

SEVENTEENTH YEAR.

OMAHA SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 27, 1888.—SIXTEEN PAGES.

NUMBER 344

N. B. Falconer.
White Goods.
 Another grand bargain in White goods for Monday; Canvas Checks in white at 8½c, reduced from 15c.
 Lace stripes at 11½c, reduced from 17½c.
Special.
 Cream Lace Batiste at 10c, worth 35c.
 Cream Springtide Checks at 15c, reduced from 25c.
 Victoria Lawns at 10c, worth 15c.
N. B. Falconer.
Wash Dress Goods.
 Crinkle Seersuckers in a large line of stripes, at 5c; regular price, 12½c.
 Batiste in all the new figures and colorings, at 8½c, regular price, 12½c.
 Zanzibar and Puritan Suitings in a beautiful line of stripes, 12½c, worth 17½c.
 Striped Seersuckers new stripes 6c, worth 12½c.
 Dress Gingham 5c, worth 10c.
N. B. Falconer.
Corsets
 All sizes in fine summer Corsets at 69c, regular price \$1.00; and French woven Corsets at 60c; all the other stores sell them at \$1.00.
N. B. Falconer.

N. B. Falconer.
Lace Flouncings.
 We have always made a great Specialty of black Lace Flouncings, and we will open Monday a lot of goods that we know are cheap; the patterns are choice and new; the black Spanish Guipure Flouncings, at \$1.19, \$1.50, \$1.65, \$1.75 and \$1.85; we know are worth at least 25 per cent more than we ask for them.
 The black Chantilly Flouncing at 95c, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.25, are just as cheap as the Spanish Guipure; These goods we have just bought at special sale and much below the market value. **N. B. Falconer.**
Wool Dress Goods.
 We make special inducements on colored Wool Dress Goods for Monday.
 A lot of 24-inch Dress Goods at 7½c, regular price 15c.
 A big lot of Checks, Plaids and Brocades at 12½c, regular price 20c.
 40 inch Outing Flannels at 29c, regular price 45c.
 42 inch French Novelty Dress goods with plain to match at 89c, reduced from \$1.35.
 42 inch Cashmere Serges in all the new colors at 65c, worth 85c.
N. B. Falconer.

N. B. Falconer.
Torchon Laces.
 Three special lots of hand made Torchon Laces will be placed on sale Monday; the prices are 10c, 12½c and 15c. These laces will be found a little dirty, but they are all perfect with that exception, and are worth double what we ask for them.
 We also show a lot of Cream Lace Remnants at wonderful prices.
N. B. Falconer.
Pearl Buttons.
 We imported an immense quantity of Pearl Buttons, and can in consequence sell them cheaper than they can be bought wholesale.
 Pearl Buttons 10c a card; 2 dozen on each card, and all sizes.
 Fine Pearl Buttons 15c a card, of 2 dozen, all sizes.
 Super Pearl Buttons all sizes at 20c per yard, of 2 dozen,
N. B. Falconer.
Hammocks! Hammocks!
 1 bale Children's Hammocks at 40c worth 65c.
 1 bale full sized Hammocks at \$1.10, regular \$1.50 quality.
 1 bale full sized Hammocks at \$1.35 worth \$2.
N. B. Falconer.

N. B. Falconer.
Surah Silks.
 Surah Silks in stripes and checks at 50c, worth 95c.
 Changeable Surah Silks at 80c, regular price \$1.25.
 Plaid Surah Silks heavy weight at \$1.00, reduced from \$1.50.
 Black and white striped Surahs, also Sheppard checks at 95c, would be good value at \$1.25.
 Black beaded Grenadine at \$1.50, reduced from \$2.50.
 Black beaded Grenadine at \$2.50; reduced from \$3.00.
 Black beaded Grenadine at \$3.50, worth \$4.75.
 Black beaded Grenadine \$5. worth \$7.25.
 Black beaded Grenadine \$6.25, an elegant design, covered with beaded drops, worth \$10.
N. B. Falconer.
Embroidery Department.
 To reduce a stock of Embroideries that we find larger than we want at this season, we make special prices for Monday; these prices will be found lower than any yet made at any special sale. At 5½c we will sell a lot of embroideries that are really worth 12½c. At 8½c, the lot we show would be a big bargain at 15c.
 At 11½c you will find some elegant goods that would sell readily at 20c.
 At 19c, in this lot you will find bargains which will be a surprise to all; we only sell them at 19c to reduce stock. They are worth from 30c to 35c.
 At 27½c. This is one of the largest lots we have, and to sell them fast, we make this ridiculous price; many of them are worth 50c.
N. B. Falconer.

