GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

Guiding Refugees Through the Mountains of Tennessee.

Having lived in East Tennessee for several years previous to the war, although residing in Ohio when hostilities actually began, I knew the country from Knoxville to the North Carolina line on the east, and from Knoxville to the Kentucky line on the north, very thoroughly. I had gone over almost every mile of every highway, and I knew many of the mountain trails and short cuts. I had been surveying and mapping public and private lands, and this was a work calculated to familiarize me with the country. I was in Rogersville only three months before the opening gun, and I knew that a strong Union sentiment prevailed among the mountaineers. While the people of other sections of the South were enthusiastic for war, the mountaineers of East Tennessee and western North Carolina, with very few exceptions, were against it. They argued so well and so persistently as to call forth the bitter enmity of the Confederate Government, and such of them as entered the Confederate ranks were forced to join under penalty of being shot down in their tracks. When they realized that war was inevitable, and that they must take sides, there was a general movement to escape to the North and join the Union forces. The hardships, perils, and tribulations of these refugees have only been faintly outlined. Where one got through the lines five were killed by the soldiers on watch to intercept them. Where one family reached the Union lines entire, a dozen were broken and scattered, never to be reunited.

In the summer of 1862, acting under military orders, I made my way from Richmond, Kentucky, into the Blue Ridge Mountains to gather and bring out as large a band as possible. After more or less personal peril, mostly from guerillas and bushwhackers, I reached the locality I had in view, which was a neighborhood in a cove on one of the branches of the Tennessee River. A few young men had been recruited for the Confederate service, but as yet no force had been used to secure recruits. Several men of local renown were beating up the districts for recruits for guerilla cavalry companies, and every avenue of escape to the North was closed and carefully guarded. I went into the mountains in the guise of a purchasing agent for the Confederate Government, and as I had been liberally supplied with both Confederate money and gold, I was in a position to carry out my rôle. Those who knew me personally did not know what my sentiments were until secretly informed, and as I appeared to be busy looking after horses and mules, the Confederates seemed to have no suspicions.

Within a week after my arrival I found that twenty-one men were desirous of making an attempt to reach the Union lines in Kentucky. The matter had been talked over previous to my arrival, but no decided steps taken. The leader in the movement was a man of about 30, named Joe Penfield. He had been married only about four months before my appearance at the cove. While uneducated, he was intelligent far beyond his class, and he realized that the struggle would be fierce and bloody and one to last for years. He felt that every one capable of bearing arms must take sides, and as his love for the Union was strong, he was impatient to get away. One of the greatest difficulties encountered at the outset was the fact that at least half the men wanted to take their families along. We had a journey of over 100 miles on an air line before us. As we should be obliged to travel the distance would be fifty more, and every mile of it in peril of our lives. Our way would be over mountains, through forests and thickets, across creeks and rivers, and exposed to all sorts weather and hardships, and I opposed the idea on our movements that the women would be certain to prove. Of the thirteen who wanted to go nine had from two to five children. I flatly refused to lead any such party, knowing that we should be captured and shot within a day or two. This caused a division of numbers. A mountaineer named Henderson, who had a wife and four children of his own, agreed to lead those having families, while I took the others. When ready to start I had ten men, and three of them were to take their wives along. The women were Mrs. Penfield, Mrs. Graham, and Mrs. Bross, and were all under thirty and in robust health. Each one dressed in men's clothing and carried a shotgun.

Our party was to have two days' start of the other. It was ticklish business holding meetings and perfecting arrangements, for there were plenty of Confederate citizens mixed up with the Unionists, and Confederate soldiery were marching and riding over the county. In most cases the men disposed of their live stock, but everything else had to be abandoned. Some of them had good crops and cosy homes, and had worked hard for a score of years to accumulate what they had. I did not, however, hear one single regret expressed at having to leave property and comfort behind, except that the Confederate Government might profit thereby. Our party got away soon after dark on the evening of Aug. 15. We had appointed a rendezvous on the mountain, and at dusk everybody was there, fourteen of us in all. Each person carried a bundle containing clothing, blankets, and provisions, and each had a rifle or shotgun. The women could not have been told from the men by their dress, and each had on a pair of new stout boots, purchased for the occasion. Every family would be missed next day, and the conclusion in each case would be such as to encourage every effort for recapture.

At about 9 o'clock, having planned the order of march and given instructions bearing upon emergencies, I took the lead straight up the side of smoky mountain, which is one of the spurs of the Alleghanies, beginning near Clinton and running into Kentucky and Virginia. We had three of these spurs to cross before reaching the Cumberland Mountains, on the State line, and between each spur was a valley and a river. Our route for the first twelve miles was over a country thinly inhabited, and we had no alarms. We had made about sixteen miles and had descended the spur almost to its northeastern base, when we had our first encounter, and I saw of what material the men were composed. We were following the mountain trail, walking by twos and every one on the alert, when we caught sight of a fire at a bend in the trail ahead of us. Penfield crept forward to investigate, and after quarter of an hour returned and reported a Confederate picket. He had only seen one man, and he was asleep on his post, but from the looks of things he believed others to be in camp near by. The picket had been stationed here to intercept refugees, and further progress by the trail was blocked.

