# SILVER IN MASSES.

## Bonanzas of Fabulous Treasure in the West.

## WILL SILVER EVER BE CHEAP?

**How the Wonderful Deposits at Creede and Aspen, in Colorado, Were Formed—Ingenious Ways of "Salting" Silver Mines—The Comstock Lode.**

THE POSSIBILITY that Uncle Sam may be obliged to coin without charge all the silver offered to him causes the government to regard with peculiar interest the new discovery in Colorado of deposits of that metal which promise to astonish the world with their productiveness and perhaps to reduce the market value of the precious substance itself.

The silver output of this country is growing steadily greater—it was more than $70,000,000 last year—and it is realized that the argentiferous regions of the west have but begun to be drawn upon. Bonanzas of fabulous treasure remain yet to be discovered, of which a mere suggestion is afforded by the recent finds of gigantic ore masses at Creede and Aspen. One of these, called the "Molly Gibson mine," has yielded rock worth $12,000 a ton. A single car load produced $75,000. A STAR reporter a few mornings ago saw a chunk of it at the office of the geological survey. Silver composed one-half of the mass, mixed with arsenic and antimony—a rare combination. Working in this kind of stuff is almost like digging for wealth in the vaults of the treasury at Washington. A pocket in the "Park Regent" at Aspen, as big as a good-sized room, struck nine weeks ago, held $100,000.

NATURE'S PROCESS.

The processes by which nature forms such accumulations of silver are very interesting. It must be remembered that the earth's crust is full of water, which percolates everywhere through the rock, making solutions of elements obtained from them. These chemical solutions take up small particles of the precious metals which they find scattered here and there. Sometimes the solutions in question are hot, the water having got so far down as to be set boiling by the internal heat of the globe. Then they rushed upward, picking up the bits of metal as they go. Naturally, heat assists the performance of this operation. Now and then the streams thus formed, perpetually flowing hither and thither below ground, pass through cracks or cavities in the rocks, where they deposit their loads of silver. This is kept up for a great length of time, perhaps thousands of years, until the fissure or pocket is filled up. Crannies permeating the stony mass in every direction may become filled with the metal, or occasionally a chamber may be stored full of it, as if a myriad hands were fetching the treasure from all sides and hiding away a future bonanza for some lucky prospector to discover.

VARIOUS COMBINATIONS.

The silver is not deposited in a pure state, however, but in combination with sulphur, arsenic or other minerals, depending upon whether the original solution was sulphide of silver, arsenide of silver, or what not. Frequently it is found together with lead and sulphur, because lead has the peculiar property of being able to dissolve silver. This is the case with the ores at Creede, which are in enormous masses of rock that were thrown by volcanic action out of the interior of the earth thousands of years ago. So wonderfully rich are they that the stuff dug out is sent crude to the mills without sorting and yields often thousands of dollars a ton. When it is considered that 13 cubic feet weigh a ton it will be perceived how great the profit is in the working of such material. Here and there chunks of the pure metal are found, where the other elements have been dissolved out of it by the action of the water, leaving what looks like silver moss.

THE ASSAYING

of a bit of this sulphide of lead ore is a very simple and pretty process. A little cup of porous clay is made and into it is put the specimen to be tested. Heat is applied to melt the latter, when the lead runs into the pores of the clay cup, leaving a button of pure silver behind. At a certain point in the performance there occurs a sudden brightening of the silver button, which miners call the "blick," and it is at this moment that the operation must be brought to a close, lest some of the metal be volatilized and lost. In smelting the ore in bulk the same method is often employed on a big scale. The clay cup used is four or five feet across and the silver button obtained may be of several pounds weight. At the last, for the same reason not well understood, certain gases which have formed within the metallic mass burst out in miniature volcanoes, producing a remarkable effect.

IN ITS NATURAL STATE.

Silver, as it is ordinarily found in nature, is not pretty to look at, nor has it any glitter. The rich ore from the "Molly Gibson" is of a bluish-gray color and lusterless. There is plenty of glitter to be seen in the silver caverns, but it is the iron or copper pyrites mingled with the precious metal that shines with brilliant crystals. Here and there, too, are found nests of quartz crystals, beautiful to the eye, as well as amethysts and other shining stones, usually of no value. Often there are spangles of free gold in plenty. Much of the bullion of the famous Comstock lode in Nevada has yielded as much as 50 per cent of gold. The sulphide of lead or "galena," which forms most of the ore at Creede, however, has a bright luster of its own.

A CLEVER TRICK DISCOVERED.

An amusing story is told by the noted geologist, Clarence King, of an investigation which he made of an alleged silver mine in Utah. He undertook the task at the instance of certain capitalists who proposed to buy the property, which was represented to be of enormous value. Appearances were certainly very much in its favor. On the way down the shaft the walls on every hand gleamed brightly with shining ore in the light thrown by the lamps and the sides of the drifts were equally beautiful to the eye of the observing expert. However, while examining the rock more critically, he noticed by chance a coarse thread hanging out of it. Ordinarily threads do not grow in rock, and the finding of this one led to the discovery of the whole swindle; for the fact was developed that the owner of the mine had taken a great quantity of galena, reduced it to powder, made it with water into a plaster and carefully stuccoed the entire walls of shaft and drifts with the material. The plaster was carried for this purpose in gunny sacks, a thread from which got mixed in with it.

A SALTED COLORADO MINE.

Perhaps even funnier was the salting of a mine in Colorado, which was bought by ex-Senator Tabor by order from some friends of his in Denver. Chicken Bill, a prospector of rather disreputable notoriety, did the job, performing it so successfully that $40,000 was paid over to him for the property without any question. He was so elated over the transaction as to be unable to keep the secret, communicating it to a number of intimate friends. In this manner the news reached Denver, and the people who had employed Tabor as their agent in the matter refused to receive the mine. So Tabor, finding it left upon his hands, determined to make the best of the situation and proceeded to dig further in the hole. He pierced the rock ten feet further and came upon a body of ore which proved to be one of the richest ever found in the state.

HOW MINES ARE SALTED.

The gullibility of persons who buy mines has passed into a proverb. It is said that such properties have actually been salted with half-melted silver dollars and sold to investors who did not realize that the precious metal was not found in nature with the stamp of the mint upon it. Undoubtedly the most scientific method of accomplishing this sort of swindle is to apply the silver in the shape of a nitrate solution. When it is ready for use some salt is put into it and it is squirted over the rock, the salt causing an immediate precipitation of the metal in a manner that is equally conspicuous and deceptive to the eye.

ACCIDENTAL FINDS.

