"One of the best messengers to a cabinet officer the government ever had was Henry Coleman," said Major Strong of the Department of Justice. "Henry had been a slave in Richmond, but managed to save enough money to buy himself. Then, just before the civil war, he saved enough to buy his wife. Although a slave, he was greatly liked by southern people. They helped him get up the money to pay the price on himself. Northern people who went to Richmond likewise helped him when they knew what his ambition was. Soon after coming to Washington he was appointed a messenger in the Department of Justice and remained here many years until death took him away. He served with a number of Attorneys General and they all liked him. Attorney General Garland was especially fond of him, and when old Henry became ill once and was confined to his home for a long time Mr. Garland went to see him every day. He would sit for an hour or so by the old man's bedside and they would talk together about many matters. The scene was one of deep interest. There was a man who had once owned many slaves and a man who had been a slave himself. To all appearances, however, there was no distinction between them except in color and position. Henry knew every man of prominence in the United States and understood something of their political history. He was a splendid judge of human nature and made few mistakes in a position that requires tact and ability. We need more men like Henry in the public service. A good messenger in a department is worth keeping."

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"There was a marked scarcity of blackberries last season, as also of dewberries, but the supply this season more than makes it up," explained a commission dealer to a Star reporter. Indeed, the indications are that the quantity of blackberries, by this I mean the bushberries, will be larger than for many years. Dewberries have been coming in for several weeks, but the bushberries only began to come in this week from Maryland and Virginia. Just now the prices are, of course, well up, but in a week they will tumble low enough for every one, and much too low for the people who have to work around in the sun to pick them. The supply of blackberries that came to the markets in this city up to ten years ago came from the immediate suburbs, but the development of the suburbs has sent the berry picker far back into the country. The old-fashioned berry fields have been transformed into city limits and villages. In my early experience in the commission business the bulk of the berries that came to the market were picked in the fields which are now Mount Pleasant and Columbia Heights. The doing away with the berry bushes sent the pickers toward Rock creek and out as far as Brightwood. The fields in the vicinity of what is now Congress Heights and all around the Insane Hospital grounds furnished a great many berries. The hills across the Aqueduct bridge and all along the valley leading out to Bladensburg were favorite places for the berry pickers. There are some berries now to be found in the sections named, but they are used up by those who reside in the immediate localities, the picker for the market being regarded as an intruder. The market pickers have to go on an average ten miles, where once they only had to go less than one mile. The price is practically the same, however, notwithstanding the extra efforts that are necessary to get them. As it is now the pickers go to the ends of the suburban electric railroads by the cars and from there work out into the fields where the berries are found, though, of course, the greater quantity are brought to market by the country people."

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"It is remarkable how the peculiarities of travelers are indicated by the satchels they carry," explained the superintendent of a depot baggage room to a Star reporter, "and after one has handled baggage for ten years he can read its owners as well as if he had a personal acquaintance with them. People may not think so, but the baggage and satchels they carry tell us plainly how to treat them, or at least how they should be treated, for sometimes it is not policy to say all one knows or thinks he knows, which is a most the same thing. The woman who is always mislaying something, forgetting umbrellas and parcels, losing her ticket or putting it away so carelessly she cannot find it when it is needed; who does not know what train to take or when it starts, carries a satchel which tells us the story as fully as if its owner told it. We call it the 'careless.' On the other hand, the satchels of the Miss Prims, as we call them, the careful, experienced traveler, who is always on time, never in a hurry, knows where he or she is going and why they are going; the people who get on railroad trains to travel and for that only, tell us their peculiarities as plainly and with unerring accuracy. The big baggage, the trunk, has less of the characteristics than the hand baggage, but after the varnish wears off even a trunk talks to us. I can pick out a bishop's trunk even in the dark, or, indeed, the trunk of any other kind of a man that travels much.

"The jolly good fellow carries a particular kind of a satchel. It is of a kind that opens easily and bears signs of frequent openings. Very frequently it carries a bottle, a bunch of cigars or an apple or an orange for a child. Grandpa's and grandma's satchels are easily picked out, for generally on the outside there are little bundles tied on. We know who the bundles are for and how pleased the recipients will be when they receive them. The man who is going down to Atlantic City for a whole week need not tell us when he enters the depot. His satchel very often tells us, and very often we know the man from whom he borrowed it, for it is remarkable how many there are who use borrowed satchels."

