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A MASTERPIECE OF CRIME.

History of the Great Northampton Bank Robbery—How the Deed was Concocted, Accomplished, and Exposed.

Corr. of the New York Evening Post.

A Northampton, Mass., dispatch says: It seems a satire not only on human nature but on every beautiful work of nature as well that one should hear in this pretty town the story of one of the most famous misdeeds that shadow the criminal calendar of a continent. To find crimes masterworks we rarely need to go away from the purlieus of a great city and into the precincts of a sober, God fearing village of New England. Yet here is laid the scene of a story whose details break up perhaps the most astounding narrative of ingenious villainy that the long records of crime can reveal.

Five years ago the Northampton National Bank was the most prosperous of the financial institutions of this town. It had a capital of $400,000 and a surpulus three-fourths as large. Its stock was selling in the market at $160 a share, its management was conservative, and in nothing did the forethought of its officers appear more conspicuous than in the precautions taken against burglary. Inside of the massive bank building, which stands on one of the principal corners of the town, was a solid vault. To unlock the outer door of the vault several keys were required, and these keys were distributed among as many bank officers. Inside of the vault the obstacles to burglary seemed insuperable. There were two inner doors, each with its combination of four sets of figures; there was a new and solid safe of double doors, each also with its combination of four figures; finally a watchman stationed within the bank kept guard until four o'clock each morning. The financial integrity and adamantine safeguards of the institution made it a popular one with the solid men and dames of Northampton. In it were deposited not only the securities of individuals but the funds of trusts as well as the cash and bonds of the bank itself. We may imagine then the consternation that spread over the community when on the morning of the 26th of January, 1876, it was found that the pet bank had been robbed and securities worth almost a million and a quarter of dollars and all the cash of the bank had been taken away.

The originators of this crime and chief agents in its execution were three expert cracksmen. Robert C. Scott, James Dunlap, and William Conners were men of boldness, nerve, patience, and rare skill in laying out a burglary. Working in combination they had, during a series of years, cracked many a safe and secured bonds altogether estimated to be worth $3,000,000, though of course not netting the robbers that sum. In 1872 the trio robbed the Falls City bank of Louisville, Ky., of $200,000, and two years later, after most patient and persistent work, they penetrated a bank vault at Quincy, Ill., and stole several hundred thousand dollars, none of which has been returned. Several of their attempts, scarcely less bold and cunning than that at Northampton, barely failed. Finding, however, that the locksmiths were outstripping them, the gang sought the aid of some confederate whose technical knowledge of keys, wards, and bolts would supplement their own adroitness. They found him in William D. Edson, a skilled workman of Herring & Co., the safemakers. He joined the gang in 1873.

In an evil hour the officers of the Northampton Bank fell into the toils of this knave. Some two months before the robbery there had been difficulty with some of the doors and locks of the vault, and Edson had been sent for as an expert to make the necessary repairs. The clever rascal saw his opportunity. Entrusted with the keys to open the outer door of the vault, he took wax impressions, from which on his return to New York duplicate keys were made. But the fellow did a stroke of business still more clever. There still remained the four-fold combinations of the inner doors and the safe to be overcome. Edson was aware that a clerk of the bank knew some of these combinations, and he artfully suggested to John Whittlesey, the cashier, that there was danger in thus trusting a subordinate. By his advice all the combinations were finally given to Cashier Whittlesey. With the keys of the outer vault held by the robbers, the whole question of a successful robbery depended upon eliciting the combinations from the cashier—a matter of no small audacity and peril, for he lived two-thirds of a mile from the bank in a house where beside himself there dwelt six persons.

The scheme moved quickly to its culmination. They had joined with themselves four muscular confederates, whose names, with one exception, are certainly not known to this day. At about 1 o'clock on the morning of the 26th of January, 1876, the burglars gathered, masked, in front of Cashier Whittlesey's house. The front door was opened by turning the key with nippers, and the masked men entered. Every one of the seven inmates, consisting of Cashier Whittlesey, his wife, another married pair, two ladies, and a servant, were awakened, bound and placed under guard. Scott and Dunlap, the leaders, then took Whittlesey in charge. He was ordered at the point of the pistol to surrender the combinations of the vault and safe. He tried to temporize, and gave the robbers a false set of combinations. Here was an emergency that the cunning of Scott was equal to. It would have wasted precious time to have gone after four o'clock to the distant bank to test the figures, and to take Whittlesey there through the open streets would be to risk the success of the whole scheme. So Scott, who had taken down the numbers on paper, suddenly asked Whittlesey to repeat them. The cashier could not recall the fictitious figures, and his deceit was evident. The robbers then resorted to more heroic means. The cashier was pounded, kicked and choked until at last in pain and terror he gave the real numbers, and the most difficult part of the robbers' task was done.

