### A SMART TRICK.

HOW A BANK CLERK WAS SAVED FROM A DISHONEST LOAN.

[London Story (Not Sunday.)]

A queer story is told of a Liverpool bank official who recently received a private letter from his friend, a member of a London banking firm. It is said that one of their employes, the son of their highly esteemed cashier—a man who is probably itself—had gone away with several thousand pounds in securities. If the son should be arrested and placed in a prisoner's dock the old man would never lift his head again. The firm was, therefore, resolved to do all that lay in its power to save its aged and valued servant from the misery and shame which would certainly overtake him if his son's sin became known.

The writer thought that in all probability the young man would sell with his securities at the Liverpool bank, and, on the strength of his connection with the London bank, try to negotiate them. If so, the London banker wanted the Liverpool banker to seize the property and keep it until he heard from the London banker again. He (the young man) would, no doubt, buy him a ticket to New York, and give him money with which to begin the world again. The London banker was going to Paris for a fortnight, so that the Liverpool banker didn't need to write him about the affair until that time. He also wanted the secret kept from everybody, as far as possible, both for the sake of the London bank, the young man's father and the young man himself.

The Liverpool banker, knowing that many a young man had gone wrong who might have been saved at the proper moment, decided to comply with his friend's request.

Soon after, a nice frank-looking young man of the name referred to was ushered in to him, and, saying that he desired to travel, explained in a constrained and nervous manner that he had some secretion on which he would like to realize. He said he didn't understand business, and perhaps was doing awkwardly to work, but the ship for New York was to sail that day, and he was in a hurry.

In reply the Liverpool banker handed him the letter he had just received. As he read it his breast heaved with emotion, tears came into his eyes and he nearly burst into a fit of weeping. He made a full confession, and then the banker, after pointing out the heinousness of his crime, offered to do what the letter requested. The young man kissed the banker's hand in token of his gratitude, said he had been both foolish and bad and wicked, and would really go to another country and reform himself.

The banker then gave him the fares, bought him a first-class steamer ticket, and gave him a champagne dinner at the restaurant. But nothing he could do or say seemed to raise the young man's spirits. He was so sad and broken down that the banker really pitied him. As he bade him good-bye at the ship's side the lad still seemed on the point of burst into tears as he thought of the young and repentant sinner he had saved from a life of crime.

At the end of the fortnight, when he supposed the London banker would have got back from Paris, the Liverpool banker wrote to him to hear of his success in carrying out his wishes, and of the outside youth who had set all for new scenes with the banker's blessing.

He got the following reply from London:

"You must be mad. Our cashier never had a son. No securities are missing. Perhaps you have been sold."

It was true. He had. The letter was forged. The securities were worthless. He had thrown away $1000, a passage to New York, a bottle of champagne, a good dinner and a good deal of advice upon an ingenious swindler.

### The Soldier of 1834 and 1891.

[Dr. O. R. Daniel, in Army and Navy Gazette.]

In 1854 the soldier was tightly buttoned, tightly stocked and closely shaved, till, in consequence of comments "on those horrible newspapers," the torture was relaxed by orders from home; but I am bound to say that the infantry of that day, if they suffered far less in the flesh, looked far better than the men of 1891. The shako (or "Alexandra," as it was called), heavily as it weighed upon the head, was preferable to the Russian helmet, and there were many distinctive regimental badges on shako and button. The line cavalry were some more brilliant. Hussars and horse artillery were yellows, and there was a brilliant display of hair and feathers generally in all arms, and along the line the colors marked the centre of each regiment. I confess that it seems to my eye as if the days of smartness have fled from the army, with the exception of the cavalry and some special corps, but it matters little if the spirit, of which that smartness is the outward and visible indication, still lurks under the shapeless sack in which the frame of the warrior is encased at present.

### Fought a Halter.

[Boston Journal.]

A new story is told of Oliver Wallon, who in his day was the greatest dealer in good horses near Boston. On one occasion he came into Maine and bought an extra good horse for a song. The horse breeder was one of the niggardly kind and asked:

"How are you going to lead that horse away?"

"With that halter, to be sure," said Wallon, busy counting out the money for the horse.

"No, sir," said the breeder, "that halter don't go with the horse; it belongs to me. I did not sell you that."