The great silver deposits of the world—those of them which are known—were all discovered by accident. Nearly every one has read the story of the Indian hunter Diego Hualca, who in the year 1545 found the wonderful mine of Potosi in Peru. While climbing up the face of a steep mountain in pursuit of a wild goat he took hold of a bush, which was torn out by the roots, when lo, masses of glittering metal were laid bare. The celebrated Comstock lode, richest of all silver mines, was a chance find. In the summer of 1859 Peter O'Riley and Pat McLaughlin were located at Gold Hill, Nev. They were working for gold and were in hard luck. Needing water for their rockers they dug a hole four feet deep and came upon an outcropping of the marvelous lode. It was a bed of black sulphide of silver. The men did not know what it was, but tried it for gold and were astonished to find the bottoms of their rockers covered with the yellow stuff, which they were soon taking out at the rate of $1,000 a day. "Old Pancake" Comstock, another prospector, so called because he fed on pancakes chiefly, claimed and secured a share in the property. They all were in the habit of heartily cursing the "infernal blue sand," which subsequently proved to be silver ore, which clogged the rockers. The famous "Big Bonanza" was a slice of ore, nearly half silver, 300 feet in width and of unknown depth, extending across the Comstock lode. For many years past it has yielded from $600 to $1,000 a ton.

HARD LUCK OF DISCOVERERS.

Good luck seldom attends those who discover mines. Comstock sold his share of the lode for $11,000, went broke and blew his brains out. O'Riley disposed of his slice for $50,000, lost the money and went to prospecting again. He became insane and thought he heard voices in the rocks prattling of great crevices filled with pure silver and caverns lined with gold. Finally he was shut up in a lunatic asylum. "Old Virginia" Fennimore, who located a claim on the lode and gave his name to Virginia City, baptizing it with a bottle of whisky, was thrown while drunk by a bucking mustang and killed. One of the richest men now at Aspen, Col. D. C. R. Brown, purchased for 250 feet of lumber one-third of a mine worth at present $1,500,000 a year. Another discovery worth mentioning was made by two men who were grub staked by ex-Senator Tabor, this arrangement signifying that Tabor supplied them with provisions and was to be entitled to one-half of whatever they might find. They at once proceeded to get very drunk and concluded that it would be just as well to sink a hole on Fryer Hill, Leadville, although there was no sign of a prospect. At the depth of a few feet they struck the famous ore body of the Little Pittsburg mine.

William Wright, better known as Dan de Quille, tells a remarkable story of a young matron's adventure in Virginia City, which is built directly over the mines of the Comstock lode. She went to the well in her dooryard one morning to draw some water and let the bucket go down "by the run." The instant the bucket struck the water out dropped the whole bottom of the well. Every drop of water instantly disappeared, and naught was seen where it had been but a black and yawning chasm, in which dangled the bucket. The lady rushed back into the house.

"What did I tell you?" cried she to her husband. "I knew that the men who dug that well were taking no pains with their work."

"What is the matter?" asked her spouse.

"Matter? Matter enough! The bottom has dropped out of the well!"

"Bottom dropped out of the well!" exclaimed the husband, surprised.

"Yes, the bottom has dropped out of the well, and I am not one bit astonished. I knew when I saw the men putting the bottom in the well that it would never be of any account!"

FOR BACKS OF MIRRORS.

Silver has one interesting use that is very little known about. Nearly all good mirrors are backed with it, and not with mercury, as is generally supposed. Before it is put on the glass has to be cleaned with the utmost care. Everything depends on that, because if it is not perfectly clean the metal will flake off. Finally the glass is laid with its back down in a bath of nitrate of silver, to which Rochelle salts are added, causing it to deposit a film of chemically pure metal all over the surface. The total product of the silver mines of the world from the year 1500 to the present time has been about 400,000,000 pounds.

LAYING A MINE GHOST.

So many men have been killed in the mines of the Comstock lode that all of them are supposed to be more or less haunted by ghosts. A very troublesome spook haunted the 700-foot level of the Ophir mine for a long time. The electric bells were continually and unaccountably rung, and persons set to watch at the level were frightened nearly out of their wits by groans, shrieks, flashing lights and all sorts of fearful things. This preplexed the electrician of the mine not a little. One day, therefore, when signals were coming from the haunted level he took a dark lantern and went down to that point.

Hardly had he stepped off the descending cage before he was saluted with an awful groan. Advancing into the drift a blinding light flashed into his eyes, and he heard a low, gurgling laugh that almost froze the blood in his veins. Nevertheless, he advanced toward the laugh, throwing the light of his dark lantern before him along the drift, but it was empty. Far away, however, he heard groans, and then a fearful shriek. Pushing on and flashing his light this way and that, he pursued the ghost. Time and again the light was flashed in his eyes and the low, mocking laugh was heard; but, however quickly he might turn his own light in the direction whence came the sound, he could see nothing. A moment later the whole mine would seem to be lighted up in the distance and the laugh would be heard far away.

Did he attempt to advance, the light flashed in his face from some nook near at hand and a shriek was uttered almost at his side. Becoming desperate, the electrician charged about at random through the level, flashing his lantern in all directions. At length his light fell upon a man just as the latter was making into the mouth of an old drift. Keeping his light upon the spot, the electrician rushed forward and found his man crouched behind some timbers. Being caught, the fellow rose up and coolly said, "Well, you don't scare worth a cent." In his hand he held the bull's-eye lantern which he had been flashing in the face of the electrician, and he owned to having a confederate similarly equipped.

RATS AS MASCOTS.

Mines are always filled with rats. The miners never kill or molest them, and therefore they become quite tame and saucy, living well on the fragments of the workmen's lunches. They are really of great service, inasmuch as they devour all scraps of meat and bones thrown upon the ground. When there is about to be a great cave-in in a mine the rats give the miners their first warning. They become uneasy and are seen scampering about in an unusual manner. It is supposed that in the beginning of the settling they are pinched in their holes and haunts by the waste rocks and timbers, being thus obliged to go forth in search of new quarters. A fire in a mine kills them by thousands. Poisonous gases generated by combustion penetrate to every part of the levels and drifts, and not a rat is left alive. Sometimes after such a catastrophe they are gathered up on the floors by bushels. In trying to jump across the main shaft a rat occasionally miscalculates the distance and tumbles to the bottom. Falling 1,000 feet and striking a miner on the head it is sure to knock the man down.

DETECTING A RICH STRIKE.

When a "strike" in a mine is learned of and a strict secrecy is maintained by the owners then the mining reporter has a chance to display his genius. On one such occasion a bright youth got information that was worth money in a very curious fashion. He loitered about the closed works until the superintendent came out and changed his clothes, throwing aside his muddy boots and clay-besmeared overalls and shirt. Watching his chance the hungry seeker after news darted into the dressing room and with his jackknife scraped from the boots, overalls, felt hat and shirt all the mud and clay sticking to them. Of this and the loose particles of ore found in the pockets of the shirt he made a ball, which was composed of a general average of the bottom, top and sides of the drift from which the superintendent had just come. This ball he had assayed, and from the result obtained he became satisfied that a strike of extraordinary richness had been made. He immediately telegraphed to his employers in San Francisco to buy all of the stock they could get. They bought largely and made an immense profit, as the stock soon went up from a few dollars to high in the hundreds.

