

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1892.

THE TOWN CLERK SWORE, AND PARRSBORO HAD A TRIAL OVER IT.

What Mr. Taylor Called Mr. McCullough and the Suspense While the Latter Repeated It—A Lively Day in the Council Chamber, but all got Fair Play.

The greatest men have moments of weakness, even as the common herd. It is a good old custom, that which gives earls, viscounts and town clerks who have strayed from the narrow path, the privilege of being tried by their peers.

This was the reason that the generous-souled Alexander McCullough, of Diligent River, had David J. Taylor, the highly-respected town clerk of Parrsboro, tried before the mayor and council of that town instead of before an ordinary judge and jury.

This act of delicacy towards Mr. Taylor is one of the many that prevent all fears of the world ever weeping for more Alexanders to remember. Half a dozen extra recording angels, who write shorthand, have been employed in the courts above since Alexander the Great-hearted has been a resident of Diligent River.

Mr. McCullough is a justice of the peace and his study of Blackstone and Coke has made him very fond of law. In order that the machinery of the law may not get rusty, the justice allows his name to appear as plaintiff or defendant in many law suits every year.

Mr. McCullough had a merry Christmas. For, a day or two before, he had taken an active part in the Cumberland election trial at Amherst. The report reached Parrsboro that Mr. McCullough had stated at the trial that he had given a certain sum of money to a man who was "bothering" him "for charity." The justice's charitable nature is so well known that his admirers could not restrain their appreciation of this act of kindness, and St. Paul's famous chapter on charity was frequently quoted to Mr. McCullough. This gentleman's excessive modesty and humility caused him to resent this testimony to his virtues. Nothing pained him, or, as he expressed it, "bothered" him, more than the eulogies he received on account of his charitable action. Even the street Arabs would greet him by the complimentary name of "charity," and would then "silently steal away."

Mr. McCullough, like charity, had suffered long, and although, like charity, he was kind, he had a good deal of the sour milk of humankindness in his disposition. The justice wanted some more law. To summon all the people who had remarked on his charitable nature to be a big contract. Some bright and shining light which had scorched his sensitive nature must be extinguished. Town Clerk Taylor was a bright and shining light of 400 candle-power. And Town Clerk Taylor must have an extinguisher put on him.

Mr. Taylor has always borne the reputation of being one of Parrsboro's most useful and peaceable citizens, and when it was rumored that he had insulted and assaulted one of her majesty's justices within the sacred precincts of the town hall, Parrsboro was amazed.

Mr. McCullough's first proceeding was to complain to the mayor of Parrsboro that Mr. Taylor had insulted him.

"Well," the mayor is reported to have said, "I don't see how he done it. I didn't know that he knew Latin and Greek and Hebrew; and I'm pretty sure there's no words in the English language that can assault you."

Mr. McCullough, after getting this proof of the mayor's esteem, wrote a letter to the town council, charging that the town clerk had grossly insulted and assaulted him in the town hall, and demanding an investigation before the mayor and councilors. He represented that he was a citizen and ratepayer of Parrsboro, and as such demanded satisfaction.

The hall was filled on the appointed evening, with as interested an audience as that which witnessed the trial of Warren Hastings. The mayor opened the proceedings with a pleasant address, telling the plaintiff and defendant to be sure not to spoil their characters—"something which probably neither of you ever had."

Mr. McCullough was called, but made the objection that whereas he had called for an investigation before all the councilors, that all were not present. So the anxious crowd had to wait until another councilor came in, when the mayor ordered that the trial begin. But Mr. McCullough still objected: all the councilors were not there.

"They are," said the mayor, decidedly, "and one over. The laws of the town says that four members constitute a quorum, and the trial will therefore begin."

It began. Mr. McCullough was sworn, and stated that a few days before he had entered the office of Mr. Taylor to pay a bill, but was three cents short, and asked the clerk to lend him that sum. Mr. Taylor refused, and shut the door in Mr. McCullough's face. Mr. McCullough opened the door.

"And then," said the justice, solemnly, "Mr. Taylor swore."

A shudder went through the assembly. "I may say," said Mr. McCullough, "that I had never heard Mr. Taylor swear before. But he swore this time."

Then followed a serious discussion. Should the oath of the deacon be repeated? At length Mr. McCullough was told that the oath would be required, whereupon a pious old gentleman stuffed his mittens into his ears, and the rest of the audience waited in breathless suspense for the blood-curdling oath.

"Well," said the justice, with the air of a man compelled by law to pollute his lips, "he called me a devilish thing!"

