==Part Two==

THE SUNDAY JOURNAL.

==Pages 9 to 16==

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MERE PLEASANTRY.

Dickie's Troubles.

The small boy who takes an interest in politics has his anxieties as well as office-seekers have theirs. Five-year-old Dickie had a hard time of it last fall—his father being a Democrat, and his mother a stanch Republican. He didn't wish to offend either parent, so, evading the names McKinley and Bryan, he ingeniously hurrahed for "Billy." All was peaceful in his small breast until nearly Christmas, when, one night, after he was supposed to be soundly slumbering, he started up in bed, his hair on end and his eyes distended with newborn agony, and exclaimed: "Goodness, mamma, is Santa Claus a Democrat or a Republican?"

She Had Nerve.

While new organizations of women are breaking out here and there all over the country why does not some enterprising feminine leader get up a "society for the suppression of hot flatirons in the foot of the bed?" Only the other evening a careful housewife, scenting scorched wool, traced the odor to a servant's room, to discover that the cook, before going out to an all-night dance, had put a dado of hot flatirons in the foot of her bed to keep it warm for her return, and the blankets were very briskly on fire. In another household a spinster aunt, who had gone early to bed with a bad cold, called her niece into the room where she was smothered under bedclothes and said:

"Jessie, do you see any smoke coming out at the foot of the bed?"

"No, auntie," the startled young woman replied. "Is your bed on fire?"

"I don't know," said the calm spinster; "I think this flatiron I have in here is red-hot."

"You had better get up and see about it," suggested the niece.

"Indeed I won't," said the imperturbable dame. "I feel too sick. I won't budge a peg unless the bed is actually afire." And she didn't.

A Mutual Affair.

If we could only be as funny to ourselves as we are diverting to other people, what a world of entertainment we would all have. Among the humor-begetting creatures we meet are the men who pity each other's wives.

"Look at Simpkins—the great big brute," said Hopkins the other day. "I never felt so sorry for anybody in my life as I do for that man's wife. She has five children and never gets to budge a step away from home, while he is always going off on trips and enjoying himself. Every time I look at him I feel like knocking him down."

"There goes that little whiffet, Hopkins," remarked Simpkins, the very next day. "Every time I see him I want to pull his nose good. Doesn't his little wife look pathetic? Her expression is just like that of a poor little bruised bird. I feel like I ought to ask her what makes her so unhappy. I know Hopkins must be the meanest man on earth to live with. He is everlastingly snubbing her before people. I'll whip him yet, I know I will."

Repartee at Eighty.

One of the most delicate problems in life is that of approaching an elderly person on the subject of his or her advancing years. Such a dilemma recently confronted an army officer's wife, who had been visiting her only parent, an aged gentleman of frail health, but unimpaired and vigorous mental equipment. On the eve of her departure the daughter felt deeply the possibility of her father's sudden death before she might be able to make another visit to her old home, so she exerted all her arts to persuade him to go home with her. She had to skirmish deftly about on the confines of her intentions, for her sire would not brook any suggestion that he was within any distance whatever of another world.

"Father," she said, "I do wish you would come home with me. No one knows what may happen; we may not be together long."

"H'm," replied the wily parent; "well, if you think that you are going to die, you had better stay here with me."

Her Scheme.

"If testimony concerning the all-prevalence of masculine expectoration could be taken from typewriters alone," remarked one of that class of young women, "some startling revelations might be made. I am in an office with seven or eight alleged gentlemen, who all dictate letters to me, and who all expectorate freely all around me, as I sit at my machine. After each man has departed, I throw blotters on the floor all around me to make my surroundings endurable. Strange to say, not one of these men has ever noticed how my floor is strewn with blotters, except in one instance, our president remarked: 'Miss Mary, you use a great many blotters.' My response was: 'Yes, sir; I have to.' The colored porter finally penetrated the reason of my strewing blotters on the floor. He probably apprised some of the men in the office, for matters have been pleasanter for me ever since. To all girls who have been annoyed in this way, I earnestly recommend the blotter system—to attract attention to any reform helps it on."

She Who Replies.