### The One Great Problem.

From the Chicago Tribune.

The young man who had just received a bequest from a rich uncle had been puffing away at his cigar in silence for some moments. Suddenly he looked up and asked his companion:

"Ever do anything in real estate?"

"I've tried to," was the guarded response.

"Ever buy any property in the west?"

"Quite a little. Want to buy some?"

"Well, I don't know," said the young man, indolently. "I'd like to put my money to some use, and western real estate is a pretty good investment, it seems to me."

"It is if one understands what he is doing."

"Of course, of course. Now, if I knew when to buy——"

"When to buy!" exclaimed the one who had invested. "That's the easiest part of it, to my mind. At any rate, it never bothered me."

"What does one want to know, then?" asked the young man in some surprise.

"When to sell, my boy! When to sell! No trouble to buy, but if I'd know—well, let's change the subject. I don't like to think of the time I could have closed out at a big profit just before the boom burst."

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# THE ELDER BOOTH.

## How He Made His First Success in London.

## THE WASHINGTON THEATER.

**Bits of Reminiscence in Regard to That Former Fashionable Resort—A Naval Hero Who Won a Battle Against Tremendous Odds—The Late Wm. W. Seaton's Courtesy as a Host.**

Written for The Evening Star.

THE VERY TOUCHING article on Mrs. Duff in THE STAR of Saturday, the 5th instant, awakens the spirit of reminiscence, and I recall those who trod the boards long ago. My memory of Cooper, Kean and Booth is so fixed by the impression made upon me that I can recall their appearance most vividly. I never hear of or read of the "Gamester," that gloomy tragedy, without seeing in my mind's eye the stately, graceful form of James Cooper as *Beverly*, nor "Othello" without recalling Charles Kean as *Richard*, *Sir Edward Mortimer*, *Sir Giles Overreach*, without seeing, and, in memory, hearing, the greatest of them all—Booth. John Howard Payne gives a most interesting account of Booth's first appearance at Covent Garden in 1817. He says Booth was announced for one night, February 12, as "Mr. Booth of the Brighton and Worthing Theaters" in *Richard*. Nothing was known of Booth at that time in London. He had performed in the humble capacity of messenger at Covent Garden, but subsequently he had distinguished himself at Brussels, Brighton, Cheltenham and other theaters in the provinces. He was not greeted by a full house, but was very warmly welcomed. Payne says he was thinner and smaller than Kean, but his voice and manner was the most extraordinary imitation of Kean. Some opposition was manifested, but applause drowned it and at the fall of the curtain, when the manager came forward to announce "Midsummer Night's Dream" for the next night cries rose from all parts of the house, "No! no! Booth, as *Richard!* Booth! Booth!" And the manager, after consultation at the prompt side, announced that Mr. Booth would repeat *Richard* the next night. The next night the same scene occurred at the fall of the curtain. This success stamped Booth as a favorite, and negotiations were opened for a fixed salary. Up to this time Booth had received a little over £2 a week, but coming to London he demanded London prices. Failing to secure his price, Drury Lane, through Kean, secured him, and with Kean he played a long and successful engagement. Mr. Payne says he saw him as *Iago* to Kean's *Othello*, and he says "it was a grand performance. The new little man behaved himself like a great hero. Kean seemed to feel the force of the new comer, and performed up to full height of his wonderful power." At the end of the performance Kean led Booth before the curtain, and the house exhausted itself in the wildest applause.

THE DAY OF MRS. DUFF.

I had the good fortune to meet an old army friend, a hero of the Mexican war, a day or two after the appearance of the very interesting article in THE STAR of the 5th. His memory is so perfect of the events of that long past he was enabled to recall Mrs. Duff in many of her characters. His memory of Mr. John R. Duff, her husband, was equally perfect. In talking of that period, when Wood & Warren had the American Theater on Louisiana avenue, he said Mrs. Wood was one of the best and most versatile actresses of that period and Wood was—and pausing for a comparison—said: "Well, he was the Murdock of that day"—and Murdock still lives to wear the laurels he so nobly won. In a letter from his daughter, his amanuensis, received some months ago, she said: "He enjoys tolerable health, keeping himself constantly employed, and is as fond of his profession as ever." His marvelous voice, the music of which will never be forgotten by those who have heard it, retains all its power, and at one time led his friends to hope he might be heard again, but the time he fixed in his letter for visiting New York has long past and I fear we have heard that great elocutionist and reader and actor for the last time. My old friend remembered most vividly James Cooper and he regarded him as one of the greatest actors he had ever seen. Howard Payne says: "In natural grace Cooper is beyond any actor I have ever seen, and he is, too, the best *Hamlet* on the stage." Wymmes says: Cooper is responsible for the introduction of the "star" system in this country. By his advice George Frederick Cooke came to this country. Cooper lived in a house he owned in New York on the corner of Leonard street and Broadway, subsequently the Carlton House, where the tragedy of the killing of Saydam took place, and created the most intense excitement. Though the act was committed on that crowded thoroughfare the murderer was unknown. It is said Cooper lost his house one night at cards. His daughter, who presided at the White House as the wife of Mr. Robert Tyler, is remembered here as a very accomplished and charming woman. Your correspondent from New York, speaking of Edwin Booth, gives his name as Edwin Thomas Booth. The name his father gave him was Edwin Forrest Booth and so he is registered in "Wymmes' History of the Stage."

OLD-TIME RACING IN THE DISTRICT.

My old friend is an authority on racing, as on the theatricals of the long past. The captain's memory is a veritable "stud book," and he told me what surprised me very much, that the first independent second watch used to time horses was made at Washington by an old gentleman I remember very well, Mr. Julian Montandon, a Swiss, who kept a watchmaker's shop in a little one-story building next to the corner of 13th street, where there is now a hat store. He says it was used on the Washington course. The Messrs. Galt say stop watches were in use long before, but for racing purposes it is not unlikely, Mr. Montanton made such a watch. He was a most ingenious workman and made for the engineer department an instrument for measuring the flight of cannon balls, which, I think, Mr. Galt now owns. This led the captain to speak of the introduction of the English race horse in the country, the first being Diomede, and the fact of there being no watches to measure race time except the ordinary watch of the day, the time of Flying Childers and the time of Eclipse, a mile a minute, was taken by such a watch. Eclipse, he said, was bred by the Duke of Cumberland and sold to Mr. Wildman on the death of the duke, and by him sold to a Capt. O'Kelly, who took the horse to Ireland and for some years ran him in the country races. When Eclipse was five years old he was entered for the Derby and the odds were very heavy against him, all of which were taken by O'Kelly and his friends. On the day of the race Eclipse won the first heat, when O'Kelly announced, for certain odds, he would place every horse on the field. Such a wager had numerous takers, and before the start he was called on to name and place the horses and he did so by announcing, "Eclipse first, the rest nowhere." He won, for Eclipse distanced the field. Eclipse never lost a race and with the winnings of the great horse his owner retired from the turf and became one of the "landed gentry." There are so many interesting events connected with the old Washington race course, the "National" it was called, and truly so, for during the season the north and the south, the east and the west met there with the best racing stock of the country. My old friend has promised me enough racing lore to make an interesting column for the readers of THE STAR.

