other hand, knew well that the federal republic, which looked so feasible to Castelar and his fellow professors and journalists, would mean anarchy in Spain, and, moreover, give grave offence to Napoleon III., who could embarrass if not ruin him. He determined, accordingly, to set up a king, in order to be viceroy over him. Castelar then made the humiliating discovery that nowhere is the human word of so little effect as in a legislative chamber, and the great majority of the Radicals in the Cortes gave Prim steady support throughout 1869 and 1870 in his king-making projects. We need not remind the reader that, after the withdrawal of the Hohenzollern candidature which provoked the war of 1870 between France and Germany, Prim's choice fell on Don Amadeo, Duke of Aosta, a son of King Victor Emmanuel. Prim did not live, however, to see his candidate crowned. When the Duke of Aosta reached Carthagena, the first news he received was the report of the murder of the Spanish Warrior. It had been a not uncommon saying that Prim would kill Serrano, or Serrano would kill Prim, but there is no evidence that it was the Duke de la Torre who hired bravos to dispose of the Count of Reus, to give them their respective titles. The undisputed fact is that a gang of men who were never identified, and who, it is believed, were not seriously pursued, fired into Prim's carriage and mortally wounded him.

IV.

During the deplorable fiasco of the so-called reign of Amadeo, which lasted from the very end of 1870 till the first days of 1873, the Carlist revolt did not reach the height which it attained during the subsequent anarchy of the republic. The first step after the resignation of the crown by the Duke of Aosta was to get a new Ministry, and one was formed in which Castelar, who had ceased busily preaching his doctrines, became Foreign Minister. His republican friends, Salmeron, Figueras, and Pi y Margall, held other offices in the Cabinet, and the remainder were filled by Constitutionalists, as the previous supporters of Amadeo had been called. Castelar has since made the naïve confession that a political doctrine is subjected to a severe test when its partisans are suddenly called to put it into practice. The history of the Federal republic in Spain illustrates the truth of the saying. The usual fate of Spanish parties overtook the Federal Republicans as soon as they were in power. They split into factions and proved incompetent to deal with the Carlists or to control the army. What has been called the dictatorship of Castelar lasted for some four months, during which period he threw most of the doctrines which he had advocated for twenty years to the winds. Under the circumstances he could not well complain when he himself was ultimately thrown aside by his country. The eleven months from February, 1873, to the first days of January, 1874, constitute the whole of Castelar's official life. He has never held office since he was expelled from it by the Federal deputies, who were themselves immediately scattered in all directions by Don Manuel Pavia with his soldiers. It would appear that a politician with such a history behind him must needs have been buried in ridicule. Yet the fact is that Castelar went back to the very modest flat which he shared with his sister; to his lectures, for he had never ceased to hold the chair of the philosophy of history in the University of Madrid; and to his literary labors, in the enjoyment of no small measure of respect. Moreover, during the last five and twenty years he has possessed as much influence as ever he did, and has exercised it in a more useful way. The explanation of this seeming paradox is to be found in the course which he has since followed. That he has earned respect and not ridicule is due to his success in convincing his countrymen of his honesty. Castelar, in fact, has raised the level of what was expected from Spanish politicians, and has thereby done his country no contemptible service.

M. W. H.

## FULLY EXPANDED NAMES.

### Progress of the Custom of Using Given Names Instead of Initials.

A recent protest addressed to THE SUN against the expansion of the late H. C. Bunner's name serves to call attention to the fact that the habit of using Christian names in full is comparatively new in this country. The habit of bestowing more than one Christian name upon a child was not usual one hundred or one hundred and fifty years ago. Colonial worthies usually had a single Christian name. Few famous men of the Revolutionary period bore more than one Christian name. John Quincy Adams was the first President with a middle name, and sixteen Presidents were blessed with but one Christian name each. Every President but one since Johnson, however, has had two Christian names, for Grover Cleveland conceals a baptismal Stephen.

Few literary men of the colonial period and of the republic's early years bore middle names. Cotton Mather, John Cotton, Benjamin Franklin, Joel Barlow, and Thomas Paine at once come to mind. William Wirt, Washington Irving, and Philip Freneau are later examples of the same kind. Perhaps it was the desire to preserve a record of Revolutionary and colonial ancestors that led to the giving of two or more Christian names in the first quarter of the present century and earlier. At any rate men with such names began to be conspicuous in politics, literature, art, the church, and most other fields before the middle of the century. Edgar Allan Poe would hardly be recognizable masquerading under bare initials. Charles Fenno Hoffman would look equally strange as C. F. Hoffman, and so of two or three other men of the time. But the use of the full first and middle name was not general. The usual thing was the full Christian name with the middle initial, and this usage was so well recognized, especially as characteristic of politicians, that Lowell's "John P. Robinson" was instantly accepted as the exactly proper cognomen for the character portrayed. Those were the days of the James K. Polks, the Thomas H. Bentons, and the Paul H. Haynes, though the old-time simplicity of single Christian names had not altogether disappeared. Even H. W. Longfellow is not an unfamiliar form. Whittier was widely known to his countrymen as J. G. W., and several other famous literary men who lived well on to the end of the century were popularly known by their initials only, or by the first name and middle initial. James Russell Lowell, who is always spoken of thus at full, habitually signed his letters "J. R. Lowell." He was seldom called by his countrymen, as the English called him, "Russell Lowell."