Whenever the talented American essayist, Miss Agnes Repplier, visits a new city, the literary women of the community immediately become profoundly and pleasantly agitated as to the proper pronunciation of Miss Repplier's name. Prior to Miss Repplier's appearance before the National Club Federation Congress, in Louisville, last May, a letter was written her on this subject, eliciting the response that the French pronunciation of her name was "Reppleay," but that the anglicized version "Reppleer" was also used. On this theme Miss Repplier also told a droll story. The author and her sister have a great fondness for nice, elderly ladies, and much enjoy ministering to the needs of those whose circumstances justify such assistance. On one occasion, while they were approaching the home of two of these cherished dames, there came from an open window, in a perfectly audible voice, this remark: "Sister, look; there come those two dear Miss "Repply-ers," whereupon "the other Miss Repplier" remarked to Miss Agnes Repplier: "Well, that title may suit you, but it doesn't suit me."

Jimmy Sat Still.

Accidents will happen, even in clergymen's families, but the average clergyman is not always prepared for the discomfiture which is sometimes extended to him by his own carefully nurtured children. At a Sunday school service, the other afternoon, a godly man, who has but one small boy under his roof tree, was addressing the scholars on the necessity of family worship. His own precious urchin, Jimmy, occupied a conspicuous position on a front seat. Closing his remarks, the preacher said: "Now, I have talked to you of family prayers, and I would like to know just how many families represented here have family prayers. I will begin with this little class right here in front, where you can all see them. Will all the little boys in this class whose fathers lead in daily prayer at home please stand up?" All the little boys in the class save one arose. Jimmy, the preacher's little boy, sat still.

The Eternal Illogical.

Bits of talk overheard in bookstores are often startlingly enlightening to the casual student of feminine ways. Two young women were looking over a book counter when the blonde girl suddenly gave a large book a contemptuous toss to one side.

"What's that?" eagerly asked the dark-eyed girl—probably on the principle that we sometimes like very much what other people condemn.

"Oh," answered the first girl; "it's a 'History of the Jesuits;' I hate the Jesuits.

"What are the Jesuits, anyway?" the second girl asked timidly.

"Don't ask me," the blonde said lightly; "I don't know a thing about them—not a thing; but I just hate them."

Sarah's Apprehension.

Choice English may be going out of style in the upper walks of life, but it still holds its own among the lower classes, particularly those of the colored race. Big Sarah, the cook, weighs almost two hundred, and her safe conveyance from place to place, in slippery weather, is a matter of general household concern. The other morning the back yard was a frightful glare of ice, and the lady of the house felt it necessary to caution Sarah before she started out to market. "Sarah," she said, "you must be very careful to wear your overshoes when you go out to-day. It is dreadfully slippery, and you know you don't want to fall and break a leg." "No'm," responded Sarah's deep, fleshy voice. "'Deed I don', 'deed I don'; I'se jes' bin skeered all dis winter for fear 'at I'll fall an' fracture my lim's."

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

A Legislature Has Passed a Law Against Her.

Kansas City Journal.

In Oklahoma a bill has just been passed to prohibit a man from marrying his mother-in-law.

Truly, "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings proceedeth wisdom." While the Nation and the old commonwealths have never dared to lay the restraining hand of legislation upon the domestic siren, here comes a new Territory, with half of its original soil still unbroken, bearding the lioness in her den. With no social pretensions, but with a great concern for the domestic felicity of her people, this young Territory has immortalized herself by an exhibition of amazing courage. The world cannot but be thrilled by this burst of righteous audacity. O, glorious Kansas! with all thy legislative temerity, where art thou now?

For years this land has suffered with the terrible evil of the intermarriage of mothers-in-law and sons-in-law. Until now no one has presumed to interfere with the increasing display of affection between the wife's mother and the daughter's husband. Men have shown such a tendency to flirt with their mothers-in-law that it has been almost scandalous to take a wife with a maternal parent living. The first symptoms of this dangerous regard generally manifest themselves in the uncompromising insistence of the husband that his wife's mother shall come to live with her daughter. Once in the household the husband's affections are soon alienated beyond recall, and in time the wife either pines away and dies or flees from the husband and children to make room for another. Then the widower marries the only woman he ever truly loved.