The effect of this remarkable oath was electrical. Mr. McCullough, like Samson of old, brought down the house. The plaintiff then swore that Mr. Taylor had caught him by the collar and had choked him, hurting him considerably. Mr. Taylor then rose, and regardless of the

proverb that did not daunt Joseph Howe, did some cross-questioning with the air of a Lord Chief Justice.

"You wrote this—epistle, did you Mr. McCullough?" said the clerk, taking up the plaintiff's letter.

Mr. McCullough acknowledged that he had done so.

"You state that you are a citizen of this town. Where do you reside, Mr. McCullough?"

"At Diligent River," was the reply.

"Then, are you a citizen of Parrsboro? Do you know what citizen means, Mr. McCullough? Do you know what it is to be a citizen? Can you give me a definition of 'citizen,' Mr. McCullough?"

"Yes," said the justice, "I can."

"Then how do you make out that you are a citizen? You charged me with insulting you, Mr. McCullough; now I propose to show you that you were insulting me. How are you a citizen, Mr. McCullough?" continued the merciless cross-examiner.

"That was an—an error," said Mr. McCullough.

"Oh, that was an error—or, was it?" said Mr. Taylor, trilling the r with infinite sarcasm. Perhaps I can find another error—or in this—epistle. You say you are a ratepayer of this town. Do you pay taxes in Parrsboro, Mr. McCullough?"

"No," said the justice, "but my property does."

Mr. Taylor then began a very sarcastic speech, but was checked by several of the audience, who were anxious to see fair play, and did not consider that the justice was being treated fairly. Then Mr. McCullough volunteered an explanation.

"You see," said the justice, "my land-lord lives here."

The learned squire, by this assertion, meant to convey the impression that he owned a house in the town, which was rented. It would, no doubt, surprise Mr. McCullough, who is said to be an assiduous rent collector, if the person designated as his landlord should call upon the squire for rent.

Mr. Taylor was then sworn. He had refused Mr. McCullough the loan of three cents because he was convinced that he should never see that three cents or its equivalent again. He had said that Mr. McCullough would probably swear that he had never borrowed the three cents. He had told Mr. McCullough that there wasn't a man in Parrsboro who believed a word the squire said. Mr. Taylor then asked anyone in the audience who believed a word McCullough said to hold up his right hand.

One right hand was raised in obedience to this request, but was quickly withdrawn. As to the assault on Mr. McCullough, the clerk swore that he had not touched Mr. McCullough's collar, and had not choked him. "I simply put my hand on Mr. McCullough's waistcoat so—hold up. Brother Harrison—and pushed him out of the door, while he caught hold of my wrists and twisted them like this." Here followed an interesting pantomime.

Mr. Taylor then swore that he had called Mr. McCullough a different name from that which the squire had stated. "I have it down devilish or devilish," interrupted the stipendiary.

Mr. Taylor then dipped into ancient history, and said that ever since he had been town clerk that Mr. McCullough had never paid the full amount of his dues at the town hall like a man, but had always been short a few cents, until he came back and paid the three cents and another bill like a man—the first manly act and the only one," said Mr. Taylor, shaking his eye-glass at the plaintiff, "that he ever did, to my knowledge."

Mr. McCullough then made an eloquent appeal, saying that he was a man with a temper that he could control. He also said that he had never injured anyone in his life. Of course he must look out for himself, and collect what was due him, but that it there was any man in the hall that evening whom he had wronged out of a dollar, that he wished that man to stand up.

Up jumped a gentleman saying, "Here's the man you want," but he sat down again and, although the crowd called him to the platform, obstinately kept his seat.

"Mr. Taylor," continued the just justice, "whenever I came here to do business, would always have some insinuations to make."

The alleged insinuator arose, and, referring to the name given the justice in a political ballad, asked, "Did I ever call you McBeelcock?"

"No," said the squire.

"Well," said Mr. Taylor, "the rest did."

Thereupon a councilor rose and stated that some of the council were talking about the coming mayoralty contest when Mr. McCullough was at the town hall. One had asked how long a person had to reside around town to become a candidate for mayor. One had said three years and a half, and another believed it was four years.

The crowd seemed to think that Mr. McCullough was not getting fair play, and the mayor, addressing "Mr. Clerk, gentlemen of the jury," charged the councilors to bring a verdict. The council sat until the crowd had gone, and then mildly censured the town clerk for insulting Mr. McCullough, and charged him that in future he should treat that gentleman with courtesy.