* * * * *

"While the average department clerk can hold his or her own as far as drinking ice water is concerned, the clerks by no means consume all the ice purchased for the departments," remarked a watchman in the Treasury Department to a Star reporter. "I am satisfied that one-half of the ice water furnished in each of the departments is drunk by outsiders, visitors to the city, people who have business with the officials and residents who drop in while passing up or down town for a rest for a moment and a glass of water. This dropping in grows to be a very large factor in connection with the consumption of ice. Visitors to the city drink wonderful quantities, and during very hot days, such as we had last week, they took a drink on every floor. The Treasury Department leads the departments as regards the number of clerks, and consumes a great amount of ice. Three or four wagon loads each day are needed to supply the demand during a hot spell, though when a cooler season, like that which opened up during the early part of this week, is on the quantity is reduced at least one-half. There are some clerks who use the water cooler at least once each hour during a specially hot day, though the coolest-looking clerk in the building (he is a clerk in the office of the commissioner of customs) has never been known to take a drink of ice water. The champion ice-water drinker is in the office of the commissioner of internal revenue. He has had a record of four quarts of water each day during the summer for several years. The Interior Department and the land office building, formerly the Post Office Department, also come in for a liberal supply of droppers-in, who enjoy a brief cooling off and from one to three glasses of ice water. The big stores down town furnish ice water to all customers, but there are a certain number of persons who prefer a drink of water supplied by the departments. The War, State and Navy Department building, though it does not hold half as many clerks as the Treasury Department, also consumed during the hot spell last week from three to four wagon loads of ice a day, though in ordinary weather two wagon loads each day are sufficient. The Post Office Department by moving into its new building saves from 600 to 1,500 pounds of ice a day, for the building being now out of the line of travel has comparatively few droppers-in to drink up its ice water."

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"The pretty woman hasn't all the good things in life," remarked a plain woman yesterday. "She misses one thing certainly—the comfort of ugliness. To be sure, she has to be old enough to have philosophized a bit about life before she finds this out. And before that time she is certain to have lain awake nights crying because the skin-deep gift of the gods has been denied her. But by and by she begins to see that her plain features, if they haven't brought her joy, have spared her pain. In the first place, she hasn't expected much of the world, and so she has not been disappointed. Then she has had leisure from her mirror and her admirers, and, most of all, from herself, to think some thoughts worth thinking and to do a little something of solid worth. The worst slave I ever knew was a remarkably pretty girl who was always in terror lest she was not at her beauty's best and whose whole life was a round of severe self-exactions that she might keep her beauty unimpaired. The poor child actually found time for nothing else in life than the office of being her own groom.

"Best of all, the plain woman is reasonably sure to escape the observation and comment that is sure to follow a pretty girl and which is not half so pleasing to her, if she be sensible and right minded, as the mass of mankind suppose.

"Oh, yes, life has plenty of compensations to offer the ugly woman, as surely I am qualified to know, having lived the life of one, lo! these many years."

The Skipping Rope Cure.

From the New York Times.

Skipping-rope exercise for middle-aged gentlemen affected with "liver" or indigestion is the latest alleged medical fad, to which the humorists of the press have directed their attention. The London correspondent of the Birmingham Gazette asserts that this novel form of adult exercise is being used on rainy mornings as a substitute for the mile and a half run before breakfast, which has been prescribed by a West End physician as a remedy for that condition of liver which in London is due to want of outdoor exercise and late hours, hard work and bad air. There are professional men and others who take their run in the park before breakfast every fine morning, and who bless the physician who discovered this simple way of restoring health. Its effects in some cases have been marvelous. By "run" is not meant a sharp walk, but actual running.

SUNDAY AT THE ZOO.

From Punch.

Mr. Murphy—"Excuse me, sor; but can ye direct me to the goin' out intrance?"

DISMISSALS FROM OFFICE

"Whatever else may be uncertain about our places," said a young and pretty census office clerk as she emerged from the "hot-house" at the corner of 1st and B streets, "we all know that when the census is completed our tenure of office comes to an end. With clerks in the classified service of the government there is no fixed tenure."

"No," answered her companion, an elderly clerk who had lived long enough in Washington to be familiar with some of the ins and outs of departmental life, "it is to a large extent somewhat of a lottery. Of course, as all of you green employes know, when the administration changes its rouge and powder many dismissals are made for political reasons. Also, an opportunity is then offered those in authority to square up accounts with some of their clerical neighbors, and it is usually embraced.