The children learn to call their grandmother mamma. When other children come they are at once uncles and aunts and brothers and sisters to the older children. The complexity of this relationship is incomprehensible to the young minds, but they puzzle themselves with the problem until they become veritable walking enigmas.

This is why the world is so full of people who do not know where they are at. The action of the Oklahoma Legislature against this gigantic evil has given us courage to speak. There is only one way to destroy the curse of mother-in-law worship, and that is by legislation.

A Degenerate Paper.

Boston Transcript.

The heinous crime of being an old man is one which drives the New York Evening Post into forgetting both Christian kindness and ordinary decency. In the course of an editorial on "Bimetallism" it flings the epithet "old man" at Senator Hoar in two separate places. "We see here how the decline of the Senate comes about," says the editor. "Scraps of information gathered up on a summer trip by an old man and converted into a speech on a subject of which he knows little make a sensation and set scores of crazy silverites shouting and predicting;" and again, after advising him to go among bankers rather than bimetallists for the truth about the double standard, it adds: "But even then it would be absurd for an old and ill informed man like Mr. Hoar to come home and blurt out his half-baked and ill digested scraps of information in the Senate as things which should now guide American opinion and shape the policy of the next Congress." In its next issue, too, the Post again mocks at Senator Hoar's age in a characteristically delicate reference to his "garrulous, senile way" of discussing the currency issues. It does not, however, find Gladstone at a much greater age senile, because the Post agrees with Gladstone as to bimetallism. Time was when the Evening Post was edited by a very old man—one whose age was reverenced, too, as his peculiar crown of glory. Time was, too, when the Evening Post was a model of manners in journalism.

Scotch Dialect in French.

New York Tribune.

Here's richness! Ian Maclaren is being translated into French. Several of his stories are to be printed in the Revue des Deux Mondes. What they will look like in their French garb is a matter of some interest. They have knocked in vain at the gates of English. No one yet has been able to give a good English version, from end to end, of a single production of Dr. Watson's.

A YOUNG BOY IN BATTLE

COL. FRED GRANT WAS IN FIVE BATTLES BEFORE HE WAS THIRTEEN.

Descriptions of Gen. Grant Behind the Scenes and in the Field—Why He Desired a Third Term.

(Copyrighted, 1897, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—Col. Fred Grant grows more and more like his father every day. He has, at forty-six, about the same features his father had at the close of the war. He has the same square face, the same blue eyes and the same quiet manner which were so characteristic of our greatest general. Colonel Grant is just as unassuming as his father was. Talking casually with him you would never imagine that his life had been one of thrilling experiences; that he had been in five great battles before he was thirteen years of age; that he had done hard fighting with the Indians on our Western frontiers; that he had been one of the honored guests with General Grant on his tour around the world; that he had been United States minister to Austria, and that he was now one of the three commissioners of the greatest and most turbulent city on this hemisphere. Colonel Grant seldom speaks about himself or his father, and it was only by questioning that I was able to draw from him the reminiscences which I give to-day.

During the chat I asked him what he thought of the matter that is now being published about General Grant. He replied that the most of it was unreliable. Said he: "A great part of the stories which are told are made up of talks with men who knew my father as a boy and who, through lapse of time and memory, deal in exaggerated statements. To read those stories you would suppose that father's family was very poor and that they sometimes lacked the necessities of life. This is not so. My grandfather was not rich for these times, but he was the richest man in his vicinity. It was not common then to send boys away to school. Still, father was sent to school at Maysville, Ky., where he had to pay his board. Another statement is that my father was a poor student. I do not believe this. I know my grandfather often asked me why I did not like my books better and study more like my father. Father stood well at West Point. He was not the highest, it is true, but he was by no means the lowest. That he did not stand higher was due to the library. He had, you know, lived in the country, where books are scarce. When he got to West Point he found a fine library there, and this he has often told me was like a new world to him. He was not graded upon his reading outside of his studies, but I venture that he received great good from it."

WHY HE WANTED A THIRD TERM.

"Was your father a very ambitious man, colonel?"

