# A GHOSTLY MANIFESTATION.

Before I tell my story, it will be well for me to make it perfectly clear that it is a perfectly true one. As a lad, and as a young man, neither ghosts nor the idea of ghosts ever troubled me. I heard strange stories of them, told with all the vivid description which would tend to frighten sleep away—told, too, when the wind was howling outside, the rain pattering against the windows, and the only light visible that which found its way through the chinks in the shutters to the "pitch-dark" outside—told when everybody was ready for bed. But they never disturbed my slumbers. I could listen to any number of them at any time, and they never had any effect on me. In fact, I disbelieved them thoroughly, and though I could not doubt the veracity of the narrator I always regarded them as the outcome of a strong imagination, or the result of too heavy and too late dinners. A white tombstone in a churchyard did not frighten me on a very dark night, nor did the mysterious movements of a donkey which had broken into it cause me to start, as he moved in the darkness in and out among the graves, so that I was thoroughly unprepared for anything like a personal experience, and considered myself one of the last persons likely to be affected by anything like a ghostly manifestation.

But now to my story, which I shall tell simply as the affair took place, leaving it to the reader to draw his or her own conclusion.

And to make it quite intelligible I must explain the plan of the house where it happened. The house itself was a large one, built of brick, and was what is called a "flat;" that is, it had no regular up-stairs rooms, though over the ceiling there was a great deal of room under the roof; and the lower inside walls had been carried up to the roof to support it, a doorway being made to get from one part to the other. The walls were thick and the doors and windows were made of heavy hard wood. There was not a pane of glass in the house, and both doors and windows—except two doors, of which more presently—were fastened by unusually strong iron bolts. My wife and I—for my wife was with me and shared all my experiences—always entered the house by the big doorway leading into the large semicircular porch, where our palanquins were kept. Passing on we came to the passage. Going along this we came first of all to the door on our left hand, opening into the dining room. On our right, directly opposite this dining room door, was another door, at the foot of a circular staircase, in the thick wall leading up to the empty spaces under the roof. Straight in front of us was the door leading into the great central reception room which contained no furniture except an armoire, a table and a few chairs. There was a large front door to this room, but it was seldom open, and we rarely used it, our visitors coming mostly through the porch and passage. Going further on we came to our bed room, which contained only our bed, a traveling chest of drawers, which served as a dressing table, a washstand and one or two chairs. Leading out from this was another room which we did not use, simply because we did not need it.

And now I must call your attention to our bed-room door. It was made of wood, the lower half being panelled, but the upper half was fitted with framework to receive panes of glass, which had not yet been inserted. The door had neither lock nor bolt. There was only an iron ring, hanging loosely, by which the door could be pulled to. But it could not be closed, for at the bottom, close to the side on which the hinges worked, it caught against the sill, which had not been sufficiently planed away to allow the door to shut properly, and so it was always ajar, and could very easily be shaken backward and forward, as it worked on the place where it caught; and in shaking, the iron ring, to which I have referred, clattered against the door, making a great noise in a more or less empty large house.

The only remark I have to make about the other door leading up into the spiral staircase, is that it opened outwards, and was simply fastened by an ordinary door latch.

The affair of which I am writing took place in a large island in the East far away from Canada—in a country full of ghostly stories, and equally full of a belief in all kinds of ghostly manifestations. I had heard, but had taken no notice of them. The native town to which we had gone in search of health contained very few foreigners and fewer acquaintances; consequently we had to "shift for ourselves," and with the small ammount of luggage we took with us found our home in this large house, which we rented from a native. We liked it; the air was fresh, very pure and bracing; medical help was at hand, and with our cook and servants and my pupils we settled in. The house was surrounded by its own grounds, and the kitchen as usual, stood away by itself.

We were simply on a visit; we did not burden ourselves with unnecessary furniture, but were content with buying what few things we needed, and servants and pupils did not add much to our burden, for during the day they were all engaged in one way or another, and, provided they had a fairly comfortable mat or mattress on which to lie, did not care very much where they slept. Cook, a swarthy son of Madras, guarded his kitchen and cooking utensils at night; my pupils curled up on their mattresses up-stairs, in the "room" at the top of the spiral staircase under the roof; and my wife's maid slept under the dining room table on her mattress, which was removed every morning the first thing and brought in the last thing at night. I always saw them all safely in the house, and go each to his or her own apartment, before retiring myself, and made it my nightly practice to see that all the doors and windows were securely bolted—for we did not care to lose the few things we had with us, which in such a far distant place could not easily be replaced.