After consultation we turned to the left, but before we could flank the picket we met with such a sheer descent that we had to turn back. Penfield and two others were sent to the right, and in a little time returned and reported the way clear, and we soon passed the danger. Descending almost to the valley we turned to the left and entered a dense pine thicket just as day was breaking. It was only after I had seen blood on Penfield's clothes that he explained that in scouting to the right his party had stumbled over a soldier wrapped in his blanket, and the outerr he had been about to make was prevented by a thrust from a hunting knife which reached his heart. This occurrence was to be deplored, but no one could be blamed for it. We retired into the thicket until there was no danger of being seen, and then four men were posted as sentinels, and the others ate their bread and meat and lay down to sleep. The forenoon passed quietly away, and at 1 o'clock three others and myself relieved the sentinels. I at once made my way to the northern edge of the thicket, where I could overlook the road descending into the valley as well as a part of the valley itself, and a brief observation satisfied me that we were being pursued. I saw a score of mounted men riding down the road, and another body in the valley below, and their actions showed them to be in a state of excitement. We had no doubt been tracked as far as the picket post, but from that point our pursuers were uncertain whether we had passed on or secreted ourselves.

At about 3 o'clock a body of about twenty men, some on foot and some mounted, searched the western half of the thicket, and some of them came within fifty feet of us, but they made no discoveries. We heard several of them loudly declaring their belief that we were miles away, and as they left our thicket for the road the search seemed to be given up. The major portion of our pursuers were guerillas, who would have shot us down without mercy. When darkness came, and we were ready to move on again, five of the men came to me and declared their intention to return to their homes. Realizing the perils that lay before us their nerve gave way, and they decided to return while it was yet safe to do so. I was arguing with them when one of the party who had scouted to the east on his own hook returned and reported a large force of infantry going up the mountain road. He believed there was a full hundred, and as it was plain that they would guard every avenue of return the five changed their minds and decided to keep on with the party.

That night we made fully twenty miles, always in the fields or woods, and next day was passed in the timber. We knew that every road was guarded, and twice during the day squads of cavalry were in sight. We were undiscovered and undisturbed, however, and by a hard push on the third night we reached the eastern slope of the Cumberland Mountains. An hour before daybreak, as we were about to cross a road, and while two of the men were scouting ahead to see that all was clear, one of them, named Saunders, walked plump up to a man in citizen's dress who was patrolling the highway with a gun on his shoulder. He took Saunders for a farmer living in the neighborhood, and explained that sixty men belonging to a company recruited about Montgomery had been sent up there to stop refugees. He said our party was expected along that night, and that every one would be shot down, no matter whether they surrendered or resisted. He had eighty rods of the road to patrol, and as he was about midway of his beat, Saunders thrust a knife into him, believing this the only alternative. He then took the body and concealed it in a thicket, and our party crossed the highway without discovery. When daylight came we went into hiding among the rocks far up the mountain, and while no one came very near to us during the day, we saw regular troops, bodies of irregulars and citizens moving in every direction. We moved on again as soon as darkness came, travelled all night without being interrupted, and next day lay hidden almost at the western base of the mountain. On this night, after we had been afoot about three hours, we reached the Kentucky line, but soon after doing so, and while moving cautiously upon a highway, we were challenged from front and rear simultaneously, and we realized that we had walked into a trap. Fire was opened on us at once, but we left the road, climbed among some rocks to the right, and soon returned the fire with spirit. The force opposed drew away to wait for daylight, and after scouting in every direction and finding ourselves surrounded we intrenched ourselves and prepared for the fight we knew daylight would bring. When morning came we found ourselves hemmed in by a force of about 300 men, a portion of whom were enlisted soldiers acting under commissioned officers.

Then occurred what war history describes as "a defence without its equal in the history of the whole struggle." They opened fire on us from every side, and every one of our party replied as fast as a sure shot could be counted on. From 6 o'clock in the morning until 9 there was no let up, but we were so well sheltered behind the rocks that not one of us was scratched. We were then summoned to surrender, and upon returning a defiant reply a body of men numbering 150 charged our position. To get at us at all they had to appear in the open road, and we broke them three times before the real charge was made. Then as they tried to ascend the steep side of the hill we had them at our mercy. At noon we were again summoned to surrender, and when we refused they brought up a six-pounder and opened on us. The first shot went ten feet above our heads, and at the second the gun burst and killed four men. At 2 o'clock they charged again, and were driven back, and an hour later a force of Union cavalry, out on a reconnoissance, swooped down and bagged the whole force to a man, taking 178 prisoners, two army wagons, and another field piece which had just come up. We then had only three bullets per man left, and must have soon been obliged to surrender. We found, upon counting up, that we had killed thirty-eight and wounded sixty of the mob, and the only casualty on our side was a flesh wound received by one of the women.

