

WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE.

WORLD'S GUARDIANS OF THE PEACE DESCRIBED.

How These Guardians of the Peace Appear to a Stranger—Their Uniform and Looks Graphically Described—Spanish Officers a Fine Body of Men.

For several years, writes C. S. Pelham-Clinton in the Strand, the 'bobby' has been my hobby, and in my travels I have often noted the great difference in the policeman of the world. As the photographs which I have collected will show, there is a wide difference in dress, feature and stature. Some of the 'bobbies' are handsome men, carrying in their faces and form the dignity of strength. Others wear upon their brows the care of long hours and small pay. And some are so ugly that you would have a fit if you met them late at night.

The Guardia Civiles, or Civil Guard, of Spain, are, without exception, one of the finest bodies of men in any part of Europe. They are, perhaps, only equaled by the Irish constabulary, a body they very much resemble, though, happily, at the present time, the latter have not the same disagreeable duties to perform as do their Spanish confreres.

The police of Italy is divided into five bodies, or sections, the first being the Carabinieri, who wear a dark blue tailcoat and trousers, with red-band and thread silver buttons and ornaments, and a cocked hat with tricolor cockade and tuft, and gloves and sword. The second section is the Guardia di Pubblica Sicurezza, or guards of public safety, who wear a dark blue tunic with light blue ornaments, grey trousers, a round cap with a peak, gloves, a small sword, and a revolver. Both of these belong to the military service, and are entitled to a pension. The men can rise from the ranks to be officers, but cannot advance beyond the rank of captain. The other police are the Municipal Police, the Forest Guards and the Guardia Campestri, who look after the fields and farms, these last three being local bodies. The service is, of course, voluntary.

The Japanese police are very picturesque, especially in their summer costume. Dressed in white, with a sort of cape attached to their hats hanging down on their shoulders, they may often be seen walking along the street two by two.

The Roumanian police are a fine body of men, and are under the control of the Government. In comparison with the city of London or New York police, they are much more military looking, and their dress is smarter. In summer they wear a canvas uniform, and at all times carry a sword and loaded revolver.

Try as I would in Vienna, I was not able to obtain any photographs of the police there, which was the more aggravating as, both in uniform and appearance, they are as smart a body of men as anyone could wish to see. However, shortly afterwards by the kindness of Mr. M. Feldschark, the British Consul General in Vienna, I obtained some excellent photographs of the Viennese police, and those of Bohemian as well. The uniform of the Viennese gendarme is one of the most picturesque of any in Europe—of the regular police, that is. It consists of dark green tunic, blue-gray trousers with madder-red trimming, a blue-gray cloak with madder-red facings, a chasseur hat with a tuft of dark green feathers, and they are armed with a sword and Manlicher rifle. They are a gendarmic, or almost military body, organized for the maintenance of public order and security all over the country, with the exception of large towns, such as Vienna, Prague, etc., where a town police is in existence. As I said before, the Viennese police are a very smart-looking body of men; the mounted men in particular, with their gauntlet gloves, high boots, dark blue cloth jackets and lighter trousers, and a leather belt across the chest, have a very spruce appearance.

I was rather disappointed with the police of Berlin, who, though a fine body of men as regards size, showed a great deal too much disposition to girth. They are, however, extremely serviceable, in regulating the traffic, and I watched the way they kept the people back on the pavement, while the German Emperor was riding up Unter den Linden, with a good deal of curiosity, as they showed much firmness, and yet were very good natured and polite through it all. Their uniform is dark blue, and they wear a helmet of shiny leather, with a band of nickel and arms of the same metal.

The French policeman is, of course, well known to the English and American travelers. The uniform of the gendarme is a dark blue tunic edged with red, rather lighter blue trousers, black braid epaulettes, a cocked hat with silver braid and aiguillettes of white thread. He is armed with a revolver. The mounted gendarmes have the same uniform with a cross-belt of buff leather, a cloak lined with scarlet cloth, and are armed with a sword and carbine. The ordinary town policeman is dressed in darker colors, and has the regulation of the traffic in his hands.

