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er who had seen him, and he said Little Jack was the man, without doubt. This cleared up something, as it was learned from the south, the names of some of the gang that Little Jack trained with, and that he had been in the counterfeit business during the war. But where was Little Jack and his partners? A large reward was offered for the capture of the gang, and a description of some of the which had been bought was sent to all the financial centers of this country and Europe with a description of Little Jack. We got word from London that a man answering his description had disposed of a lot of bonds in that city, and we communicated with Scotland Yard.

"We worked steadily on the case here for weeks, and found out a lot of information about the gang. We were reasonably certain that Ed Forbes was at the head of it, but did not have the positive proof or the man. While racking our brains to clear up the business, a cablegram was received from Scotland Yard to the effect that a man who answered the description of Little Jack had taken passage on the Cunard steamer Scotia, and was apparently alone. The Cunard pier then was in Jersey City, and I was there when the steamer arrived with several other operators. I picked up Little Jack in spite of his full beard and English make-up. I did not recognize any of the other passengers as crooks, but those who looked the least bit crooked were followed by an operator to their hotel, and left under surveillance until their identity was cleared up.

"I went after Little Jack. He had charge of some barrels of wine consigned to J. M. Kearns, Flatbush, L. I. The gauger, in examining the wine, found that there was some foreign body in one of the barrels, and I had the barrel opened, with the consent of the Collector. I found an hermetically sealed box fastened to the bottom of the barrel, and on opening it, discovered a dozen perfect counterfeit plates of bank notes. The plates were returned to the box and the barrel was shipped to Flatbush. I went with it, and found that Mr. Kearns lived at the Eureka Club. When I delivered the wine, I saw Little Jack and Ed Forbes in the house, and concluded that the gang had returned to this country to begin operations again with a new set of plates.

"I raided the place in the evening and captured Ned Ormsby, Ed Forbes, Little Jack Vaughn, Sam Stetson and Curley Peters.

FRUIT STAINS.

Some That Will Come Out and Others That Cannot be Removed.

As the fruit season waxes it becomes burdensome to keep napery spotless. Who has not beheld, with dismay, one's favorite damask hopelessly discolored with peach, cherry and berry stains? Some suggestions may be of assistance in remedying the mishap. In the first place do not wash the linen before applying other remedies. To do so sets the stain almost indelibly, and it then has to pass through all stages until time and the laundry leave but a pale yellow reminder, which consumption does not follow usually until the fabric is threadbare. For berry stains have someone hold the cloth so that it sags a little and pour absolutely boiling water through the spot; rub well. If this fails, light a bit of sulphur and hold under the wet spot—a lighted match will answer; the sulphurous gas usually does the work, the stain gradually disappearing. But there are some that will not "out"—peach stains, for example. Then you must have recourse to salts of lemon, which is good, but apt to leave a hole in lieu of the stain. By extreme carelessness in its use, however, it will not do such dire damage. Take a sunny day for the task; fix a moist cloth over the spot and rub on a very little of the salts of lemon; lay the linen in the sun for two or three minutes and then wash thoroughly with soap and warm water. Success nearly always follows. Other stains, like iron rust, are more easily removed. After washing the article squeeze lemon juice on the spots and then cover thickly with salt. Lay in the sun all day, wash and if the rust is not entirely removed repeat the application. This is equally good for ink stains. —Philadelphia Times.

Interesting Wedding Souvenirs.
 Honeymoon albums are said to be a part of the wedding preparations of the up-to-date bride. They are simply put together, being as a rule made of a number of sheets of heavy linen paper cut a fancied size, usually wider than long, and inclosed in covers that may be anything, the satin of the wedding dress over Bristol board, pieces of rough cardboard on which are painted the bridal blossoms, white chamois, vellum, duck—anything. One bride had hers got up at a stationer's and bound in a soft-finished vellum, and dove-gray leather with silver hearts was the caprice of another bride. Those most representing the spirit of the thing are made by the bride's own hands, ornamented with painting or embroidery, or whatever decoration she is skilled in. Into the album go various souvenirs of the wedding journey that most brides collect and preserve, but only late ones have thought of arranging. A menu card from the first hotel meal, a picture of the steambath in which they crossed lake river or sea, the seat of the first theatre they attended together as husband and wife, pictures of various places at which they stopped, these and more put in with a pressed flower or a scroll of designation, with date and any addenda the happy two may design, make a collection that will long be treasured.

Great Men and Their Cats.
 Not a few great men have been partial to cats. Petrarch had his cat embalmed. Rousseau showed genuine tears over the loss of his. Dr. Johnson, sometimes called the "Great Bear," nursed his cat day and night during his illness, and went for oysters himself to tempt its appetite. Southey raised one of his cats to the peerage, with the high-sounding title of "Earl of Toulmagh," Baron Ratcliffe, Wauliver and Skaratchi. To Napoleon, however, cats were a mortal terror. Just after the battle of Wagram an aide-de-camp, upon entering the Emperor's room, saw him half undressed, with protruding eyes and perspiring forehead, making frequent lunges with a sword at the tapestry around the room. In explanation he said that there was a cat behind the tapestry, and that he had hated cats from his very infancy. He had crossed the bridge at Lodi with sublime courage, yet quivered with excitement and terror over the presence of a cat. —Harper's Young People.