CHINESE COURT CUSTOMS.

The Little Princes Trained Constantly—How the Harem Is Managed.

Kwang-Su, the Chinese Emperor who ascended the throne March 4 last, was just 17 years old on July 23. Nevertheless he probably has as much miscellaneous learning in his head as any three European princes, who, at his age, are usually digging deep after Greek and Latin roots or hammering away at elementary problems in parliamentary government and finance. The young Chinese Emperor's precociousness is due for the most part to the thoroughness and strictness of his very early training, for in China little princes are compelled to cram their small noddles full of all sorts of knowledge during the years which American boys always devote to marbles, scrub, and holey-bowley. They rise at 4 o'clock in the morning to take lessons in Chinese literature. The teacher who gives them this lesson bears the title "shifu," and is a very big man, so big in fact that the princes upon entering their recitation room must bow to him first. As soon as a prince has learned his lesson he places his book before the teacher, sets down before him, and repeats without interruption all he remembers of what he has been been studying. If the teacher finds that the prince does not remember enough he sends a eunuch out for a whip and makes a great show of preparing to whip some one. The whip when it comes, however, falls not upon the shoulders of the prince but upon the shoulders of eight other little Chinamen called "ha-ha-tschu," who accompany the prince to his school daily and recite the same lessons as he. Through these ha-ha-tschu the prince is thrashed or praised according to his deserts. Should vicarious floggings not induce a prince to stow away the requisite amount of Chinese learning he would be taken before the Emperor, who would command a eunuch to pinch the young lazybones's cheeks. The Chinese lesson lasts two hours. It is followed by other less important exercises, which are superintended by another teacher. Still another teacher instructs the princes in several Asiatic languages and Chinese dialects. After school hours the princes shoot with the bow, on foot and on horseback, fence, run, and jump, under the superintendence of special teachers. In short their whole day is taken up with the performance of prescribed mental and physical exercises. At fixed hours their food is portioned out to them. None of them is allowed to use his own judgment as to what and how much he may eat. They are always tucked away in bed with the hens, so that they may be ready for the 4 o'clock dose of Chinese literature the next morning.

At the beginning of his fourteenth year the heir apparent to the Chinese throne is put in training for his marriage, which takes place in his fifteenth year. The young woman who teaches him all about the duties of married life is selected from the inner circle of the imperial official household, and must be just one year older than he. After the Prince has become Emperor she is his principal wife receives the honorable title of "Sii," which she alone of all members of the harem is allowed to bear.

The daily leisure hour of his imperial Chinese Majesty is from 4 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon. During this hour a eunuch brings to the Emperor a box of little white tickets, each of which bears the name of a court lady. The Emperor draws a ticket, hit or miss, and gives it to the eunuch, who immediately orders the houri named on it to the Emperor's apartments. She is conveyed thither in a litter by four servants. She always takes a golden wash basin with her. She is carried back to her quarters after having passed about an hour with the Emperor. Twenty-four female servants pass the night in the sleeping chamber of the Emperor and Empress. Their duties consist in keeping a sharp watch of the Imperial couple. They are not allowed to sneeze, cough, speak, or make an unnecessary movement. When the Imperial couple awake in the morning, the twenty-four female servants announce the fact to the eunuch on guard, who proclaims the news by vigorously clapping his hands.

Most men are not allowed to pass the most remote of the five doors which lead to the imperial chamber. Members of the Imperial Garde du Corps, who guard the fifth door, are under orders to oppose with drawn swords the entrance of all men, even the highest imperial officials, who cannot give the pass word. Not even eunuchs are allowed to pass the three inner doors. If a lady of the court wishes to buy anything or communicate in any way with the outside world, she tells a maid servant all about it. The maid servant then goes a safe distance away from all court ladies and summons her the eunuch in chief by striking a gong or sounding a "clapper." After learning what the court lady wishes, the eunuch in chief passes along the errand to an under eunuch, who secures the desired article or information.

Once a year, on New Year's Day, the Emperor and his real wife preside over a great court banquet. The Empress then sits at her husband's left. This is the only occasion in the whole year when the emperor has all his quasi-wives together and under the eyes of his real wife. The Emperor himself hands the viands to the eunuchs, who receive them respectfully.

Most persons address the Emperor as "Kwang-Tschan," that is "Majesty." The members of the household, however, use merely the title, "Chu-tsz," that is "Dominus" or "Lord." The eunuchs usually address the Emperor as "Ye," and court ladies as "Fo-Ye," that is, "Buddha," and a royal prince as "Ye" or "Most Gracious Lord."

The Cabinet Ministers at the Chinese Court don't have so much fun as their lord. They have to get up at 2 o'clock every morning to present themselves at court one hour later. They receive their meals, free of charge, in the Emperor's dining room. They pass the whole day in the imperial palace up to 4 o'clock, and when military affairs are under discussion, up to 6 o'clock in the afternoon. Only when seriously ill can a Minister excuse himself from the laborious duties of his office.