"What, will you have a halter after I have given you your price for the horse?" asked old Oliver. "What do you want for it?"

"A dollar, sir," said the farmer.

"All right," said Wallon, here is the dollar." He put the rest of his money in his pocket, then stepped quickly to the horse's head and remarked: "I will take the halter, but I guess I will not take the horse."

He took off the halter, let the horse go loose, and the breeder had many a long day in which to repent of his overreaching.

### A GREAT RUSSIAN RAILWAY ENTERPRISE.

[St. Louis Star of Hope.]

The Trans-Siberian railroad has been for some years a matter of speculation and suspense. Its practicability has been at last definitely settled, and its ultimate construction is now simply a matter of time and the solvency of the Russian exchequer. The imperial government has commenced this stupendous and historic enterprise. The first sod has been turned by a scion of the royal family, and all competent authorities are satisfied as to its importance in the future development of Asiatic resources. It is with not a doubt that initiating a new industrial and commercial chapter in Russian progress. Its inception may be due to political strategy. Diplomacy and glory may figure largely in the birth of the idea and the devil in doubt-stage in the conspiring genius, but, apart from the subjects business the fact remains the same, that in a commercial and industrial sense the Trans-Siberian Railroad will be of a value scarcely comprehensible under present conditions. The immediate results on Siberian prospects will be the development of its vast mineral resources, some of these are said to be of considerable magnitude, though definite information is as yet scanty. The gold deposits, however, in Eastern and Central Siberia have, in spite of antiquated methods and difficulties of transport, contributed in fifty-four years about $200,000,000 to the wealth of Russia, while the Ural range and Western Siberia have been equally generous. There are also vast districts to be traversed by the road that are capable of the highest agricultural development, capable of furnishing food, wool, horses and wealth for the myriads of the overcrowded populations of the Old World, with the consolatory fact for the future American that when the importation of cereals is necessary the transport of Siberian grain to Alaska will be a providential provision for the Aleutian stomachs. The effect on the trade and development of China is not one of the least important prospective results of putting a Russian girdle on the plains and steppes of Asia. Mongolian enterprise has already projected a line from Pekin to the Amour, and as the intellectual and commercial virility of this ancient race is of the progressive kind, it is yet in the range of future possibilities that the commercial center of the world may be Asiatic and not European—Russia and China the native nationalities, as we have in previous papers asserted, the consecrated federalism of English speaking nations and the colonies of the world maintain the supremacy they now accord. The overland traffic developed by the Trans-Siberian railroad with China and Japan will probably reduce the ocean carrying trade of Europe and probably revolutionize some historic lines of marine enterprise. The total length of this Asiatic route, from the eastern slope of the Ural Mountains to Vladivostock, on the Pacific is about 4,755 miles. The engineering difficulties are not insurmountable, and the Russian enterprise in this direction is probably equal to all emergencies. The work has been taken in hand by the imperial authorities, and the government exchequer is responsible for all financial needs. The work of construction will probably occupy six or seven years.

### The Current of Greece.

Frank G. Carpenter in American Agriculturist: The best grape crop of Greece is that of the current grape. The word current comes from the name of the city of Corinth, in Greece, and it is along the Gulf of Corinth that the currants are raised which we use in our plum puddings. They are a little seedless grape, which it is said can be raised nowhere else than here, and which is shipped all over the world. These grapes are raised in immense vineyards, and selling from Patras along the Gulf of Corinth one passes miles upon miles of them. The hills are terraced, and upon some of these terraces there are no vines, and here the grapes are dried before being shipped. Along the gulf there are fields of white sand which are also used for the drying of the currants, and the current crop is so important to the country that an ambassador was sent from Greece to the United States not long ago to ask Congress to reduce the tariff on currants. Great Britain takes about $7,000,000 worth of these currants every year, and we are, I think, the next best customer for them. We take 13,000 tons every year and this is about one-twelfth of the whole crop. It is a question in the minds of some agriculturists as to whether these currants could not be produced in America. We have all sorts of climates, and some parts of California most approach very closely to the climate of Corinth. A good currant vineyard would be very profitable. Even in Greece the vines produce a net profit of $40 per acre, and a currant vineyard is there worth $400 and $500 per acre. The Greek vines begin to bear in their sixth year, and are in their full perfection when they are twelve years old, after which they continue to bear well for fifty years and vines are known which have borne for one hundred years. It will be thus seen that a vineyard is a fortune. They are cared for like those of the ordinary vineyard, save that they are not allowed to grow more than four feet high. The grapes are ready for gathering in August, and are easily dried and packed for shipment. California has proven that she can raise very good olives, and there is no reason why she should not attempt the current grape. The demand for currants steadily increases, and Marseilles of late years has been buying a great many for use in the making of French wines. The currants are, I am told, mixed with the grapes, and are taken to their dried state for this purpose in France.

