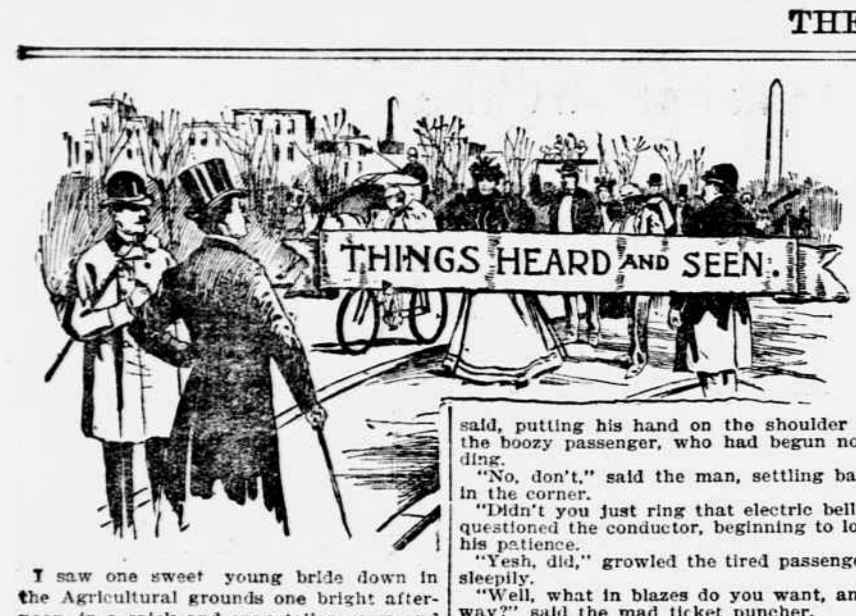


I saw one sweet young bride down in the Agricultural grounds one bright afternoon, in a spick and span tailor gown and a most fetching hat, strike an attitude against the trunk of the big California tree that has been transformed into a miniature cottage, and she stood there unconscious of the fact that she was the center object of comment to passers-by, for all the while her gaze was directed toward the center of her universe, which was represented to the common herd by a faultlessly gotten-up young man, who, with his beloved Persian lamb collar thrown over one shoulder, was struggling with a diminutive camera, totally oblivious of all the rest of the world. Then she posed, peeping out of the doorway that has been cut in the tree, and they seemed perfectly satisfied with their attempt at "love in a cottage" a la kodak, when the camera was fastened up and the Persian lamb collar transferred to the proper set of shoulders, and they marched off with a money-to-burn air that made the gapers and gazers feel liking "Peeping Toms."

* * * * *

While there are so many wedding bells ringing it is just as well for every one to know that there is a new fad in marriage rings, though it is not exactly a new thing either, but rather a revival of the old French betrothal emblem. The ring instead of being flat on the inner side of the circle is round, and composed of a perfectly solid piece of gold. This is cut in such a way that it forms, on touching a spring, two rings slipping upon each other, and presenting two flat surfaces, whereon may be inscribed such tender sentiments or matter-of-fact dates as the betrothed pair may desire. On readjusting the rings into one, the engraved surfaces are hidden from even the most careful examiner, unless he is in the secret and knows of that hidden spring. Another reason for its popularity is that it is not so cumbrous as the usual type of wedding ring, and therefore not so apt to be discarded as in the way and clumsy.

* * * * *

The "excuse-my-French, I've-lived-so-long-abroad" individual is usually regarded as entirely out of date in these days of continual foreign travel, but one of the recently returned, after a few months' absence, proved herself entirely behind the times at the very first moment she set foot on her native shores.

There was some little delay about the transfer of her luggage to the custom house, and with a totally un-Gallic air of determination and intensity she launched her American French at the head of the porter who had charge of her luggage. His questioning Yankee stare brought her up with a short turn, and for the benefit of those around her, "Oh, I forgot, I've been so in the habit of speaking French that it is hard to get out of the way of it all at once."

* * * * *

The fall that the Scriptures prophesy for the puffed-up was ludicrously illustrated a few days since in a fashionable store devoted to the rectification of the human form divine. A swell-looking young woman, most correctly attired, whose perfect figure and general appearance is a subject of comment, entered and in a gentle undertone made her errand known to oneof the saleswomen."Yes, yes," answered the clerk to her whispered remarks, "I remember," and then going to a speaking tube connecting with the work room above stairs, she called up,loud enough to be heard throughout the entire first floor: "Miss —— is here and wants to know if her hips are ready yet. She ordered a new set quite a week ago, and needs them at once."

A hasty retreat to her carriage and a look of pained understanding on the face of the other customers marked the end of the incident for that day.

* * * * *

There is a young woman up town, who has recently become fiancee, and it appears that her beloved does not like her to have other visitors when he calls, and as this is understood by the "regulars," of whom there are not a few, in spite of the public announcement of their lost chances, there is more or less of a stampede when the favored one arrives.

A few nights since the usual clearance had occurred greatly to the amusement of the young hostess,but there was one exception, and he lingered, not apparently noticing the growing unevenness of the conversation and the uneasiness of the successful suitor. It is said that he had a bet that he would hold his ground against the sour looks and cold shoulders of the engaged pair, and he was in a fair way to win until the blushing maiden turned toward him and asked him: "Do you play checkers?"

"Yes, quite well," replied the infatuated youth.

"Well, then," spoke the damsel, "if that is so, you should know that it is your time to move." He moved.

* * * * *

There is an election story told of an occurrence in a neighboring state during the recent landslide that shows how far political principles influence the average voter. One of the candidates for honors, thinking money necessary for the triumph of his cause, telegraphed to his brother, a capitalist, for a specified sum. The brother, in order to show his zeal for the party as well as proper family feeling, procured from the Treasury Department a required amount in crisp, new one-dollar bills, as convenient and agreeable for circulation.