"I think not," replied Colonel Grant. "His only desire seemed to be to do what was before him."

"How about politics? Did he not desire a third term?"

"No, I don't think so," we the reply. "Father was willing to take a third term almost entirely on patriotic reasons. He believed he could be of great help to the American people. He had just returned, you know, from a trip around the world. He made that trip just at the close of his administration, and he studied the rest of the world from the standpoint of a President. I believe the United States would have been greatly benefited by him had he had another term. Had he been elected again he would have brought about diplomatic relations which would have brought us the bulk of the trade of the Orient. This would have meant an increase to us of more than one hundred million dollars a year. He would have made the United States the leading country of the world in the eyes of the far East, and we should have been looked upon as its protector and friend."

"Speaking of our foreign trade, Colonel Grant, had your father any ideas of reciprocity as a means of increasing it?"

"Yes," was the reply. "General Grant was, in fact, the real author of reciprocity as an American policy. While he was President it became advisable to decrease the revenues, and there was a movement in Congress to take the taxes off of coffee and tea, which articles were then called 'the poor man's luxuries.' Father sent for James G. Blaine, who was then in Congress, and told him, what afterwards proved to be the fact, that if the United States took the tax off of coffee Brazil would add export duties equal to the amount taken off, and the people would have to pay the same for their coffee nevertheless. He advised Blaine to make the reduction the basis of a reciprocity treaty, which should prevent such action by Brazil, and at the same time increase our trade. Mr. Blaine liked the idea, but he said that the cry of 'the poor man's luxuries' had been made so prominent that he did not know that the matter could be arranged. He kept father's suggestion in mind, however, and from it, I believe, evolved the reciprocity scheme which is now connected with his name."

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD IN BATTLE.

The conversation here turned to Colonel Grant's war experience. His father took him to the field with him when he was only twelve years of age. He was with Grant in battle again and again throughout the war, and was close to him during the whole of the Vicksburg campaign. At this time he was wounded and he had many narrow escapes. I asked him how the general happened to allow him to come to him.

He replied: "My father liked to have me with him. I suppose he wanted me to see something of the war. I was only twelve years of age and was at school at Covington, Ky., in 1863, when he wrote me that I could join him in the field. I met him at Young's Point, where he was just before he attacked Vicksburg. I remember the first thing I did on my arrival was to visit the gunboat Benton with him. This was the flagship of Admiral Porter. I was shown over the gunboat while father talked to the admiral, and I have since understood that while I was absent father first suggested passing the batteries at Vicksburg. It was this suggestion that brought about the campaign which was afterward carried out."

"Were you on the boats when they ran the battery?" I asked.

"Yes, I was with father. We had six gunboats and three transports. The gunboats were to engage the enemy while the transports got by. I remember there were bales of hay packed around the boilers in order to protect them. The night we started it was very dark. All of our lights were put out. We left about 10 o'clock. We had not gone far, however, before a rocket went up from the shore. Then a cannon ball flew across the river in front of our boats. A moment later the flames burst out of a house of the little town of De Soto, opposite Vicksburg. Then another building was fired on the river front, and soon there were fires burning all along the shore so that the river was almost as bright as day. Through this flaming pathway moved our six gunboats. I remember it seemed to me that they looked like great black turtles. Behind us came the three transports, all floating directly toward the batteries of Vicksburg. As we went onward the guns on the hills opened their fire, the batteries sent broadside after broadside, and in less than ten minutes all of our boats were in the midst of the battle. You must remember I was only a boy of thirteen and the scene was a terrible one to me. Our boats were pouring out shot and shell at the enemy. As they did so the three transports passed by us, keeping close to the Louisiana shore. Suddenly one of them stopped. I could see a flame shoot up from her side. She had been set on fire by a red-hot shot from the Warrenton battery, and she burned until she was entirely destroyed."

"Where were you at this time?"

"I was on the hurricane deck of one of the gunboats. I stood by my father's side. I remember he was smoking at the time and that I noticed an intense light in his eyes. We could see the people of Vicksburg on the shores. They covered the sides of the hills, and at every shot from the batteries they would cheer."