N. B. Falconer.
Ladies' Hosiery.
 We have a few odd dozen of Ladies' Silk Plaited Hose in colors that have been sold at \$1.25; on Monday to close out the lot we make the price 59c a pair.
 Another lot at 79c with white split feet comes in tans, navy blue, brown, wine and cream; \$1.75 is the regular price, but to close out this lot we sell them Monday at 79c.
N. B. Falconer.
Opera Hose.
 Ladies' Silk Plaited Opera Hose in cream, pink, blue and blacks that are worth \$3.50; Monday's price is \$1.
N. B. Falconer.
Black Silk Plaited Hose.
 At one dollar. We will sell Monday an elegant black Silk Plaited Hose that is worth \$1.75.
N. B. Falconer.
Black Lisle Thread Hosiery.
 Ladies' black Brilliant Lisle Hose at 42c, would be good value at 65c.
 Ladies' black fancy ribbed Lisle Hose at 49c, they would be a bargain at 95c.
 At 33c a pair we will close out a lot of colored Brilliant Lisle Hose.
N. B. Falconer.
Fancy Lisle Hose.
 Odd lots of Ladies' fancy lisle Hose that have been selling from \$1.25 to \$2.50, we close out the lot at 68c.
N. B. Falconer.

N. B. Falconer.
Curtain Department.
 Fancy Colored Scrim Curtains.
 On Monday we offer 50 pairs of fancy colored Scrim Curtains at the ridiculous price of \$1.35 pair. These goods are shown in two colors and are very desirable as a cheap summer drapery. Remember the price on Monday, \$1.35.
 Nottingham Lace Curtains.
 The finest line of medium priced Lace Curtains at \$3, \$4, and \$5, ever brought here.
 Also for Monday 50 pair full taped edge Nottingham Curtains at 85c per pair.
Madras Curtains.
 \$1.57.—36 pairs Madras Curtains at \$1.57 per pair, worth \$3.00.
N. B. Falconer.
White Lawn Suits.
 We make special mention of two numbers of Ladies' White Lawn Suits for Monday; we have the finest stock and the lowest prices of these goods ever shown here. The prices are \$3.75 and \$6.75.
 \$3.75.—Ladies' White lawn Suits pleated Blouse waist, full tucked Skirt at \$3.75.
 \$6.75.—Ladies' White lawn Suits, Basque waist, full trimmed Skirts at \$6.75.
 These are two of the greatest bargains ever offered at the prices quoted.
N. B. Falconer.

N. B. Falconer.
Linen Department.
 25 dozen Turkish Dusters (slightly soiled) at 35c per dozen; worth \$1.00.
 100 dozen imported Turkish Wash Cloths, (bought at auction) at 55c per dozen, worth 75c.
 50 dozen large Turkish Bath Towels at 15c, regular price 25c.
 65 dozen Fancy Turkish Towels at 25c, worth 40c.
 25 dozen extra large white Turkish Towels at 35c, worth 50c.
 100 dozen elegant Damask and Huck Towels at 25c, (Broche Borders) worth 35c.
 \$1.00 Per Dozen For Monday's Sale.
 50 dozen red bordered Damask Doylies at \$1. worth \$1.37 1/2 per dozen.
Lap Ropes! Lap Robes!
 We will continue our sale of linen Lap Robes on Monday at the same prices quoted for Saturday's sale; these goods were bought at less than cost to manufacture and are almost worth double what we ask.
 Linen Lap Robes, 42c, worth 75c.
 " " " 75c, " \$1.25.
 " " " 85c, " \$1.35.
 " " " \$1.00, " \$2.00.
Odd Lots Bed Spreads.
 We will sell all our odd Bed Spreads at special prices on Monday to clean up the stock. There will be bargains amongst them.
N. B. Falconer.

