half long, and the smell was delicious. The suggestion of a gardener, the top was cut off, but the plant looking a little uninteresting, the top was stuck into the ground, when new buds appeared, and it continues to bloom as though it was on the parent stalk.—Graphic.

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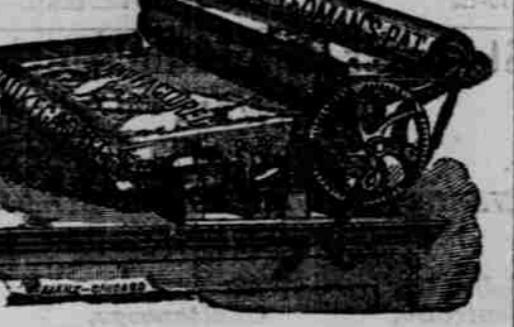
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