Tale of a War Horse.

From the Court Journal.

An officer of experience, writing on the behavior of horses in battle, says: When it comes to battle a horse seems to know everything that is going on; he knows he does his share, and seems to be in his element. He enters into the spirit of the battle like a human being. He shows no fear of death, and it is singular that if his mate is shot down he will turn to look at him and seem pleased. A horse in my battery was once struck by a piece of shell, which split his skull, so that one side was loose. The driver turned him loose, but he walked up by the side of the gun and watched the firing, and when a shot was fired would look away in the direction of the enemy, as if to see the effect of the shot. When a shell would burst near by he would calmly turn and look at it. When he saw his own team going back for ammunition he ran back to his own place and galloped back to the caisson with the rest. When the Lieutenant pushed him aside to put in another horse, he looked at the other one sorrowfully while he was being harnessed in, and when he seemed to realize that there was no further use for him he lay down and died. The Lieutenant strongly asserted that he died of a broken heart.

DOCTORING THE CAPITOL.

Commissioner Perry Has a Scheme About the Tower and East Front.

ALBANY, Nov. 5.—M. Eiffel must look to his laurels. When Isaac G. Perry, the Capitol Commissioner, finishes the tower of the Capitol it will overlook as much territory as M. Eiffel's wonderful creation in the valley of the Seine. Only it must be acknowledged that the base of the Eiffel tower rests in a hollow, while that of the Capital is upon one of the highest of the hills that look down upon the valley of the Hudson.

Yet the Capitol tower will have a considerable height, even when compared with that of the Frenchman. Its apex will be 390 feet from the street level. Already the tower is of sufficient height to give a view of a vast extent of territory about Albany. Standing upon the breezy eminence one sees below close at hand the dwellings and business buildings of Albany, and the Hudson River, a broad stream, gliding along at the bottom of the valley. Then the eye is lifted and sweeps over miles of farm lands to the southward till the rise of the Helderberg Mountains is encountered; and lifted above them, still further to the south, is a blue range of mountains. That blue range

is the Catskills, which are some forty miles to the south of this city. West, east, and north there is the same magnificent view. One perceives far to the westward a break in the chain of hills. It is where the Mohawk River finds entrance into a valley that, trending northward and eastward, finally brings it into the Hudson River. Northward one sees, six miles distant, the city of Troy, and beyond high hills that are offshoots from the Green Mountains, while to the eastward are the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts.

Mr. Perry hopes to persuade the Legislature of 1890 to give him sufficient money to finish the tower and also the approaches to the main entrance. It is with that object that he has had elaborate plans drawn for the tower and the approaches. In these designs he modifies greatly former plans of architects for the upper portion of the tower and for the approaches. These modifications of the plans of Warren & Fuller, and also of Eidlitz & Richardson, the firms of architects which at different times have had charge of the plans for the construction of the new Capitol, will doubtless be surveyed with great interest, not only by architects, but also by laymen interested in architecture. As originally designed the tower was to be wholly of stone. Its upper portion somewhat resembled in design that of the famous Taj Mahal in India. But Eidlitz & Richardson modified that design; and now it has been entirely changed by Mr. Perry. There is not the slightest resemblance between the original design and the present one. This modification of the design was necessary. The lower stories of the tower, which are already constructed, are composed of such gigantic blocks of stone that if further ponderous masses of such material were imposed on them the foundations would not carry them. Mr. Perry, therefore, will abandon the stone construction of the tower at its present height, which is just above the lofty mansard roof of the east front of the Capitol, and will continue the work with copper and iron—much lighter materials. The copper will be painted a dull brown color, which will make the tower harmonize well with the remainder of the building. The present height of the tower is 190 feet. The total height of the metal construction will be 200 feet. The tower is therefore to have double its present height, which to the eye of a resident of Albany is already imposing.

The interior of the tower cannot but be greatly admired by visitors to the Capitol, from its spaciousness and the height of the chief room in it. Arriving at the Capitol the visitor will walk by easy steps upward by approaches of successive platforms and steps until the second floor of the great building is reached. There he will find a broad lobby, 60 by 73 feet, lined with polished gray granite columns. Passing through the lobby the visitor will come to the interior of the tower. The internal measurement of the tower is 48 by 48 feet. Within this place one will be able to look upward in the tower for a distance of 134 feet. It will have a dome-like effect, as the curved ceiling of this room is well lighted and bends inward. A gallery fifteen feet wide will cross the tower on the west side, next to the central court of the Capitol, forming a short and convenient communication between the Senate and Assembly Chambers. The interior of the tower is surrounded by a gallery on a level with the fourth-story floor, approached through the openings in the tower. The whole interior of the tower, as it will be viewed from the lobby floor and the galleries above, will assuredly present an imposing appearance. The tower will be square, but will be crowned by a dome of copper, and it will be lighted by large windows as soon as it rises above the mansard roof of the main building.