A STORY OF ADMIRAL PORTER.

"Were you under fire again during the siege, colonel?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Colonel Grant. "There was little time during the siege that I was not in more or less danger. I had several very narrow escapes. I remember being on a gunboat a little later on when we were near the batteries of Grand Gulf. I saw many men killed there. I remember seeing one man jump on the parapet of the enemy's works just as our guns were discharged at them. A shell exploded on the spot where he was standing and it must have blown him to atoms. During this battle I was on a tugboat with my father, and we were steaming in and out among the gunboats during the firing. After a time we went on board the Benton to see Admiral Porter. The sight sickened me. The deck was covered with blood and pieces of flesh. Dead men, torn and lacerated, lay about everywhere, and some of the gunners, with still bleeding wounds, were standing by their cannons. Admiral Porter had been struck by a piece of shell on the back of his head. As we came up I could see that he was in great agony. He was pale and he leaned upon his sword, using it as a cane while my father talked to him. Father suggested that the gunboats should engage the enemy's batteries that night, in order that the transports might run past them in the midst of the bombardment. To this Admiral Porter agreed, and we started to leave, when the admiral turned to me and asked me if I did not want to remain with him during the next engagement. He said one of his best gunners had just been killed, and that I could have his place. I looked upon the wounded and dead about me and replied, trembling lest my father might contradict my statement, that I did not believe my papa would leave me there, even if I wanted to stay."

"I should think you would have been much frightened," said I.

"I was," replied Colonel Grant. "I was always frightened when I got under fire, but the excitement and interest was such that I could not keep out. I remember I slept that night on the gunboat Price, and when I awoke the next morning I found my father had gone. I knew there was a battle on the shore, for I could hear the firing, and I asked Gen. Lorenzo Thomas, who commanded the Price, to let me go to see the fight. He told me that my father had given orders that I was not to leave the boat. Shortly after this while we were landing some troops a rabbit jumped up and the soldiers tried to catch it. I asked Gen. Thomas if I could not help them. He said yes, but when I reached the soldiers the rabbit had disappeared. I concluded not to go back to the boat, but to run off to the battlefield. I ran in the direction of the firing. I got a life from one of the ammunition wagons, and soon came to ground where wounded men were lying about, and where there were dead men scattered here and there. I saw a battery of artillery dashing off at a fork in the road, and I left the mule team and followed them. I soon got to a place where I could see the fight. While I was looking I saw father coming. I was afraid he would send me back to the boat, so I got behind a tree and hid there until he had passed. Our lines moved forward. I could see the enemy running, and a little later I was told that the battle was over, and that we had gained the day."

SLEEPING ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

"What did you do then?" I asked.

"The first thing I did," replied Colonel Grant, "was to try and find my father. It was already growing dark, and I was tired and hungry. I walked about trying to find some one who could tell me where my father was, and everywhere I went I saw dead and wounded men. The ground was everywhere bloody and the air was filled with the moans of the wounded and the dying. There were surgeons here and there amputating limbs, while the poor fellows upon whom they were operating were shrieking with pain. It was all so terrible that I began to feel faint. I remember I lay down beside a tree and rested, feeling very sick. As I was lying there one of my father's orderlies came up. He recognized me, and I told him all about my runaway trip from the boat. He took his blanket from his horse and spread it out on the ground, and gave me his saddle for a pillow. I went to sleep almost as soon as my head touched the saddle, and I slept for several hours. Then the orderly waked me and told me that my father had come. I raised myself up, and about fifty yards away, about a fire, I saw a group of officers, among whom was General Grant. He was sitting upon a camp stool drinking from a tin cup filled with coffee, which the soldiers had just brought him. As I came up he seemed greatly surprised and said:

"'Why, Fred, I thought I left you safe on the boat?'

"'Yes, sir, you did,' I answered.

"'Well, then, how did you manage to get here?'

"I told my story, and as I finished my father smiled and said:

"'Very well, you cannot get back now, I suppose,' and he thereupon went on with his conversation with the officers about him. A little later he went to an abandoned house about a half a mile away and there General Grant stayed for the night. I remember I laid down on the floor among the men and slept soundly until morning."