Mr. McCullough told the town clerk, during the trial, that if he had fifty votes he would not vote for D. J. Taylor as clerk. As the mayor of the town has the appointment of the clerk, it is possible that Mr. Squire McCullough ever becomes Mayor of Parrsboro, that Town Clerk Taylor will not be his right hand man.

But Mr. McCullough has had enough notoriety of late, and did not come forth as a candidate for this week's election, so it is possible that the town clerk will have a respite. But if Mr. Taylor does not end his days in the town clerk's office, or if Mr. McCullough never occupies the mayor's throne their names will still go down to posterity as those of the defendant and plaintiff in one of the most remarkable trials in the history of Canadian jurisprudence.

Parrsboro, N. S.

A MAN WITH A SALARY HAS TO HUNTLE IF HE WANTS TO LIVE IN MONCTON.

The Property Owners of the Railway Town Have a Happy Inspiration—The New Assessment Act and How It Will Work—Young Men Object.

Moncton property owners have had a very happy inspiration. They have profounded a theory, and it is this:

The taxes must be paid by the people who do not own property.

A committee appointed by the council to draw up an assessment act have had some great consultations of late, and the result has been the formulating of a scheme that may or may not be found to work. It will not work if the wage-earners of the city know themselves, and they are strongly of the impression that they do. The decision of the committee is that income shall be rated at ten times as much as real estate or personal property, income up to \$400 being exempt. Thus a man with a salary of \$700 would be assessed on \$3,000, and one in receipt of \$1,000 would be treated as if it were \$6,000, the result being gained by deducting \$400 and multiplying the remainder by ten.

In the city of St. John, prior to the act of 1882, real estate was assessed at one-fifth of its value, while personal estate and income were fully rated. This was considered so unjust that the existing act was passed, by which real estate and income come in on equal footing. In St. John, under the old law, at a rate of \$1.50, the proportion would be:

Real estate.....	\$100,000	Tax.....	\$30.
Personal estate.....	10,000	".....	300.
Income.....	800	".....	12.
Poll tax.....	2,500	".....	250.

or \$14.50 for a young man earning \$800 salary.

Under the present St. John law, the capitalist with \$20,000 of real and personal estate would, at the same rate, pay \$300 on it, instead of the \$60 with which he escaped under the old law.

At the present time in St. John the poll tax is only \$2, but in Moncton it is \$4.80. In that city, last year, the rate was \$1.35, but a correspondent points out that it will be at least \$1.50 and probably more, this year. Accepting this figure, a young man with a salary of \$800 will be assessed on \$4,000, or the enormous extent of \$60, to which must be added \$4.80 poll tax. This is one-eighth of his income.

The gentlemen who come to the front with this proposition are either large property holders or the near relatives of such, some of whom have bought land on speculation and hold it at fancy prices. They argue that property has paid its rate long enough and that the young men should now foot the bills and give the gentlemen who hold land a rest. The members of the council who voted for this new idea were Capt. J. E. Masters, W. J. Robinson, Peter McCweeney and H. H. Ayer; against: E. C. Cole, J. T. Forbes, Thos. Williams, Edward McCarthy and G. R. Sangster, the mayor voting yea.

Both the sugar refinery and the Y. M. C. A. are applying for exemption from taxation. If the sugar company will not oppose the Y. M. C. A., the Y. M. C. A. will not oppose the sugar company. This means about \$2000 added to the rest of Moncton, and they have taken this way to show property holders that it will not fall on them. A good many of them do not see that these same men having money in the refinery are bound to benefit however it goes.

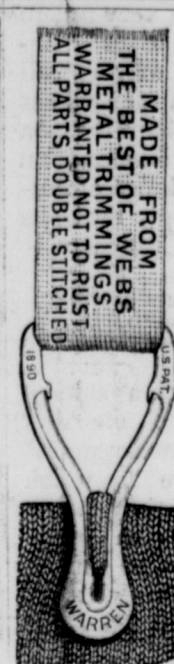
A young man who is in receipt of \$800 and whose taxes on income alone will be \$64.80, gives a further view of the matter. He says:

Now I am (un)fortunate enough to be married and rent a house so my personality will be assessed say \$400—\$6 more taxes, and if I was (un)fortunate enough to own a snug little property assessed say \$500 which is assessed in the average of his stock, my total taxes would be \$93.30 or nearly 12 per cent. of my income. Now none of the men voting for this will have any income tax to pay. Capt. Masters will be assessed in the average of his stock, (His father-in-law has lots of property) W. J. Robinson is one of the largest land owners in the city as his income is derived from property and he pays taxes on the property he cannot be assessed on income, and the other two are merchants who will pay on stock and premises.