PEN-PICTURES OF DAGO ALLEY.
 Inhabited by Belongs in all Conditions of Squallid Distress.
 A FIELD FOR THE SLUMMERS.
 A Stroll Through its Unsanitary Precincts by Daylight—Its Sights, Sounds and Scents—Some of its Legends.
 Dago Alley.
 A spot as such not laid down in the city's plan, neither are its people mentioned in the city's directory. Yet for all that, the alley has long been a festering sore right in the heart of the city, and its arid wastes are within rifle shot of the Paxton. Geographically defined by metes and bounds, its territory is belted by Thirteenth and Fourteenth and Jones and Leavenworth streets. It is a gulfy stream of vice and wickedness, and the wrecks along its shores are the bulks of fallen humanity. It is a bad place after nightfall for the stranger, for the universal command, "Let there be light," was never intended broad enough to illumine the alley after dark, and the stranger must trust to the bull's eye of the saloons, opening on either end of it, for guiding stars. The sun glares fiercely on the alley by day, as though it would like to strike all men and women in it at once, and then as if in revenge for the existence of the place, contents itself with exhaling deadly miasma from its people's refuse strewn about in dumps and scattering it in disease throughout the air. Little stagnant pools lie in slimy stillness on every side, and the only time their turbid waters are stirred is when fresh refuse is added, or a rain shower gives them life and motion. Under one dilapidated shanty there is a cess-pool of filth enough to breed Asiatic cholera, and the policeman who acted as my guide, said, it is tradition that the pool is bottomless, which accounts for its continuance in the face of the health authorities to abate the nuisance.
 And the mansions of Dago alley! Well, there is a painful architectural symmetry and likeness in them all. They have an uncertain way of standing, like a man recovering from a protracted apoplexy, and glass for the most part is wanting in the windows, the gaps being filled with cast-off clothing. Not that the people need the thing in summer, for the space left in the shattered window frames affords ventilation, but in winter the cold must be kept out some way that the people may live.
 And the people who live in Dago Alley, what of them? They are a vicious set and in the place as they own by right of presumption and graduation in crime and misfortune. A residence in the alley is the last jumping off place in the wretched run of a miserable existence. Scarcely with razors and Italians as dark, with stilettoes, lie about the open doorways and amuse themselves in sleep, or the harpists of diverse nations, or the miserable women who cling to them and seem to thrive on their blows; or, if perchance the claims of hunger demand food, with nothing in sight to steal, the negro sallies forth in search of chores and the Italian roams about with plaster images. One of the Italians was arrested on my visit to the alley—a swarthy, muscular man, with a red handkerchief about his forehead and brass buttons in his ears, and while the fellow protested his innocence with much protestation at the station, a circé a foot long was taken from him.
 "Me good catchee me no anything bad; see de nice peepers carry me de big banan," he said in response to the usual inquiry regarding his occupation.
 "Then what yer doin' with de great big chestnut?" asked the policeman.
 "Why use him to cut de big banan, see?" the fellow answered.
 Wicked men of every nationality are