"I suppose your father sent you back to the boat the next day?"

"No, he did not," replied Colonel Grant. "From that time on until the end of the siege I remained with the soldiers. Much of the time I was with father and much of the time with General Logan. Often I was alone. I was in a number of skirmishes and battles and I saw war as it really is."

"It is a wonder to me you were not wounded, colonel, during so much fighting?"

"I have been shot twice," replied Colonel Grant. "My first wound I received during this Vicksburg campaign in a skirmish near the Black river. The Confederates had retreated to the river and I, with a number of others, was running after them. I was on horseback, and when I got to the bank of the river I saw many of the rebels swimming for the opposite shore. I stopped my horse and was watching these fellows when some one on the opposite bank fired at me, hitting me on the thigh. My leg is now paralyzed at that point."

"How did it feel when the ball struck you?" I asked.

"The first sensation was that of a great blow, followed with a smarting pain, almost like that of a bee sting. I thought I was killed and must have grown very pale, for Colonel Lagow, who came dashing up at that time, asked me what was the matter. I told him I was killed, a statement which evidently surprised him, for he asked me where I was shot."

"I replied, 'in the leg,' and he thereupon asked me to see if I could move my toes. I tried it and found that I could. Colonel Lagow then told me that I was not badly hurt. I afterward found that he was right. It was only a flesh wound, though it has caused me a great deal of trouble since then. As it was, I wrapped a cloth about my leg and kept in the saddle until the battle was over."

"But did not your father pay some attention to you at such times?"

"Not much," replied Colonel Grant. "He could not. You see, he had his hands full of other things."

"How about your mother? I should think she would have been terribly alarmed."

"No, she was not," was the reply. "She never knew of my dangers until they were over, and she did not bother herself about things that were past."

GENERAL GRANT IN BATTLE.

"How did General Grant appear in battle?" I asked.

"Just the same as in peace," was the reply. "He did not grow excited, and he seemed quiet and self-possessed when others were troubled. I could usually tell how he felt by looking at his face. His blue eyes would often flash and his expression become determined. On the battlefield he would ride with his head erect to the points where the heaviest firing was going on. He seemed to see everything, and he took into account the smallest and seemingly least important details. I was by his side at the battle of Champion Hills, when he gave General Logan orders to storm the enemy's lines, which move resulted in the capture of three thousand prisoners and of all the Confederate artillery. After giving that order he turned, and, almost in the same breath, told one of his escort to dismount and give a drink of water to a poor wounded soldier near by. During the siege of Vicksburg he seemed to work day and night. He was the first to get up in the morning and the last to go to sleep. He was on horseback all day, and a large part of the nights were spent in writing out his orders, which were very long and full of the minutest details."

"Did he talk much of his battles?"

"No, not unless something came up which called for it. He was a very modest man. He was always careful of the feelings of others, and the request of a private soldier received as much attention from him as that of an officer. Personally he was loved by his soldiers, and I know it used to make me happy as a boy when I heard the cheers and hurrahs of enthusiasm go up from the soldiers as father passed along the lines."

I here asked Colonel Grant to give me some idea of General Grant as a man. He replied:

"My father's character is almost a part of my religion. I revere it so much that I can hardly discuss it. He has ever been my ideal of all that is true and good. I have a boy who is everything to me, and whom I want to bring up properly. I tell him that the most I can hope for him is that he may be as good a man as his grandfather was. My father's character was what I believe a good Christian leader would consider the ideal one. He was pure in thought and deed. He was careful of the feelings of others—so much so, in fact, that when he had to do something to hurt them I believe he felt more pained than the people whom he hurt."

A PURE-MINDED MAN.

"I have heard stories in which General Grant has been reported as using profane language. Are such stories true?"

"No," replied Colonel Grant. "My father has told me himself that he had never uttered an oath in his life. He did not use even the ordinary expletives, such as are common among men. When he was a young man I heard him two or three times say 'thunder,' and once I remember hearing him say 'thunder and lightning.' But during the latter part of his life he did not use even such expressions. He never said anything that approached coarseness. He never told a vulgar story, nor would he listen to one if he could possibly help it. I remember that one time some gentlemen were chatting together, among whom was my father. One of the men said: 'I know an excellent story, which, however, it would hardly be proper to tell before ladies.' Here my father stopped him and said: 'Well, if that is so, let us then say that it should not be told before gentlemen.' My father would always leave a crowd rather than listen to such stories."