ANOTHER AMERICAN HERO.

I am indebted to a correspondent, who, I regret, has not given me his name, for an interesting account of a battle which deserves a place under the heading you were pleased to give the article, "Heroic Achievements," he alludes to as affording him much pleasure. The battle was fought in the narrow and dangerous straits of Shimonoseki, Japan (of which at that time there were no charts), on the morning of July 16, 1863. To avenge repeated insults offered in that remote land to our flag (emboldened no doubt by a knowledge of our civil war at home) and also to punish an open violation of treaty, the United States sloop-of-war Wyoming, now laying in ordinary at Annapolis, carrying six guns, under command of the late Rear Admiral David Stockton McDougal, then commander, engaged three Japanese men-of-war, all of superior size and strength, carrying eighteen guns, and seven masked shore batteries mounting thirty guns, in all forty-eight guns. The Wyoming, unaided and alone, destroyed two of the ships and disabled the third and silenced the shore batteries and withdrew from the unprecedented and unequal contest with the loss of four men killed and seven wounded. The Wyoming numbered 160 men all told and the estimated loss of the Japanese in this action was 1,200 men. This brilliant and unprecedented achievement has, with the exception of the meager and modest official report made by the hero of the occasion, remained unheralded, owing possibly to the fact that the country was at that time struggling in the throes of the great civil war. Such success against overpowering odds deserves a high place on the pages devoted to our naval successes. The executive officer of the Wyoming at that time was Lieut. Commanding Geo. White Young, the only son of the late Commodore John J. Young, whose loss of both legs by the recoil of a gun on board the ill-fated Hornet off the harbor of Matanzas in May, 1829, is so graphically described in the journal of Judge Drake. My correspondent says no braver officer ever trod the deck of a man-of-war. He was, he says, a worthy son of a noble sire. My correspondent, who signs himself "An Almost Eyewitness," says: "This action, requiring so much nerve, skill and courage, was not a rash or unwisely considered move on the part of the brave commander. He was well aware of the dangers of the channel and also of the skill of the Japanese as gunners, also that they were well up in the tactics of modern warfare (through instructions from both Dutch and French, and that they were eager and apt scholars). He knew the odds were fearfully against him, but with a clear head and good knowledge of the depth of the water (he was aground once during the action) and a wonderful reliance on Providence, his own skill and the intrepid officers and crew under his command, he resolved to do his duty unflinchingly or die in the attempt. To show his thorough realization of the immense danger he was about to run, and the knowledge he had of certain annihilation through torture and other barbaric methods which awaited him and his brave men in the event of failure, he gave clear and concise orders to have all in readiness to blow up the ship and all on board rather than fall into the hands of the enemy. With these fearful odds against him and taking his position on the bridge, where he stood during the whole fight, he took the chances and won the battle." My correspondent says: "This authentic material furnished to the columns of THE STAR will greatly gratify the few survivors of that memorable occasion and the family of Admiral McDougal."

I saw in THE STAR, I think, a few days ago that the old ship Constitution—"Old Ironsides"—was at the Portsmouth navy yard and there was some talk of refitting this relic of the long past and sending her, after her long and obscure rest, to the Columbian exposition.

THE OLD WASHINGTON THEATER.

Talking with an old Washingtonian, whose theatrical experience began in 1835, when he saw "The Hunchback" with Charles Mason and Mrs. Chapman as the *Sir Thomas Clifford* and *Julia* at the old Washington Theater, he asked if I remembered the series of portraits which graced the panels of the boxes (balcony) when the theater was refitted for the last time in 1837-8 by Alexander McKenzie, who married in the Jefferson family. I do remember them very well, they were painted by Sam Charles, whose talent as a miniature painter (on ivory) led some of our citizens, Gen. Van Ness among others, to send Mr. Charles to Europe to study. Soon after his return he painted in oil these portraits, some from life, Booth, Forest, old Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Warren, then the only *Falstaff*; Mrs. Chapman and I think Mrs. Duff, Mrs. Drake and others. Like my friend, I wonder what became of them. Sam Charles succeeded the Joseph Woods, father and son, whose portraits were life itself. I remember a theatrical portrait painted by Mr. Charles of Jim Willis, a famed comedian, in *Nepperkin*, in the "Sprigs of Laurel," which hung in the saloon of the National Theater and was burned in the fire of 1845. The old American Theater was sold in 1838-9 and purchased by Col. Chas. Lee Jones and then was fitted up for a ball room, and there the inauguration ball of Gen. Harrison was given in 1841, and afterward the Washington Assemblies were given there. Those portraits were of such value they would hardly be destroyed. Can any old inhabitants give information about them? They would be invaluable now, not only as works of art, but as actual portraits.

THE LATE WM. W. SEATON.

I obtained from the Smithsonian Institution a sketch of the late Wm. W. Seaton, prepared at the time of his death by the late Prof. Henry and in recognition of his faithful and gratuitous discharge for many years of one of its most important and responsible executive offices. The pamphlet was published in 1867, at the time of his death, and recalls many of the characteristics of that distinguished man. The notice speaks of Mr. Seaton's efforts and influence in obtaining from Congress the organization of that great institution. The funds bequeathed for that purpose by James Smithson had been loaned with other moneys by the government to the state of Arkansas, and it had remained for eight years diverted from the object contemplated by the donor. Through the influence of Mr. Seaton, then mayor of Washington, the good faith of the country was redeemed by an unconditional assumption of the debt incurred by the improper disposition of the fund, which was then declared to be a permanent deposit in the treasury of the United States, and interest was allowed upon the money from the time of its receipt in this country. The institution was then organized and Mr. Seaton was elected treasurer and one of the building committee. * * * Who can forget Mr. Seaton as host? In the gatherings about his generous board mingled the cordial welcome and that air of an older and better school which constantly distinguished him, the kindly and reassuring attention unaffectedly bestowed on the least distinguished guest, the colloquial charm which extended the fame of his hospitality far beyond the sphere of its exercise. * * * An utter absence of self assertion or dogmatism, he excelled by a delicate tact in shielding others from the wound which a thoughtless or unkind word might inflict, and the drawing forth to the best advantage the talents and attainments of each of his guests. A distinguished foreigner visiting this country while Gen. Cass was Secretary of State, was asked by the Secretary if he had seen Seaton. He said he had, and Gen. Cass said: "Then you have seen the best we have to show you." In all the twenty-seven years of daily and hourly intercourse with Mr. Seaton I never heard an unkind word come from his lips.