The Russian force is divided into three sections, the Urban, Suburban and River police. The uniform of the Urban police is black, with yellow and red facings, and in cold weather they have a heavy great coat, a short sword and a revolver; the uniform of the Suburban section is black with purple facings, and the River police have black with white facings. There is also in various parts mounted police.

CHERRY'S TROUBLES

Were of the Heart—Hansen Skill was Almost Defeated when Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Felt into the Breach, and a few Minutes After one Dose He Found Great Relief, and Five Bottles made a Bad Heart a Good One.

Wm. Cherry, of Owen Sound, Ont., writes: 'For the past two years I have been greatly troubled with weakness of the heart and fainting spells. I tried several remedies, and consulted best physicians without any apparent relief. I noticed testimonials of great cures made by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. I procured a bottle, and the first dose gave me great relief. The first bottle did wonders for me. After using five bottles there are none of the symptoms remaining whatever. I think it a great boon to mankind.'

A TELLER'S MISTAKE.

A Curious Error that Turned out to be the Result of an Accident.

Beware of the man who professes never to make mistakes. The caution is general but is particularly applicable to banking men. A national bank examiner, was conversing recently with a reporter for the Pittsburg Dispatch, says that as a rule errors are of daily occurrence in every large bank. Most of them are at once corrected of course but now and then a really serious error seems for a time to be utterly inexplicable. Upon this point the examiner recalled an interesting case which happened under his own eye.

A curious error was discovered some years ago in one of the banks of this city, let us call it the Sixth National, while under examination. I was weighing the gold in the vault with the teller, and found a bag marked five thousand dollars, which weighed about twenty-four troy ounces less than it should have done. I opened the bag and counted four thousand five hundred dollars only.

A search was made, lasting far into the night, for the missing five hundred dollars. The teller's cash-book showed no 'overs' or 'shorts' of any large amounts recently, and his character for honesty and integrity was unquestionable. In my report to the comptroller I spoke of it as one of those errors which will sometimes occur, but which for the time being are inexplicable, and added that as the teller was heavily bonded, no loss could occur to the bank.

I pass over the mental sufferings of the teller, and of the officials, who feared there might be a thief in the bank, but could not tell whom to suspect.

Two or three weeks afterward I was weighing the gold in another bank then under examination,—let us call it the Seventh National—and found a bag marked five thousand dollars, which weighed five thousand five hundred dollars. The seal showed that it came from the Sixth National, and had been received by the Seventh in payment of clearing-house exchanges. I explained to the cashier the error discovered in the Sixth, and he promptly sent for the teller and restored him his money.

The mistake had been made in the simplest manner possible, as you may suppose. The teller of the Sixth had two open bags of gold on his counter; one contained five thousand dollars, as he knew, and the other four thousand five hundred dollars. At the close of the day's business he put five hundred dollars into the wrong bag, tied and sealed up both without first weighing them, labelled each five thousand dollars, and put them into his safe. It is not necessary to say that no such carelessness on his part ever occurred again.

THE RAILROAD KIDNEY.

Railroad employees, bicyclists, teamsters and other men who are subject to much jolting, are often troubled with a pain across the small of the back. This indicates the 'Railroad Kidney,' an insidious precursor of serious illness. On the slightest symptoms of backache take one Chase's Kidney Liver-Pill—one is a dose—and thus obtain instant relief. For all kidney troubles they have no equal. 25c. per box.

WHERE LAND IS CHEAP.

A Man Gave Four Hundred Acres for a Cow Out in Dakota.

A large weather-map hangs in the senate chamber in Washington, and senators gather before it in the morning, studying the conditions for the day. Many a good story is there told regarding the climate of different localities. To senator Kyle, of South Dakota, the New York Sun accredits such a story. 'If the Sun is a true reporter in this case Senator Kyle must have abandoned hope of a reelection.'

Dakota weather is so bad. Senator Kyle is reported as saying, that farmers are often very glad to get rid of their land. One of my neighbors saw a stranger lead a cow along one day. The two men began to talk, and soon a trade was made. The farmer offered the stranger two hundred acres of land for the cow.