For three hours the masked gang kept this whole household docile prisoners until at 4 o'clock the watchman left the bank. Then while one part of the gang remained on guard over Whittlesey and the other captives, another part went to the bank. The work doors were quickly entered, the outer door of the massive vault swung open at the touch of Edson's duplicate keys, and one after another the four sets of combinations of the vault and safe yielded, and all the securities in the large safe were exposed to view. Th bonds, stock and money were tumbled hastily into bags and taken to a hiding place in a school house about a mile from the bank. All the doors were then closed and the dials wrenched off, so as to delay the opening of the vaults and safe. The robbers stole altogether about $1,200,000 of which $888,000 was in coupon and registered bonds, $300,000 in in stocks, and $12,000 in bank bills. Of the bonds some $35,000 were in government coupon bonds and easily negotiable. There was a second safe in the vault containing with other securities about $100,000 in bonds belonging to Smith College for women; but the combination of this safe the gang had forgotten to get from Whittlesey and no attempt to open it was made. Having hidden their booty, part of the burglars took a wagon in waiting and rode to Springfield, twenty miles away, where they were joined by their associates who had come down by rail on the early train. The whole party then escaped to New York by different routes.

The shock of the community here when the news of the robbery spread can be realized only by those who know how small a matter will excite a New England town. For days the bank was surrounded by a gaping crowd. Edson was sent for to open the locks, his complicity in the crime not having been even then supposed. It took twelve hours to reach the inner safe, and for that time the success of the robbers was doubted. When the magnitude of the robbery was realized and the first shock was over the bank officers took prompt steps to detect the burglars. Printed lists of the numbers of the stolen bonds were distributed in every banking house in New York city, with notice that the firms which bought the stolen securities would be held responsible, and lists were also sent to every money center in Europe. Lynx eyed detectives were set by the dozen on the track of the burglars, and, as it had been reported from some source that the bonds were hidden in the town, every street was watched for two weeks day and night. Suspicious looking strangers were shadowed, and every suspected hiding place was searched.

Here, too, comes in a singular incident of the crime. With obvious lack of caution the robbers had left in the upper part of the school house where they had been accustomed to meet bits of food, a lantern, and other marks of their profession. These discoveries led to a most rigid search of the building. Partitions were knocked apart, and every part of the structure, save one, that could possibly be used as a hiding place was explored. In that single spot left unsearched the bonds were actually concealed. At one end of the lower rooms was a platform on which the younger scholars used to stand to reach a blackboard. The robbers had taken up a board, placed the stolen booty inside, and fastened back the timber with screws The heads of the screws, however, they covered with putty, which had been painted the exact color of the paint on the platform. The searchers examined the board, but the unbroken line of paint threw them off the scent, and they overlooked the plunder when actually standing within a few inches of it. After the first alarm and general search were over one of the robbers returned to Northampton by night, entered the school house, secured the bonds, and took them to New York.

The story of the detection of the criminals is scarcely less strange than the details of their crime. After the robbery Edson fell out with his confederates. He as well as Scott and Dunlap were closely watched by Pinkerton's detectives, and he was induced to disclose the secret. Scott and Dunlap were arrested on the cars at Philadelphia by Pinkerton's detectives, and Scott incautiously admitted the ownership of a hand-bag found under his seat and containing burglars' tools. The two criminals were hurried to Northampton, indicted for entering the bank and also Whittlesey's house, and on both indictments were found guilty and sentenced to 20 years in the Massachusetts State Prison at Concord. Both robbers were also identified by Mrs. Whittlesey and others. The handwriting of Dunlap was traced in the addresses of letters proposing a compromise with the bank, although the body of the letters was in characters printed with a pen. Finally the State's evidence of Edson pointed conclusively to the guilt of the prisoners.

In the interval of four years which has elapsed since these doings other picturesque events have taken place. Investigations by detectives showed that probable accomplices in the great robbery, besides Connors, were James Draper and the famous Red Leary. They were all arrested for their part in the Northampton crime. Leary dug his way out from the back of his cell in Ludlow street Jail, and Connors, one pleasant day, coolly walked out the front door of the elysium for evil doers. Both were afterward retaken, and in spite of trickery and collusion sent with Draper to Northampton, where they were put on trial some three months ago. Just at this point Scott and Dunlap re-enter on the scene. Desperate with four years confinement they threatened, unless the stolen securities were returned, to give state evidence and convict the whole gang. The threat was successful. The stolen securities, less about $150,000 which had been marketed, were returned. Edson, although he had previously testified against Connors, conveniently lost his memory, the case against the three prisoners fell through, and the curtain dropped on the four years drama of crime. The bank stopped dividends for awhile, and the stock fell to par, but is now back at its old figures.

AROUND THE WORLD.

—The wages of a laborer in Russia is eight cents for a day's work of fifteen hours, and he "finds" himself.

—Bees were cultivated in the very early days of man's existence. A bee-hive is found upon an ancient tomb in Thebes.

—A dog kennel in Montgomery county, Ohio, comprises between six and seven acres of ground, and the dog flesh is valued at $75,000.

—Justice Stanley Matthews has just paid $17,500 for a building lot in Washington—the highest price ever paid for a single lot there, and will build a $20,000 house upon it.