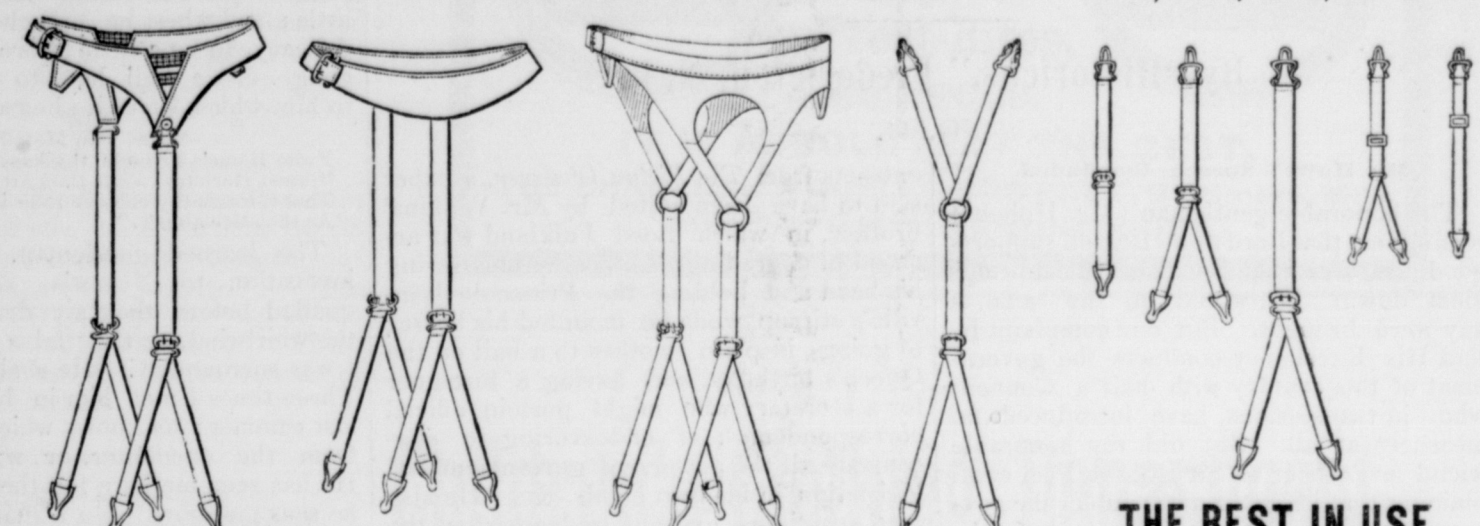
The young men of Moncton do not propose to have this burden placed on them if they can help it, and the chances seem to be that such an outrageously unjust proposition will be crushed long before there is a prospect of its becoming law.

The Empress Carlotta's Pearls Sunk.

The Pall Mall Gazette gives currency to this queer story: Sixty feet below the surface of the sea, at the foot of the rocks where Schloss Miramar is built, ropes of valuable pearls are sunk in an iron cage. They are the property of the demented ex-empress Carlotta of Mexico. The unfortunate archduchess wore these pearls—her husband's first gift to her—day and night until her return from the disastrous Mexican expedition which cost her husband's life and her own reason. The pearls, it is said, sickened and lost their sheen when the express lay sick unto death at Vienna after having received the news of Maximilian's tragic end. They suddenly turned a dull, waxy yellow, and the jewellers who were consulted as to the best means of restoring them to their former tint declared that the only way of doing so was to lower them to the bottom of the sea for an indefinite period. The castle of Miramar was the creation and pride of the ill-fated archduchess who left this paradise to undertake a hopeless enterprise, which he regretted from the moment he set foot on the soil of Mexico. Perched on the edge of a rocky promontory, and built entirely of white marble, the fairy-like palace with its foreground of sapphire blue sea and its background of green hills and feathery plains, is beyond description. From the windows and terraces one looks down upon the deep water eighty feet below, water so transparent and pure that the eye can penetrate twenty fathoms and least upon delicately tinted submarine vegetation. It is to this unique place the ailing pearls have been taken, and it is reported that they are gradually recovering their beauty after a bath of twenty-five years.



No. 0, No. 1, No. 10, No. 21, 4, 5, 20, 30, 60,
35c. Pair 25 cents. 40 cents. 30 cts. 10c., 15c., 20c., 15c., 10c.



THE BEST IN USE.