The brief account of Mr. Seaton's life closes by quoting the following passage from a discourse delivered on the occasion of his death: "One of the finest intellects of this country, and of the most devout, almost austere evangelical faith, has repeatedly said, 'that of all the men he had ever known Mr. Seaton was nearest perfection, and most ready to enter God's presence.'"

JOHN F. COYLE.

### Knew What He Really Needed.

From the Chicago Tribune.

He stopped a well-dressed man who had evidently been out for a night with the boys, and said:

"I'm in need of a little financial help."

"Go 'way," said the well-dressed man.

"Wait a minute," returned the other. "I want to make a business proposition. I need 50 cents, and need it bad."

"No time to fool with beggars," protested the well-dressed man.

"This is no begging trick; this is business," persisted the stranger. "I need half a dollar and you need a cab."

"What are you talking about?" asked the man who had been out with "the boys."

"Business; nothing but business. You need a cab as bad as I do the half dollar. I've got the cab. Have you got the half?"

The well-dressed man looked at the other intently for a moment. Then he said:

"Say! I guess you're right. I've got the half."

"Cab's just around the corner," said the stranger.

He took the well-dressed man to it and helped him in.

"I was just wondering what I needed," said the latter. "Sort of thought it was another drink, but I guess you're right about it's being a cab."

And so he went home.

### A Perfect Dare-Devil.

From Puck.

"Have a cigawette, Cholly, ol' fel'?"

"Nevah use them, deah boy; and I'm weally surpwised that you have that weakness!"

"Weakness? I'll have you to know, then, that it takes a pwetty stwong chap to stand cigawettes!"

A Remedy for the Grippe Cough.
Take small and frequent doses of Kemp's Balsam

# WOMEN AS CLERKS.

## Their Great Value in the Different Government Departments.

## SUPERIOR EXAMINATIONS.

**Some Interesting Facts Gained From the Results of the Civil Service Commission—A Greater Proportion of Women Pass Than Men—What May Be the Result in the Future.**

IT IS NOT AT ALL A novelty for Washingtonians to discuss the question of the women clerks in the government departments, but a writer for THE STAR encountered an official the other day who was so enthusiastic on the subject, and who suggested such a way of looking at it, that it is worth while pursuing the matter a little further.

He was asked what he thought about the women clerks in his department, and answered:

"I don't see how the departments could get along without them. They are a positive necessity in most instances, and so far as my experience goes there are very few of them who do not deserve larger salaries than they get. I was not in the service before Gen. Spinner introduced them into it, but I often wonder how the departments got along in those days. Not only do the women do good work, but they exercise an influence in a government office which is beneficial in every sense. Now, about their efficiency, I am going to give you a hint. Just look at the figures of their examinations before the civil service commission and see how they compare with the men."

THE WOMEN APPLICANTS.

These figures are certainly worth noticing. First of all take the copyist examination. Those who apply for this want to enter the departments in the lowest grades. They are willing to do simple work that does not require much thought or responsibility, and they are willing to accept a salary of $900 or less per annum, for any salary above this requires the clerk examination, which is far more difficult than the examination for copyists. The latter are tested in penmanship, spelling, copying and arithmetic as far as percentage—that is all. Naturally there are a great many female applicants. Young men who might have the necessary qualifications think themselves in many instances above such simple occupation and such modest pay as the copyist gets, and they strike for higher places, and in this way not infrequently miss the subordinate positions, which they are best fitted for. But women who are wielding the typewriter, or who, perhaps, are teaching the village school, or yet again young women who are just about to take up the serious business of supporting themselves, look upon a copyist's pay as not to be despised and upon a copyist's occupation as something that it is worth while doing well. There is another point, too, in the acceptance by women of so much less pay than men are willing to take, which must not be forgotten. It is simply that the young woman usually has herself alone to take care of, with possibly a contribution to the old people of her home, while the young man has to look ahead to the probability of having a young wife to take care of and a family besides.

SUCCESSFUL EXAMINATIONS PASSED.

The young lady who becomes a copyist has at the time she accepts her appointment the full measure of her expenses in the world filled, but the young man's expenses have only just started and will probably increase year after year. All this explains the fact that last year the civil service commission examined 1,204 women for copyists' positions and only 880 men, but of these men 450, nearly half, failed to pass, while only 190 women failed. The examination is not a difficult one and the method of marking is not severe. In order to pass and become eligible for appointment it is only necessary to get 70 per cent on a scale of 100. The writer endeavored to find some good manly excuse for this apparent superiority of the women applicants over the men, and one man who was asked about it suggested that a better class of women were ready to apply for these smaller places than men, the latter being ignorant fellows who were not able to make a living and wanted the government to support them. This may serve on a pinch as an explanation of a fact which cannot be said to be very pleasing in the eyes of the "lords of creation."

CANDIDATES EXAMINED LAST YEAR.

Incidentally it may be remarked that it is quite extraordinary what a widespread and increasing desire there seems to be to enter the service of Uncle Sam. Last year the civil service commission examined 5,251 persons who wanted to be government clerks here in Washington. In addition to this 3,706 were examined for the railway mail service, for the customs service 1,579 were examined, and for the postal service no less than 8,538, making in all a grand total of 19,074 people examined for the government service in one year. Just think a moment how many people that means. If all of them were appointed and came from Nevada it would take away a third of the population of that state; if they all lived in Alexandria, our neighbor across the river, and came over to Washington Alexandria would be left without a single inhabitant—not even a hack driver to suggest a hotel to you at the depot. If all the applicants went to live in Portsmouth, N. H., its population would be trebled, and yet Portsmouth, as it stands, is a very respectable little town in point of population.

It is said that in the Chinese civil service, whenever an examination is held, several millions of subjects present themselves. A few pass and, after years of waiting, several appointments are given out. But the examinations are tremendously difficult and involve a searching inquiry into an applicant's knowledge of Confucius and higher mathematics. The usefulness of this knowledge to a custom house clerk, for example, may well be a question of doubt. With us there can be no reasonable complaint against the examinations, for they are practical in character and are applicable, so far as possible, to the duties that a successful applicant will have to perform. But it cannot be denied that the number of people who wish to enter the government service is increasing at quite an alarming rate. What will be the end it is hard to predict, but if the thirst for office holding increases a considerable proportion of the inhabitants of the country will be applicants for examination before the civil service commission, leaving out, of course, those who hold state offices or are running for state offices or for Congress.