An interesting paper on the destruction of wolves in France appears in the current number of the *Revue Scientifique*. The law in virtue of which wolves are sought for the killing of wolves was passed on August 3, 1882, and during the last four months of that year 63 were destroyed. In 1883 the number killed was 1878, the premium paid in rewards 101,450 francs. The number was 1095 in 1884; 890 in 1885; 1170 in 1886; 761 in 1887; 505 in 1888; 515 in 1889. The departments in which most animals have been slain are Dordogne and Charente. It is believed that very soon no specimens will be left in France except those which occasionally reach it from neighboring countries.

"You are no longer employed by Jaggs?" "Why we had an affair time about my heavy expense account." "His get-out?" "Yes; he was fired with indignation." "And you?" "I was fired with alacrity."

### A MAN, A GUN AND A MOOSE.

All Three in the Heart of the Maine Woods and Nothing Happened.

We drive off to the middle of the bay, perhaps 600 yards across. The sun is down, and in the dusk every stump resolves itself into a deer. You see white tails and horns, and they move. But at last a stick back in the woods creaks. That's the real thing! Is it a deer? Is it a moose? Is it coming in? Another crack—then stillness. Next in the water; way out in the woods, is a black, dreky thing, really moving this time. The boat starts off its own accord to meet the black thing.

It looks now like a raft, for there is something whitish about its old hand, and it is "sheding" through the water, making a noise you think must frighten it out. It's no deer. It's too black. You can't tell the moose by sight from the subjective unless the fact remains the same, that in a commercial and industrial sense the Trans-Siberian Railroad will be of a value scarcely comprehensible under present conditions. The immediate results on Siberian prospects will be the development of its vast mineral resources, some of these are said to be of considerable magnitude, though definite information is as yet scanty. The gold deposits, however, in Eastern and Central Siberia have, in spite of antiquated methods and difficulties of transport, contributed in fifty-four years about $200,000,000 to the wealth of Russia, while the Ural range and Western Siberia have been equally generous. There are also vast districts to be traversed by the road that are capable of the highest agricultural development, capable of furnishing food, wool, horses and wealth for the myriads of the overcrowded populations of the Old World, with the consolatory fact for the future American that when the importation of cereals is necessary the transport of Siberian grain to Alaska will be a providential provision for the Aleutian stomachs. The effect on the trade and development of China is not one of the least important prospective results of putting a Russian girdle on the plains and steppes of Asia. Mongolian enterprise has already projected a line from Pekin to the Amour, and as the intellectual and commercial virility of this ancient race is of the progressive kind, it is yet in the range of future possibilities that the commercial center of the world may be Asiatic and not European—Russia and China the native nationalities, as we have in previous papers asserted, the consecrated federalism of English speaking nations and the colonies of the world maintain the supremacy they now accord. The overland traffic developed by the Trans-Siberian railroad with China and Japan will probably reduce the ocean carrying trade of Europe and probably revolutionize some historic lines of marine enterprise. The total length of this Asiatic route, from the eastern slope of the Ural Mountains to Vladivostock, on the Pacific is about 4,755 miles. The engineering difficulties are not insurmountable, and the Russian enterprise in this direction is probably equal to all emergencies. The work has been taken in hand by the imperial authorities, and the government exchequer is responsible for all financial needs. The work of construction will probably occupy six or seven years.

### A MODEL DRY GOODS CLERK.

A Young Man Lady Tried Her Best, but He Kept on Smiling to the Last.