The story goes that for a few days beautiful new greenbacks were as plentiful as hops in the contested district till the opposition whispered it around that the enemy had flooded the section with counterfeit money, and in proof of the statement called attention to the suspicious newness of every bill in circulation from the enemy's camp. The poison worked and a complete change of public feeling ensued, and the incorruptible champions of liberty used the despised money as so much waste paper, the country storekeepers rolling the notes into lamp lighters and proffering them to light the pipes of the various factions who met to talk it over.

* * * * *

If a permit can be obtained, there will be a cemetery for dogs opened in the District of Columbia. There is a law prohibiting the burial of animals, but application will be made to allow dogs to be interred in a place designated for that purpose. There is already a hospital for dogs in Washington, and it will be in connection with that institution that the cemetery will be established. It will be the first in the United States, although there are several in England.

* * * * *

"I wish to get a pair of nice shoes for a birthday present, for a young lady, a cousin of mine," said a man at one of our big shoe houses the other night.

"If they do not fit I suppose she can go into one of your branch stores and exchange them?"

"Certainly," replied the salesman. "What size?"

"That's something I can't tell," said the man. "She is in Boston——"

"Oh, well," interrupted the clerk, "I guess this is about the figure," and he pulled out a box labeled 2½-A, from a pile on the shelf behind him.

"She is in Boston visiting," continued the man, "but she lives in Chicago."

"Oh!" said the salesman, as he pushed back the box and pulled out one marked 7-E.

* * * * *

An inebriated individual got into a closed electric car Wednesday afternoon, and after trying for some time to get his heavy eyes to rest steadily upon some object finally noticed one of the electric buttons on the woodwork between the windows. He evidently recognized it at once, for he gave it a jab with his thumb.

The conductor was in the motor car collecting fares, and as he heard the tinkle of the bell he pulled the signal cord.

"N street," he shouted through the door of the closed car, as the train came to a standstill. But no one stirred.

"Don't you want to get off at N?" he said, putting his hand on the shoulder of the boozy passenger, who had begun nodding.

"No, don't," said the man, settling back in the corner.

"Didn't you just ring that electric bell?" questioned the conductor, beginning to lose his patience.

"Yesh, did," growled the tired passenger, sleepily.

"Well, what in blazes do you want, anyway?" said the mad ticket puncher.

"Jesh whisky cocktail, thashall."

Ding-ding!

* * * * *

"You may take your little saw and cut a hole in the bottom of the woodshed door for the hen and chickens," said a T street father to his little boy. The little fellow had a pet hen with two chickens, and had asked to have the shed door left open so they could go in when they felt cold. When the father got home yesterday evening he found a large hole and two small ones in the door.

"What did you cut three holes for, Sherman?" he asked the little fellow.

"Guess I want the chickens to go in too, don't I?" replied the youngster.

* * * * *

"Well, we just waxed 'em in Maryland!" said the fat pension office clerk, as he met a friend on F street the morning after the election.

"I should remark!" was his friend's jubilant reply.

Half an hour later the clerk met another friend on 7th street, and said:

"They rather waxed us in Maryland yesterday."

"Yes, and about everywhere else," was the gloomy response.

Some people carry politics in both pockets.

* * * * *

"Wonder which way that bicycle is going to turn?" thought a fat man who was getting along very unsteadily on his feet in the middle of 10th street election night. "Guess I'd better stand still until it passes," and he braced himself for a short stop.

"Don't seem to be in any hurry," he continued, after weaving back and forth and watching the light for several minutes. "Most dangerous thing in the world; liable to run a man down in the dark and kill him. Always was afraid of those machines," he mused, nervously. "Safer to get on the sidewalk 'til it gets by," and he staggered to the walk and hung to a tree box.

Five minutes more slipped along, and he spoke to a passing boy.

"Sonny, what'n thunder is that fellow doing on that bicycle up street?"

"Can't see any bicycle," responded the youngster, looking in the direction indicated.

"Don't you see that bicycle light right ahead, in the street?" asked the befuddled man.

"That! Oh, that is a lantern hung on a stick over a hole in the street," said the boy, as he went away whistling.

* * * * *

"You should be careful about brushing your clothing near the dining room. The microbes settle everywhere—the first thing you know you are sick, and you wonder what makes you so." And the medical student lay back in his chair at the dinner table last Sunday and gave a wise look at the directory man at the other end of the table.

"Microbes settle on food and create toxine," continued the student; "toxine is the tool with which the microbes get in their work, and without it they are comparatively harmless. Invisible, they can be traced in every disease known to the profession. Now, those spots on your eyes—"

"Yes," interrupted the directory man. "I was spotting business men all yesterday afternoon for advertisements. And talking of microbes being invisible, I saw a large one down at the office yesterday morning. It was Mike Sullivan's new overcoat—"

But the medical student had left the table and gone upstairs in disgust.

"Squeeze the toxine out of the pie and brush the microbes off the cheese, Mary," was the directory man's remark to the colored girl, as he ordered his dessert.

* * * * *

"Young man, will you pick out that car ticket in there?" said an old lady, as she took her seat in a Georgetown car last night and handed her open pocket book to a young fellow seated near her. "I dropped my spectacles on the pavement and broke them, so I can't see a thing."

The young man looked through the pocket book, but failed to find the car ticket.

"I can't see any car ticket," he said, as he handed it back.

"Why, that's very strange;" and she gave him a look of suspicion, and began to appear worried. "I am certain I put a car ticket in there not ten minutes ago. Won't you look again?"