—Milwaukee is threatened with a water famine. The pumping capacity of her water works engine is only 8,000,000 gallons, and the daily consumption exceeds 13,000,000 gallons.

—A young lady of Holyoke, Mass., where there are five women to one man, has come forward as a missionary to bachelors, and offers to lead a galaxy of one hundred maidens out West.

—The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad has contracted for 2,500 freight cars, ninety-nine engines and thirty nine passenger coaches, the last of which are to be delivered next month.

—When the children of Mrs. Betsey Perkins, of Taunton, Mass., surprised her on her 100th birthday, she showed her appreciation of their affection by giving each of them a $1,000 bond.

—One of the cashiers at a large hotel in Chicago is a woman. She is the first of her sex to assume such a position in this country, although in Europe women are often employed in this capacity.

—A horse car conductor, who had waited five minutes at a crossing for a lady, remarked: "I am of the opinion that when Gabriel blows his last trump that those too late to get seats will be women."

—Miss Mary Anderson, who is spending the summer at her Long Branch cottage, is a devoted Catholic, and may been seen every Sunday and on holy days at the services of the little Catholic church of Long Branch.

—Lord Bute's new palace at Mount Stuart, Scotland, will cost $1,250,000. If Mrs. Bute gets a summer suit and bonnet to match the house, we shall all know just how much money there is in the Bute family.

—An immense Indian python in the London Zoological Gardens is religiously devoting herself to the maternal task of hatching twenty eggs. She covers them completely with her coils, and is herself covered with a blanket.

—A religious denomination in Ohio—the Dunkards—have solemnly voted that no woman of their church shall wear a hat, and now, if the females of that persuasion are like other women, there will be music in the camp.

—People dread lightning much more than they do intensely hot weather, yet in the United States Saturday and Sunday more people were fatally affected by sunstroke than have been killed in that country in five years by lightning.

—Comet or no comet, this year starts in right to become famous for murders, assassinations, shipwrecks, tornadoes, conflagrations, floods, scandals and other sensations. Devilry seems to move with the speed of an express train.

—A drunken man in Reading, P., drove his horse into the bar room of a hotel on Tuesday night, thence through the dining room and up three flights of stairs into a room where he was awakened and taken to the station house.

—Six hundred and fifteen out of 1,117 Boston teachers have replied to a circular asking their opinion of the advisability of forming an association for aged and infirm teachers. Four hundred and twenty eight favored it, but only 220 are willing to join.

—Now the chowder's in the pot, and the days are getting hot, and we all begin to swelter with a swelt, swelt, swelt. While the crimson lemonade through a straw enchants the maid, who displays a bunch of flowers at her belt, belt, belt.—*Puck.*

—There are people moving in good society in England who add to their income by leading conversation in a direction which will enable them incidentally to recommend the goods of certain houses, from which they receive a commission on all sales made through their influence.

—Warner "got his foot in it" in offering a prize of $200 a piece for the discovery of comets. He could not have suspected that either comets or comet-hunters were so plenty. There are over 500 claimants in the case of the current big comet, and new ones are heard from daily.

—A poor old English woman who was famishing, saw some milk in a pint can on a doorstep and drank it. The English law sits down heavily upon offenders of this class, and the poor old dame was sent to prison for two months. At all events she will get something to eat there.

—Arkansas is not an inviting State for immigrants. Nine men have been lynched in the State in about a month, and no efforts have been made by the authorities to seek out and punish the murderers. Where the laws are silent in such cases, it cannot be expected that they will be well executed in others.

—If any one wants to bet that the Turkish Pashas condemned to death for the murder of Sultan Abdul-Aziz, will not be back again in Constantinople in ten years and be again the political bosses of the Empire he will find few takers in Europe, except on the supposition that the empire will be wiped out by that time.

—The late Edward Russell Thaxter, the American artist, whose death was announced last week, was born in 1857, and was therefore three years younger than has been stated, his age having been given as 27. Though his life was brief, it was long if judged by what he accomplished in the six years he devoted to the pursuit he loved.

—Thirty years ago one hardly dared sleep in a house not protected by a lightning-rod. Twenty years ago lightning-rods were believed to be perfect protectors "if well pointed." Ten years ago people began to discover how the world had been humbugged, and to day not one man in thirteen has any faith in the rods or will put one on his house.

—The workmen in digging for the foundation of the new depot in Meriden, Conn., have uncovered a section of the original railroad track which was laid in Meriden some forty years ago. It consists of a thin strip of iron spiked on heavy timbers laid on ties much farther apart than those now in use, and is a curious relic of early railroad building.

—Henri Rochefort was the victim of a curious mistake the other day. He was driving with a friend when his acquaintance bowed to a gentleman whom they met. Rochefort, mechanically, or out of politeness, bowed to, and the gentleman thus saluted, who had noticed the first greeting, responded by lifting his hat. It was Marshal MacMahon.