The taste for using the full first and middle name seems to be confined in this country to literary and more or less fashionable persons. It is still unusual in politics and in business. It is almost general among the literary men that have begun to attract attention within the last twelve or fifteen years. Mr. Howells is oftener William Dean than he was twenty years ago, but how many readers of Frank Stockton's books know what his middle initial, "R," stands for? Society believes itself English in using the full first and middle names, but as a matter of fact the usage, save in a formal way, is less common in Great Britain than most persons think. Indeed, the bestowing of a single Christian name seems to be more usual there than here, and while in this country the use of a single initial, followed by the surname, is accepted almost as evidence of illiteracy, it is not unusual among distinguished and highly accomplished men in Great Britain. An examination of distinguished British names from the fourteenth century to the present time would show comparatively few double Christian names. In literature the men with more than one Christian name are chiefly confined to the present century, and after Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, and Swinburne have been named, those of two Christian names are rare.

### His Substitute.

*From the Washington Evening Star.*

A boy in this city failed to get a permit to celebrate the Fourth, owing to the fact that he had been away and did not return until last night. His parents warned him against using fireworks of any kind, and he was indignant. Early in the morning, however, his face was radiant with smiles as he went through the dining room with a mallet.

"What are you going to do with that?" his father asked.

"Celebrate the Fourth."

"You must not explode caps with that."

"I'm not going to. I'm not going to use any explosives at all."

Presently a noise that shook the china reverberated through the house. The family jumped in dismay. It was repeated and the family rushed to the back door.

"I did you make that noise?" asked the boy's father.

"Yes, sir. Isn't it a wonder? I noticed that this tin roof was a little loose, and every time I hit it it makes a noise that I wouldn't trade for a whole pack of cannon crackers."

## POEMS WORTH READING.

### The Causes of Patriotism.

*From the Nebraska State Journal.*

Corn was never so high
On the Fourth of July
As it is in Nebraska right now,
And the prospects are fair
For potatoes to spare
And for pumpkins as large as a cow.

In the years that have fled
Since our forefathers bled
To establish a Government here,
Not a State that I know
Ever saw the sun grow
Such fine prospects for corn in the ear.

Let us, then, celebrate
In this glorious State,
And delight in the things that we raise,
While we strive to forget
All the fury and fret
Of the Teller-Bland free-silver craze.

Sound the bew-gag and drum,
Make the old anvils hum,
Let the rockets ascend to the sky,
With the rusty old gun
Let us join in the fun,
And—hurrah for the Fourth of July.

### The Belles of Boston.

*From the Orphans' Bouquet.*

With deep vexation and reprobation,
I often think of those Boston belles,
Whose speech so high-toned, 'tis far and wide owned,
O'er lesser mortals throws mystic spells.
On this I ponder where'er I wander,
And grow no fonder, I ween, of these,
The belles of Boston whose minds are lost in
The depths profound of the "ologies."

I've heard belles prating full many a State in,
And loud debating at social club;
Though at times rare their tongues did vibrate,
They lacked the "cultuah" that adorns the "Hub."
For the sounds terrific, names scientific,
And terms specific thrown out with ease,
Make the belles of Boston seem far more lost in
The depths profound of the "ologies."

I've heard belles chat on the Isle Manhattan,
And seen youths astonished with assurance cool
By the tones half-mocking of some young blue-stocking,
On esthetics talking when let out of school.
Their strain pedantic and words gigantic
Would drive one frantic by slow degrees;
But the belles of Boston seem far more lost in
The depths profound of the "ologies."

Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C.

### Down at de Wingin'.

*From the Kansas City Times.*

Niggas all coonjinin high,
Swing dat fiddle bow,
Watch me catch Lucindy's eye;
Swing dat fiddle bow,
If my trousiaus don't git stuck,
Dancin' ob dis Mottle buck,
Bust dat nigga's haht fo' luck;
Swing dat fiddle bow.

She walk home wif yallah Jim,
Swing dat fiddle bow,
Lew she raddan go wif him,
Swing dat fiddle bow.
See me shuffle 'cross dis flo',
Up and down all around de do',
Bet she won' do it no mo',
Swing dat fiddle bow.

Know she's lookin', by my bones,
Swing dat fiddle bow,
Sashay roun' Sis' Susie Jones,
Swing dat fiddle bow.
Susie smile and cock huh eye,
Rah my hair most to de sky,
Know Lucindy's 'coun to die;
Swing dat fiddle bow.

O, my feet dey feel so light,
Swing dat fiddle bow,
See me wingin', ain' I right?
Swing dat fiddle bow.
O, I knows what I se inbout,
See Lucindy's eyes stick out,
Feel so glad I wants to shout;
Swing dat fiddle bow.