But it is not only for the completion of the tower that Mr. Perry will ask the Legislature for an appropriation. He wishes to build an approach to the Capitol, and also to modify the east front of the building. It is upon the east front, which looks down State street, the broad and steep street which all visitors to Albany climb to see the Capitol, that all the architects who have had charge of the building have pinched to place the main approach to it. Mr. Perry wishes to erect in front of the building, descending down into Capitol Park, successive flights of steps, which shall rise by easy grades until the second floor of the Capitol is reached. A carriage way is to run beneath these steps, where they are the thickest from the ground, enabling members of the Legislature and visitors to the Capitol to descend from their carriages in rainy weather in a sheltered place. Mr. Perry also desires to build a terrace of granite in front of the base of the Capitol, the rough stones of which are now exposed, disfigurer the building which they support. As for the east front itself, Mr. Perry designs to change the entire plan of the building above the fourth floor. An ugly-looking mansard roof now defaces this front, with still homelier-looking high mansard windows of gray granite. These windows will be removed, and the granite of the central portion of the building will be continued upward, adding two additional stories to this portion of the building. Above all there will be a peaked white granite pediment, with eagles of white granite at the corners. There is a pediment and construction of like character at the west end of the building, designed by Mr. Perry; and it is plain that this design as applied to the east front will greatly improve it. It sadly needs improvement of some kind.

Mr. Perry has taken great pains with his design for the approaches to the east front. Owing to the great elevation of the second story entrance the steps leading to it have been divided into four runs by the introduction of three broad platforms, each ten feet wide. From the main east front of the Capitol these steps will extend out a distance of 73 feet to Capitol Park. The two first runs of steps, beginning at the pavement in the park, will be 139 feet long. There will then will be two upper runs of 84 feet long, landing on a platform 36 feet wide and of the same length as the last mentioned steps. There will be a portico over the principal entrance of the first and second stories. There will also be porticos over the north, south, and west entrances.

These designs for the tower and for the approaches and improvement of the east front of the Capitol are now on exhibition in Mr. Perry's rooms in the Capitol. Members of the Legislature elect who happen in Albany before January are invited by Mr. Perry, in his capacity of Capitol Commissioner, to inspect the plans. He greatly desires to complete the Capitol during his term of office.

CHANGE AT A CIRCUS TICKET OFFICE.

Some of the Ways in which Ticket Sellers are Able to Pay for Their Jobs.

"About a year ago," said a veteran of the ring, "I was with a circus travelling through the West. A more arrant set of thieves I have never seen than those with this show. They were all swindlers, and they seemed to be glad of it.

"To begin, one fellow paid $50 a month for the privilege of selling tickets. For the privilege, mind you, and as he had to pay his own expenses he had to steal $50 from the public before he commenced to make any money. He had to make a good many 'mistakes' in order to come out even, but he always managed to be from two to three hundred dollars ahead at the end of each month. The amount depended on the amount of business done by the show, for it is hard to make very many profitable mistakes except in a rush.

"The great London Show was a small affair, and stayed from two days to a week in a place, and charged 10 cents for admission. You see it is a great deal harder to make change for 10-cent tickets than for tickets selling for 25 and 50 cents. In that latter case the ticket seller never has to hand back more than two coins when changing a dollar or less, while in the former he has to hand from two to four coins back, and not so many people offer the exact change. This particular ticket seller was what the proprietor of the circus called chain lightning. He was a smart fellow, and he was aware of it. He would sit in the ticket wagon and when there was a rush he would make errors with a precision and to such purpose that no one who handed him over 50 cents would get the proper amount of change. Most of the people who were swindled did not notice the difference. Some of them who did notice it would not create a row for a small amount in such a crowd. But some of them would kick, and in that case they would receive the proper change, accompanied by such a pleasant and hearty smile and apology that they could not feel aggrieved at the attempt to cheat them.

"'Whenever a guy kicks up a rumpus,' he would say, 'I allus gives him the right change, and pretends it was all a mistake, and that there never was a straighter man than me. That is the best way ter treat ther bloke, fur I've found out ter a certainty that he will rather such a song and dance then every blamed guy in ther lot will tumble ter yer game, and will watch to see if yer tries ter hold out anything. See?'

"But the easiest victims were young fellows who had girls along. As the ticket seller put it, 'They are just pie.' You take your ticket low with a girl on each arm and gloves on his hands and he is a lamb that a circus man regards as a bounden duty to fleece, and he performs that duty cheerfully. The poor fellow is anxious to appear in the best light before the girls, and when he gets his ticket he presents a ten or a twenty dollar bill.

"'Thirty cents from a twenty,' says the seller. 'There is your tickets and here is your change,' and nineteen dollars and seventy cents is carefully counted from one of the showman's hands to the other and back again.