The few days we had passed in the house had passed pleasantly and the nights undisturbed, save by the howling of dogs outside, when one night our pupils were later than usual in coming in to retire for the night. I went out to look after them, and found them and the maid all gathered round the bright fire in the kitchen, busy in amusing and interesting conversation. Their eyes were glistening in the firelight, and their laugh was very hearty.

"Come, boys" I said "it is time for you to be going to rest now. And you," to the maid, "bring in your mattress, for it is night."

Immediately, there was a dead silence. The laughter was hushed; gloomy countenances at once appeared, and a kind of furtive inquiring glance was cast from one to the other. Not one of them attempted to move, except the maid. I may here say that the boys' ages ranged from about 10 to 14.

"Come, boys!" I repeated, "come along; it's time for going to rest now; why do you wait?"

Still there was no answer.

"Are you not tired?" I inquired.

Then one vouchsafed an answer.

"Please, sir, we are afraid to go!" he said in a trembling voice.

"Afraid, my boy!" I exclaimed in surprise; "afraid of what? There is nothing and nobody here to harm you; what are you afraid of?"

"They are afraid, sir!" chimed in the maid.

"Afraid of what?" I again demanded. "Have you seen any thieves about?"

"No, sir," she replied; "but they are afraid to go:" and that was all I could get out of her.

"Come along, boys! and don't be mere children," I said to encourage them; "the light is ready for you, and the house will be safely fastened up as usual,"

"True, sir," said one of them, John by name; "but we are afraid. Last night——"

"What?" I inquired in wonder.

"Last night, sir," he went on to say, "there were fearful noises up-stairs where we sleep. We heard men fighting, and we trembled——"

"Nonsense!" I cried. "Cook, what did you give the boys for their supper last night?"

"Only beef and rice, sahib," he replied; "the same as they always have."

"And no more? nothing else?"

"No, Sahib."

"Then you boys were dreaming or heard the rats. I heard nothing and saw nothing. So, come along!"

I went into the house and they followed me. On reaching the door at the foot of the spiral staircase I gave them their lantern (not an open candle, for fear of fire) and one of them again exclaimed:

"We are afraid, sir! we can not sleep up there."

"Nonsense, boys!" I replied, firmly; "there is nothing there worse than yourselves! I am down below, and the maid sleeps in the dining room right under you; there is nothing to cause fear, so go along."

Without another word they took the lantern, and filed off up stairs. When the last had gone I carefully latched the door, saw the maid into her sleeping quarters under the dining-room table, examined all the bolts as usual and went off to bed.

I told my wife what had happened, and she put it down to nightmare on the boys' part. However, it passed out of our heads. We always kept a light burning in our room at night—a small hand paraffine lamp. This was kept on the chest of drawers against the wall opposite the foot of the bed. In course of time I turned it down very low, and got into bed, with my head as usual quite close to the door. It was a small room, rather, and the bed came almost up to the frame of the door. Meantime, I had, of course, pulled the door to, as far as it would go, but could not actually close it, so it hung ajar at the place where it caught the sill. The framework for the glass we had covered with a curtain.

I was tired and glad to get some rest and sleep, more particularly as I was just recovering from a very sharp attack of a weakening illness. My wife very soon went off to sleep, soundly, and I quickly followed her. The house was perfectly quiet, and I was fast asleep, when!

"Scratch, scratch, scratch, scratch, rattle, rattle, bang, bang, rattle, rattle, bang, scratch!" and up I jumped, upright in bed, my wife jumping up at the same moment. In an instant all the blood in my body seemed to curdle, my face grew pale and cold, and we instantly asked each of the other in a whisper:

"What's that?"

Scratch, scratch, scratch, scratch, rattle, rattle, bang, bang, bang, rattle, scratch, scratch, at the door close to my head as if a thousand cats were scratching and tearing away furiously at one of the lower panels, and the vibration of the door caused the loosely hanging iron ring to make a fearful din as it was brought in contact with the wood.

We listened—breathless! A pause! Only for two seconds, however, and then it set off again. Scratch, scratch, rattle, bang, bang!

"What is it?" I inquired of my wife.