"Where a clerk is dismissed for some ostensible cause, but really for political reasons at the close of an administration, he runs a good chance of getting back if the old party comes in power again the next four years, if he was on the unclassified roll, or in the classified service and is a veteran of the civil war. I know of many instances of men who were dismissed under the Cleveland administration who are now in office. It must have been a long wait between trains, however.

"But sometimes a clerk is dismissed for a serious cause, drunkenness, for example, and during the past decade those in authority in the executive departments have followed the rule obtaining in the large railroad offices, and will not reinstate a man with this charge against him, no matter how strong his influence may be. I will cite a single instance:

"Two men held $1,400 desks in the same division. Both were inclined to bend the elbow during the day. As a result, their papers were often misplaced, they were inclined to be irritable, and their work was not satisfactorily performed. The chief of their bureau called them separately before him one day and told them that if they desired to remain at work strict sobriety was the condition precedent. The admonition had a temporary effect, though both were highly indignant. Not long afterward the chief dropped into a resort near the department for a little stimulant himself. The two clerks were leaning against the bar. One asked the chief to join them. He knew that his name was mud, and he chose to be sociable to the last. The chief declined the invitation, returned at once to the office and sent for the two clerks. He was told that they were on leave for the afternoon. They were summarily dismissed that day. One man made no effort to be reinstated. The other brought the strongest influence to bear on the head of the department, and his successor, for five years. Some time ago he was reinstated as a messenger.

"I know of one lady who was dismissed simply for talking. She was a most persistent chatterer, and admonitions to close her mouth when she entered the office and keep it closed until 4 o'clock were breath wasted. It is perhaps a good thing for some of my sex that the rule is not thus always so strictly enforced.

"A young lady in one of the departments received much attention because she was pretty and was understood to be eligible for matrimony, since she was very coy, and was known as 'Miss ——.' She was occasionally seen with a little child, her niece, she said. It was known that a young man in another department paid her considerable attention. It was discovered, after she had drawn $1,200 for five or six years, that the young man was her husband, and the 'niece' her own child. She 'resigned.' I have always thought that the men clerks who used to hang around her desk, and say nice things to her, under the impression that they were talking to a young, unmarried damsel, must have suffered a severe shock when they learned of the deception, and realized how they had wasted their attentions.

"While there are married women in the departments whose husbands are employed or unemployed on the outside, it is an understood thing now that husband and wife both cannot remain on Uncle Sam's pay roll, and an order to this effect was recently promulgated publicly in one of the downtown departments. There are, however, many secret marriages among government clerks, and I know of several. Why? Because the husband is paying for a home, is one reason. Because the wife does not intend to surrender her salary until the last moment, and because sometimes the wife's salary is larger than the husband's.

"A clerk in my room was dismissed because he reported himself as sick when he was in fact participating in a tennis tournament. His name appeared in the local papers as a contestant. He denied it, then admitted it, and pleaded for mercy on account of his young wife and baby. The Secretary dismissed him because of the falsehood.

"A dismissal for 'incompetency' does not disbar a reinstatement. That's the official reason given when they want your place for another. Any clerk is officially 'incompetent' if his chief so reports him, when, as a matter of fact, he may be able to give the same chief cards and spades and beat him in official business. This is understood in official life."

TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

Men Do Not Always Get What They Pay For.

At the cigar stand of an uptown hotel last evening a guest asked the dealer for an imported cigar.

The dealer handed out a handful of cigars which were in all appearance the real thing.

"Are these real imported cigars?" asked the purchaser, depositing his quarter on the little change mat.

"Yes, sir," responded the other.

"It is too hot a night for a dispute," said the guest, to a Star reporter, "and since the cigar is a good one I will smoke it, but it is not an imported cigar that he sold me, though it resembles one. It was made in this country of imported tobacco. If I called this dealer down, he would say 'What's the difference?' as the tobacco was grown on the Island of Cuba.

"I am an internal revenue inspector, and I can tell at a glance whether a cigar is the imported article in the box from Havana, or whether it is made in this country of imported leaf. The difference is great in many ways, and the fact that the average judge of cigars cannot detect it is no excuse why he does not get what he calls for. Who can tell the difference between a Paris-made gown and one made here of the same imported materials? Very few. The difference is usually about $100 in favor of the dressmaker.

"But with cigars it is another matter. Some dealers will tell you that we make a better article of imported rolled tobacco than the Cuban cigarmakers. Perhaps so. The dealer makes a bigger profit on the sale, and that is what he is looking out for.