The young fellow carefully explored the various compartments a second time, finding several samples of cloth and some visiting cards, but no ticket.

"None in there now, sure," he said.

"Strangest thing I ever heard of," exclaimed the old lady. Just then the conductor came along.

"Guess I'll have to ask you to trust me for this ride," she said, with a nervous, worried smile, as he stood before her.

"Passengers are not required to pay more than one fare," responded the polite official. "You handed me your ticket as you stepped on the platform."

"Oh!" and a sigh of relief came from the hearts of nineteen different passengers.

* * * * *

A. M. Cleland of Dayton, Ohio, tells a good story of a gambler from that city who has made a large fortune out of a saloon and faro room. Last winter he was in Florida with some friends, and visited a church, where a few poor colored people were engaged in worship. The roof leaked, and the pastor prayed most fervently that the Lord would provide a way to repair the roof. Then a collection was started, the pastor saying that special blessings would be asked for all contributors. One good brother put in a dime.

"A dime from Brudder Jones. De Lord bress Brudder Jones."

Then a quarter was received.

"Brudder Johnson a quatah. De Lo'd bress Brudder Johnson."

The collector reached the gambler, who had made a big winning the night before, and, flashing his roll, put a $20 bill in the hat.

The almost breathless collector said: "Wha's de name, sah?"

"Never mind the name. I am a gambler from Ohio."

"Gamblah from Ohio, twenty dollars," shouted the collector.

The pastor rolled his eyes up, and, raising his hands, said, in a voice choking with emotion:

"Twenty dollars—gamblah from Ohio. May de good Lo'd bress and prospah de noble gamblah from Ohio." The gambler says he has prospered ever since.

* * * * *

An old man entered a leading hardware store in Washington yesterday and bought some blasting powder. His white hair hung low upon his shoulders, his beard dropped far down upon his breast. He looked like a veritable Rip Van Winkle just awakened from his slumbers. It is not often that he comes to town, and when he does, he leaves as soon as his supplies are purchased. Up in the mountains the old man has a cabin where he has lived alone for many years, raising barely enough corn on the rocky land he owns to sustain his existence. For half a century he has been digging for gold, and from time to time enough has been found in a little stream near his cabin to stimulate his search. But there has never been sufficient to pay for opening up a tunnel, and the old man has been digging one for fifty years. He works alone, for he is afraid to confide his secret to any man. From morning until night he digs, and when a rock is reached that has to be blasted, he buys all of the powder that the money he can raise will pay for, and when that is gone, must wait until another crop can be raised to procure a new supply. The old prospector will not live to make many more trips to Washington, and it will probably never be known whether the washings of free gold he has secured from the stream came from a vein in the mountain where he has vainly spent his life or not.

A HUNDRED-DOLLAR PIE

A Story of a Washington Boy's Luck in War Time.

He Sold Pastry to the Soldiers Then, but Buys Up Libraries Now—How He Came to Make the Big Sale.

Jim is just Jim—has been this side of nowhere for forty years or more. His horse, like himself, a character, and the green wagon, too, have been in evidence a shorter period, but they also are growing old. The business of all three is that of buying old libraries and redisposing of them at a profit to dealers, who, in turn, make fortunes by selling them to Senators, Supreme Court justices and newspaper men.

Jim was a boy during war times—a lively one, and he made money then as now, but in a different occupation. He sold pies in the camps. Every morning he set out with two big baskets of pies, stacked up carefully, and made the round of the different tented villages which then spread over spaces now covered with brick and brown stone and inhabited by the rich, the famous and the select.

Good pies, such as Jim's mother made, brought a quarter each, and there were margins on them, both of crisp, rich crust and crisp, rich profits. At nightfall Jim came home with empty baskets and pockets full of shinplasters.

"The best day's trade," said Jim the other day when talking to a Star reporter of old times, "the best day's trade I ever had was when I was in the pie business. Several regiments had gone to the front and my customers were among them. Business had been slow. I had trouble in getting rid of all my pies. Apple and pumpkin went quick. Cranberry was slow, and one night I found myself with a cranberry pie that I knew was three days old. I had turned toward home, thinking I would have that pie myself for supper to save the loss. I had been out to a New York regiment near Rock creek and was coming past Washington Circle, when I met a grizzled old soldier shaking his blue legs along the road, trying to struggle back to camp.

"'What yer got, boy?' he asked as I passed him.

"'Pies, boss,' I replied as peart as if that one old cranberry tart hadn't whiskers on it.

"He took it up and smelled of it, and before he had said he would take it or had made any move to pay for it took a big bite out of it. I can see that bite now, with the jags in it where the old man's teeth were gone."

"As I began to make a fuss over his taking the pie, he pulled up his blue trousers leg, shoved his finger down in his stocking and pulled out a greasy old bill."

"'There ye are, bub, take that fer yer d——d old pie.'

"It was a $100 bill—not a greenback, but a 'wildcat' bill issued by the Pittsburg Traders' Bank."

"I told him I couldn't change it and made out he was codding me."

"'To h—— with change,' he snapped out, 'the bill's as good as yer d—d old pie. Ye can jest take the bill an' git, or I'll make ye eat the pie and the bill, too. Scat!'

"I thought he was going to lick me an' I set off on a run. I found afterward that the old chap had been playing poker down town all the afternoon and had won the bill, supposing as I did until next day that it was worthless. I put it in a bank for collection and I got just $97.60 for it, the exchange being $2.40. I've never sold a pie before or since for such a good price."

WAITRESSES AND MAIDS.

A New Field for the Trained Skill and Taste of Women.