"I don't know," she replied—she was all of a tremor; but "This won't do," thought I, and out I sprang from bed, the noises meanwhile continuing with unabated fury, and I rushed to the lamp and turned it up. Instantly the noise ceased! I scarcely seemed to think what to be about—if burglars were in the house I was powerless against them—if the noises were of supernatural origin, what then?—if the result of some cleverly designed plan to frighten us, it must be exposed. These thoughts seemed to flash through my mind, and, quick as thought, I slipped on my dressing gown, seized the lamp, and made for the door. It was as I had left it exactly! I pushed it open, and went out into the big central reception room, which the small lamp scarcely lit up. I looked behind the door where the sounds came from, and there was nothing! Next I went carefully to every door and window, looked into every corner, examined the armoire, everything was fastened, the house was perfectly silent—there was nothing!

I went back to my room.

"Have you seen anything?" my wife asked me.

"No," I replied; "everything is fastened, and just as we left it. It is strange."

I turned down the lamp again, and got into bed, wondering all the time what it was and what it meant, and little inclined for sleep.

No sooner was my head on the pillow than—

Scratch, scratch, scratch, bang, bang, clatter, clatter, bang! began again.

I flew out of bed, hurried into my dressing gown, turned up the lamp, again sallied forth, and with the same result. Instantly the noise stopped! All was quiet; every door and window was safely bolted—all as I left it! But, thinking that, perhaps, the natives might be playing tricks on us, I examined the neighborhood of the door, whence the sounds came, very, very carefully. There was no string, no wire either at top or bottom, or nail to which it could be attached. The wall, every inch of which I examined, was solid as bricks could make it. The floor? I examined that, too. It was a beautiful floor, inlaid with different kinds of wood, forming an artistic pattern. Every bit of wood was in its place—there was no trap-door, no sign of interference of any kind. Hence there was no trickery, or cunningly devised means of frightening me out of my wits as well as out of bed. I was puzzled and beaten! Again I went off to bed, after turning down the lamp, and again, no sooner was my head on the pillow than—

Scratch, scratch, scratch, bang, bang, clatter, clatter, bang! It went again.

"That's right! Go it!" I cried, as I again sprang out of bed.

"It's getting tiresome, though," I said to my wife; "I can't make it out! But if I can only get hold of the evil-doer, he shall feel this," for I felt angry at the continued disturbance, and seizing a huge stick with one hand, and the lamp with the other, out I went again. But the noise had stopped as quickly as before, and again all was quiet. Again I examined every window and door—all were safely fastened!

It then struck me that perhaps, as the noise was so terrific and peculiar, possibly my wife's maid had heard it, or could account for it. I must confess I felt hopelessly puzzled, and, without being alarmed, was certainly very uncomfortable. What was the noise? Who or what made it? The iron ring made that awful banging, but what caused the clattering sound and the furious scratching? So going into the dining-room I called to the maid by name, and said:

"Are you awake?"

"Yes, sir," was her reply; and she raised herself on her mattress and threw back the cloth in which she had enveloped her head.

"Why are you awake?" I inquired; "I too can't sleep. Have you heard the rats racing about?"

I shall not forget the look she gave me as I held the small lamp near her, and its light lit up her dark face. But the eyes seemed to light up of themselves, and a look of disgusted weariness crept over her features.

"Rats!" she exclaimed. "That's not rats, and I am afraid. I heard them!"

"Heard what?" I asked. "If the sound did not come from frolicsome rats, what made it? There are no people in the house except ourselves, and the boys are up-stairs asleep."

"They are spirits!" she exclaimed, "I heard them, and a row they have been making. I have been listening to them—but I kept my head covered for fear. I heard them rushing with a kind of noiseless step to your door; then scratching and rattling it; then I heard them rush back to the door at the foot of the stairs and rattle, rattle away at the latch; then back to your room again, backward and forward, backward and forward. They *have* been making a row. They are spirits, and I wish they would rest, for I want to sleep!"

"So do I," I replied. Still her words rather staggered me. Yet account for these noises on any other hypothesis I could not. But spirits! and in my own house, and close to the head of my bed! Strange; but what was it? I was as wide awake as possible. Every faculty was in good working order, and now the utter disbelief of years gone by was to be rudely—and I thought it very rude of them so to intrude on my rest and peace of mind—shattered.