Dah she's comin' 'cross dis way,
Swing dat fiddle bow,
Wondah what she's gwine to say;
Swing dat fiddle bow.
"'Zeph, ain't I yo' honey, chile?"
Whoop! my hart jump fo'ty mile,
See dis niggah, how he smile,
Swing dat fiddle bow.

"Lady, am yo' talk to me?"
Swing dat fiddle bow.
"'Zeph, ain't I yo' honey, bee?"
Swing dat fiddle bow.
Den I grab my honey sweet,
Jaws uh mass' I hel' my feet!
Dis heah nigga cain be beat;
Swing dat fiddle bow.

Know'd I'd win my lady back,
Swing dat fiddle bow,
Yallah Jim he git de sack,
Swing dat fiddle bow.
Hesh dis gemman laugh an' sing,
Gwine to buy uh weddin' ring,
All on 'count dat fiddle string;
Swing dat fiddle bow.

FRANK MARKWARD.

### The Melon Down the Well.

*From the Atlanta Constitution.*

The "old oaken bucket" hangs there by the well,
With the green moss around it, I know,
But the heart in my breast still delighteth the best
In the melon that's cooling below.
In the melon that's seen
With a circle of green
In the depth of the waters below.

I know the sired mules have come home from the field,
The arm hand's forsaken the hoe;
But naught in the picture such pleasure can yield
As the melon that's cooling below.
As the melon that's seen
In the glory of green
In the depth of the cool well below!

### Cynthia.

*From the Kansas City Journal.*

Tip-toes Cynthia
Down the beach;
For her lips
The glad waves reach.

Yet they feel not
Love's emotion,
Though they say
That "love's an ocean."

If some fairy
Could but change me—
From this human
Life estrange me;

When she comes—
So runs my notion—
I'd give worlds
To be the ocean!

On a coral
Throne I'd place her
Gently should
My waves embrace her.

Till in love's
Enchanted bliss
I should drown her
With my kisses!

### Indian Cradle Song.

*From the Detroit Free Press.*

Swing thee low in thy cradle soft,
Deep in the dusky wood;
Swing the low and swing aloft—
Sile p, as a pappoose should;
For safe in your little birchen nest
Quiet will come and peace and rest,
If the little pappoose is good.

The coyote howls on the prairie cold,
And the owlet hoots in the tree;
And the big moon shines on the little child
As it slumbers peacefully;
So swing thee high in thy little nest,
And swing thee low and take the rest
That the night wind brings to thee.

The father lies on the fragrant ground,
Dreaming of hunt and fight;
And the pine leaves rustle with mournful sound
All through the solemn night;
But the little pappoose in his birchen nest
Is swinging low as he takes his rest,
Till the sun brings the morning light.

### The Spelling Class.

*From Good Housekeeping.*

Stand up, ye spellers, now and spell—
Since spelling matters are the rage,
Spell Phenakistoscope and Knell,
Diphtheria, Syzygy, and Gauge.
Or take some simple word, as Chilly,
Or Willie, or the garden Lily.
To spell such words as Syllogism,
And Lacrymose and Synchronism,
And Pentateuch and Saccharine,
Apocrypha and Calendine,
Lactiferous and Cecity,
Jejune and Homœopathy,
Paralysis and Chloroform,
Rhinoceros and Pachyderm,
Metempsychosis, cherubim, Basque,
It is certainly no easy task.
Kaleidoscope and Tennessee,
Kamtschatka and Dispensary,
Would make some spellers collieky.
Diphthong and Erysipelas,
And Etiquette and Sassafras,
Infallible and Ptyalism,
Allopathy and Rheumatism,
And Cataclysm and Belesquer,
Twelfth, Eighteenth, Rendezvous, Intriguer,
And hosts of other words are found
On English and on classic ground.
Thus Behring Strait and Michaelmas,
Thermopylæ, Cordilleras,
Suite, Jubilee, Remorseless, and Havana,
Cinquefoil and Iscscauanha,
And Rappahannock, Shenandoah,
And Schuylkill, and a thousand more,
Are words some fire-rate spellers miss,
In Dictionary lands like this.
Nor need one think himself a Scroyle,
If some of these his efforts foil;
Nor d'em himself undone forever
To miss the name of either river—
The Dnieper, Seine, or Guadalquiver.

E. P. DYER.

### Components of a Complication.

*From the Baltimore Sun.*

A woman carrying a jug of gasoline was run down by a man riding a bicycle last night at Forrest and Orleans streets. The man was smoking a cigarette. When the woman fell the gasoline was upset. The man's cigarette fell into the woman's gasoline, igniting the fluid and making a lively blaze for a while. Neither the man nor the woman was much hurt, and they hastily got away before their names could be obtained by the patrolman who shortly arrived on the scene.