While the great question of the employment of women—the problem of providing employment for those not belonging to the laboring class, but reduced from comfort to poverty—is a matter of mere discussion with many persons, one enterprising individual, who believes in the practical application of her theories, is devoting her energies to providing a school where the duties required of an accomplished waitress can be thoroughly taught, and where can be gained a good connection that shall insure profitable, possibly regular, employment. And not merely waiting will be taught, but also the art of arranging table decorations, of properly cleaning silver and altogether assuming the responsibility of the serving of the dinner.

The mistress of a small establishment often finds great difficulty in entertaining her friends because she has not a servant capable of managing the dinner without too much anxiety to herself. But if a refined, clever waitress could be obtained for a moderate charge, one that thoroughly understands her business, she would be far more attractive than the pretentious hired waiter, and hospitality might oftener reign in the average household.

Moreover, it is predicted that wealthy American families will soon follow the latest fad of many stately English homes, and employ maids in the place of butlers and footmen. It has been proved that a trained waitress is just as competent to decide what wines will be required, and to ice or heat them to the proper temperature, as an experienced butler, and she is much less likely to have a propensity for sampling them.

In one aristocratic English household where maids take the place of footmen, they have liveries of crimson cloth skirts and Georgian coats with square flap pockets, white pique waistcoats, and muslin and lace stocks, the coats having silver livery buttons. On their heads they wear little lace caps, and for large dinner parties they wear powdered hair. Ordinarily, however, the uniform most in favor for maids is silver gray alpaca, the wide linen collar and cuffs tied with bows of gray ribbon, and there is a great display of white lace and muslin in the apron and its broad strings.

ALL THE GREAT MEN.

A Kentucky Boy Has His Own Ideas of What is Fame.

Wallace Rees is a Kentucky boy of eight or nine years' growth, and he hasn't traveled so much that he has acquired an overplus of opinion counter to the greatness of his native state. He came to Washington during the past summer to visit his uncle, Judge Chester Rees of the Treasury Department; the only other capital he had visited being Frankfort, where he was shown over the cemetery, which is one of Kentucky's show points, and where sleep some of her greatest men. In Washington his uncle took him all around and wound up at Mt. Vernon, which did not seem to impress the boy as the uncle thought it should.

"There," he said to him, as they stood in sight of Washington's tomb and pointed toward the house, "is where George Washington lived, and there," pointing toward the tomb, "is where he is buried."

"Is it the George Washington that never told a lie?" inquired Wallace.

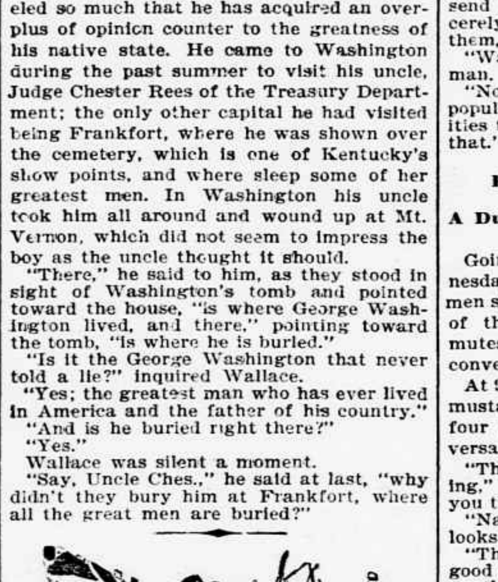
"Yes; the greatest man who has ever lived in America and the father of his country."

"And is he buried right there?"

"Yes."

Wallace was silent a moment.

"Say, Uncle Ches.," he said at last, "why didn't they bury him at Frankfort, where all the great men are buried?"



Codlin—"Can't imagine how it is these fellows know we're English!"

Short—"Must be our physique."—Sketch.

ADMIRAL PORTER'S HOUSE.

One of the Well-Known Residences and Its History.

The old Porter mansion, No. 1710 H street, is one of the old landmarks of the District, with an interesting history, dating back to the early twenties.

When President Adams appointed the members of his cabinet Richard Rush was intrusted with the Treasury Department portfolio, and administered its affairs from 1825 to 1829. It was during this period that the building now known as the Porter mansion was built by Mr. Rush and occupied by his family. Originally it had but two stories, with an attic. Various additions and improvements, however, have since been made. The large, well ventilated rooms of the old style architecture have kept the house popular, while modern improvements from time to time have added to the comfort of its inmates.

In 1816 Mr. Rush was appointed minister to England, with the late Benjamin Ogle Tayloe as secretary of the legation. It was during his residence in England that the three famous beauties, the Misses Caton of Annapolis, Md., who were the granddaughters of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, created such a sensation. International marriages were of rarer occurrence in those days, and that each of these beautiful sisters should wed an English nobleman became a matter of history in the annals of Maryland. One became the Duchess of Leeds, another the Marchioness of Wellesley, and the third Lady Stafford. Mr. Rush married a cousin of the Misses Caton, Miss Eliza Murray, a cousin also of James D. Murray, paymaster of the United States army. She is also reputed to have been very beautiful.

Contemporaries describe him as a man of courtly bearing, who dispensed the elegant hospitalities of his home in a lavish manner. The beauty, refinement and cultivation of his wife and daughters, aided by his wealth, political and diplomatic triumphs, stamped the social gatherings at his home as among the most notable of that time.

Hamilton Fish, while serving a senatorial term from the state of New York, was the next occupant of the Porter mansion. It was during his residence that the attic was converted into an additional story and a ball room added.