The maid threw her cloth over her head again and retired under the table; but her room, too, was innocent of any thing capable of being turned to account for causing the noise.

Again I returned to my room, but would not tell my wife what the maid said. Quite enough for me to have my own thoughts on the matter without disturbing her peace of mind.

"However," I thought to myself, "if I can put a stop to this I will. If I can only get this door over the bad place at the bottom, whoever or whatever they may be won't be able to make it shake again, and we shall be saved all the clatter. So with a great effort I lifted the door so as to bring it over the uneven place, and then with a strong pull I closed it tight at last.

"Now shake it if you can!" I thought, and, turning down the lamp once more, went off to bed.

Vain hope of peace! The enemy, whoever or whatever the enemy was, seemed to be simply infuriated with my attempt to balk him, for no sooner was my head on my pillow again then the scratching was renewed with tenfold vigor, as if the very door would be torn to pieces. It was simply awful, and I seemed to expect to hear shrieks of anger added to the frightful scratching. I sat up in bed and looked at the door. It could not, and did not, move, and the iron ring hung motionless; but down in that far corner the poor panel seemed to be the point of attack of a thousand fiends. Suddenly I cried out in the native tongue:

"Be quite, and listen. O ye, whoever and whatever ye are," and, strange to say, no sooner did I begin to speak than perfect silence—dead silence—reigned. "Listen, O ye, whoever and whatever ye are," I continued, "for I don't know; only yourselves know. Ye are free to come to my house and visit me during the daytime, but now it is night. I am tired and want to sleep, so get ye to your houses! If ye be friends, speak! if ye be not, depart; or if ye will not depart, be quite and enjoy yourselves in peace, for I am tired and want to sleep. So good night!"

Alas! my little address had no effect. Quite the contrary! At it they went again, and I pitied the poor door. If they scratched furiously before, now they seemed to tear away at it mercilessly. How they did peg away at it! and the noise was almost deafening. However, there seemed to be nothing more to be done. I had been out and examined everything. All was safe. I had used plain words and words of persuasion, and they had no effect. So I gave up in simple despair, and left the "spirits" to their own sweet pleasure.

It was now long past midnight, and quite tired and worn out I dropped off to sleep to the music of the scratching and tearing close to my head. Uneasy sleep it was, and in the very early morning I woke to the sweet music of the scratching which still continued!

"I must find out what it is, if I can!" I thought. Just then I heard the door in the porch at the other end of the house open, so I knew some one was going out. Is the mystery about to be solved? No, for the scratching still continued with unabated fury! There was the attack on the panel still going on as hard as ever. But the open door allowed a certain amount of light to get through to our door, and I thought I would avail myself of it.

"I'll catch you this time!" I thought. "If there be springs (or trap door, wires or string I'll see what they are."

So whilst the noise was still progressing I very quietly and noiselessly drew myself up in bed, ready for a spring. I stretched out my left hand and pushed aside the curtain over the frame for the glass in the door very quietly and cautiously, sprang out of bed, and in less than half a second my head was through the opening for one of the panes, and I was gazing at the place whence the sound came, and narrowly searching for something, though what I did not know. But quick as I had been, it or they had been as quick, for no sooner was my head through the opening than the noise ceased. There was no wire or string to be seen, no trap-door of any kind; a mouse could not have got away; all was silent.

"I can not understand it," I said to my wife. "But I shall get up now and go for your early coffee."

I partially dressed, put on my dressing-gown, threw open the windows, and was going out to the kitchen to get the usual morning coffee for my wife, when, just as I got opposite the door leading to the spiral staircase, I met the boys coming down. I saw at once there was something wrong. The poor boys' faces were gloomy and of a pallid hue—there was not the usual cheery "Good-morning, sir"—and depression and even anxiety seemed to be written on their countenances.

"How have you slept, my boys?" I inquired of them—and they knew absolutely nothing of my night's experience.

"Slept, sir?" they inquired in return, in astonishment; "we have not slept. How could we?"

"Why?" I inquired.

"Tell him, John," said one of them; whilst the other broke in. "Although you command us to sleep up there again, we can not. We are killed with fright!"

"What is it?" I again inquired.

Then John spoke.