Warren Hose Supporters

Ask for them at the Stores,
and be sure you get "Warren."

See Adv. on Page Six.

HE ASCRIBES IT TO THE DIET.

The Experience of a Correspondent Who Has a Theory.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I was considerably amused and impressed by "Roslyn's" narrative of apparitions in your issue of 30th ult., and after reading it twice on Saturday evening I determined to put in effect a theory I had regarding similar phenomena, and I herewith pen the result, faithfully and honestly. Having read "In two places at once," with great interest, I prepared to retire, and before I had finished, I ate two large apples, a pippen and a gravenstein, which being in opposition to my usual custom, and owing to a not overly robust constitution, took hold of my digestive apparatus to a degree only noticeable among dyspeptics, with the result that a short time when—and I am confident I was not asleep—an elderly gentleman whose funeral I attended only a very short time ago, appeared before me in such a natural state that—while I knew all the time he was dead—I was pinned down to my bed, unable to move hand or foot, not even turn my head (though I doubt not my head was turned.) I could not have spoken had the wealth of St. John been offered me for one short sentence. I finally realized that my nightmare was disappearing, and was wondering numerous things when the gentleman paid me a second visit, this time of shorter duration, and thankful did I feel when I fully recovered a state of sleeplessness, which fully convinced me of the power of fruit eaten at one season. I am fully persuaded that by eating different things under certain circumstances the result will be visions, the nature of which is dependent upon the article of diet so eaten.

In the case of the gentleman referred to in the foregoing, I may state that he was no connection of mine, and I had never seen him prior to May, 1891, and did not think of him for some two or three weeks that I know of, and further, that when I saw him in this vision or nightmare, or what else you may be pleased to term it, I was fully conscious of my surroundings, that is I knew I was in bed, and the apparition appeared as natural and vivid as at any time I had seen him in life, but I cannot recall his utterances. Whether he was indistinct or I was paralyzed with nightmare I cannot say.

If the mind can free itself from the physical construction containing it during life, is it not a point in favor of spiritualism that the mind or soul no longer being confined when death ensues, takes flight to various points of the which, it is necessary to die, ere we may explain the mystery, but as a theory the spiritualists could and do make stock to the extent of their ability, and where may be something in it, that owing to our progression in the science of life being so slow it needs but a mental evolution to take place in order to see things as they are, and as we look upon other "apparitions" mysteries, but being solved, appear commonplace enough.

St. John, Feb. 1, '92.

MAT. ERIAL.

WINGED COURIERS.

When Carrier Pigeons were Employed in Different Countries.

Ovid, the author of "Metamorphoses," makes the first mention of the employment of carrier pigeons. He states that Tauros-tene gave notice of his being victorious in the Olympic games by sending a pigeon stained with purple to his father at Egina, that being the color agreed upon between them to indicate the son's success.

Pliny states that when Marc Antony was besieging Modena pigeons were employed to keep up a correspondence between the inhabitants of the beleaguered city and friends on the outside of the walls.

When the French and Venetians invested the City of Ptolemais, in Syria, and the defenders were ready to capitulate, a pigeon was seen flying toward the city. The besieging army immediately set up a terrific shouting, which so frightened the winged messenger that it dropped to the earth and was quickly captured. Upon close examination a letter was discovered under its wing containing a message from the Sultan that in three days he would raise the siege with a large force of his soldiers. The besiegers indited another epistle stating that the Sultan would be unable to render any assistance, and, securing it to the bird, set free when it flew into the city. The captain of the garrison, upon reading this unwelcome piece of news, capitulated, and great was the surprise of the Sultan upon arriving with the promised relief to find the Christians in possession of the city.

These winged couriers were also similarly employed at the siege of Leyden in 1675, but in this case the original letter reached the ones for whom it was intended and they were enabled to hold on until succor arrived. The pigeons who had contributed to this successful rescue were maintained at the public expense and at their death were embalmed and placed in the town house as a monument of gratitude for the signal service rendered by them.

For hundreds of years carrier pigeons have been used as postmen in many other parts of the world, serving alike in conveying warlike or peaceful messages from place to place.—Detroit Free Press.

A LESSON FROM THE PAST.

St. John People who Waited Until the National Anthem was Sung.

TO THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: The following, which I clipped from an old St. John paper, may prove of interest to many. I have not the exact date, and would be pleased if anyone could enlighten me. This concert was given in aid of the widows and orphans of the brave soldiers who fell in the war with Russia in 1854. The words of the song were composed by the father of the writer, who was at that time practising his profession in St. John, but has long since gone to his rest. In reading this account of the concert, I thought that besides bringing back memories of earlier days to some of our older citizens, the more active of us might safely take a lesson from it, if not in patriotism perhaps in etiquette, and remain in future until the "National anthem" has been sung at the close of an entertainment.