After Mr. Fish the house became the home of the British ambassadors, the first being Sir Frederic Bruce; after him, Lord Napier; then during the intervening years from 1858 to 1865 Lord Lyons was the incumbent. It was then that the old home was the scene of some of the most brilliant entertainments ever given in the nation's capital. Foremost among these was the grand ball given in honor of the birthday of her majesty, his sovereign. It was a notable gathering of social, political and diplomatic luminaries, whose names have gone into history through the association with the stirring events which followed.

The old mansion then became the home of Commodore David D. Porter, who died about five years ago.

The old home is a handsome brownstone structure of generous proportions, and built in a quaint style that attracts the passerby. After the death of Admiral Porter it remained unoccupied a long time. The French minister Paternotre leased it, and to this old historic home brought his bride, the beautiful Miss Elverson of Philadelphia, where they have since resided.

AN IRREPRESSIBLE SOLDIER.

Not Overcome by the Awful Dignity of His Official Superiors.

"When I was in the army during the war," said the ex-army officer to a Star reporter, "we had a chap with us that for an all around merry fellow could not be equaled anywhere. He was always doing something unmilitary and just as often coming out of it with flying colors. He was captain and quartermaster, and I shall call him Captain A. if you are going to print what I say."

"I am," said the S. W., "if it is good enough."

"Well, then, on one occasion Captain A. was seated opposite Major B. at a hotel table. Now the major was one of those severe looking men who strikes the observer as if he wanted to bite a nail in two and would do it if the nail got between his teeth. He was a good deal like he looked, too, and never permitted his dignity to be monkeyed with without resenting it. The captain didn't know the major, nor the major know the captain, and possibly never would have made his acquaintance if the captain had been at all like the major. But he wasn't. He sat watching the major cut a tough piece of steak, and the more he noticed the determined look on the major's face and the fierce, vindictive manner in which he attacked the steak on his plate the funnier it seemed to the captain, and at last he could restrain himself no longer.

"'Excuse me, major,' he said, with a twinkle in his eye, as the major stopped his operations and looked up, 'excuse me, but did that steer ever kick you?'

"The major caught on in a minute, and he was as hot as fire, and at once handed his card to the captain. The captain knew what that meant in the south, but he was not disturbed, and went out of the dining room smiling. He was about going away and at the front door of the hotel he found an ambulance. The captain asked whose it was, and when he was told it was Major B.'s he tumbled his luggage into it and got in to wait for developments. They came in a few minutes in the person of the major.

"'Sir?' exclaimed the major fiercely, as he started back on seeing who the occupant was.

"'That's all right, major,' smiled the captain. 'Get in and we'll go out and settle our little affair, and the ambulance will come handy to send the remains home in.'

"And the funny part was that the major got in, but not to fight. The ludicrousness of it all struck him then, and he and the captain became the best of friends.

"Another time," concluded the officer, "the captain was called on by the department at Washington for his quartermaster's report. Indeed, he had been called on many times, but his responses had been few. He was as honest as old wheat, but he was no sort of a business man, and his accounts were Greek to him. However, when the peremptory order came, the captain got a move on and hunted up every paper that he could find in his office, running back for months, and tumbled them pell mell into a barrel. This he headed up carefully and shipped to Washington, accompanied by the following note: 'Dear sir: In accordance with your request I send you herewith my accounts, and sincerely hope you can do something with them, for I swear I can't.'"

"Wasn't he bounced?" inquired The Star man.

"No," replied the officer, "he was too popular and had too many other good qualities to be thrown out for a little thing like that."

HOW THEY WERE FOOLED.

A Dude and His Best Girls Taught a Street Car Lesson.

Going east on a Columbia car last Wednesday night, a Star man saw two young men sitting in the forward end, one each side of the door. They were evidently deaf mutes from Kendall Green, as they were conversing with their fingers.

At 9th street a dudish young man of small mustache and much collar, accompanied by four girls, came in. The pantomime conversation attracted their attention at once.

"This fellow on this side is splendid looking," said a little black-eyed girl. "Don't you think so, Charlie?"

"Naw!" said Charlie. "Don't like the looks of his clothes."

"That one on the other side would be real good looking if it wasn't for his ears," said another girl. "My! what ears he has got! Wonder if he can't fly?" and a general laugh from the quintet followed.

"The one on this side has got too big a nose to suit me," said another girl.

But the two young men kept on with their pantomime, paying no attention to the party.

"Bet my fellow on this side is the smartest," said little black eyes. "See how fast his fingers go."

"Fingers are dirty, too," remarked Charlie. "Bet he hasn't washed them in a week."

"Perhaps the poor fellow has to work for a living," said a sympathetic miss, who had not spoken before.

"Naw," responded Charlie. "Those chaps out there don't have any work to do."

At this point the car slowed up for the government printing office corner, and the two young men prepared to leave.

"Good night, Chawlie," said one, as he started toward the rear door. "Bye-bye, Chawles," chimed in the other, as he started out. They were two printers from the big office.

And the silence of the young people was extremely oppressive for the remainder of the journey.

HIS PLUCK AND HIS LUCK

A Western Judge Tells a Little Story of His Early Experience.

He Borrows Enough Money to Go East and Get Married and How His Fortunes Changed.

A Star writer was talking to a western judge who was on a business visit to Washington. They had been friends and schoolmates, and naturally were interested in each other.

"Well," said The Star writer, after an exchange of personal news, "I'm glad to hear you are now rich and respectable, not to mention the judge part of it, which is more than respectable."

"It is well enough now, my boy," responded the judge, "but a dozen years ago it was not well by any means."

"Go on with the story," said The Star man; "that's what I'm here for."