there, who respect the law as they do each other, and value human life only at the worth of the contents of a victim's pockets. Just the men are they, found in every large city, to follow a leader and join in the mob. "We don't have any trouble to speak of now with the alley," said the policeman, "for we've got it pretty well under control, but there was a time when there was hell and robbery in the alley every night, and then we had our hands full of the regulars from home."
 "How did you manage to obtain the system of order prevailing?" I asked.
 "Cubbed 'em," replied the policeman facetiously. "Them fellows is afraid of a cubbin', and yer got to treat 'em like yer would a wild beast." And the policeman in other words simply announced Napoleon's axiom: "Kill the mob first; read the riot act after."
 The women of Dago alley are the cast-aways of a life for which disease has unfitted them. I grew interested in the story of one of them, as she told me of her former life, under the drooping of stale beer sent her from a neighboring dive. She was not old, save in sin, and in her features, as much as was left in their regularity from many a beating, one might trace the lines of former beauty. She had been in her day of the "scarlet sisterhood," and worn diamonds, and she contrasted her present daily cast-off of beer drinking and poverty with that other day of champagne cork-popping and jewels and carriages. Step by step her life had been a downward slide, and with scarcely breathing time, to realize the transition and the rounding of her life in the inevitable story in the end of the existence of the "siren" who lures men's souls to hell.
 Poverty and diseases, with a brutal Bill Sykes for a protector and a shamble in Dago alley, then Potter's field, and the disintegrating table the last records of the woman of the town who survives her youth and beauty.
 Children sometimes play in the alley with ash heaps as a play ground, little wretched things whose very life will prove their future disgrace in the suns of their parents and one who, looking at their diseased rickety frames and bleak, expressionless eyes could wish in human kindness that an early death might end their lives of misery.
 A romance came upon the alley a few months ago in the shape of a suicide. There were three bodies which were more gaudily furnished than the rest, in that showy red curtains hung at its windows like the splendor of the cabin of a canal boat. And seeking for sins fresh upon her in the very last stage of destitution, for she had been cast off and spurned by her protector. She could hear his reproaches and his blows but not his neglect, for in it the woman's pride, lost though she was, asserted itself in the remembrance of her sacrifices and what she called her love. With no voice to her, her word left to tell of her contentions she drank laudanum in a room in the red-curtained house in the alley at the dead of night and in the morning was found by her wide-open eyes staring wildly at the upspringing sunlight and the gaping crowds staring wildly at her. Decent people, relatives of the girl, came down to the alley and gave her christian burial, for in the purity of death they could touch her. And so pass the days and nights, the sin and misery, the wretchedness and poverty, the merry-go-round of disease and despair and death in Dago alley. But civilization is coming to the shelter of the streets of the place, in the brick and mortar of the great buildings in contemplation upon its site and soon the alley will be but a memory recalled by the historian.

night four more youthful robbers were placed behind the bars at the city prison.
 Last gang, like the others, is the result of reading cheap and vicious literature and smoking cigarettes. The boys are thoroughly hardened and depraved, and the youngest, a lad of twelve years, is the worst one of the lot. They all live with their parents in the "Potero," but never go to school, and lead an idle, vagabond life, which finally leads them to steal. They confessed to several reporters last night that they had been stealing things for some time and dividing the booty. The charge the police have against them is burglary, and each of the boys has two charges to answer to.
HORACE GREELY'S DAUGHTER
 Living a Useful Life at Her Quiet Home in New York State.
 From time to time reports creep into the newspapers that Miss Gabrielle Greely is to take up one cause or another and plead it in a public way before New York audiences, says the New York Press. Such a report may be true, because Miss Greely is a young woman of great intelligence and with decided opinions on the present questions of the day, although she has not made a study of them. It might be expected, too, that the daughter and only surviving child of Horace Greely would fancy holding a prominent position in society, and one which it could be so easy for her to attain; but such a report is not true, because she has chosen other duties and a vocation that does not in any way place her before the general public.
 To have known Mr. Greely was at least to have heard of his country home at Chappaqua, and to find mention of that simple little village nestled among the hills is to hear now of Miss Greely, the great man's daughter. Ask the very cows in the fields or flowers along the roadside and they will have something to tell you of the loving kindness of this gentle woman. Without a dissenting voice her face is called beautiful. Her features in repose are classic, and when animated—the eyes glancing beams of sunlight, the mouth opening over teeth of dazzling whiteness—they produce an imprint on the mind of the beholder that is not easily effaced. No bangs or wavy locks of hair are needed to enhance nature. The brown tresses are drawn back in the simplest manner and form a knot just behind the ears. This is the sort of face that a wide-brimmed Gainsborough hat with floating plumes becomes so well, and Miss Greely wears one sometimes. Her garb in the country is plain and comfortable, but everything shows to advantage on this well developed and strongly built young woman.
 The Greely farm is only a brisk five minutes walk away from the village, and its land borders the high road. The house, which is merely a spacious cottage; was built for a farm house, but has been used as the family dwelling since the original home was burned, an event which took place several years ago. The happiness being deprived Miss Greely of sharing her home with her sister's three children—they having been entered as pupils at the convent of the Sacred Heart—she and three other ladies live together in the utmost peace and harmony. Each carries on her own pursuit, sharing equal and sharing alike the burdens and joys of housekeeping. There is a shoe factory at Chappaqua which employs 300 hands, and these people live in and about the village. A settlement of Quakers in the vicinity adds to the pop-