—An invention for the instantaneous extinction of fire has just been successfully tried in Paris. One of the most remarkable experiments of the trial in the Champ de Mars, was the putting out in less than a minute, of an incandescent lake of tar containing 7,000 pounds of that substance, after the flames had reached the height of the third story.

—That eighty year old rum which did the President so much good has been cast in the shade. Sunday there was received at the White House a package containing four bottles of Jamaica rum, nearly, if not quite, 100 years old. They were a part of several which were presented a short time since to a New York friend of the President by an English nobleman.

—A shrewd chap in London has been picking up a few shillings in Rotten Row by running up to gentlemen on horseback and exclaiming: "Stone in your horse's foot." Horse is stopped and the stone is picked out, and a shilling is dropped. One gentleman discovered the trick, for the stone was in the man's hand before it was in the horse's foot, but slight-of hand practice deceived the short sighted ones.

—A Presbyterian church in Pennsylvania has just suspended one of its members, a young man, for dancing. He appealed to the Presbytery and defended himself in a speech of two hours, his principal argument being that he wasn't guilty because he did not know how to dance. The discussion consumed the entire day, and then he got only one vote out of twenty-three. He means to appeal to the synod.

—Small lizards are used in Egypt by some of the native ladies as ornaments, and lie half concealed in the drapery that overhangs the face. The red clawed soldier crabs are sometimes used in Mexico as pins. The crab is dislodged from its stolen shell and given a beautiful pearly one, or one that has been plated with gold or silver. Fastened to the lace by a pin and chain, they make unique ornaments.

—Persons who believe that good luck never goes with the number 13 should no longer adhere inflexibly to their superstition, especially in the matter of horse races It is recalled that last year the winner of the grand Prix at Longchamps bore that number, and that Foxhall's place on the list this year was No. 13, too. One would hardly plead that two exceptions in succession are required to prove a rule.

—A Norwich boy lost his grip on the string to his toy baloon and it went up out of sight. After the toy had disappeared the little philosopher walked up to his mother with the remark, "Mamma, I had got tired of that thing, so I thought I had better give it to God." There are grown folks who, having through bad luck or carelessness lost their money, feel resigned to Providential dealings in very much the spirit of the Norwich boy.

—In the rage for live jewelry a woman in St. Augustine created a sensation by appearing in public with a chameleon resting on her head dress, and held there by a delicate silver chain. The little creature was perfectly tame, and made no attempt to escape; but when touched by other than its owner its throat puffed up and curious waves of color passed over the whole body, ranging from deep green to a dark brown.

—The Zulus are heathen, and have not been taught the Christian doctrine of non-resistance, and so when a New York Christian called one of the Zulus on exhibition there hard names, slapped his face and annoyed him generally, the unregenerate pagan did not turn the other cheek also, but seized a hickory stick two inches thick, and struck the Christian on the head, inflicting a severe scalp wound. The Zulu needs to be labored with and converted.

—Senator Hoar of Massachusetts said in his recent address before the graduates of Yale law school: "I hope to see our profession everywhere return to its ancient and healthy abhorrence of contingent and everything that savors of speculation in justice. When you are once known to the people, not as masters of the law, but as traders and traffickers seeking your own gain, the virtue has gone out of you."

—A memorial asking Mr. Gladstone to assist in passing a deceased wife's sister bill was recently presented by 253 members of Parliament, representing, it is said, one-half of the entire electoral body of Great Britain. The Premier answered that the difficulties connected with the Irish Land bill would probably not allow him to aid the petitioners at once, but, said he, "I sincerely hope that it may be in my power to do so."

—An English traveler says: "In France the knee is bent to two things—money and esprit; in England one and only one—social position. On German soil it is otherwise, and the humblest professor is held in esteem, because he represents in his own person no matter how unworthy, the mighty brother hood of the learned. Germans, by the way, can never understand why it is that in England a professor, a teacher, a Gelehrte, hold no mark.

—A Cincinnati man named Nealus was angry because his wife went to a Fourth of July picnic without his permission, and he decided to burn her up. He built a fire directly under the floor where Mrs. Nealus's bed stood. Had it not been for the fact that some of the neighbors were unable to sleep owing to the almost torrid condition of the weather, Mrs. Nealus and her babies would have undoubtedly been suffocated or burned to death. As it was, they had a narrow escape, and four houses were burned.

—The contents of New Hall, Sutton Coldfield, which is reputed to be the oldest inhabited house in England, have fallen under the auctioneer's hammer. It is the ancient family mansion of the Chadwicks, was originally built in 1200, and was enlarged in 1360, from which date it has born its present name. Mr. John de Heley Chadwick is the twenty-sixth lineal descendant of the founder. Chas. II. was concealed at New Hall when a fugitive during the civil war.

—In the year ending June 1 twenty-eight deaf men were killed on the railroad tracks of the United States. In the same year two were shot for burglars while prowling around houses, and fourteen were run over by vehicles in the public streets. It is asserted on eminent medical authority that while sadness usually accompanies blindness, obstinacy goes with deafness. When a deaf man plods along on the railroad track, head down and eyes on the rails, he does more than most men with two good ears would attempt.