"You are your father's literary executor, Colonel? How about his unpublished letters? Did he leave any?"

"Yes," replied Colonel Grant. "There are quite a number. I have several boxes of his papers and letters, and when I have leisure I may perhaps edit some of them. Many of them have been loaned to John Russell Young, of Philadelphia, who is now writing a life of General Grant."

"You helped your father in the preparation of his book. I understand some parts of the first volume were written over and over again?"

"Yes, that is true as to the matter relating to Shiloh. This was prepared first for the Centuary Magazine, and father did not at the time know exactly what was wanted. He wrote the article first, and then Mr. R. U. Johnson, of the Century, talked it over with him. He asked many questions about things, and upon father's replying would say, 'Why, that is interesting. Why don't you put that in your article?' He made such suggestions again and again, and father added to and rewrote those articles over and over. This work showed him what the people wanted to know from him, and gave him the idea of a popular book. This was, in fact, his literary training for the work, and Mr. Johnson may be called his literary tutor. It was the Century articles which caused the book to be written.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Gage's Politics.

Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

The considerations influencing the selection are so exclusively those relating to his merit that small attention has been paid to his record as a party man. He has been called a gold Democrat, but this gives a wrong idea of his politics. He has always been a Republican, and never failed to vote the party ticket, except in 1884, when, like a good many other Republicans, he voted for Cleveland.

His acceptance of the position of secretary of the treasury entails a heavy pecuniary sacrifice. He must resign the presidency of his bank and dispose of all his stock in it. The salary attached to the office which he accepts will fall much short of the expenses of living in Washington in the manner in which the social duties of his position will require, and he will have to undertake a difficult and thankless task. He will undoubtedly bring perfect competency to the discharge of his financial duties, and his presence in the office will tend to restore commercial confidence, but the political opportunities for effecting the needed reforms of our financial system must be provided for him by the administration.

Refreshing Innocence.

Brooklyn Eagle.

The theory of Sorosis that the marriage of American girls to European titles reduces the chances of war between the United States and a foreign foe is delightfully innocent. Of course the Emperor of Germany would never think of going to war with his grandmother in England, even though the interests of England and Germany should conflict in South Africa.

A MEDICAL REVELATION

DR. R. OSGOOD MASON PRESENTS SOME ASTONISHING FACTS.

He Has Found Alternating Personalities, and Explains Actions Otherwise Unaccountable.

Dr. R. Osgood Mason, of New York, the medical scientist whose investigations in psychical phenomena have attracted wide attention, is about to make public a series of exceedingly interesting facts bearing on a most important discovery regarding an actual dual personality. It is that a large proportion of the civilized world possesses alternating personalities. The strangest feature of the condition referred to is that the existence within us of the second self is not realized, and yet it is the impelling force which provokes the commission of actions totally foreign to the known nature of the individual. It shows that the novelist's creation of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is not in the least improbable. In fact, it is demonstrated beyond question that there are many persons in this world who are the conglomerate of two individuals of exactly opposite characteristics.

Even further than this, the facts which Dr. Mason presents go to prove the truth of the famous biblical quotation: "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me." This is shown by what some persons are pleased to improperly call heredity. Technically, heredity refers to certain personal peculiarities noticeable in each generation of a family. The biblical assertion, however, is proved by the fact that frequently the dual personality of an individual is composed of the nature which his father and mother have directly transmitted to him, and a second nature or self which is a direct reproduction of the veil that lay in an ancestor three, four, or perhaps five generations before.

It is a matter of common knowledge that in almost every family there has been at one time or another a marriage which has given cause for regret, often from the fact that the person who married into the family proved to be of a nature not at all desirable. It may be the children which result from such a marriage will be devoid of the maternal characteristics, and the same statement may prove true of the generation that succeeds them. So it runs along until perhaps the fourth generation following, and then the child of parents whose natures are all that could be desired, in whom the spirit of evil finds no lodgment, develops a character such as might have been bestowed upon him by the fiend incarnate. Then the world marvels and wonders why this is so, but cannot dispute its truth.