WOMAN'S GENERAL SUPERIORITY.

But to return to the female clerks, it will be found that their superiority is shown not alone in the copyists' examination, but in the clerks' examination, where out of 1,807 men examined 1,221 passed, but only 33 women failed out of 133 examined. The proportion is still with the fair sex.

The next highest examinations are those that are called special. They involve some amount of technical or professional knowledge, and are sometimes quite difficult. Thus, in the examination for clerkships in the State Department questions are asked about international law, treaties and government, and usually, too, the applicant is examined in foreign languages, French, German and Spanish being the most usual ones, but the applicant being privileged, if he chooses, to stand an examination in Swedish, Portuguese, and even Russian, if anybody can be found who is able to conduct an examination in that language. In the patent office examination it is hard for any one to pass who is not a practical scientist, and for the pension office a knowledge of the law of evidence and the pension laws is required. Now, last year 788 men underwent these special examinations and 300 passed, while of the 436 women who were examined 290 passed—in other words, more men failed than passed, while two women passed to every one that failed. Even for such a thoroughly technical, scientific place as meteorological clerk in the signal service three women were examined and two of them passed successfully.

It is perhaps fortunate for the male sex that this remarkable showing of proficiency in the modern American female has never been called attention to before, for the ladies are not accustomed to allowing any triumph achieved by them to go unnoticed. Hens can seldom crow, but the fair sex may now have an opportunity of crowing over the men who are hungry for official positions. Let us be thankful that they have not had the chance before.

WHAT MAY BE THE RESULT.

These figures were taken to a gentleman who is fond of following things out to their conclusions by the writer, and he was asked what he thought of it.

"Why," he said, "it seems to me that if this sort of thing keeps up the departments in Washington will be composed entirely of women. It is plain as a pikestaff," and he set to work to demonstrate how many years will be necessary to accomplish this result. So many clerks die each year, so many resign, so many are removed. Then so many are appointed, the percentage of appointments being, theoretically, at least, in favor of the women. There is the idea, and if it is logically carried out, and if the men do not arise and assert themselves, they will find themselves crowded out of the government administration. A close calculation shows that at the present rate this result will be accomplished in about 400 years, so there is plenty of time for getting ready. But let the women of the country who complain that they have no voice in the government reflect that in course of time the government, in its executive branches, will be entirely theirs and that there will come a time when it will not be a question whether the men will allow them to vote, but whether they will allow the men to vote.

### ANIMALS' THOUGHTS.

**Their Scope Regulated Not by Touch and Sight, but Probably by Smell.**

From the London Globe.

It is very doubtful, indeed, whether people appreciate how great is the gulf between our human thoughts and feelings—thoughts more than feelings—and those of the lower animals. One hears commonplaces of the possibility of an extra sense, and so on, often enough, but the entire difference of mental basis that must exist between us and the cats, dogs and horses which we fancy we understand, seems hardly ever to be conceived. In one direction all animals are alike—all dread death and physical injury, all eagerly seek and accept suitable food, all have in their earlier years that tendency to release the serious business of after life which we call play.

These common needs and inclinations furnish a mental substratum, a lingua franca, that roughly all may comprehend, but into its crude, almost formless communications what an infinite amount of ourselves we are inclined to read in, without further justification.

The lion in the menagerie sprawls, with his green-gray eyes staring out, it seems, into the infinite. "Splendid fellow," we say; "noble creature! He is thinking of the blue mountains that bounded his desert world." About as much, dear poetess, as you, when you have that look upon your face, are thinking of the summation of infinite series or katabolic metaboly.

Let us first analyze a little the elements in the picture of the universe painted on our own minds. It is a harmony in space and time. You think of a thing as a form having a position in what you call space, and changing as the minutes, hours and days slip by. The human world is a world of pictures, our memories are sight images that we raise from their sleep in our brains for a little while. We seem to live at the back of our eyes. The human world is a visible universe par excellence.

But since the days of Bishop Berkeley we have come to perceive more and more distinctly that the eye sees so clearly, not by its own virtue, but as the result of the education afforded it by our hands. At first the world of the child must be a flat confusion of shapes, which it learns to interpret by the movement of its hands over the forms it sees. The vision is at first without depth, without relief, without modeling, or atmosphere. Prof. Preyer's little boy, many months old, tried to snatch the lamp in a railway carriage several feet beyond arm's length.

Those born blind, who at a later age have been restored to their sight by medical skill, and who consequntly have not learned to connect sight and touch impressions, fancied all the things they saw touched their eyes. Indeed, it is one of the elementary teachings of psychology that our perception of space in our vision of the world comes to us through our fingers.

And the lion has no fingers. Neither do the cat, the dog and the horse possess these necessary media to a nice discrimination of shapes and position. The horse, with its digits imprisoned in a horny hoof, is in a particularly bad case. It is impossible to believe that the painting on the eye of these creatures is interpreted by them with anything like the delicacy or truth that we can attribute to what we see. Moreover, a certain "yellow spot of distinct vision" common to us and the apes is absent from their eyes.

The horse frequently seems to use his eyes independently of each other, undoubtedly the majority of animals do so; how then can we imagine in their case, for a moment, such a single picture of a world as we in our waking moments look out upon? A few simple experiments with a cat will convince any one that she cannot distinguish a hand, with empty fingers, held toward her from one containing any not too odoriferous edible. A bull makes no distinction between the display of a red pocket handkerchief and the shedding of blood.

And while the animal may not, and in all probability does not, refer its world to a spaced picture and think in visible images as we do, there is no doubt that in other respects its sensations may have a definition of mental value quite unknown to the equivalent sense in ourselves. We may "carry faces to the heavens" and stalk about the temporary lords of the world, but for all that our noses are poor things.

The human nose is an apologetic pimple compared with the magnificent organ of the horse or dog. Our sense of smell is, when contrasted with our sight and hearing, singularly undiscriminating. We can arrange sounds into series; we know E is between C and F; we appreciate octaves and harmonies. Similarly we can put the colors into order, decide upon the amount of blue in a purple and get almost to emotion at the sight of a white star in the blue of the summer twilight or of the amber sunlight glinting between the blades of grass.

But this serial arrangement, this sorting and selective choice, is entirely beyond our rudimentary senses of smell. To us the idea of the scent of the violet being a rich harmony or the suggestion that the frying of onions is a discord or that patchouli and the new mown hay are pleasant things in different times and keys sounds utter nonsense. Our noses are entirely too dull to effect the analysis necessary before scents can be distinguished as complex and sorted and recombined so as to be made an æsthetic pleasure.