ulation another and quaint species of mankind. The country is broad enough to admit of more than one creed, and so there is room for the pretty little church with ritualistic services, which has helped much toward providing for Miss Greely her vocation.
 In her own words it is "higher than the Roman church," which might mean that it was more full of symbols and observances than the other, or that it led to a higher and straighter road to heaven. Certainly those who come in daily contact with Miss Greely, unite in thinking that any road that she might choose to take must naturally lead to heaven. She is a kind of high priestess or bishop in this church work, and it is mainly through her endeavors and the co-operation of her friends, with the assistance of the clergyman, that the little edifice stands free of debt, and that the seats are open absolutely free to the poor, and that it would be trespassing on sacred ground to give a more detailed account of the good she is constantly doing, the heart full of sympathy that she gives out to all claimants, whether men, women or children. And the good seed that is being scattered by her in every direction. If she lived in New York her sphere would be broader, and she would undoubtedly be a leader in some of the advanced movements of the day. She loves her country home and her retired though busy life, and finds little reason for studying the rights of protection or the wrongs of free trade, except that she lovingly leans a little more perceptibly toward the tree her father helped to plant, and she has a womanly and instinctive sympathy with the claims of women—working women most of all—who desire to better their own condition.
Smokless Engine.
 English mechanical engineers are devoting much study to the thermodynamics of the gas engine, and radical improvements in the present types of such engines seem probable as the result. Mr. H. Guthrie recently exhibited at a meeting of the Manchester Association of Engineers a model and diagrams of an engine intended to dispense with the water-jacket and to regulate the cut-off and power without cutting out whole strokes—two features in the "Otto" engine which, it is claimed, cause a loss of 50 per cent in the efficiency and create unnecessary in the work. Mr. Guthrie claims "to save half the present loss caused by water jacketing and to get out of the cylinder a given size just about three times the power of the ordinary Otto-type engine." His model is designed for the use of the ordinary city gas supply but is claimed to be equally well adapted to the self-containing type (the so-called "Caloric") by attaching to it a gas-generator. By this means one would not only be freed from the monopoly of the gas companies and "trusts," but the engine would have a much wider field of usefulness. A generator no larger than an ordinary vertical boiler would contain fuel enough for a whole day's work without recharging. For street railway use such a self-contained gas engine would possess the advantages of being practically noiseless, of emitting no steam, of making no smoke, and of putting into the atmosphere only one-fourth the noxious vapors per horse power now sent from the present steam engine furnaces.
 An English authority has computed that in the last three or four years more pigs have died in the United States from cholera than have been raised in the British Isles.