"If you desire to buy a cigar made by Cuban workmen, and the real imported thing, examine the box for the internal revenue stamps. They will be observed, if you look carefully, and are six in number. All bear the words 'Imported cigars, United States customs,' and the number of the cigars contained in the box plainly engraved at each end of the stamp, in the center of which is the engraving of a steamship.

"The stamp for the box containing twenty-five cigars is smaller than the others and is drab in color. The box containing fifty cigars is distinguished by a green stamp, the 100 blue, the 250 red and the 500 yellow ochre, in delicate tints.

"There is a difference in both the smoke and the flavor of a cigar made by Havana workmen and those made at the principal tobacco marts here. Our makers do not import the very finest leaf for the very excellent reason that the Cubans won't allow it to leave the island, desiring it for their own high-grade cigars, most of which find their way to the cities of London and Paris. The Cubans roll their cigars in a way peculiar to themselves, and when a man calls for the genuine rolled article he wants it and ought to have it."

More Truthful.

From the Yonkers Statesman.

"There's something wrong about this story," said the editor. "You commence by saying, 'the father and his family were chatting about the cheerful fireside,' and yet, further on, you say they lived in an apartment house."

"Excuse me," said the reporter, taking he manuscript and making some marks on it: "how will that do?"

The changed manuscript read thus: "The father and his family were chatting on the top of the cheerless radiator."

A Business Head.

From the New York Weekly.

Lady—"I wish to get a birthday present for my husband."

Clerk—"How long married?"

Lady—"Ten years."

Clerk—"Bargain counter to the right."

NEEDS OF THE NAVY

"The happy escape of the pride of the navy, the Oregon, from becoming a wreck upon the rocks in Chinese waters," said a captain in the marine corps, "suggests to me a point which, while ever present in the minds of naval and marine corps officers, is apt to be lost sight of by others, especially at the Capitol when the naval bill is in committee for consideration.

"I have often heard congressmen say at this time, 'Well, we have so many battle ships and this many cruisers,' etc., in derogation of an argument for an increase of ships, implying that the full complement of the navy may be made available at all times, and especially in the time of war, or at the apparent approach of war, for the purpose of a demonstration.

"This is not true. In times of profound peace, if all of the vessels are tied up in the different navy yards, they may be thus numerically considered. Once they are in commission and on the high seas, especially in strange waters, an entirely new condition, and one of more or less danger to the ship itself, is immediately presented.

"Since the civil war the United States has lost a number of its fine ships by means other than the fire from the guns of an enemy. The latest of these losses is the splendid cruiser Charleston, sunk in a collision on a rock in Philippine waters, wiped off the naval roster in a single night, and the ill-fated Maine, sunk in the bay of Havana, is the most prominent. And if the Oregon had gone down we would have lost three of our best ships in as many years by wreckage.

"The famous cruiser Kearsarge went to pieces on Roncador reef, off the coast of Yucatan. In the hurricane at Apia, in Samoan waters, the navy lost three vessels—the Trenton, Vandalia and Nipsic. The present generation has almost forgotten the terrible wreck of the Huron off Cape Hatteras, in which Commander Lucien Young so valiantly distinguished himself and won a merited promotion of thirty numbers for his bravery.

"A tidal wave off the coast of Chile, near Valparaiso, swept another American ship of war, the Wateree, I think, high and dry on the shore, where, at last accounts, she was doing ignominious service as a hotel.

"The serious accidents which befell the Texas on several occasions, and the ripping open of the bottom of the Massachusetts in the channel of the East river, off Governor's Island, in the harbor of New York, are too recent occurrences to need more than mention, but they serve well to illustrate the point I am making that in all navies an allowance must be made in the full complement of vessels for destruction by wrecking and collisions.

"Foreign navies also lose a number of ships in this manner, the most notable in recent years being the unfortunate collision in the Mediterranean during the maneuvers of the British fleet."

FEATHER MAKING.

A Trade That Gives Employment to Many Women and Girls.

"From July to November is our busiest season," said a leading manufacturer of feathers in New York to the writer yesterday, "and for the next five months there will be steady employment for the 1,000 girls and women who work at the trade in this city. The designers and skilled hands, who are much sought after, earn from $25 to $30 a week, while the beginners, or girls who twist paper round the wires and work at the simplest steps in the process, can make from $1.50 to $3 a week. It takes an intelligent and wide-awake girl about two years to learn the business, longer to become expert, but once she has acquired the knack she is sure of earning good wages all the year round. Most of the feather makers also learn the art of flower making, and when the feather business gets dull in the fall they have another trade at which they can work during the winter and spring months.