"You remember when I first went west I knocked about Colorado for some time,doing what law business I could pick up, and at last got settled in a good town and began to make some money. I got into mining on the side, and it wasn't long till I had a fair reputation in manipulating that sort of thing. Finally I ran down a fine snap, and with three thousand dollars borrowed money and all my own pile, I stood to win a hundred thousand. While I was trying to get rich I was also maintaining a correspondence with a sweetheart in Indiana, and once or twice we had set a day when I should return and marry her, but it did not eventuate, owing to the slipping of some of my schemes.

"This one, however, had no slip to it that I could see, for the men and the money were in sight, and on the first of October we were to turn the property over and get the cash. On this I wrote to the girl to be ready by the fifteenth of October and that would be our wedding day, rain or shine. Everything went beautifully until the last day of September; the men were on the ground, the money was in the bank waiting for us and we were flying high. On that day a strike occurred and that night the streets were full of angry miners, there was an ugly feeling in the air and by morning our men were so scared that they picked up bag and baggage and with all the money that was to have been ours, they went back to New York.

"Well, you can imagine how I felt. Everything gone, three thousand dollars in debt, my law and mining practice ruined and a wedding to be met twenty-five hundred miles away, and not enough cash on hand to buy a railroad ticket half way there. For a day I was utterly crushed, and then I rallied somewhat and made up my mind that I would trust to Providence and marry the girl anyhow. So I borrowed enough to get me to her, and without a word as to my financial condition, I went right ahead and married. In the meantime, though, I had given an uncle of mine a brief explanation and borrowed two hundred dollars of him.

"Then I went on my wedding trip, just around the state to visit friends of hers and mine, and I think I was about the worriedest groom that ever went on such an expedition, but I tried to conceal it, and kept on hoping for something to happen that would relieve the pressure. Fortunately, something did—my new-made wife was taken quite ill and the physician forbade her going west at that time. Then I had a strange mixture of feelings. I was sorry that my wife was sick and I was glad, but you can't fully appreciate those feelings until you have tried it.

"The doctor said it would be at least six weeks before she could undertake so long a trip; she had something like pneumonia, and he was afraid to risk exposure; and I told him I would have to go, as my business imperatively demanded my presence (the Lord forgive me for that lie, for I had no business) in the west; and away I went, taking what would have bought her ticket to get me there, and going flat broke. I promised to send for her as soon as she could come, if I found it impossible for me to return for her. Think of that sort of talk in the face of the fact that all the money I could raise wouldn't buy meals along the road if we walked. When I reached my Colorado town again I was as nearly a wreck as a man could be and get around.

"My office rent was paid to the end of the year, and thither I went as soon as I left the train, and when I sat down in its dreary loneliness there wasn't a ray of light anywhere in all the world for me. Even my wife seemed a burden, and it hurt me that I hadn't told her the true condition. For a week I went to my office every day; for two weeks, for three, and there was nothing for me to do. The only comfort I got was from the friend who had loaned me the three thousand. He told me he would extend the time until I had a chance to catch on again. But the strike had caught on, and there was desolation everywhere.

"Then came a letter from my wife, saying she was so much improved that the doctor had told her she might come as soon as I would send, and would I send right away, or, better, would I come for her. This was the straw that broke the camel's back, and I went to my office the next morning fully resolved if nothing turned up that day to kill myself and end it all as far as I was concerned. Sitting there alone at 11 o'clock, with my head on the table, utterly broken in purse and pride, I was surprised by a strange visitor. I explained in a minute that I was not feeling well, and asked what I could do for him. He told me he had been sent by a friend of mine to consult with me on some mining claims the company he represented had out there, and showed me the papers.

"In a second I took new hope, for I knew all about them, and in a few minutes he said he would turn over to me the six claims he had, and let me look after them. He told me that I would expect a retainer in each case, and he asked if a hundred dollars in each one would be sufficient. It was, amply, and when he went out, a half hour later, I was a new man, with six hundred dollars in my pocket. Then I sent for my wife, and together we pulled all that year, trying to get in shape once more, and I guess my luck had changed, for within two years we had paid the three thousand, the other borrowed money, and owned a twelve-hundred-dollar house and a fine baby. My luck stayed with me, too, for I've been making money ever since, and I am a judge, with a chance for Congress if I want to take it."

"And your wife?" queried The Star man.

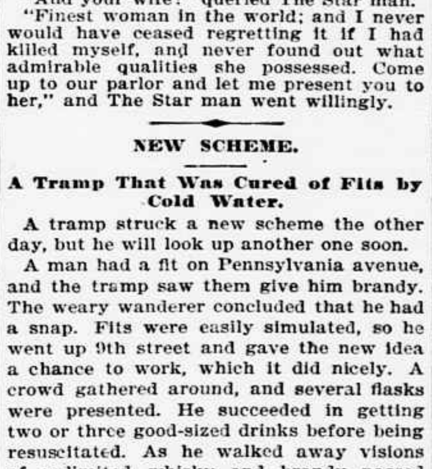
"Finest woman in the world; and I never would have ceased regretting it if I had killed myself, and never found out what admirable qualities she possessed. Come up to our parlor and let me present you to her," and The Star man went willingly.

NEW SCHEME.

A Tramp That Was Cured of Fits by Cold Water.

A tramp struck a new scheme the other day, but he will look up another one soon.

A man had a fit on Pennsylvania avenue, and the tramp saw them give him brandy. The weary wanderer concluded that he had a snap. Fits were easily simulated, so he went up 9th street and gave the new idea a chance to work, which it did nicely. A crowd gathered around, and several flasks were presented. He succeeded in getting two or three good-sized drinks before being resuscitated. As he walked away visions of unlimited whisky and brandy passed through his brain, and he thought thirst was a suffering of the past. He went out 7th street, and concluded that he would have another fit in front of a drug store. "Water," shouted the man of medicine. One sympathizing spectator got a bucketful of nature's beverage and threw it in the man's face, then an excited citizen turned on a hose, and the fit was over. The tramp has been permanently cured and is willing to divide results with any one who will furnish a new plan.