A PRECIOUS-METAL HUNTER.
 He Goes From Place to Place in Search of It.
UNEARTHING HIDDEN TREASURES
 Scrapping the Floors of Jewelry Establishments, Digging into Crannies, Displacing Boards and Buying Workmen's Wash-water.
 A Lucrative Business.
 A Brev reporter strolled through the corridor of the Millard one evening last week, taking in the personnel of the guests and observing the sights and scenes so invariably fleeting and pleasing in this busy hostelry. Meeting an acquaintance, and lighting a cigar apiece, the reporter and his friend dropped down into the comfortable rockers to test the quality and quantity of their wares, and put a final quietness on the vexed problem as to who shall be named the republican standard bearer at the convention to shortly convene in Chicago. About this time a well-dressed, well-fed, dignified gentleman strutted up and nodded politely, to which there was a response from the friend of the reporter. The inquisitiveness of the latter prompted the question as to who the stranger was, and received in reply, "That man is a business I never heard of before, and I doubt if you ever have." No objections being raised to the queer assertion, the gentleman continued:
 "I came in to-night with him from Minneapolis, and he is a jovial, half fellow, well met. We boarded the train together at Minneapolis, and in the course of the trip we struck up an acquaintance. He smokes cigars, and I quaffed with him, when it was necessary to cut the dust in our throats. From social talk we drifted into the character of our respective pursuits, and I told him I sold lumber. He laughed, and jokingly remarked: 'I raise lumber sometimes.' His reply puzzled me, and when I pushed him for an explanation he told me that he bought the floors of jewelry manufacturers for the scraps and refuse of gold and silver that finds its way into crevices in the floor and becomes imbedded in the boards. But here he comes himself. I'll introduce him to you and you can hear from his own lips."
 Mr. Grottenchen, was the name of the gentleman cited as being in a curious business, and while he was polite, affable and friendly, he was not much inclined to speak on the subject. Nevertheless he answered questions when they were advanced. He said he represented a New York firm that had made a discovery by which they could work the dust and scraps from gold and silver manufacturing establishments, the refuse of such places, the amount of which the workmen, the water in which they washed their hands and the crucibles used for melting the metal into bars and cakes of the precious metal, were a large profit to be again worked over into jewelry. The works are situated somewhere in New Jersey, and have made a mint of money for the proprietors.
 "I am continually on the road buying the floors and apartments to jewelry manufacturing houses," continued Mr. Grottenchen, "and I have just come from Minneapolis and St. Paul, where I bought two floors and the washings from the hands of employes. I paid in the main nearly \$5,000 for the two outfits, and I think I have secured a most excellent bargain. The refuse is of long years standing, and the older the premises the more valuable the price. I am on my way to Kansas City from here, where I have in view a very promising plant, and from there I will journey through the south."
 In response to a question if his mission to the city was to make a purchase of a like description he answered that it was, and he said that he had just closed a bargain with

Max Meyer & Brother for the floor of their lately vacated jewelry establishment at the corner of Eleventh and Farnam streets. What was the price he paid for the floor, or how much gold and silver he expected to harvest from the plant he refused to state, desiring to leave it to the firm to tell themselves. Next day the reporter called upon Messrs. Max and Moritz Meyer at their new store, and the gentlemen stated that they had not sold the floor, but only the scrapings therefrom, and the fillings in the cracks. For this the firm had received nearly \$400, and Mr. Meyer volunteered the information that during the short time they had been in the manufacturing of jewelry they had received the small sum of over \$4,000 for the refuse from their establishment.
 "No, we didn't sell the floor outright," claimed Mr. Moritz Meyer, "for the reason that we were not prepared to take it up. There is, without doubt, a mine of gold and silver dust beneath it, and it will some day bring in a great deal of money. We consume a large quantity of gold and silver in our business, and at the end of the year box up the refuse and sell it."
 "How do you save it?" quired the reporter.
 "The wash water is saved and after a night's stand the metal sinks to the bottom of the dishes and in the morning the water is drained off and the sediments thrown into the waste barrel, which in time is sold to the men who deal in it."
 "Before leaving their benches and tools the workmen wash their hands and clean their finger nails. While they are at work a certain amount of the gold and silver adheres to the flesh and finds its way under the finger nails. The wash water is saved and after a night's stand the metal sinks to the bottom of the dishes and in the morning the water is drained off and the sediments thrown into the waste barrel, which in time is sold to the men who deal in it."
 "What else is there that is valuable?"
 "Many things. The aprons and caps worn by the men find their way into the crucibles in which we melt the metal. The latter we never use but once, then break them up and throw them into the refuse barrel. The working benches and chairs of the workmen bring sometimes large sums of money, and in all probability when the Meyer's get ready to tear up the floor of their discarded building a neat little bonanza will be brought to them."
The Old Curiosity Shop.
 In a current number the London Temple Bar will say: One of the most amusing characters in the "Old Curiosity Shop" is that of the small slipshod girl who wore a "dirty coarse apron and bib, which left nothing visible but her face and her feet," and who was called "The Marchioness" by that cholera spirit Mr. Richard Swiveller, in order "to make it seem more real and pleasant." The novelist took his first impression of this domestic young person from a maid-of-all-work possessed by the Dickens family when living in Brompton-street, Camden Town. She was an orphan from the Chatham workhouse and continued to wait upon her employers during their incarceration in the Marshalsea. Like young Charles Dickens, she had a lodging in the neighborhood of the prison, that she might be early on the scene of her duties; and when Charles met her, as he would do occasionally, in his lounging place by London bridge he would occupy the time before the gates opened by telling her most astonishing fictions about the wharves and the tower. "But I hope I believe them myself," he would say. The room which young Dickens then occupied was a back attic in the house of an insolvent court agent in Lant street, Borough, where Bob Sawyer lodged many years afterward. His landlord was "a fat, good-natured, kind old gentleman. He was lame, and had a quiet old wife, and he had a very innocent grown-up son, who was lame, too." The elderly couple and their