—Olive Logan says she is living in clover in London. In the first place, she knows nothing—about vice. That is to say, about vice in London. "For me, in this my newly recovered London, all is beauty. The flowers shed perfume on an atmosphere inhaled by only men that are noble, women who are pure. There may be creatures who are not so, but they are beings undreamed of in my philosophy." Variety is the spice of life, and Olive likes a change as well as the rest of us.

—Those people who have for years past annually expressed sorrow for bald-headed men in fly time have simply wasted their breath. Surgeons declare that flies avoid bald heads on account of the odor of the scalp, and that one shock headed man will suffer more from fly bites in one month than ten bald heads will all summer. Keep your sympathies for the heathen of Africa, who are beset by flies, fleas, snakes, lizards and scorpions the year round.

—A correspondent of the London *News* says that Niko, one of the Greek brigands who captured Mr. Suter, some time ago captured two young girls, about seventeen years of age, of different parents, and demanded a sum of money as ransom for them. One of the fathers could not pay in the given time, the other did and got his daughter back To the one who could not pay the body of the daughter was sent by Niko, cut up in nine pieces. The atrocities committed by this band, he adds, are without parallel even in the horrible pages of brigandage.

—The following really occurred at the Bagshot bazaar recently in England: A young gentleman thought he fancied a certain article exposed for sale at one of the bazars, and he was certain he fancied the lady who presided at the bazar. He remarked therefore that he thought that particular article very pretty. The lady said: "Yes, it is very pretty; my mother sent it." "Ah! really," said the young gentleman, determined to discover the name of the owner of the eyes that bewitched him. "Ah really. Let me see, I think I have met your mother. Her name is ——?" "The Queen," answered the lady. The young gentleman did not wait for the last train from Bagshot.

—A new Hungarian opera in London was on the point of being an utter failure when the snow in the branches of the trees caught fire and the whole landscape was soon in flames. One of the actors pulled off his cloak and together with the ghost succeeded in extinguishing the flaming snow. The orchestra continued playing, and luckily two-thirds of the audience having got tired of the performance had left the theater. There was no panic, and for the first time in the evening the spectators applauded the actors and the singers for their success in putting out snow when it was on fire.

—The history of bells is one of the most interesting in the record of invention. They were first heard of about the year 400, before which date rattles were used. In the year 610 we hear of bells in the city of Sens, the army of Clothaire, King of France, having been frightened away by the ringing of them. In 960 the first peal of bells was hung in England at Croyland Abbey. Many years ago it was estimated that there were at least 2,262 peals of bells, great and small, in England. It has been thought that the custom of ringing bells was peculiar in England, but the cathedral of Antwerp, celebrated for its magnificent spire, has a peal of bells ninety in number, on which is played every half-hour the most elaborate music.

—Tupper, the Proverbial Philosopher, and the butt of the paragraphers in both hemispheres, is said as a man to be very jovial; kind hearted, and a good fellow generally; but as a poet, ludicrously conceited. He doesn't care for contemporary critics; "he is content to await with Milton the judgment of posterity." He once saw a famous man on board a steamboat, and going up to him, said: "I perceive, sir, that I am not the only distinguished man on board." He was quite in earnest and evidently thought he was paying the distinguished man a compliment. Wishing to go down in the cabin, he handed his umbrella to a young lady—a perfect stranger—remarking: "Young lady, you will now be able to say in after life that you once held the umbrella of Martin Tupper." In spite of this solemn and earnest conceit he enjoys jokes, and both makes and takes them.

—The college students still continue their efforts to appear as gentlemen. Some of them had a supper at Stratford, Connecticut, a few evenings since, and it had scarcely commenced when dishes and their contents were thrown from one end of the room to the other, waiters were hustled about, walls bespattered, and the landlord got a pair of black eyes while seeking to stop the genteel amusement. There was talk of cleaning out the house, and some of the lady guests packed their trunks and fled to safer quarters. Most of the supper was left on the walls and floors, and about twenty students received injuries which had to be attended to by the surgeon. We do not know just how many courses of study can be found in a Michigan lumber camp, but we do believe that decency and good manners are better taught in the rude shanties under the pines than within the walls of a classic college whose students will behave as did the young men at Stratford.

—It is a Polish superstition that each month has a particular gem attached to it, which governs it and is supposed to influence the destiny of persons born in that month. It is, therefore, customary among friends and lovers to present each other on the anniversary of their natal day with a ring containing their tutelary gem. Thus: January, jacinth, or garnet, denotes constancy and fidelity in every engagement; February, amethyst, preserves mortals from strong passions and insures peace of mind; March, bloodstone, denotes courage and secrecy in dangerous enterprises; April, sapphire or diamond, denotes repentance and innocence; May, emerald, successful love; June, agate, insures long life and health; July, ruby or carnelian, insures the forgetfulness or cure of evils arising from friendship or love; August, sardonyx, insures conjugal felicity; September, chrysolite, preserves from or cures folly; October, opal, denotes misfortune or hope; November, topaz, insures fidelity and friendship; December, torquoise, denotes the most brilliant success and happiness in every condition of life.