And now Indian summer follows closely upon the heels of dog days.—Harper's Bazar.

TACKLING A TEMPTATION.

An Opportunity Given and It Worked to One Man's Satisfaction.

"No man knows what temptation is until he has tackled it once," said the moralist to a Star writer.

"What now?" inquired The Star man.

"Just heard about the fall of one of the most eminent citizens of the town I lived in out west before I became a government hireling and found a home in a Washington boarding house."

"How far did he fall?"

"Fifty thousand feet—I mean dollars."

"That's farther. Tell me about it."

"Good enough; I will. You see, in our town, which is about seven thousand inhabitants in extent, we have considerable wealth, and one old chap is worth a million dollars, and is as close as the bark on a dog—I mean on a tree—and last summer he threw the town into a fever of excitement and surprise by offering to give $50,000 toward founding a school there if the townspeople would put up a like amount, so they would have a hundred thousand to start with. Everybody was anxious to have the school, for a big school brings lots of business and good families, and it wasn't a month until the amount was raised.

"One or two went as high as five thousand, several went twenty-five hundred, others put up a thousand each, and a whole lot contributed the balance in amounts from a hundred dollars up. One of the best-known men in town, a bank cashier and the trusted friend of everybody, was one of the most active workers in the cause, and he had really got the millionaire to make his offer, was appointed to receive the funds and account for them, all of it being paid in checks, for the town meant business, and didn't propose to let the old man's fifty thousand get away from them on any doubt or technicality.

"At last the fifty thousand in subscriptions was all in, and there was a meeting of citizens, when the millionaire was to lay his check down alongside of the aggregate subscriptions, and everything was to be started with a grand hurrah. They had a whooping big time, the old man's check was brought in on a silver salver in a bed of chrysanthemums and the dickens was to pay generally. There was a big pile of checks on the table, as none of them had been cashed, and after a board of trustees had been appointed to act with the cashier, the meeting adjourned for two days in order to let the cashier go up to Chicago and arrange certain necessary matters before organizing for business."

"He cleaned up the whole gang for a cool hundred thousand," exclaimed The Star man, with the impetuosity of a dead certainty."

"Not much he didn't," said the moralist, "and that's the odd part of it and the queer kind of consciences some people have. He got the money on the millionaire's check and sent back every other one to the giver of it, with a pleasant little note to the effect that he wouldn't touch a dollar of any man's money except one who wouldn't miss it."

"Didn't the cashier have anything for the millionaire to drop on to?"

"Twenty-five dollars salary which was coming to him in the bank, that's all," said the moralist. "He was a bachelor and never saved anything."

1—2—3—4—5!

The Alarm Clocks Got in Their Work With Hourly Regularity.

"Girls, I've got a scheme that will help us to get even with John for some of his practical jokes on us," said a young lady to her sister and cousin on Capitol Hill Thursday night. "Where can we borrow some little alarm clocks?"

"I know of several," said the sister; and by dinner time they had managed to borrow and smuggle five into Brother John's sleeping room. While the rest of the family were at the dinner table the girls went up to John's room, and the alarm to 1 clock was set for 1 a.m., and the timekeeper hidden behind a picture in one corner.

The next was set for 2 o'clock, and placed behind his looking glass; the 3 o'clock alarm was placed carefully behind the wash bowl, while 4 o'clock was laid away in good shape under the bed. Then they fixed one for 5 o'clock and hung it by a string behind the center of the headboard on the bed. By this time they were ready to dress for the theater.

About 9 o'clock John's grouty Uncle Henry came rather unexpectedly from Boston, and as the best thing to be done he was given John's room for the night. Of course he was very tired.

It was nearly midnight when the girls came home, and they knew nothing of the change in sleeping arrangements. They retired to their room adjoining John's and awaited the first gun. When 1 o'clock was w-h-i-r-r-e-d out by the clock behind the picture, the girl's heard a rolling over in bed and one or two indistinct grumbles. At 2 o'clock there was some muttering, and "curse that clock!" came in a gruff voice from under the bedclothes.

At 3 the machine behind the washbowl got in its work, and the girls heard the occupant of the bed bounce out on the floor and an evident skirmish after matches, accompanied by several remarks in full-faced italic. Then when 4 o'clock came:

"Blankety-blank that blanked clock to blanknation!" was the suppressed howl of a hoarse voice, as a heavy body bounced out of bed again. "What in the d—l has got into the blanked thing, anyway?" and the girls heard him rummaging around and fall over a chair. They had kept awake to enjoy the fun, but the explosions were getting so hot they became frightened. Finally, quiet reigned again.

At 5 o'clock the alarm tied to the headboard commenced its reveille, and it was too much for the old man.

"Well, I'll be blankety dash-blanked! I'd just like to mash the face of the man who made the infernal thing—and the blanked fool who bought it, too!"

The girls heard him land on the floor and begin slinging things around in his room, all the while growling to himself. In a short time they heard the front door open and close, then they went to sleep.

The early morning train north carried a very irate Boston man toward home, and at the breakfast table on Capitol Hill the opinion was expressed that "Uncle Henry must be a late sleeper." The reason for his hasty departure is still a mystery to the old people at the house, but was given to a Star man in confidence by one of the young ladies.

MIXED STREETS.

The Minister Attended a Funeral Instead of a Wedding.