So much is said about the acquisitiveness and impudence of the clerks in the big dry goods stores that when one is found that cannot be made cross by any combination of circumstances he ought seriously to have the benefit of that fact being heralded abroad, even if for obvious reasons neither his name nor the name of the store which is so fortunate as to have his services can be given. The clerk is, however, in Fourteenth street, and the clerk is the most accommodating one in the whole retail dry goods district, so it may not be a hard matter for shoppers to identify him.

It was on the very boiling day of the month that this clerk was put to his severest test. An old lady from the country had, with an infinite amount of trouble, succeeded in making a somewhat extensive purchase of linen for her table. To pass over the preliminary incidents of the showing of about all the tablecloths and napkins and tablecloths in stock before the purchase was made, the real trouble began with the payment.

The old lady emptied out on the counter the contents of a small handbag. The contents were dimes and five cent pieces and there was a big heap of them. The purchase came to just under twenty dollars. After counting it over twice, the clerk had to shorter two extra trains on the sixth railway to order to get the money to the cashier's desk.

The old lady gave minute directions for the doing up of her package, and started for the door. She stopped to think, and came back again. She said the napkins she had picked out were too coarse after all, and she believed that she would take three more. The bundle was undone for, and the change was made. More dimes and five cent pieces were dumped down before the smiling clerk.

Once more the old lady started for the door, and once more she came back. She thought that she would like to look at the tablecloths that she had bought. The clerk laid out her purchase before her, but she decided not to make any change in the tablecloths, and started away again; but she came back once more and had the bundle changed and the clerk had to fix her hat again. There did not seem anything more that she could want changed, and the clerk sent the bundle up stairs.

In two minutes the troublesome buyer was back again. This time she wanted a package of New York newspapers sent to be done up with her bundle. The clerk took them with a gracious remark that it would not be the least trouble in the world to have them put with her package, and then he gave his attention to another customer as if all this had not been an incident worthy of notice.

Of course, stories might be told of clerks much more accommodating than this one, but they possibly might not have the advantage which this has of being strictly true.—New York Times.

### A Lesson in Phrenology.

Many inventions have been suggested in dreams, and it should be remembered that the mechanical faculty is situated above the temples, as was first learned from a supposed skull of Redpleed, and from the head of a milliner who possessed uncommon taste. Self esteem is high on the back of the head. It is always found large in beggars who excuse their poverty on account of pride. On either side of self esteem are the lumps of love of approbation, which are greatly developed as a rule in tailors, who imagine they are kings and queens.

Benevolence is on top of the head, a little in front of the middle; veneration is in front of benevolence, and wonder is still farther forward. This last is prominent in psychic researchers and vision seers. Ideality is in the middle of the forehead; it is touched by the hand when one is composing poetry. Nearly every one composes remarkably good poetry in his sleep—if only he could remember it afterward.—Washington Star.

### The Oldest Negro.

The old time Georgia slavery negro is somewhat on the wane of the white mule—he neither dies nor resigns. That is, he dies but seldom. There is a negro in Columbus who is 100 years old, and yet he gets about in right lively fashion. He calls himself Dr. Johnson, and has a store where he sells "sweet potatoes and herbs for medicine or medical purposes."

The old man has but one hobby. Years ago some one borrowed his saw and failed to return it. He has appeared before all the courts to have his neighbor prosecuted, and he says he won't get up a case to issue "the proper papers." "In dis land," the doctor said, "hoss you got de money, you don't got de justice."—Atlanta Constitution.

### Bonds Sworn to Trees.

We heard of quite a curious freak the other day of the explosive that passed near town some months ago, the same storm that made such havoc on the farm of Charles J. Martin, H. C. Burton and J. W. Wilson. Two clapboards were driven into the bodies of a white oak and a hickory tree on the land of J. W. Wilson. The boards may be seen by any one who will visit the locality. They were driven there by some force accompanying the explosion, but whether that force was wind, electricity or something else we know not.—Troy (Mo.) Times.

### Pin Superstition.

Superstition has special claims upon the pin it should, we are told, "be bent, not given." There is a by no means small class of sensitive minded folks who regard the exchange of a pin a sure and sharp prick to friendship, and there is another goodly number that put themselves to all manner of inconvenience to stop and pick up every pin that lies in their pathway.—Table Talk.

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