### A Sweet Yarn from Arkansas.

*From the Louisville Courier-Journal.*

The bees of the Boston Mountain range in Arkansas are very industrious this year. The product on of honey is so great that the farmers are hard pushed for a place to put it. All the barrels and tubs have been used up, and the supply of cotton baskets, which have been lined with heavy cloth, will soon be exhausted unless the bees conclude to take a rest.

## STORIES ABOUT GEORGE LAW.

### Exaggerated or Unfounded Reports Which He Never Cared to Deny.

The late George Law belonged to a set of New York men which had included in its time such celebrities as Wright Sanford, Fred May, and George Pollock. Many of them are still alive, but they play no such conspicuous part in the life of the city as they did ten or fifteen years ago. The man about town of the day has changed in a number of particulars, and he is not of just the same athletic breed as formerly. These earlier club men devoted more time to heavier exercises, and whether or not that was responsible for their size and health, they certainly were a vigorous-looking lot. Some of the yarns told about Mr. Law were true and some were not; but they were nearly all interesting. When a man becomes a well-known hero for stories, any number of them is likely to become more or less identified with his name, and many a stale fable is temporarily revivified by its connection with the personality of a well-known man who has been selected by tacit consent as an appropriate foundation for a story that needs one.

Mr. Law suffered much in this way. Once he bought at Saratoga a lot of jewelry for a number of sporting men who had entertained him on his trip and during the two days he had spent at the Springs. The cost of the jewelry was under $4,000, an expenditure which Mr. Law could readily afford, but the report was spread that in a drunken debauch he had spent $63,000 in this way, and hired a special train to bring the crowd to New York. It happened that Mr. Law was not drinking at that time, and had not tasted alcohol for eight months.

Early one morning a SUN reporter who was driving through the country near New York met Mr. Law driving a four-in-hand. Mr. Law was returning from a trip of 600 miles, undertaken on a wager, and for fifteen hours he had been driving almost uninterruptedly. Nevertheless, a paper printed that same morning an account of a barroom brawl which had taken place the night before in New York and in which Mr. Law was made to appear as the principal figure. In this way he was falsely reported from time to time as having indulged in a prolonged debauch. He never even troubled himself to deny these stories. He said he had never considered it worth while to contradict them, and he never even made the slightest effort to deny the story telegraphed all over the United States several years ago that he had bankrupted himself playing faro. He was absolutely indifferent to what the newspapers said about him, although most wealthy men are extremely sensitive under the kind of comment which Mr. Law's alleged exploits always aroused.

After he was graduated from Columbia College his father made him a driver on the Eighth avenue line of street cars, and his duty every day was to take a car down from the stables to the Astor House and back twice. One night, after a cold rain had chilled the young driver to the marrow, there occurred the only incident which marred his good record in this branch of the company's service. A friend of his at college jumped on the car and suggested that a drink would be in order considering the weather and the time of night.

On Fifty-fifth street, midway between Eighth and Ninth avenues, there was a well-known sporting resort kept by an ex-boxing master of Columbia. Mr. Law's friend had proposed that he stop the car while they run down the street, hurriedly took a drink, and returned to the car. But Mr. Law preferred to follow his own ideas in the matter, and giving the horses a sudden yank he turned them sharply toward Ninth avenue and whipped them up until, by a quick effort, they lifted the car off the track. Over the cobbles the strong horses drew the car, to the amazement of the conductor and the passengers, and, rattling down through the street, stopped in front of the saloon. Mr. Law alighted with his friend, and solid the rest of the passengers. After they had all taken a drink at the driver's expense they returned to the vehicle, and the car again started the noisy progress over the stones. When it was again on the rails, and the journey up Eighth avenue was resumed, it was rather the worse for wear.

During his days as a street car driver Mr. Law most enjoyed his duties when in charge of the ten-horse snow plough. He was a good whip, and was frequently seen in the Park on his four-in-hand.

## THE WISDOM OF THE WITS.

### Advice for Wage Earners.

*From the Boston Journal.*

A dinner should be chosen with care in the summer months, especially by those in moderate circumstances whose income is dependent on their health. Wines and vegetables should be in sympathy with the meat. Thus with epigrammes de pigeonneaux drink claret cup and eat black Hamburg grapes; with venison take dry champagne, melon, and French beans; with ortolans, chateau Yquem; with artichaux à la barigoule, tokay. These nicetics may seem trivial to a man with vast appetite and uncultured palate, but they give sweetness and light to the banquet; they are the results of a subtle and recondite chemistry which renders impossible both indigestion and dissatisfaction.

### Keeping the Record Good.

*From the Detroit Tribune.*

"Why," asked the casual observer, "did you shoot that tenderfoot?"

"Because," replied the Chairman of the Civic Federation, always glad to supply reasonable information, "he would otherwise have died of consumption, and we are trying to have our town recognized as a health resort, you know."

### Fetched Him.

*From the Detroit Free Press.*

Boggs—Boys, I want to get a policeman quick. There's never one around when you want him, and there are thieves in my barn.

Future Diplomat—Here, kids, get to playing ball. And before the ball had been passed a half dozen times a big policeman came around the corner on the dead run.