One of Washington's most popular ministers is rather noted for his tact and taste in dress. At weddings he enters with an air of gayety and wears a flower fastened to the lapel of his coat. One day last week he was called upon to officiate at a wedding which occurred on L street northwest. It was an afternoon affair, and after the ceremony there was a dinner, followed by a bridal tour.

The divine took down the name and the number of the street, but wrote L street southwest instead of northwest. Arraying himself in wedding attire, he went to the house, and, as soon as he entered, noticed that the rooms were darkened and an air of solemnity pervaded. The lady who ushered him in said:

"You are the minister, are you not?"

"Yes, madam."

"Well, you are a little earlier than we expected. Come into the parlor—the corpse is there, but the widow and family are not quite ready."

There were a few hurried words of explanation and the minister reached the house where the happy couple awaited him, a few minutes late. It was remarked that he was not in his usual spirits, and finally the story became known.

STOCKING FEET.

A Washington Belle Creates a Mild Sensation on the Streets.

Some kinds of leather tend to swell the feet when worn.

A well-known young lady bought a pair of shoes the other day made from one of those kinds of leather. They felt comfortable enough when she tried them on in the store, and the owner started to a meeting at the church of which she is a member.

When one block had been traveled, the shoes began to pinch, and by the time the church was reached the pain was unbearable. Finally, she felt unable to stand it any longer, and took them off, thinking no one could see them while in church, and she could slip them on again. When the services were concluded, the feet had so swollen, that they would not go into the shoes at all, and nothing could be done but start for home without them. She had two blocks to go before a cab could be seen,and her friends told the story.

CULTURE OF THE COCA

Market Demand Has Made Growing It Profitable.

The Increasing Use of Cocaine in This Country and the Effect.

"The coca plant is being cultivated on a large scale in Peru and elsewhere in tropical America nowadays," said a chemist to a representative of The Star the other day. "Within the last few years the demand for the leaves has increased enormously, and large farms are devoted to the business of growing them. The alkaloid 'cocaine' obtained from them has become steadily cheaper, until now the commercial product is quoted at about one-twentieth of the price asked for it a dozen years ago. At that time apothecaries kept the stuff in their safes, because it was so precious.

"Coca plants are propagated from seed in nurseries, to be set out later in the fields. They begin to yield regular crops at the age of eighteen months, and continue to be productive for half a century. The ripe leaves are carefully picked by hand, so as not to injure the young buds. They are dried thoroughly in the sun and finally are kept in bags of from twenty-five to 150 pounds. The leaves are about the same size and shape as tea leaves, two inches or more in length, oblong and pointed. They have an agreeable odor rather like that of tea leaves, and a peculiar taste. A decoction made from them is bitter and astringent.

Cocaine.

"Most of the coca leaves are sent to Germany, where the alkaloid 'cocaine' is made from them. It is put up for sale usually in the form of crystals, which are white and look somewhat like granulated sugar. The alkaloid is the active principle of the coca for the sake of which certain South American natives have for many centuries chewed the leaves of the plant. It has a gently excitant effect, rendering a person indisposed to sleep. Administered to frogs by hypodermic injection, it produces symptoms resembling those of tetanus or lockjaw. A big dose kills rabbits and dogs by suffocation, paralyzing the respiratory centers.

The Coca Fiend.

"The coca fiend has already become known to some extent in the United States. No habit is more dangerous than the cocaine habit. It may be acquired even by putting drops of the solution in the eyes. Physicians now employ cocaine in the treatment of many complaints, and it often happens that the patient acquires the vice. The drug induces a feeling of intense joyousness, accompanied by visions and phantasmagoria brilliant in form and color. The habit steadily grows, and the inveterate consumer may be recognized by an uncertainty of step, apathy of manner, sunken eyes, green and crusted teeth, fetid breath, and a blackness about the corners of the mouth.

"The article known commercially as 'coca wine' is sometimes made by macerating the leaves of the plant in ordinary wine from grapes. Usually, however, a fluid extract of coca is employed, mixed with wine in the proportion of a pint of the former to a gallon of the latter."

BACKWOODS CHOIR.

Primitive Church Where Jewsharps and Concertinas Make the Music.

A department clerk has just returned from a hunting trip through Virginia. He says that some of the sweetest music he ever heard was by choir in Buchannan county. He had frequently heard of the music, but was not prepared to realize what it consisted of until he visited the church, which is a log house twenty miles from the nearest railroad, and farther than that from an incorporated town. He took a front seat, and on a rude bench in the corner sat the choir, consisting of seven people, five young men and two young women. Two of the young men had concertinas, one a jewsharp and another an accordion. The remaining male member of the choir sang, as did also the young ladies. The mouth organs, jewsharp and accordion were played in perfect harmony, while the voices were good, although untrained, and the clerk says that he never heard sweeter strains than came from the backwoods choir.

TOOK IT OFF.

A Precocious Child That Could Undress Without Her Nurse.

Little three-year-old Mabel, who lives on M street northwest, is very precocious,a fact of which her mother is usually proud, but a few days ago she showed evidences of it that were not appreciated.

The child had been dressed in a slip and very little else, that she might play in the back yard.

Several fashionable ladies and the husband of one of them called to discuss a charitable enterprise with the mother. Suddenly Mabel ran into the parlor.

"You dirty child," exclaimed the mother. "Go right up stairs and have nurse take off that dress."

She obeyed, and in a few minutes returned clad in childish innocence without much other adornment, and explained:

"Mamma, I couldn' fin' nursey, but I dest got it off my own se'f."

The child is wondering yet how she came to be so unceremoniously carried up stairs and locked in a room.

The Fatal Flies.

From Fliegende Blatter.

"Why do the girls look so continuously at me?—If they only knew."

"Heavens, what is that?"

Tableau.