—An Albany doctor has expressed himself strongly against the practice of sleeping in a room with a coal oil lamp burning in it, the light being partly turned down. When turned down in this manner the lamp gives out deadly stinking fumes, which the sleepers inhale, as the ventilation is rarely sufficient to carry off the disease causing elements. Hence arise the sick headache or the disagreeable nauseating symptoms under which persons labor when they get up in the morning symptoms which this doctor believes, are those of poisoning, more or less rapid in its effect according to the victim's constitution. The after effects, he says, are chiefly seen in diseases of the throat and lungs. In proof of the reasonableness of his theory he adds that morning after morning, on visiting his patients, he has found a sooty secretion gathered on their lips, which he has traced to the lamp, which had been burning all night. When turned down the flame is not strong enough to consume the gas arising from the oil while in a partial state of ignition. If the lamp must remain in the sick room, he would insist on its being turned on to its full height. Even then he would have the windows open as far as possible, so as to secure full and free ventilation.

—Mr. Fawcet, Postmaster-General of Great Britain, is a most extraordinary man. He was made totally blind when a young man by the bursting of a gun. But in spite of that, he is one of the best informed men of the day; a profound mathematician, and widely read in literature and history. He can handle a rod and fly with wonderful success. In the House of Commons he is greatly respected by all parties. An attendant guides him to the door, and there ready hands are always to be found to direct the sightless Minister to his place. When he is addressed he turns his head, as though he could see the person to whom his reply is directed. The most remarkable feature about his speech is his wonderful command of facts and figures which, thanks to his acute memory, he masters with marvelous rapidity and retentiveness. He is greatly aided by his wife, whose attainments are almost equal to his own. Since he was made Postmaster-General he has introduced many reforms, improved the postage stamps, introduced a new system of money orders or checks for small sums, and a plan by which the postoffice receives stamps as deposits in savings banks, in order to carry out his favorite idea in offering the poor every possible facility for practicing thrift.

—The Dundas *Standard* man avoids sunstroke and observes the eternal fitness of things by wearing a cabbage leaf on his head.

IN THE FAR WEST.

Recollections of Life on the Border—An Anecdote of "Slim Jim."

Life in the military posts of the Far West is not entirely bereft of enjoyable features. True, the every day routine of soldier duty—the roll calls, guard mountings, drills, inspections, dress parades, etc.—grows monotonous and even hateful, and the harsh tones of the bugle grates unpleasantly upon the ears doomed to listen to them year after year, yet for all this there are

MANY SOURCES OF ENJOYMENT

And pastime created by the officers and soldiers to drive away the dull monotony incident to a life on the frontier, almost without the pale of civilization. Among soldiers, as among all classes of people, can be found the individual of a theatrical turn of mind, and there is scarcely a post on the border that cannot boast of its dramatic temple, usually built of pine logs, in which are produced plays and variety exhibitions for the entertainment of the denizens of the post. Many of the officers have their wives and daughters in the garrison, and the ladies apparently take a lively interest in displaying what dramatic ability they may possess. Through the winter seasons especially are these entertainments given, and I have seen talent displayed by amateurs that would do credit to many of the stock actors who have trod the stage for years.

BASE BALL.

This is a popular sport with the more athletic "boys in blue," and some of the posts contain really excellent clubs. Match games between the soldiers and the citizens clubs of the neighboring towns are of frequent occurrence, and at these matches the Western man's love for gambling causes large amounts of money to change hands.

Football, cricket, croquet, horse racing, foot racing, target shooting and even glass ball shoots are extensively indulged in, and the great plenty of game induces the organization of match hunting parties, the side bringing in the smallest amount of meat to forfeit their captures to their antagonists. There is a ready market for deer, antelope, elk, mountain sheep and bear meat, and the winners often realize a handsome sum when the wagers are paid and the game disposed of.

HUNTING.

The cavalry soldier enjoys greater facilities for hunting than does the infantryman. At the majority of the posts it is a standing rule to allow a cavalryman a leave of absence of twelve hours after each turn of guard duty, with permission to take his horse and rifle and go wherever his fancy may lead him. Some of them live away to an adjoining town, if stationed on the railway near a town, but the majority provide themselves with a liberal stock of ammunition and seek for sport in the chase. When the officers organize a hunting party they go in ambulances or army wagons, well supplied with tents and camp equipage, to the vicinity of some good hunting ground, where they locate their camp and form this as a base, making forays upon the lordly elk or fleet footed antelope daily. They are attended by detachments of cavalry, as escorts, and by their garrison cooks and servants, who are usually private soldiers detached for such duty.

When out hunting the officers seek various modes of amusement to while away the time that would otherwise hang heavily upon their hands. At each post there is a saloon and billiard hall, in which the clicking of the ivory balls can be heard day and night, while around the various card tables games of every known description are played. Gambling among the officers is never indulged in.