### A Lesson in Finance.

*From the Detroit Free Press.*

Light of the Household—Papa, what is them red, white, and blue things mamma found in your pocket and calls chips.

Blushing Papa—Fiat money, my son, redeemable at the bank in gold, silver, or paper. The system dates back with faro. You know his daughter found Moses in the bulrushes. Now run out and ride your bicycle.

### Untimely Correction.

*From the Chicago Tribune.*

"Now, Miss Ticklowell," began the youth, "I propose——"

"I beg pardon, Mr. Fields-James," interrupted the Boston maiden, "but do you not mean you 'purpose'? Perhaps, however," she added hastily and in some confusion, "I did not anticipate exactly what you were about to say. Pray proceed."

### A 16 to 1 Town.

*From the Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"Is this a sixteen-to-one town?" asked the drummer.

"It air on Sunday," answered the native.

"On Sunday?"

"Yas. Sixteen goes fishin' to one goin' to church."

### Having a Time.

*From the Indianapolis Journal.*

Wickwire—I see that another policeman has been suspended for sleeping on his watch.

Mudge—I have been eating and drinking on mine for a week.

### Improved Farm Method.

*From the Chicago Record.*

"They are talking of putting in long-distance telephones for the farmers' use."

"How charming! Of course they can be utilized in calling the cows."

### The Spirit of Organization.

*From the Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Teacher—Willie, you are to stay in after school and do three extra examples.

Willie—What? And git out out of the Scholars' Union for workin' overtime? I will, I don't think.

### Certainty.

*From the Chicago Record.*

Smith—Thank goodness! I've got a wife who'll never wear either short skirts or bloomers.

Jones—Ah, but you don't know——

Smith—Don't I! Well, I guess I know how tender she is about her No. 6 shoes.

### The Two-thirds Rule.

*From the Indianapolis Journal.*

James—What is the two-thirds rule?

Samuels—At my house it means the rule of my wife and boy. And it goes.

### A Friend to the Poor.

*From the Indianapolis Journal.*

"He is a great friend to the poor."

"So he is. He will keep any of his friends poor if they will give him half a chance."

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

In reply to this question you made this answer: "Wherein would the free coinage of silver at the rate of 16 to 1 injuriously affect the interests of American wage earners? In that wage earners, when they sell their labor, would get only 50 cents in commodities for a dollar's worth of labor." Will you explain how you reach this conclusion? A silver dollar would be equal to a gold dollar at the ratio of sixteen parts to one of gold, thus making them in exchange equal to and the same, then how will the wage earner only get 50 cents for his dollar's worth of labor? S. BLANCHE GRAY.

The silver dollar under free coinage at 16 to 1 would not be equal to a gold dollar; gold would be driven out of circulation by silver, and in all our dealings with foreign countries we should have to pay two silver dollars where one gold dollar would suffice. The same result would happen here, as the next step; that is, the purchasing power of silver would fall to one-half of its nominal value, so that a silver dollar would buy only half the present quantity of commodities. But the value of labor changes very slowly, and for a long while a day's labor would be paid with no greater wage of silver at 16 to 1 than it now gets of gold. Thus the wage earner would do a dollar's worth of work, and his dollar would buy only 50 cents' worth of commodities measured in gold.

Is it not probable that the supposed Indian chief is the Osseo of Indian fairy lore, the "Son of the Evening Star," whose story was told by Iagoo at Hiawatha's wedding feast and also told in prose in a child's book of Indian fairy stories published in New York by Mason Bros. in 1856?

E. W. COOK.

1. Is it true that the average annual product of silver in the world, since 1873, has been one thousand times as great as it was for a hundred years prior to 1860? 2. Has it been thirty times as great since 1873 as it was during the period from 1860 to 1873? 3. Has the production of gold since 1873 increased in quantity in about the same ratio as the production of silver? 4. Has there been about one ounce of gold produced since 1873 for every sixteen ounces of silver? J. M.

1. No. The annual average production of silver for the years 1761-1860 was 28,558,584 fine ounces; for the years 1873-1894, both included, it has been 96,836,188 fine ounces, about four times as much. 2. No. From 1861 to 1873 it was about 46,824,523 ounces; since 1873 it has been about twice as much. 3. The product of gold in 1894 was rather more than twice that of 1874; but the average annual production is not twice as great. 4. No; there has been on the average one ounce of gold produced for every 19 ounces of silver.

Kindly settle a dispute, whether or not Harvard College maintains more branches of study than Yale; also if Yale is better in any respect than Harvard—athletics excepted. W. O. S.

Harvard does. It is richer than Yale, and provides fuller courses than Yale in several subjects. Yale has "class deacons;" we think she must be better than Harvard in some respects.

It is my desire to study carefully the history of the Democratic party and the political history of New York State; you will confer a great favor upon me by naming some authority on this subject, or course of readings which will enable me to acquire the desired knowledge. T. EDW. M.