M.

Madame Krollman's Concert.

On Friday evening this delightful singer, whose reception in this city has been very enthusiastic, gave a concert at the hall of the institute in behalf of the patriotic fund. The hall was filled, and throughout the performance the audience manifested their appreciation of its excellence. Never did we witness such enthusiasm. Towards the close, when "Rule Britannia" was sung, from the words penned by a gentleman of this city, the applause was almost deafening, and at the conclusion of "God Save the Queen" three hearty cheers were given by the audience. We never saw Madame Krollman appear to better advantage than on this occasion, and the grace with which she received a splendid bouquet which was thrown on the stage, was loudly applauded.

The following are the words which Madame K. sang to the air of "Rule Britannia":

Our gallant tars and soldiers brave,
Who've gone to check the hostile Czar,
May God in mercy deign to save
From cruel fate of ruthless war,
Rule Britain freedom! Rule o'er land and sea,
And France, and England long united be.

Both British flags and French have waved
O'er Alma's bloody field on high;
Appalling dangers nobly braved
By daring acts of chivalry.
Rule, etc., etc.

Thrice have those heroes, bravely led
On Crimea's soil our battles gain'd—
For as their life-blood freely shed
And England's glory well maintain'd,
Rule, etc., etc.

The orphan's claim, the widow's right,
Have sternly made their just appeal,
A brilliant and true proves tonight,
For others' sorrows, you can feel.
Rule, etc., etc.

We learn that the proceeds of this concert amounted to the sum of £56 (fifty-six pounds) which will be transmitted to his excellency the lieutenant governor to be forwarded to England. It is said that a request, numerous signed will be presented to Madame Krollman to give a farewell concert before leaving the city, and we feel assured that it will be numerous attended. After which we understand that his beautiful songstress will pay a visit to Fredericton, where, we doubt not, she will meet with a warm reception.

England's Money Guarded.

The Bank of England's doors are now so finely balanced that the clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close the outer doors instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. This is done to prevent the daring and ingenious unemployed of the great metropolis from robbing the famous institution. The bullion department of this and other great English banking establishments are nightly submerged in several feet of water by the action of the machinery. In some of the London banks the bullion departments are connected with the manager's sleeping rooms, and an entrance cannot be effected without setting off an alarm near the person's head. If a dishonest official, during day or night, should take even as much as one from a pile of 1,000 sovereigns the whole pile would instantly sink and a pool of water take its place, beside letting every person in the establishment know of the theft.

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Both British flags and French have waved
O'er Alma's bloody field on high;
Appalling dangers nobly braved
By daring acts of chivalry.
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Thrice have those heroes, bravely led
On Crimea's soil our battles gain'd—
For as their life-blood freely shed
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VENGEANCE EXTRAORDINARY.

The Penalty that Mahmud Khan Paid for Beating One of His Wives.

A vast amount has been written about the submissiveness of Oriental wives, and few exceptions to the rule of passive endurance among them are noted. A short time ago, however, an Oriental wife beater was punished by his victim in appalling manner.

Mahmud Khan, with his favorite wives, Ayama and Khairnasha, was on his way to Mecca. One night, between Bolan and Sindh, his tent was pitched opposite that of a German tourist, who observed what proceeded within and was thus able to reveal the motive in a subsequent tragedy. At bed-time Mahmud Khan threw himself on his couch and called in Ayama to give him the usual rubbing. Ayama, however, failed to treat her lord to his satisfaction, and snatching a piece of wood from the ground he struck her a savage blow on the back. The young girl, hardly 16 years old, started under the blow, and, to the surprise of the watching tourist, made a slight, almost imperceptible movement, as if to return it, as she set her teeth and glowered to the ground. Mahmud Khan evidently remarked neither the look nor the movement, for he rolled over and went to sleep, while the injured Ayama stole away.

The little caravan moved on the next day, and in due time arrived at Jacobabad, whence Mahmud Khan and his two wives set out for the last part of their journey before embarking. Their way to the next city lay through a dense forest. Two days later Ayama and Khairnasha returned to Jacobabad alone. They behaved strangely, and gave contradictory and confused answers to all inquiries after Mahmud Khan.

They were detained and a search was made for their master. He was found naked and tied fast to a tree