A HOODOO PRIESTESS.

Arrested With Her Frogs and Snakes and Locked Up in Jail.

For months past people living in the neighborhood of the barracks have been complaining of the hoodoo dances and rites that were conducted in a negro cabin on Monroe street, near Royal. Three blocks above the barracks.

The hoodoo priestess was arrested yesterday afternoon by Sergt. Heyron, Corp. Devaney and several patrolmen. She is a mulatto, about 45 years of age. She gave her name as Annie Gould. Her husband, who also presides over the mysterious rites of hoodooism at times, is about the same age and black. He would have been taken to the station also, but he was confined to his bed and begged piteously to be left undisturbed.

The house is situated some distance back from the street in a wide yard. In the front room the officers found the hoodoo shrine and a collection of weird objects which are used in the rites.

In one corner was an altar. A human skull, covered with tin foil, was the most prominent object on the altar, but around it were dog skulls, human bones and snakes and toads in large bottles. Everything was arranged with a view to making the altar appear as revolting and terrible as possible, and the keepers of the shrine had been successful in their effort.

At the foot of the altar was the statue of a horse with one of the front hoofs in a glass of water. The candles were burning as the policemen went in, but a large number of others bore the appearance of having just been put out. The priestess had seen the officers while they were still a short distance from the house and had utilized the short interval of time that elapsed before they broke in making away with some of the paraphernalia and letters.

The officers secured several sacks full of charms, paraphernalia and letters. Most of the letters were from ignorant whites and negroes, and there were some containing names of prominent citizens who it was desired to have hoodooed. On the altar was the photograph of a beautiful young woman taken in one of the Canal street galleries. Evidently she was one of the votaries, and had been rash enough to leave her pretty face to the yelow priestess, never expecting that it would fall into the hands of the police. The books of the negroes were captured, and the entries showed that they have been doing a rushing business for months past. The receipts averaged about \$14 a day.

Scores of letters were found, all of them signed and revealing skeletons which it had never been intended to have dragged from the family closets. One of the most amusing documents was a prayer that two of the principal lawyers in the city be hoodooed. Their curses were performed this way: The slip of paper containing their names would be placed under a large jar filled with mosses and horned frogs in the middle of the room. Around this were placed lighted candles. A few imprecations were mumbled by the priestess and the worshippers danced about in a circle, nude and trembling with excitement. As they danced a weird croon would be sent up that added to the uncanny scene. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

MUST HAVE THREE WATCHES.

The Fashionable Woman Needs One for Every Occasion.

One watch is no longer sufficient for the woman of to-day. She requires at least three. The watch for a shopping tour is a deceitful little affair. It doesn't look like a watch at all.

Sometimes it has the appearance of an enameled ball, which opens. This ball is suspended from an enameled pin or brooch to match, and it does open because within is the watch. One of the latest designs shows a dark blue enamel ball, ornamental with a gold monogram. Other watches look like a flower, but beneath one of the petals the face of the watch is hidden.

For traveling the watch is very inconspicuous. The face, beside the case, is usually dark. These cases are also of enamel in black, dark blue, wine color or bronze. Generally the hands are gold, but a traveling watch seen recently had turquoise blue hands against a black face. The face was black, the watch very small, and it hung from a black bar studded with tiny turquoise. The watch to be worn at home is the most beautiful and artistic of all. It is resplendent with jewels, and has a case bright enough to be in harmony with them. Flower watches are much the vogue for the drawing room. A wild rose of pink enamel, with its petals gleaming with diamonds, will have at its heart a tiny watch.

All this sounds as though the gold watch had been exiled, but it still prospers, and is heartily appreciated by all those who are fortunate enough to own it. The latest novelties are not for the masses. —New York World.

STYLISH, BUT NOT HEALTHFUL.

Bare Legs Are Not Good for Children—What a Boot-Maker Has to Say.

A chubby little boy, with several inches of brown bare leg between the top of his stocking and the bottom of his knee breeches, passed before the window of my boot-maker on Broadway. He was led by his nurse, and had evidently spent a summer in the country. He looked like a child who had been born well and had been taken the best of care of ever since. My boot-maker pointed him out mournfully and thus expressed himself:

"If that child doesn't die of consumption before he is twelve years old he will grow up to be a gouty young man probably die of apoplexy. Nothing is worse for a child of that age than bare legs at any time, particularly in the autumn. That's the way fashion kills off its victims. Every child should wear boots, I mean boots with legs on them, reaching up nearly to the knee, and for the matter of that should every man. I have worn bootlegs all my life, both in summer and winter, and I have also seen experiments made by turning a draft of cold air upon the legs of men who were asleep. The effect is the same as when a wet bandage is applied to the feet of a sleeping man. It chills the stomach, congests the brain and generally disorganizes the system. The man who wears high-topped boots lengthens his life by ten years, and a bare-legged child is doomed to an early grave." —New York Press.

THE PRINCE AS A HOST.

How One Dined and Slept Aboard the Royal Yacht Osborne.