"'I believe that is all right,' he says, as he counts it the second time. It is all right, and he pours the change into the outstretched hand of the swain, who is anxious to treat monetary matters of little importance, and he drops the silver into his pocket. He goes on his way rejoicing, and feeling that no circus man can beat him. But the ticket seller is satisfied, as he is two dollars ahead, having deftly 'palmed' that amount when he pretended to pour what was the correct change into the hand of the man with the girls.

"Another bolder scheme is for a man to mount a box and begin selling concert tickets at the close of the performance. He sells tickets all right till some one hands him a $20 bill to change. There is always a crowd as the people are being hurried out so the concert can begin, and the young fellow jumps off the stool and disappears in the crowd. In a moment he has jerked off a false moustache and walks into the dressing room, where he changes his clothes. Of course the man who has been swindled creates a disturbance, but that is all the good it does him. The circus men are all too busy to listen to him, and if he becomes too noisy some burly canvasman will whip him. Of course this game can be worked only when there has been a large attendance. At such a time, if no one presents a bill to the fakir, he will induce some one to do so by offering a ticket for nothing if a large bill is offered, saying that the show does not want so much silver, as it is too inconvenient.

"With the show I was with there was one shrewd financier who sold tickets for the reserved seats. He had a benevolent look that would seem to indicate him as a nice victim for a confidence man, but there were no insects perceivable in his immediate neighborhood. When we reached a new town he went out, the candy, cigar, and toy stores, to the news stands, and the Post Office and secured all of the nickel three-cent pieces that he could. These he would pass for dimes very readily, especially at night and on old people and children. Oh, yes, these fellows would swindle a five-year-old or a centenarian with equal delight. They did not seem to have a particle of honor when a penny was in consideration.

"'Its der slickest lay in der hull bizness,' this fellow remarked to me one day. 'Dere is no danger uv bein' pinched an' der allus goes of yer puts dem in der poke's duke wid der tree down, so he sees nuttin' but der head. I has got so I kin hand dem out wid der tree down ez easy ez sleepin' an' wid der most innercent look in der world.'

"White pennies would also be brought into play for nickels, but in this it seemed that they could be used with profit only when dealing with ladies, children, and old folks. The boys all lamented that there was not more of the detestable twenty-cent pieces in circulation as all of them that could be secured would go to quarters without any trouble at all. One of the fellows said once that he believed it was a circus man who suggested the twenty-cent piece.

"Then when a half dollar was given it would be dropped into the pocket or the mouth, and a quarter made to take its place between the thumb and finger by a dexterous turn of the wrist. This was evidence that a quarter and not a half had been tendered in the first place. This could be worked only by persons who could do a sleight-of-hand-trick. There was not much money in any of these schemes, but lay paying than other work, though the circus folks were able to keep the wolf at a comfortable distance from the door."

GAMBLING AT NASHVILLE.

So Universal That a Guarantee Insurance Company Makes a Protest.

From the Memphis Avalanche.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 4.—That the city is now thoroughly demoralized from the influence of gambling, openly and defiantly carried on in the heart of Nashville, can no longer be denied. The city's best people are becoming alarmed. This morning five leading merchants, tour of them being wholesale men, said that the gambling craze was leading their young men to neglect their business.

Last week the authorized agent of the American Guarantee Company came here to investigate affairs, having heard that many of the young men holding responsible positions were patronizing the pool rooms. As is well known, this company furnishes bonds of men holding positions in banks and other institutions.

He found the reports to be true, and informed the employers of these young men that unless the gambling habit was immediately stopped the company would refuse to renew the bonds at expiration.

In accordance with this report a number of business men having young men in their employ have laid the matter clearly before their employees, telling them that if the guarantee company declined to renew their bonds they might look for positions elsewhere.

A Congress of Novelties at Worth's Museum.

A genuine novelty is on exhibition at Worth's Palace Museum, Fourteenth street, near Fourth avenue, this week. It is in the person of Ivan D. Orloff, a transparent German from the Imperial Panopticum, Berlin. He possesses the average weight, height, and general properties of other male mortals, yet his limbs are as transparent as glass. Portions of his arms and legs are as clear and transparent as the lens of a telescope. He is, indeed, a most astonishing piece of humanity, and this is his first appearance in this country. Orloff is the chief attraction in the curio hall, where also may be seen Princess Lucy, the smallest woman in existence. She is American born, stands twenty-one inches high, and is 26 years of age. A couple of other little people on view are Commodore Foote and sister, midgets of much renown. Prof. Fisher, the German Peale, the Nordic Sandow, Signor Georgio Williams, the turtle boy; Charles J. Norman, magician and Capt. Wesley Baum and his tattooed wife and dog are the other special features. Besides, Prof Worth gives interpretive lectures every hour on his vast collection of inanimate curiosities. In the auditorium the All Star Specialty Company have been engaged to furnish the stage entertainment. Special bills are given for ladies and children at 1 and 7 o'clock each day.