only son were dead when these particulars were related by Dickens to his biographer, who informs us that they lived still very pleasantly, in another form, as the "Gland" family in the "Old Curiosity Shop." Turning to a minor character in the story, it is said that the first study for the poet Mrs. Jarley's wax-works was made from one of the rhymer's regularly employed by Robert Warren, the blacking manufacturer, whom Dickens remembered so well.
Telegraphic Communication Between China and Europe.
 New York Commercial Bulletin: The convention recently concluded at Tientsin between the representatives of the two telegraph companies having cables landed in China and the Chinese telegraph administration has created some alarm among the foreign mercantile communities in China, and it has not yet been ratified by the Chinese government, although the agents of the cable companies concerned sent the winter in Peking in the hope that the Great Northern Telegraph company of Copenhagen and the Eastern Extension company of London, it will be remembered, have divided the territory in China. The lines of the former run north through Japan to Vladivostok and Eastern Siberia, while the English company's lines run south through Singapore and India. Telegraphing to and from the interior is done over the Chinese lines, and under arrangements hitherto existing, the Chinese telegraph administration receives 50¢ per word for messages sent abroad from the interior. Under the arrangement proposed by the convention the Chinese would receive 70¢. The companies, says the minister, charge cable rates, although most of the service is by land.
A Mysterious French Rifle.
 Paris Correspondence London Telegraph: We have had abundant evidence during the past few months of the pains taken by the authorities to prevent the secret of the "Lebel rifle" and its cartridges from falling into foreign hands. Arrests have been made from time to time on the faintest suspicion of foul play, and it is affirmed that officers have been so careful that not a single French soldier knows the color of the powder which he is using. The number of rifles and cartridges supplied to the different regiments has been accurately noted down and not a day passes without a scrupulous examination of the stores. At intervals during the twenty-four hours the rifles are counted to ascertain that none are missing. Lists are made of the cartridges dealt out to each company; of those fired off and of those returned to the commanding officer after the day's work. In short, if each cartridge were a priceless diamond it could not be kept with greater solicitude, while as for the rifles, one would almost imagine that the fate of an empire depended on their retention within the walls of the barracks. Frenchmen still maintain that whatever the mishaps which may have befallen other inventions, no foreign government has yet succeeded in prying into the mysteries of Colonel Lebel's masterpiece. They consider their new rifle second to none in the world.
 There is no quicker of hander way of disposing of refuse, soda, muck, weeds, etc., than to rot them down in a compost heap. Surely dead animals are best disposed of in this way. The most common fermenting agents used in the compost heap are stable manure and night soil.