"It was awful, sir, and we can not bear it. It was this. What we heard the night before last we also heard last night, but it was far worse. There were, as it seemed to us, two men up-stairs engaged in a fierce struggle. They seemed to be in the middle of the house, under the roof, and they fought desperately. We heard a kind of whispering, quarreling, as it were, but we heard no words. It seemed as if one was wearing boots, and the other was not. Then the one wearing boots ran, and the other ran after him, backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, all in the dark; down they ran, down the stairs, and we heard them rattling the latch as if they wanted to get out. Back then they would come, and rush past us, and as they passed the air was icy cold! Then they would fight and struggle again, and we heard the whispering sound; then again they would run; the one wearing boots ran first, then the other after him. Down they would run, down the stairs again, rattle the latch, and I was terribly frightened," the poor boy added, almost crying "for once as they were going down one of them seized my leg and dragged me half way down. His hands were like ice," he said, drawing his shoulders together, and shivering at the remembrance, "but he let go and I crawled back to my place again, trembling. This went on for a long time. Then they fought again, and at last the one without boots threw down the one with boots; he then danced about, then fell himself. Then all was quiet."

It was strange, and I was silent. What to think I knew not, nor do I to this day. The other boys confirmed John's statement, and stood looking frightened and sorely puzzled. I am perfectly certain that I was not mistaken; the maid had heard the extraordinary sounds, the movements of "spirits" downstairs, and the rattling of the latch; and now confirmation comes from the boys of something uncanny. In the full flood-light of day I examined every inch of wall and floor near that door, but their was neither mark on it, nor place for string, wire, or trap door near it. All was perfect.

I mentioned this extraordinary affair to a doctor living near, and he and his wife arranged to sleep in the house with us the next night. We spent the evening at his house, and we all went to our own about 9 p. m. Sitting outside, round the door of the porch, I found my servant, together with the son of the landlord, to whom I had sent word of the affair.

"Well, lads," I said, as we approached them, "have you seen or heard anything?"

The landlord's son answered:

"We have not seen anything, but whilst we have been sitting here we heard a sound, as of some one having hurled a big stone against your bed-room door."

"Was any one in the house?"

"No, sir," they all answered.

We went in and examined everything, but found neither stone nor mark.

The doctor and I turned down on a couple of mattresses in the reception room on the floor, opposite the front door. His wife slept with mine; and the boys had again gone up-stairs with the men-servants and the landlord's son, feeling safe in their company. The doctor soon fell asleep, but I kept awake. At about 11 p. m. I heard a steady march over me of one—only one—marching backwards and forwards. This was kept on at a steady pace till 12. Then there was a furious bang at the front door as of a huge stone having been hurled against it. There was then a howling of dogs and then all was quiet. I heard nothing more, neither did those up-stairs, but that was the last night I slept in that house. Others tried to live there afterward, but had to leave. What was it?

Now for a bit of history by way of explanation, if it can be explained. The King of the country had a few years before been assassinated—strangled. He was surprised in his palace, and in full dress as he was, chased from room to room by the assassin, until at length he tried to find safety in hiding among the rafters, just under the roof. From his hiding place he was dragged and slain.

The actual regicide died in the house where I lived, on a bedstead close to the door whence all the noises proceeded—he died there about three months before I took the house, within three yards of where my pillow was! Of this fact I was not then aware.

I can only ask, How is it to be explained? and add that this story is absolutely true in every respect.

A CLERGYMAN.

## A Logical Illustration.

A layman in Providence who occasionally exhorted at evening meetings thus recently expressed his belief in the existence of Deity: "Brethren, I am just as confident that there is a Supreme Being as I am that there is flour in New York, and that I know for certain, as I yesterday received from there a lot of three hundred barrels fresh, superfine, which I will sell as low as any other person in town."

# A MARVELOUS INVENTION.

## A New Railway that is Cheap, Fast and Beyond Comparison.

A press view took place recently, says a Paris letter, of the so called "Chemin de Fer Glissant," or "Slide Railway," on the Esplanade des Invalides, within the exhibition The new invention is a singularly original contrivance for enabling trains to run, by means of water power, at a speed hitherto undreamed of. Arriving there without any intimation as to what a sliding railway might be, I at first mistook it for an overgrown switchback with the humps smoothed away.

The train consisted of four carriages, affording room for about 100 passengers. The carriages had no wheels, being supported at the corners by blocks of iron of a size somewhat larger than a brick, which rested upon a double line of iron girders. In the middle of the line at regular intervals jutted out irregularly shaped pillars, the use of which was not yet apparent. Having taken our seats and the signal being given we glided along very gently for a space of a few yards, when

SUDDENLY WE GATHERED SPEED.