A writer in a London weekly, Answers, describes a night on the Prince of Wales' yacht, which is of interest at the moment. The unidentified gentleman says: "A telegram from Sir P. Knollys, saying that the Prince of Wales invited me to dine and sleep on board the Osborne, took me to Cowes on Friday afternoon in the yachting season.

"It was a beautiful day. A fresh breeze was blowing from the west, and the flags of the yachts, the gunboats, the Victoria and Albert, and the Osborne, flew stiffly from their respective masts. Reaching Cowes at five o'clock I went to the hotel in the first instance, to get a cup of tea and a little rest after my journey from town. I failed to learn what time was the dinner hour on board the Osborne, but I arranged for a boat to take me on board at 7 p.m.

"Assuming that dinner was at 8 or 8.30, this would give me ample time to dress. To dress! Ah! that was the question. The thought struck me suddenly that I had heard that the guests of the Prince of Wales, when afloat, are expected to attire themselves in yachting jackets of a special brand.

"I think I had been told that the practice dated from the time when the Prince visited India in the Serapis. At all events, I had no such garment, and there was no time to procure it. At seven o'clock I embarked, with my portmanteau, in the wherry I had engaged.

"What ship, sir?" said the boatman. "I told him. In a few minutes we were alongside. The Osborne is a comfortable paddleboat of about 80 tons. She is painted a dark blue, picked out with gold and white. An electric launch was alongside. I scrambled up the companion, and was greeted by Capt. Milne, the commander.

"The Prince was not yet on board, and to the popular captain of the royal yacht I confided my difficulty about costume. He confirmed the impression I had gained that on board the Osborne ordinary evening dress is discarded in favor of a marine garment. Just then His Royal Highness came on board, and was saluted by the officer on watch and the captain.

"Entering into conversation with me, the Prince was good enough to excuse the deficiency in my toilet, for which I apologized. The Osborne's deck is carpeted, and covered with an awning. Comfortable lounges and deck chairs are scattered about, and there is a strange blending of the smartness of a man-of-war with the luxury of a yacht. In a short time I was shown to my cabin, a most comfortable state room, hung with pretty chintz of an exquisite richness. The P. and O. and the Cunard Company have larger cabins, but none so prettily and compactly arranged. The steward brought me all I wanted, and I was soon ready for dinner. Entering the drawing-room below deck, while awaiting the assembly of the company, I had leisure to notice the lovely flowers and exquisite taste of the decorations. Beautiful water-color drawings of fair scenes in southern waters adorned the walls or bulkheads, and but for the sloping heel of the mizzen-mast rising through the floor, there was nothing to tell that we were afloat.

"In a short time everyone was assembled, and the dinner hour being announced, the Duke of Connaught led the Prince of Wales to the dining-saloon on deck. Some twenty guests were present and a beautiful sight was presented when all were seated at the table. Lovely fruits and flowers graced the board. Beautiful ladies and famous men in the highest spirits surrounded it. The glass sides to the saloon were withdrawn, and we sat at dinner in the midst of a fairy scene. Already some of the yachts had begun their illuminations. The town of Cowes and the quay were gay with colored lights. Beautiful music was being discoursed from the upper deck. After dinner and cigars, the electric launches were ordered alongside, and we were all conveyed to the royal squadron headquarters, in order to gaze on the fireworks in case and comfort. The work of transporting the whole company was carried out with the greatest ease and comfort in a few moments, each guest being told off to a boat. On landing at the squadron boatslip we were conducted to the balcony of the club house, where the newworks began with the firing of a gun. It was a beautiful night, and the scene could not be matched by any country except England. Those of us who were to sleep on board were conveyed to the Osborne in the same way we had come. We arrived on board after midnight, when some sandwiches and aerated waters, with perhaps a slight admixture of good old Scotch whisky, were acceptable. The Prince staid up to the last, the life and soul of the party.

"In the morning a cup of tea was brought to the cabin by the steward, and at 9.30 breakfast was served in the beautiful dining saloon on deck. The air was fresh, and the little ripple against the side of the royal yacht was a pleasant sound. The scene by day light was perhaps even more entrancing than the fairy fireworks of the night before, and a hundred yachts were tripping their anchors preparatory to a start. The Prince enters. We all rise and remain standing until he is seated, then continue our breakfast. After the meal a few brief words accomplish my courteous dismissal, and I embark for Cowes, en route back to town, not altogether sorry that my visit, pleasant as it was, is over."

She Said "Grace."

An Englishwoman of rank—a duchess—was very apt to forget to pay her bills. A milliner, whose large bill had been repeatedly ignored by the duchess, at last determined to send her little girl, a pretty child of 10 years, to beg for the money which was so much needed. "Be sure to say 'your grace' to the duchess," said the anxious mother, and the child gravely promised to remember. When, after long waiting, she was ushered into the duchess's presence, the little girl dropped a low courtesy, and then, folding her hands and closing her eyes, she said softly: "For what I am about to receive may the Lord make me truly thankful." As she opened her eyes and turned her wistful gaze on the duchess, that light-hearted person flushed very red, and, without delay, made out a check for the amount due the milliner.

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