When the stranger, who could not read, took the deed to Aberdeen to be recorded, he found it to call for four hundred acres instead of two hundred. He went back to the farmer, expostulated and tried to get the deed changed, but the farmer held out. Nothing the stranger could say or do would move the farmer and the stranger was forced to take the four hundred acres.

FROGS FOR THE MARKET.

North Carolina Editor Makes Money From a Stagnant Pool.

Some time ago the Tribune published an account of a man who started to raise bees as a fad. He placed a hive of the honey-gatherers in his cellar and left them there to multiply. They increased so rapidly that the bee culturist was at his wits' end to know what to do with the increase. But finally he found a way to turn the bees into money and now his experiment is a money-making institution.

And now comes a man from Elizabeth City, N. C., who started to raise frogs as a fad and eventually wound up with an extensive frog farm. Mr. R. B. Creecy is the man. He is an editor and is the proprietor of the Economist, a weekly paper of Elizabeth City. He tells how he started frog culture as a fad and how it developed into a regular business.

'I have a farm not far from this city and when angry subscribers come up to whip the editor I usually go out and take a look at my property. On the farm is a large pond, and as nothing can be raised on the water, and as fish cannot live in the water, the space occupied by it is worthless. My hired man has often asked me to have the pond drained off and filled up so the ground could be utilized for planting purposes. One day while looking over the pond and figuring on filling it up, I noticed a large frog sitting on the bank complacently sunning himself. Of course, I had heard frogs' legs are a great delicacy and are eagerly sought after in large cities, and when I saw this frog I commenced to think. I wondered who supplied the frog market, and whether there was any money in it, and resolved to investigate. As a result I soon found out all about frogs and frog culture. When I spoke of my plans to my friends they found occasion for a good deal of mirth. I resolved, however, to take the matter up, and did so more as a fad than anything else. I accordingly imported a few frogs of a choice variety and placed them in my pond. It was not very long before my farm was known for miles around as 'Creecy's frog farm.' It was about three years ago when I inaugurated the frog farm. The second year the frogs were so numerous in my pond that I made several shipments to New York and realized quite a sum of money. And this last year the pond was literally swarming with frogs and I shipped large quantities.

'The people around here have got so that they look upon frogs' legs as a great and indispensable delicacy, and I could easily dispose of all I raise right here at home. I am contemplating turning my entire farm into a pond, and will devote my entire time to raising frogs for the New York market. The raising of frogs for the market is quite a science, and requires some care and study, but I have grown to have a great liking for the business.'

Many of my farmer friends who ridiculed me at the start are now seriously considering the advisability of going into the business themselves. They see how easily I make money, and they are working harder to raise cotton and corn and are not realizing near the profits I am. Of course, the frog business is not all clear gain, and has its drawbacks the same as any other line, but for myself, I prefer it to any other line of farming. The frogs must be fed, and the food must be of the right quality and kind or the meat of the legs will not be up to the standard required. Frogs can be raised indoors as well as out, and in the city as well as in the country. A building constructed something on the general plan of a green-house, with several ponds of water in it, makes a first-class breeding place for frogs. Up to the present time the most of the frogs supplied to the markets of the country have been captured in swamps and on low ground, and the people who follow this calling make pretty good wages. I do not know, however, of another farm like mine, and do not believe there is one in the country. It is a much better way to have a regular farm and raise your own stock, as in this manner the frogs are much better and command a higher price.—Chicago Tribune.

RIGHT FROM THE MINES.

Family Ties may be Broken in the Grand Rush for Gold, but What's Wealth Without Health—Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is a Wonderful Cure—It never Fails to Relieve in Ten Minutes.

Fred Lawrie, of Trail Creek, B. C., writes: 'I have used two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and have been wonderfully helped. I can recommend it very highly to all sufferers from Catarrh.' And here is another—Mr. B. L. Egan, Easton, Pa., says: 'When I read that Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder would relieve Catarrh in 10 minutes, I must say I was far from being convinced of the fact. I decided to try it. I purchased a bottle. A single puff of the powder through this blower afforded instantaneous relief.'

How an ambitious aspirant may possibly become one of the exclusive 'four hundred' is cleverly indicated in a contemporary's statement that 'If you have a million you can get into the four hundred, but if you have only four hundred, you are likely to stay in the million.'

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