But with the animals we have named all this is different. Half the head of a horse or adult dog is nose. It is probable, therefore, that the dog's mind is based essentially on impressions of smell. He perceives the crafty Ulysses through all disguises that hide him from human detection, sniffs him and is satisfied. The stories of the faithful dog crawling to his master's picture and licking the boots of it, show a lamentable want of imagination—even of common observation.

Anyone who has watched a lost dog in the street must, or at least ought to, perceive that the animal has only the vaguest idea of what its adored master looks like. Only on that supposition can its movements be understood. The creature is looking for a smell image with its nose. And a sense with such analytical power as the dog's olfactory perceptions exhibit must certainly be capable of harmonic and discordant arrangement and effects.

Now here our reason takes us beyond our powers of realization. How the great external paints itself on the mind of a dog we can speculate, but not picture. But that a dog's thought and a dog's mind run on different lines, and pass through phases entirely outside the scope of our experience, is beyond all question. We have our own universe to inhabit; into the most familiar animal's world we may as little hope to enter as into the worlds around the uttermost fixed stars. But suffering, and loss and gain, anger and delight, are wider things than thinking, and through these we stretch across the gulf and establish a vague but often very strong sympathy with the minds we cannot span.

### A Ballade of Loversland.

In Loversland the skies are blue,
Or barred with rosy clouds between,
The flowers are fairer far of hue
Than ever flowers of earth were seen;
And all day long through meadows green,
Beside the river, hand in hand,
Walk youths and maidens of gentle mien—
In Loversland, in Loversland.

And some there are that lightly strew
With roses all the way serene,
And some that pleasant odors brew
From elder-flower and eglantine;
And others still, in dell and dene,
With brows the kindly sun has tanned,
Who sow the grain and harvest glean
In Loversland, in Loversland.

Don Cupid schools a merry crew
Beneath the beeches' leafy screen,
And bids each ardent swain construe
The glances from his mistress' een;
No harder task than this, I ween,
Was ever there for scholar planned,
To sing and serve his fancy's queen
In Loversland, in Loversland.

ENVOI.

Ah! can it be that we have been,
Sweetheart, on that enchanted strand,
That we, too, know what life may mean
In Loversland, in Loversland.

### The Touch of Sympathy.

From the Lewiston Journal.

Some time ago a certain woman lost her little baby. It was an only child, and of course the mother thought there never was and never would be another half so nice. And when the little thing breathed its last she was inconsolable. While the narrator was at the house a neighbor came in, and precipitating herself into the childless woman's arms, she exclaimed, "Poor Mrs. B——, I know just how you feel. I've been through it all myself. Last week my pet kitten died!"

### POISON IN THE FOOD.

**Alarming Prevalence of Adulteration—Even Medicines Are Falsified.**

SOME VERY STARTLING FACTS WHICH have a bearing on the present agitation in favor of pure food have been gathered by the Department of Agriculture.

Glucose, it appears, is the greatest of all adulterants. It is used for making cheap candies, sugars, jellies and sirups. An idea of the extent to which it is employed is obtained from the fact that ten pounds of it are manufactured annually in the United States for every man, woman and child. It is prepared from corn. Most of the less expensive jellies in the market are purely artificial products, composed of gelatine, sugar, cochineal and flavoring extracts. More costly jellies of various fruits are simply apple jelly colored and flavored. Apple sauce is pumpkin boiled in cider.

CHEAP CONFECTIONERY AND LIQUORS.

It is said that cheap confectionery and liquors are the articles most injuriously adulterated. Candy commonly contains much fusel oil and other poisons. Strawberry ice cream, a plate of it, often contains more fusel oil than five glasses of poor whisky. It is colored with red aniline dye. Licorice drops are usually made out of candy factory sweepings. Wine is frequently nothing but water, with a percentage of crude alcohol and aniline coloring. Brandy is rectified alcohol from grain or the refuse of beet root refineries, colored with burnt sugar, flavored with oil of cognac and given an agreeable woody taste with a little catechu. Among other adulterants of liquors are vitriol, opium, alum, copperas, log wood and sugar of lead.

ARTIFICIAL COFFEE.

Some package coffees are made of peas, rye, roasted and ground, almond shells treated with molasses, beans, acorns and chicory. There are twenty different substances known to the trade as "coffee substitutes." Among these are the artificial beans, made out of potato starch and other materials, which are imported from Germany in large quantities for mixing with the real article. They can be detected by the fact that they will sink in water, whereas true coffee beans will float. Shriveled coffee beans are commonly soaked in salt water to make them look plump. It is usual to extract the essential oils from coffee beans before selling the latter as coffee, the essences being manufactured separately into extracts.

FRAUDULENT SPICES.

Spices of all kinds afford an inviting field for the exercise of fraudulent arts. They are almost always sold in the form of a fine powder, and any cheap substance serves as a substitute. Peas and beans are largely employed for this purpose. In fact the production of so-called "spice mixtures" or "pepper dust," from which any kind of spice can be readily manufactured by the retail grocer, has grown to be an important branch of industry. These products are variously known as "P. D. pepper," "P. D. ginger," "P. D. cloves," and so on. They are sold by the barrel and are made to resemble in appearance the genuine articles they represent, the merchant having it left to his discretion how much of the real stuff he will add in each case for flavoring.

SOME OF THE INGREDIENTS.

Almost any sort of refuse serves very well as material for these preparations. For black pepper the producer commonly uses roasted ship's bread, mustard husks, corn meal, linseed meal, wheat, rice and particularly cocoanut shells. Pure ginger is made out of corn meal by simply adding red pepper and salt. Allspice is composed of mustard husks, cracker dust and corn. Mace is mostly flour, cornmeal and buckwheat. Cayenne pepper is chiefly ground rice, flour and red lead. Mustard is flour and cayenne pepper. Whatever substances may be employed, roasting serves to give them the proper color, while a sifting of finely powdered charcoal will transform corn meal into black pepper at short notice. One firm in New York city puts on the market 5,000 pounds of ground cocoanut shells yearly, for purposes of adulteration, advertising to supply dealers with "all necessary information for spice manufacturing."

The flower buds of the clove tree, known commercially as "cloves," are fraudulently subjected before they are sold to a process by which their volatile oil is removed, the latter being marketed as "essence of cloves." However, the thrifty dealer does not permit the cloves to leave his hands until he has added to them clove stems, allspice and burnt nut shells. What is known as "essence of coffee" consists mostly of burnt molasses. Many of the flavoring extracts used in the household are mixtures of acids and other drugs. They are all more or less harmful. Cream of tartar often contains as much as 5 per cent of oxalic acid. Cider vinegar is apt to be corn vinegar with sulphuric acid added. It contains none of the little eels which are found in good vinegar, because they cannot live in it.