PLAYING TRICKS UPON STRANGERS.

Is regarded as rare sport by the soldiers, and unfortunate indeed is the tenderfoot who falls into their clutches. The Indian scare is the favorite sport in this line, the innocent victim being induced to accompany a party out from the post a short distance ostensibly to shoot antelope. When near some gulch or pile of rocks a howling troop of soldiers disguised as Indians dash at the hunters (?) firing blank cartridges and emitting the most hideous yells. Of course the soldiers in the hunting party fall as if wounded and yell at the victim to run for his life, and then the fun begins. Such wild leaps as are usually displayed by the frightened "greeny," who darts toward the garrison with every hair erect, forms so ludicrous a picture to those who are in the joke that spasms of laughter at once supplant the demoniac yells which a moment before tortured the pure mountain air. When he reaches the post the affrighted victim yells for men to at once fly to the rescue of his wounded comrades, and then recites a story of terrible combat with an overwhelming force of savages, in which he displayed unwonted heroism and fought like a demon. When the bogus Indians come in, doubled up with hysterical laughter, the dupe either acknowledges the sell and joins in the hilarity or sneaks crestfallen from the post and foots it to the nearest point.

CAUGHT A TARTAR.

One day while sitting in front of the headquarters at Ft. Smith, conversing with the lamented Maj. Thompson, then commandant of the post, I observed a long, lank, roughly-dressed fellow, standing up near the post trader's store, surrounded by a group of soldiers. He wore upon his cadaverous features an idiotic grin, and looked for all the world like a recent graduate from an inland Missouri farm. Suggesting to the Major that there might be some fun in store for us, we walked up to the crowd, and reached it just as one of the troopers asked:

"Do you like to hunt, pardo?"

"Hunt, wal I reckon I dew Back to hum I uster be the best hunter in the neighborhood, an' could knock the delights outen a squirrel nearly every pop in the tops o' the highest hickary trees. Oh! I'm no small potatoes when it comes to huntin!"

Here was such a victim as the fun-loving soldiery seldom caught, and every heart beat high in anticipation of rare sport. The details were soon arranged, and a party organized to go upon the chase. A short time before the hunters took their departure the "Indians" could be seen sneaking away in the rear of the quartermaster's store house, and hastening toward a rocky gulch half a mile distant. Determined to see the sport I joined the party of which our rural friend formed a member, and we set forth telling him the most improbable stories of the quantity of game to be found, and posting him as to the use of his gun, which, by the way, contained a blank cartridge.

When we reached a point about fifty yards distant from the gulch the Indians rose and poured in upon us a terrific volley—of smoke—and then charged us yelling like demons. Every one of us but the stranger fell at the first fire, and in piteous tones we begged him to run for his life and send us help. Instead of doing so, however, he stared at the attacking party in a dazed manner, giving utterance to but the words:

"Wal, I swan to gosh!"

The firing party dashed right up to him, blazing away vigorously, but greeny never flinched. When they got almost close enough to poke him with their guns he said:

"W'at in the name o' common sense ails ye? Air ye crazy, or hev ye eat somethin' that kinder disorganizes yer innards an' cramps 'em up? Ye act like a drunk lunatic asylum turned loose!"

With renewed yells the party made a dash at him, when he coolly laid down his old musket and reaching back under his dilapidated coat tails produced a pair of vicious looking pistols of the bull dog pattern and leveling them at the now discomfited Indians said:

"Now, you fellers hev made yer play an' I'll make mine. Ground arms, every son-of-a-gun of ye, or I'll pump ye full of forty-four calibre bullets. Drop 'em livelyer!" and he cocked his murderous looking revolvers. The guns went to the ground, and the squadron stood with blank dismay pictured on every face.

"Now every dod durned one o' ye stand on yer heads."

"Oh, now, see here, pardy," said a soldier, "don't you know that were only jo——"

"Up with ye or a streak o' daylight 'll foller a chunk o' lead through yer anatomy in a holy minute."

The troopers obeyed and in a moment a half dozen pairs of legs waved wildly in the air. He held them in this position for fully a minute, when he permitted them to again assume a natural position upon their feet. Then he got his late companions into line (I had sneaked behind a large rock) and for fully an hour he held the entire crowd together, putting them through the most

LUDICROUS ACTS AND CONTORTIONS.

He would make them turn somersaults, walk on their knees and all fours, lay down and roll over, made one of them hold up a stick and the others jump over it like trained dogs; in short, he put them through every evolution his brain could conjure up until obliged to cease through sheer exhaustion. Then he told them to "Git for camp lively!" and sent them fleeing toward the post.

That night he made it all up, apparently, and was inveighed into a game at draw poker with three of the best gamblers in the post. They played all night long, and when the lank stranger took the early train for Rawlins he carried with him over eight hundred dollars which he had won. Just as the train started he scratched a few words on a slip of paper and handed it to one of his victims. It read:

"You never want to buy a watermelon till you plug it and see if it is ripe, or you're green.