THE SECOND SELF.

Now then, this is when the nature of the individual in whom Satan has an interest is plainly visible. Dr. Mason's investigations and deductions relate to those among us who possess these dual natures and yet as a rule have sufficient moral courage to repress, so far as appearances are concerned, the Mr. Hyde individuality. However, sometimes Mr. Hyde will not down, and then are committed those strange actions which the world and even the person who commit them find it impossible to reconcile with the character of the individual as understood. There are few persons who have not felt mysterious impulses to stray from the path of rectitude in a violent and startling manner. It is these impulses which have led some medical men to assert that all humanity is more or less insane. Dr. Mason proves that there is nothing of the sort, but that these impulses are simply the influence of the second, or evil, self. The second self is not necessarily evil, but it is an unpleasant fact that generally this is the case. All these things will be set forth in a statement Dr. Mason is soon to issue to the public containing the result of his investigations regarding the dual personality. He has given the members of the American Medical Association something to think of in a paper read by him before the section on neurology of that organization, treating principally of the origin and the medico-legal aspect of the dual personality. He says:

"It is a well recognized fact that certain clearly defined traits or characteristics, either physical or mental, existing in ancestors near or remote, may, after passing by one or more generations, at length crop out distinctly and unmistakably in a later one. Physical peculiarities or deformities, tendency to certain diseases or peculiar mental characteristics are frequently in this manner transposed, also a peculiar insight into or genius for certain pursuits, as for instance hunting, fishing and frontier life, a military career, mathematics, music, acting or scientific pursuits, existing in a marked degree in some near or remote ancestor may be inherited directly in the succeeding generations, but on the other hand, it may pass over one or more generations to appear in an unmistakable manner in a later one.

"Suppose, for instance, that five generations back there had appeared a man of marked and thoroughly bad characteristics married to a right-minded, moral, even religious woman; that he was a villifier of religion, profane and vicious in life and unscrupulous in his dealings with others; that the generations which immediately succeeded came under influences which, aided by inherited characteristics from the mother, led to lives of morality, uprightness or even conspicuous piety. In the fifth generation appeared a man who, in the midst of these moral and religious environments, was conspicuous for his profanity, his vicious life and unscrupulous conduct, so identical with his remote ancestor as to make the connection undoubted.

TRACING ITS ORIGIN.

"Where did this evil tendency exist during the four intervening generations? Let us tap the main line between the two extreme points and see what information may be extracted. In the fourth generation was a mild, religiously inclined woman of delicate health and perhaps unstable personality. From some sudden shock, syncope or loss of consciousness occurs, and on recovery an entirely new and different personality is found to have taken the place of the original one. It professes to be a man, and to the horror and consternation of the good people surrounding her, the patient commences to curse, to vilify everything good, and to uphold sentiments and practices of the most offensive and criminal character. This newly arrived personality has a chain of memories and individual history quite foreign and unknown to the primary self, but consistent with those of the remote ancestor whom we have considered. In an hour or a day the primary consciousness has returned, but there is not the slightest recollection of the character which she has represented in her second personality, and very likely the case is diagnosed as temporary insanity; in a more primitive age it would have been called possession by an evil spirit. It was in reality the strongly impressed characteristics of a distinct personality, which had lain dormant in the subconscious self for three generations, now coming to the surface temporarily under favoring circumstances in the fourth. In another generation it actually appeared, an atavism, as the primary and usual personality. In like manner a personality of conspicuous goodness or talent might pass over many generations of mediocrity or of evil doers, and appear, a pleasant atavism, after one or many generations had intervened. Less extreme personalities might be formed in like manner, and more than one might be impressed upon individuals in successive generations, giving rise to the perplexing and much debated condition of multiplex personalities. Krafft-Ebing, as we have seen, found in his patient 'three psychical existences,' or personalities. Professor Janet's patient, Madame B., possessed three widely different ones, while one of my own cases presented