Alexander Johnston's "History of American Politics" is a valuable book; Cooper's "American Politics" is also good. *McClure's Magazine* has published a series of articles on the history of Tammany Hall. There is no standard history of New York politics, however.

What is the origin of the term "old glory," as applied to the American flag? S. H.

We do not know; we have never been able to learn. Of late some critics have said that the name was originally English, applied to the British flag, and applied later to our own flag, this later application being acquiesced in by the Britons. Brewer, however, defines the term as meaning "the United States flag."

Just how much truth is there in the assertion of the opponents of the gold standard that the Bank of England years ago fixed an unvarying price per ounce for gold, that that price still prevails and governs the value of gold without respect to production? SOUND MONEY.

There is just this much basis of truth for the story, that the charter of the bank requires it to give a certain number of gold coins of a certain weight and fineness for each ounce of gold bullion that is brought to their counters. This provision does away with the necessity of waiting for the bullion to be coined. It does not fix the value of the bullion; it is equivalent to saying that a certain number of gold coins shall be coined from each ounce of gold.

Please give me a brief history of the late Seventy-ninth Regiment (Highlanders), N. Y. S. M. J. E. CAMERON.

Of the Seventy-ninth "Highlanders" Regiment we have no record previous to 1861. It was a part of the State militia, and on May 29, 1861, was mustered into the United States service under Lieut.-Col. S. McK. Elliott for three years. Col. Fhisterer says that it was "turned over to the State" in September and received its numerical designation Dec. 11, 1861. In May, 1864, Col. Elliott was authorized to recruit the Cameron Highlanders; but later was authorized to recruit for the existing regiment. The regiment left the State June 2, 1861, and was mustered out July 14, 1865, near Alexandria. It lost by death four officers, 195 men, and its wounded and missing numbered 359 men. It lost heavily at Bull Run, at Secessionville, in Gen. Pope's campaign, and at Antietam; it was engaged at South Mountain, Blue Springs, Fort Sanders, Spotsylvania, and in other battles.

What are the duties of a Sheriff's jury? J. B.

To pass on facts presented to the jury, with the view to determine whether or not the Sheriff acted rightly in his official capacity. Cases come up continually where the Sheriff is required to act; there may be no legal opposition to his acting; but to relieve him of responsibility, a jury "takes an inquest," hears his side of the case, and decides whether or not the facts bore him out. The position of Sheriff's juror is about the best that a jurymen can have; the work is light, and service exempts one from other jury duty. It is said that no one ever restians from the Sheriff's jury.

*C. L. W.*—The phrase "innocuous desuetude" has not been traced further back than Mr. Cleveland.

*T. H. S.*—The iron fences around the City Hall Park, Madison square, and Union square were removed about 1870.

*F. K. Stevenson.*—Taj (the Taj Mahal) is pronounced Tadge, the a not short, nor yet very long. Himalayas is pronounced Himahl-yahs.

*J. Birdman.*—The population of this State, by the State census of 1892, was 6,513,843; it is estimated now at more than 6,700,000.

*C. M. L.*—"The Queen of the County" was written by the author of "Margaret and Her Bridesmaids"; further than this we do not identify the writer.

*A. R. R.*—The Hudson River Railroad was built between 1846 and 1851, and was opened for business between this city and East Albany on Oct. 8 of the latter year.

*R. J. W.*—In this country a billion is considered to be one thousand million—1,000,000,000; in England it is a million of a million—1,000,000,000,000.

*R. O. T. J.*—From 1859 to 1864 the Great Eastern carried passengers when she could get them; in 1864-65 she carried the cable, and thereafter carried a few passengers again.

*G. F. Nelson.*—The corner stone of the present Post Office was laid in 1870. The first shovelful of earth for the excavations for the foundations was taken out by Col. Dodge, a clerk in the Post Office, who was 81 years old.

*E. Davenport D.*—Marie Corelli is the pen name of Mary Mackay. She is the daughter of the late Charles Mackay, "LL. D.," a poet and prose writer. She is about 40 years old, and has written "Vendetta," "Wormwood," "Ardath," &c.

*J. C. F.*—Parkman's histories describe the early history of Quebec; so far as we know there is no history of the modern city of any value. The history of Canada down to 1867 is practically that of Quebec. MacMullen's is the history of Canada.

*T. H. R.*—The Duke of Veragua is descended from a great-granddaughter of Columbus; his lineage is this: Columbus, Admiral, d. 1506; Diego, Admiral, d. 1526; Christopher, Duke of Veragua and Marquis of Jamaica, d. 1572; Francesca; Josefa, married Martino de Larreategui; Diego; Francisco; Pedro; Marino, for whom the title of Duke of Veragua was revived in 1790; Pedro, second Duke; Christopher, third Duke, born 1837, visited this country in 1893.