SLIM JIM."

We then knew that our late visitor was "Slim Jim, of Nevada," the best gambler, quickest shot and most daring desperado on the lines of the Pacific roads.

WYOMING KIT.

AUTOMATIC LAMPS.

That part of Central Park which lies between the Fifth avenue entrance and the top of the Mall has just been lighted by an automatic lamp which presents some novel features. There are altogether some seventy of these new illuminators placed on either side of the roadway, at distances of 85 feet apart. They are mounted at the usual elevation above the ground. Each lamp is independent of the other and takes its own illuminating power from a fluid of gravity 76, which is contained in a reservoir attached to the lamp and holding about six quarts. The reservoir is so arranged that part of its polished exterior acts as a reflector, spreading the rays of light over a considerable area of space. The flame is equal to about fifteen candle power, while that of the common coal gas lamps is about nine. This of course gives the relative proportion of power between the two lamps as being in the direct ratio of nine to fifteen in favor of the new one. Another advantage is that the light in the automatic lamp is perfectly steady, soft and white in color, while in the common street lamp it is flickering, dull and reddish. The new lamp is lighted by means of a double perforated bottom, and the flame itself is divided into nine jets. During the day time the lamp is not extinguished, but the light is merely turned down so low that passers by cannot see it. Such is the construction of the burner and the method of protecting it that no wind can extinguish the light. The amount of fluid consumed during the day is so insignificant that it would not amount to half a cent per lamp in a fortnight. The lamps are oval in shape, and furnished with a handsome opal colored dome, which latter also assists in softening and distributing the light. The method of supplying the tank is by means of a wagon driven from lamp to lamp. This wagon has a carrying capacity for about 150 gallons of burning fluid. From it the fluid is pumped up to the lamp reservoir. The light is turned up or down in night or day by men who are mounted on horse back. The rapidity and dexterity with which the operation is done deserves praise. The reporter saw it the other evening on that portion of the drive which is between the Fifth avenue entrance of the park and the mall. The lamp liguter kept his horse at a brisk gallop between each lamp post. The quadruped seemed to understand his business, for upon approaching a post he would stop suddenly, as though he had been brought on his haunches by the sudden check of a Spanish bit; the man gave a rapid turn to a small lever handle and his work was done. So rapid was the operation that it took a coupe (in which the reporter was) at a smart trot to keep up with the lamplighter. In cleaning the lamps the globes are taken on a fast wag on to the posts and clean ones put up on the spot, while the dirty are carried away to be cleaned at the depot. The cost of illuminating a given area is little more than one-third that of coal gas, while the superiority of the automatic lamp is in the ratio already named. The new light has been used for more than twelve months at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and the town of Bedford was illuminated by it last year. The lowest reported bid offered for lighting the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth wards of the city was $29 a year per lamp, and it is claimed that the new light, which is brighter than the old, can be furnished for $20. The nightly cost for burning fluid is, including the labor for lighting, two and three-quarter cents. It is claimed by some that leakage from the gas pipes destroys vegetation in the park, and that the use of the automatic lamp will obviate this. The fluid itself is a compound of petroleum and naphtha, and may be looked upon as being non explosive. The use of the new lamp commenced in Central Park on the 14th.—*N. Y. Herald.*

THE LOST JEANNETTE.

A Thorough Search Making for Her—The Various Expeditions Described.

(From the New York Times.)

No missing vessel was ever the object of a more systematic and thorough search than the Jeannette. The whole polar world has been, or is to be explored for her. If she and her crew still exist, and have not drifted into some unknown and inaccessible region of the icy cone, they can hardly escape the observation of all the search parties which have been sent to their relief. The Jeannette sailed from San Francisco July 8, 1879, under command of Lieut. George W. de Long, for a voyage of polar exploration by way of Behring Straits. She put in at two or three ports in Alaska for supplies and to leave letters, and was sighted on September 2d by Capt. Barnes of the whaling bark, Sea Breeze, to the south of Wrangel Land. On the next day, September 3d, other whalers sighted her, steering due north, under steam and sail, in the direction of Herald Island. She was then about twenty miles from the coast of Wrangel Land. No man has seen her since that day. It was the intention of her commander to make Wrangel Land, and there is no known reason to doubt that he did reach that point, as when last seen he was within a few miles of the coast and going in a direction and at a speed which would soon take him either to Wrangel Land or the adjacent Herald Island. Whether he reached one of these and wintered, or was kept off by ice, or after wintering pursued his journeyings to the north and east are points yet to be determined, and whose present obscurity adds to the difficulties and uncertainties of the search.

The first relief party sent out was that of the United States revenue steamer Corwin, the report of whose commander, Captain C. L. Hooper, has been published by the Treasury Department and fully summarized in the *Times.* The Corwin, sailing from San Francisco in May, 1880, followed the track of the Jeannette as far as it is known, to the very coast of the mass of granite rocks called Herald Island and