When one buys tea for $1 a pound one is very likely to pay in reality $2 a pound, because half of the quantity is currant leaves. Indigo, soapstone and china clay are among other usual ingredients of tea. Sago is often potato starch. Grated horseradish is sometimes composed of turnips. Bologna sausage may be putrid meat of unidentified animals, colored with saltpetre and Venetian red. Flour is frequently weighted with soapstone. Sweetened water, sharpened with citric and tartaric acids and flavored with oil of orange skin, makes orange cider. It costs 16 cents a gallon to make and sells for $2.50 a gallon. Maple sugar may be glucose and so may honey. Real honey can be distinguished under the microscope by the pollen grains it contains. They have wonderfully beautiful forms and the very flowers from which the honey has been obtained can be identified by the various exquisite shapes of these fructifying germs.

It is estimated that $90,000,000 worth of fraudulent food products are mixed with good articles or sold in place of them annually in the United States. This amount is stolen from the people by men who coin fortunes by cheating the consumers. Incidentally the products of the farm are cheapened and the producers robbed as well.

### Women as Money Savers.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

The fact that women are economical and money savers is difficult to impress upon the minds of men as a class. The methods adopted by women are sensible and practical, sometimes ludicrous and often pathetic, according to the position in which they are placed in regard to the amounts which fall to their lots to dispose of. There are a few Hetty Greens, and it is more wholesome for the race that her class is in an overwhelming minority. Money savers of her kind are a detriment and not a benefit. One who denies herself even the common decencies, not to mention the necessaries of life, is not a good example for others. Whenever a woman is allowed a certain sum or earns a regular amount, with which all expenses must be met, then she is better able to appreciate relative values, and she will soon accustom herself to the best methods for procuring the most and best for her money. As a class women are more saving than men ever think of being.

The wife of one of the most prominent politicians this state has ever produced was the financier of the family, and but for her ambition and faith in his abilities he would probably never have been known beyond the confines of his own county. Her far-sightedness in real estate purchases, which were exceedingly small at first, made for them a modest competency, which gave him opportunities in furthering his political career. All the household labor was performed by her own hands, and the sale of dairy products gave them their first start.

One plan was to buy a lot in a respectable quarter and place several houses upon it. The houses were not built there. The wife passing through the streets would find houses for sale cheap if they were moved from the place. These were bought and placed on the lot mentioned, the cost being much less than a like structure when new. Fresh paper within and a coat of paint made them desirable to rent, and little by little the fortune was accumulated.

The officers of the building and loan associations have found thousands of women stockholders. Young women fired with an ambition to own property and have a home of their own are paying weekly into the associations hundreds of dollars. Many of them have to practice the most rigid economy in order to meet their obligations. The comparative newness of women in business life and their naturally sensitive consciences make them prompt, and dealers in real estate have found them, as a rule, desirable purchasers. In an organization recently started the plan is the same as that of a savings bank. Any sum may be deposited at any time, and after the deposits amount to $50 interest is paid to the depositor. Among the persons who have dealings with this association are women of our most fashionable sets, who entertain handsomely and seemingly have everything heart can wish. Their savings are sometimes as small as 25 cents, 50 cents, occasionally as many dollars.

Neighborly—"So your boy is studying to be a lawyer, eh, parson?"

Limberlip—"He am, sah."

Neighborly—"Do you think him fitted for that profession?"

Limberlip—"Fitted for 't! W'y dat boy couldn' reckernize de trufe ef yo' paint it re[illegible] an' hung it on his bed pos'!"—*Boston Courier.*

### MONKEYS IN A NEW ROLE.

**They Are Used in Siam as Counterfeit Detectors.**

From the Calcutta Indian Mirror.

There are plenty of monkeys in Siam. They are of all sizes, large and small; and the large apes of Siam we have heard are used by the Siamese merchants as cashiers in their counting rooms. Think of making apes useful in such a way as that! To keep them for cashiers in a counting room!

We are not told that these apes are expert at making change, or that they are able to keep the merchant's ledger for him. Siamese merchants probably do not have complicated account books; yet there must be some limit to a monkey's powers of mind—even in Siam. I do not think the Siamese merchants expect quite all that of their ape cashier, although they may be more wonderful creatures than we in America have any idea of. No; the way apes are made useful is this:

In that far-off, dried-up little oriental country, quite near China, you know there are large quantities of counterfeit coin in circulation, and the counterfeiters of Siam must be most proficient, for we heard that it is the hardest thing in the world to detect the bad from the good money. The merchants are often deceived and frequently swindled. The smartest men they could employ were deceived, too, for the bad money was such a wonderful imitation that the closest scrutiny often failed to find the difference between a good and a bad piece.

In this dilemma some Siamese merchants called to their help some one who was always thought not so smart as a man—a monkey. And these "large apes of Siam" proved such a success at their avocation that the custom of employing them for the purpose of detecting bad money has become universal. The ape cashier of Siam holds his situation without a rival.

He has a peculiar method of testing coin. Every piece is handed to him, and he picks up each bit of money, one at a time, and meditatively puts it into his mouth, testing it with grave deliberation. If the coin is good he declares the fact plainly. He takes it from his mouth and carefully places it in its proper receptacle beside him. He has pronounced judgment and every one is satisfied that the judgment is correct. But if the coin is bad the cashier makes known his verdict in an equally unmistakable manner. He throws it violently from his mouth to the floor, shaking his head with as much disgust as the merchant himself might feel at being imposed upon. With loud chattering and angry gestures he makes known his displeasure at being presented with a bad piece of money. The merchant himself could not express it better.

### Leap Year Observed in Boston.

From the Boston Herald.

People who are skeptical about the extent to which women avail themselves of leap year privileges ought to refer to the city registrar. He thinks he has at least one genuine case.

A wealthy Boston woman, moving in the Hub's best society and living on Commonwealth avenue, was married last week to a well-known New York man. A few days before the ceremony she went to the registrar's office and asked for a marriage license. She said she wanted it for a friend of hers who was sick and who had asked her to do the errand for him.

The license was given to her, blank, of course, and she was shown how to fill it out. Under the registrar's eye and direction she wrote the names of the groom and his father, his occupation, &c., then the name of the bride-elect, with the various necessary bits of information about her. Then the registrar asked her to sign her own name, as representing the purchaser of the license, with her address. The lady hemmed and hawed, asked questions and tried to evade the point. When she found the name must be signed she made the best of it, took the pen bravely and wrote. She fled without any explanations.

### The Artist's Device.

From Puck.

Mr. Raphael Scumble here we see.
He is painting from nature a date-palm tree;

When a lion, he hadn't noticed before,
Comes bounding along with a terrible roar.

He places the picture—with presence of mind—
Against the date-palm tree, and hides behind.

"Damn!" roars the lion, who really supposes
That the picture a part of the landscape composes.

And Raphael, watching the beast depart,
Cries out: "I was right to put trust in Art;

[illegible] I think I will actually disappear."