WILL WE COME TO THIS DRESS SUIT?

The Tailors Propose a New Style for Public Consideration.

It is well known that the men who make our clothes never have aspired to determine the fashion. That function has always been performed by some great and powerful dude, such as the King, or some person of similar authority, like the Prince of Wales. The tailors have, of course, had some share in influencing the cut or "swell" or "life" or "expression" of the proper garment, but beyond that they have never gone.

Of late years, however, the merchant tailors have begun to rise into great prominence. They have held conventions and discussed their work from the very highest standpoint of learning and æstheticism. Their meetings are regularly reported in the press, and their views on the subject of clothing are consequently gaining a respectful attention, such as they never possibly could have obtained by the individual conversation addressed by a single tailor to his customer. With this growth of the tailor's spirit there is evidence of a new force in the regulation of the fashion world. The province of the King is being usurped by the tailor, and if any one doesn't believe this, we can refer him to the evidence found in the reports of the tailors' conventions and in the trade journals devoted to their craft; and there are many of them.

In the last edition of the *Sartorial Art Journal*, for instance, we find the detailed portrait of the President of the Tailors' National Exchange, Mr. Henry Turner, as he appeared at the last Convention in a new and very original dress suit which he offered for the consideration of his fellow craftsmen. It was printed "because of its beauty" and for the benefit of the public. This is it, including Mr. Turner:

The coat is described as of dark material, with a light shawl collar, silk faced, with no lapel seams and with the skirt and forepart cut together, being only partly separated by the waist seam. The skirts are boldly rounded over the hips, and the fore part and sleeves ornamented with elaborate embroidery.

The vest was of white figured silk, closing with four buttons, having a moderately curved crease and plain rolling collar.

The trousers were of a lavender shade, and contrasted "very effectively with both the coat and vest."

The suit was, in fact, "one of the handsomest it has ever been our pleasure to see, and was so entirely different in expression and effect from the regular style that no one could help observing it, and to observe was, in this case, to admire."

"The accessories to the suit were, of course, in perfect taste, and the fit and run of lines unexceptionable. The dark coat, the splendid white vest, and the soft, delicate shade of the trousers, together with the tuberose ornamenting the breast of the coat, form a sartorial poem of the highest order."

HASHISH WORKS QUEERLY HERE.

It Often Brings Hallucinations the Reverse of Pleasant.

That cannabis Indica, or Indian hemp, when taken in certain doses, produces pleasant dreams and fancies, is a fact well known in the East, where, under the name of hashish, it is frequently given before battle by chieftains to their followers, in order to destroy their fear and fill them with a supernatural frenzy. The dreamy Turk indulges in it, owing to the delightful fancies it creates; but this does not hold true for the more practical nations. In the more civilized countries of the West, Indian hemp does not always produce pleasant hallucinations—in fact they are often disagreeable. One lady, after its administration, imagined her body divided in half, the lower portion running away. Under the dreadful apprehension that life would cease if they were not quickly reunited, she gave chase to the seceding lower half. Whether she caught it or not I do not know, but sleep or consciousness probably supervened, as she is well to-day.

A friend of mine, of Baltimore, was similarly affected. She imagined her two sides were done by one; then her lower limbs; her fingers, forearms, arms, and lower part of her trunk followed, and just as her heart was struggling to escape she awoke.

These dreams were undoubtedly terrible on account of the intense fear of death. The illusions, we, however, may be neither pleasing nor displeasing, only inconvenient. A certain gentleman, susceptible to the drug, walked a distance of ten miles or more, visited several friends, acting rationally all the time, but without the slightest knowledge of what he had done. He was surprised on finding himself at the extreme end of the city without knowing how he got there. When he subsequently learned of the visits he made, carrying on conversation in a natural manner, appearing only a trifle dull, he could scarcely believe it.

Another man, when under its influence, knew what he was doing, but had no idea of distance. This was the cause of many amusing incidents and nearly an accident. After having collided with a number of men, women, and ash barrels he started to cross a street and went directly into the middle of a horse car, which he imagined was a half block away. Some kind gentlemen, seeing his plight, and thinking him either blind or drunk, offered his escort home, which service was accepted.

A well-known doctor says of his experience: "I had been troubled with persistent headache, and hearing cannabis Indica might be of service, I tentatively took a moderate dose. Dinner was just over, and I was sitting in my study room reading a surgical treatise. After an hour or so of reading the letters seemed to rise from the paper and, growing larger and larger, would melt away together, leaving the page a perfect blank. Thinking my eyes were at fault, I rubbed them and started to read again. The same thing was repeated, and closing my eyes for a moment, the delusion commenced.

"I heard music and drumming as if in the distance, and looking in the direction from whence it seemed to come I saw soldiers dressed in gala uniforms, preceded by bands playing the most delicious melodies. As they approached the music became more and more distinct, until they passed before me in review.