*C. B. Norton.*—The Siamese twins, Chang and Eng, were born in Bangascan, Siam, April 15, 1811. They were exhibited in the United States in 1830 and thereafter in this country and Europe for twenty-five years. They settled as farmers near Mt. Airy, N. C., in 1855, married two English girls, sisters, by whom they had, Chang six, Eng five, children. Some reports say they did not marry until about 1856; others, that two of their sons served in the Confederate army. They lost their fortune by the war and went into the show business after it was over, but with less success than before. Chang died Jan. 17, 1874, and Eng within a few hours afterward. At Mt. Airy they were known as the Bunkers, excellent farmers, and good business men.

## SOME BACKWOODS FINANCIERING.

### They Evaded Paying for Their Whiskey, but the Distillery Was Destroyed.

AUGLAIZE CREEK, O., July 10.—In the old days, say forty years ago, the most popular and in every way the most successful manufacturing establishment in this village was a small-sized whiskey distillery that stood on the east bank of the canal, about a mile north of the centre of the village. Not only did the distillery furnish a market for the corn which was then the chief product of the black farm lands of this part of northwestern Ohio, but the owners of the farm lands furnished a market for the whiskey of the distillery, and the canal to Toledo at the north and Cincinnati at the south furnished a cheap and ready outlet for the products of both distillery and farm.

How the farmers used to gather on the towpath opposite the distillery and race their horses for a jug of distillery product as a prize which was always hung on a pole over the track at the finish is a story that has already been related in THE SUN. But the distillery is no longer to be found on the bank of the canal. The distillery has moved away, and the last race for a jug of whiskey on the towpath of the canal was held so long ago that the people not only have forgotten the date but the name of the winner. And all this has happened because of a peculiarity in the terms of a contract under which the distiller used to sell whiskey on credit to the farmers and of the trouble which followed a change in the terms of that contract.

Money being scarce and coonskins not over plenty, it was agreed between the distiller and the farmers, soon after the distillery began operations, that the price of a quart of whiskey should be either a bushel of wheat or four bushels of potatoes, at the option of the farmer. And this contract was put in writing. It was agreed on all sides, when this arrangement was made, that this was a fair deal. Van Wert county land was good for a regular return of each crop from year to year, and there was an equally unvarying cost in the product of whiskey, while the quality of all products was to the entire satisfaction of everybody concerned. Indeed, so well were the farmers satisfied that they were in the habit of getting their whiskey supplies by the barrel and paying for them once a year at harvest time, either in wheat or potatoes, as was most convenient.

After several years of mutual satisfaction among the parties to this deal there came a hustling Yankee into the region, who brought with him a new kind of potato. It was a tuber that was not only just as good in quality as the old kind, but with the same labor in the field a product twice as great could be depended on. Very naturally the distillery being in place of competition with other heard of the mor prolific potato soon after it was introduced, and at once foresaw that he should be flooded with these potatoes in exchange for whiskey and that he should get no wheat at all. A farmer who could raise four bushels of the new potatoes with half the labor required to raise a bushel of wheat would naturally bring the potatoes when paying for the whiskey he had had.

So the distiller, by some means unknown to the farmer, so it is charged, secured a change in the contracts by which wheat only should be received thereafter in case the farmer wanted more than a pint of whiskey.

For a time this change in the contract was not noticed. It took time for the new variety of potatoes to become common, and until that time arrived the farmers continued to swap both wheat and potatoes as before for their liquor. But eventually a day came when the distiller brought out his changed contracts, showed them to the farmers, and refused to exchange more than a pint of whiskey for anything but wheat. And then the trouble began.

The farmers had been putting more and more land to potatoes, and when the distiller refused to receive them the country became glutted with potatoes. The potato industry seemed ruined, and the farmers began to argue the matter with their erstwhile friend, the distiller, and they laid especial stress on the alleged fact that the contract had been changed without their knowledge or consent. To this the distiller replied that even if that were so the new contracts were fair. The labor involved in making whiskey was unchanged, and the labor involved in growing a bushel of wheat was the same—if anything, because of improved machinery, it was less. So for the farmer, at least, a quart of whiskey for a bushel of wheat was a fair swap.

Moreover, the toll on grain of all kinds brought to the distillery burrs for grinding had been reduced one-half, since all danger of overwhelming offers of potatoes had been averted, while the extra amount of grain which he had demanded as interest, in consideration of waiting for the harvest season for his pay, had been greatly reduced also.

Last of all he declared that if the farmers, who, under the new contract, had been getting whiskey as before, refused to adhere to their contracts, they would simply compel him to stop all supplies of whiskey and emigrate.

At that some of the farmers became greatly enraged. One or two even wanted to burn the distillery and hang the distiller, saying that his demand for wheat instead of potatoes for the whiskey they had had was sheer robbery. This cry having been often repeated by the more Slatern of those who owed wheat, inflamed the whole community so that the distiller was obliged to flee for his life.

He received neither wheat nor potatoes for the whiskey he had freely sold on credit, and his distillery was utterly destroyed. And to this day the people of northwestern Ohio are asking one another whether the distiller should have been paid, according to the later contract, in wheat that required the same amount of labor as ever to produce a bushel, or in potatoes, which could be produced with half the labor.