Two or three tugs were felt and we were flying on the pace of an ordinary train, but as smoothly as a boat on a river. There was a clicking noise on the rails, but this, I was assured, was due to a defect in the construction of the slides and would be remedied. The absence of any vibration, shaking, or "tail motion" was wonderful. A slight jerk there was at regular intervals, but then, again, I was told that it was due merely to the shortness of the course and the inability to get up a proper pace. In a hydraulic train traveling at full speed, that is to say, at the rate of 140 to 200 kilometers or 87 to 124 miles an hour, there would be almost no consciousness of motion. The journey down the esplanade only occupied a few seconds.

Upon our safe return Mr. Piltor, chairman of the company which owns the invention, gave a full account of it. The sliding railway was invented in 1868 by an engineer named Girard, who was killed in the Franco-German war, and it has been improved to its present state by one of his assistant engineers, M. Barre.

As has already been mentioned, the hydraulic carriages have no wheels, these being replaced by hollow slides fitting upon a flat and wide rail, and grooved on the inner surface. When it is desired to set the carriage in motion water is forced into the slide or skate of the carriage from a reservoir by compressed air and seeking to escape, it spreads over the under surface of the slide, which it raises for about a nail's thickness above the rail. The slides thus resting, not on the rails, but on a film of water, are in a perfectly mobile condition, in fact, the pressure of the forefinger is sufficient to displace a carriage thus supported. The propelling force is supplied by the pillars which stand at regular intervals on the line between the rails. Running underneath every carriage is an iron rack, about six inches wide, fitted with paddles.

Now as the foremost carriage passes in front of the pillar a tap on the latter is opened automatically and a stream of water at high pressure is directed on the paddles. That drives the train on and by the time the last carriage has gone past the tap (which then closes) the foremost one is in front of the next tap, the water's action thus being continuous. The force developed is almost incredible. There is some splashing on the rails at the start, but this diminishes as the train goes. To stop the train the small stream of water that feeds the slides is turned off, and the latter coming in contact with the rails, the resulting friction stops the carriage almost instantaneously.

A water train running at over 100 miles an hour could, I was told, be pulled up within thirty yards, could climb up gradients of sixteen inches in the yard, descend them

WITH EQUAL SAFETY

and run on curves of forty-four yards radius. This system would seem peculiarly adapted for elevated railways in cities, being light, noiseless, smooth, without smoke, fast, and thoroughly under command. The danger of running off the rails is reduced to a minimum, the centre of gravity of the carriages being scarcely more than a couple of feet from the rails. The cost of a metropolitan system would only be a third of one on the old plan, but in the open country its cost would be somewhat higher than the ordinary railway; but M. Barre tells me the expense would be in France an average of £8,000 a mile. Where no natural water supply is available a propelling machine every twelve miles or so would be sufficient to keep trains going at full speed. The consumption of coal per passenger would be one-tenth only of the usual quantity.

The importance of this may be realized by considering the statement that the Paris-Lyons company alone has an annual coal bill of £2,000,000. Nevertheless, it would be rash to predict the general introduction of the water system on railways. One objection, for instance, that occurs to me is its apparent unsuitability for good traffic. Mr Perail, the manager of the "Chemins de Fey Glissants," believes it will all but do away with the locomotive engine. With respect to England he believes that the disadvantages of the "slow method" of crossing the channel will become so apparent that all opposition to the tunnel will vanish. "I am ready," he said with enthusiasm, "to wager any sum that when the tunnel is made and our system has a trial people will go from London to Paris in two hours."

## A Summer Arrangement.

Husband—What a pity that Emma had to go and throw Mr. Coldsnap overboard, for I bought our coal from him last winter. Now next winter I'll have to pay the full price.

Wife—Calm yourself, husband: she is going to renew the engagement in the fall. You see, she broke it in order to become engaged Mr. to Cooler, the man we buy our ice from.

"May heaven's richest blessing rest upon that daughter."

## Professional Jealousy.

A couple of street-sweepers up town were overheard not long since disputing upon the subject of their respective qualifications. "I'll tell you what 'tis," said one "in plain straightforward work you can get along tolerably well, but when you come to fancy work, such as sweeping round a cart wheel you can't hold a candle to me!"