"They were all tall, muscular fellows, at least six feet two, some mounted, most on foot. Some were dressed in the Prussian Hussars of the guard, with scarlet trousers, and Hessian boots, and huge bear-skin caps; their white furred and embroidered dolmans hanging gracefully from their shoulders, as they rode by. Others were like the various body guards of different nations, armed with steel breastplates and barred helmets. Some resembled the old Hungarian life guards, all scarlet, with dress coats and beaver caps. Others like the cuirassiers, the lancers, the dragoons, and the chasseurs à cheval. Some had high plumed hats, and looked like the old Duke Wellington Life Guards of England; and others were in the gay uniforms of Spain and Italy.

"There were soldiers of times mediæval and modern. There were warriors from Greece, with their bared limbs, white skirts, and drooping fezzes, carrying scimetars and Arabian guns. Then came some uniformed, like the soldiers of India, Tartary, and China. Many were dressed as the ancient Greeks and Romans. Some had the gaudy costumes of Persia; others were simply clad, like those of Carthage. Then came soldiers of the middle ages, armed cap-a-pie, on helmeted chargers, bearing heavy lances and escutcheoned shields. Then followed an interval of naked Nubians, black as night, with eyes like fire.

After these marched those whom I admire so much—no display, but in plain and modest gray—our own sunburnt, swarthy warriors. The music, varying as the different soldiers passed to suit each nation's character, became fainter and fainter, until it died away in the distance. And then I awoke, refreshed."

Kleptomania as a Cause for Divorce.

From the Minneapolis Journal.

John Merritt Lewis began suit yesterday against his wife, Ella E. Lewis, on a curious charge. They were married, he says, in 1882, at Watertown, N. Y. Six years later Lewis says that he discovered that his wife at the time he married her was a lunatic. Her insanity gave vent to itself in the form of kleptomania. He says that the horrible condition of his wife was concealed from him prior to his marriage and only became known to him as a post-nuptial discovery. In 1884, he says, Mrs. Lewis robbed a Mrs. Woodburn of a large amount of money and jewelry, and then she told him that she was afflicted with this peculiar mania.

THE WISDOM OF THE WITS.

Like the King's Clown, They Are Philosophers of the Highest Class.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

"I love you, sweet," the lover cried,
"I love you better than my life.
Oh! say that you will be my bride—
My wife."

"Swear by yon starry roof above
And by the earth that lies below,
If I consent, you'll always love
Me so."

"I swear, forever I'll be true—
Now let your arm with mine entwine—
And give me one sweet kiss, for you
Are mine."

"Dear John, when I become your bride
A loving wife you'll find in me;
In home, sweet home, my joy, my pride
Shall be."

How are they getting on to-day?
You ask. At home he's seldom seen;
She's going on the stage to play
Pauline!

—*Boston Courier.*

GOOD REASONS.

When you forgive an enemy
The stings that smart and blister,
The reason then is one of two—
He is a bigger man than you,
Or has a pretty sister.

—*Liverpool Post.*

EXCELSIOR.

The kerosene can on the mantel repose,
Its contents were sprinkled all over the fire,
And all that poor Kathleen O'Donahue knows is
This dull world has changed for a sphere that is higher.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Women (to tramp who has eaten a whole mince pie)—You seem to have a good appetite. Tramp (with tears in his eyes)—Yes, madam, that is all I have left in the world which I can rightly call my own.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Mr. Biznis—Whew! but I'm tired out! Mrs. Biznis—What's the matter? Mr. Biznis—The second bookkeeper asked me for a half day off to attend his aunt's funeral, and like a smart Aleck I said I would go with him. Mrs. Biznis—Was it a very good game? What was the score? Mr. Biznis—That's just where I got fooled myself. He was really going to his aunt's funeral.—*Terre Haute Express.*

WHY HE SMILED.

Proudly he walked down the carpeted aisle
Of the theatre, wreathing his face the whaisle
Into a happy and satisfied smaisle.

For stocks had gone up, and he'd made his paisle,
And was wearing a scarf tinted "Green of the Naisle,"
And a Jim Dandy suit of the latest staisle.

—*Sartorial Art Journal.*

She—What do you suppose supports the vast arch of the heavens?

He—The moonbeams, I guess.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Young Widow—Mr. Preachly, will you marry me?

Mr. Preachly—Well, really, Mrs. Buckner, this is so sudden, and—

Young Widow—Oh, well take your time to think it over. Mr. Harkins and I thought we'd like to have you perform the ceremony for us.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE TWO BOYS.

John was known when a boy as an idler,
A talkative loafer, a shirk;
While Jake was an old-fashioned fellow
Who seemed to find pleasure in work.

They have grown. John lives in a hovel
And Jake in a mansion. They're neighbors,
John is known as a labor reformer,
And Jake is a fellow who labors.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

Miss Swift—George has been waiting on me for the last two years, and we are to be married when he leaves college. He is the most muscular young man in his class.

Miss Jersey Hytes—Indeed! He waited on me at the Profile House last