## ROUGH ON CAMPAIGN CLUBS.

### Effect of the Raines Law on Mushroom Political Organizations in This City.

In every State or Presidential campaign it has been in times past a usual thing for mushroom campaign clubs to start up, having their headquarters on a second floor immediately over a saloon. It is not an uncommon thing for a saloon keeper to take a lease either of an entire house, the first floor of which is occupied for saloon purposes, or of the second floor. In winter the floor over a saloon can usually be rented to advantage, but in summer the case is different, and it is here that the campaign clubs appear to advantage.

Half a dozen ambitious but generally unemployed partisans of either political faith rent from a saloon keeper his second floor for either a nominal consideration or a much reduced price. They make this floor their headquarters, and it soon becomes the rendezvous of their friends and the club adds materially to the patronage of the saloon on the first floor. A dumb waiter connects the two, and on Sundays in times past, before the passage of the Raines bill, the members of each of these campaign clubs would entertain their friends and the friends of their friends on Sunday without danger of molestation. The saloon keeper, who might otherwise have the second floor untenanted, was glad of the opportunity of getting additional revenue in the form of patronage from the club members and when the campaign was at an end the club would disband and the second floor could be rented to advantage to a private tenant. The Raines law, however, has changed all this. Saloon men having control of the second floor of the building in which their hostelry is established have been glad to utilize it for "hotel" purposes. A Raines hotel enjoys practical exemption from police interference in its Sunday business, and its only requisite is the fixing up of ten rooms on the second floor by means of partitions, and this fixing up is fatal to campaign clubs. The saloon keeper who desires to maintain a "Raines hotel" there are 1,500 such hotels in town, open or projected) must have his ten rooms for the accommodation of Sunday wayfarers continuously during all months of the year, and he finds that the revenue from this source far outweighs even the most liberal offers of the managers of the political campaign clubs. As a result there has been this year a visible falling off in the number of such clubs, and an unusual feature of the campaign will probably be the curtailment of the number of campaign clubs below the record of any previous year. Some politicians who have come to look upon the mushroom campaign clubs as an oppressive and objectionable cause of expenditure declare that their practical abolition is one of the features of the Raines bill which is to be commended as beneficent.

### Indestructible Elias Dunkle.

*From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

BELLEFONTE, July 6.—Saturday, at Hecla Park, while arranging for a balloon ascension, Elias Dunkle, aged 14 years, was struck by a falling pole. He was picked up for dead, but, though most of his teeth were knocked out, his jaw was broken, and he was covered with bruises, he is to-day as lively as ever. Two years ago a church was blown over in a storm and some of the stones fell on Elias. Three weeks ago a horse fell on him, but he was uninjured.

### A Louisiana View of Dust Screens.

*From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

The Yazoo and Mississippi Valley Railroad is the only one entering New Orleans on which Pullman cars are run that are fitted with mosquito bars. The winged pests are not very troublesome on the cars, and bars are not much needed. It may be that they are worse along the line of the Yazoo and Mississippi Valley than along the other lines, but certain it is that the road in question is the only one that has so far provided for the comfort of its patrons in this respect.

## FOREIGN NOTES OF REAL INTEREST

On account of the recent important sales of coins, the Government has added $30,000 to the annual grant for the British Museum.

Tomatoes are believed to produce cancer by many people in England. The *British Medical Journal* asserts that there is no ground for the belief.

In the Duc de Nemours died the last Knight of the Order du Saint Esprit, which was established by Henry III. and finally abolished in 1830.

Verestschagin is about to publish a new book called "Autobiographies of Unimportant People." It is a series of sketches with realistic portraits of beggars, soldiers, priests, and other common Russian types.

It took just two hours and a half to cut down three trees, chop them up, make them into pulp, and then into paper, completely printed, and turn them out as newspapers at the Eifvethal wood pulp factories in Sweden recently.

William II. has presented a fountain to his grandmamma. It represents a spread eagle soaring out of the water that shoots up around it, and will be set up in the Little Park at Windsor Castle beside the fountain which William I. gave Queen Victoria.

One hundred and four out of a possible 105 was made at a rifle match at Ilford by a volunteer of the East Surrey Regiment recently. The score was 34 for seven shots at 200 yards, 35 at 500 yards, and 35 at 600 yards. This is believed to be a world's record.

A new experiment in lighting has been made in the room containing the Raphael cartoons at the South Kensington Museum. Instead of clear glass, layers of green, yellow, and blue glass are used; this gives a white light, eliminates actinic rays, and prevents the pictures from fading.

Sir Augustus Harris kept on acting on the Drury Lane stage for three years after he had become lessee and manager of the theatre in order to benefit by the provision of the "Old Drury Lane Fund," which allows to every manager who has acted on its stage for three successive years a pension of a pound a day.

Diphtheria statistics for 1895 have been issued by the Paris Enfants Malades Hospital, where the serum treatment was used. Of 1,140 children, 158 or 13.85 per cent. died; 87 