"In New York the trade in feathers amounts to millions of dollars annually, and the supply of song and other gay-plumaged birds has decreased to such an extent within recent years that many substitutes have had to be used. Some of the finest feathers are now made out of silk and cotton waste. They have quills made of celluloid, and when dyed and skillfully curled it would take an expert to detect them from an ostrich or any other expensive feather which they are made to imitate. The utilization of poultry feathers for millinery purposes has also proved a great success, as many breeds of fancy chickens, ducks and geese have remarkably beautiful feathers, shimmering with gold, green and blue, and tinged with metallic luster of unusual beauty. Even the common barnyard fowl is made to furnish material for the market. By dyeing such feathers they can be made to imitate the brightest plumes that ever graced the back or topknot of a tropical bird. The plumes are artfully made up by hand, each individual feather being colored beforehand, and then worked into an exquisite design. Some of these plumes are so gorgeous that they are more in demand than the genuine plumes of wild birds.

"A remarkable machine is in use for plucking the feathers from dead poultry, and by its use the feather industry has been greatly simplified and expanded. The dead bird is placed on a table, and the picker strips it of all feathers in just half a minute. Then the plucked feathers are passed rapidly along to another small room where a current of air sorts the very fine from the heavy ones. The very lightest and softest feathers are used for pillows, but all the others find some use in the millinery trade. It is now the fashion to have cloaks and mantles made out of light poultry feathers, and some handsome pieces of wearing apparel have been made in this way. Such a feather cloak is more expensive than sable or seal."

COWBELLS.

They're Just the Same Today as They Were a Century Ago.

"One of the comparatively few things that the hand of improvement has not touched is the cowbell, which is made now just as it was a hundred or more years ago, and has now just the same peculiar clanking sound as ever," said a bell manufacturer to the writer recently. "Cowbells are made some of copper and some of a composition metal; but most of them are made of iron and finished with a coating of bronze. The cowbell is not cast; it is cut from a sheet of metal, which is folded into shape and riveted. The metal cap at the top through which the strap is passed, is riveted into the bell. Cowbells are made of ten sizes, whose sounds range through an octave. Sometimes musical entertainers who play upon bells of one sort and another come to us and by selection among bells of various sizes find eight bells that are accurate in scale.

"There are only four factories in the United States in which cowbells are made, and in each case the cowbell is only an item of production among other things. Cowbells are sold all over the country, just the same as ever, but much the greater number is sold in the south, the southwest and the west, where farms are larger, less likely to be under fence and cattle are more apt to stray. American cowbells are exported quite largely to the various countries of South America and also to Australia."

Lacked a Few Things Only.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

The following letter from an old colored citizen strikes the summer season fair and square:

"Mister Jimmie—Dear Fr'en' en Sir: Mister Jimmie, I feels dat I mus' 'dress dis letter ter you. Mister Jimmie, hit come ter me las' Wednesday dat I had a call ter preach. Now, Mister Jimmie, campmeetin' is comin' on lak a race-hoss on a shell road, en all I needs ter fall right inter de work is a celluloid collar, a long linen duster, a tall straw hat en' a big palmetter fan. Mister Jimmie, please come ter de rescue er de ol' man in his day en time er trouble, en you'll git a warm welcome on de yuther side, hereafter.

"P. S.—Please sen' 'bout six palmetter fans, ez dey is powerful cheap!"

American Composers.

From the New York Weekly.

Foreigner—"Have you any American composers?"

American (proudly)—"Lots of 'em. There's Schlossenwertz, Sweipierensciek, Mickiwitz, Ouscaspiel, Sweitzerwasserandt, and ever so many more."

Mrs. Yung Wife—"You are sure there are five pounds of sugar in this package? It seems very light."

Grocer—"That, madame, is because it is entirely free from sand."—Boston Transcript.

SOME SIGNS OF THE TIMES

"For a number of years," said a Washington commercial traveler, "I have made periodical trips from this city to New York over both the Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania roads.

"During the Cleveland administration, and especially the year preceding the election of Mr. McKinley, I used to pass the time on the train observing and often counting the number of men walking the tracks on these two great thoroughfares of traffic between the north and the south. For a designation of these men I will call them tramps, though as a matter of fact a large percentage of them were men out of employment and were disassociated with the regular hobo in most respects save that they all patronized the same air lines between the great eastern cities.

"For years we would pass them by the hundreds, particularly in New Jersey. During the hard times, when Mr. Bryan waxed so eloquent in behalf of the workingmen, they fairly swarmed. I would notice little camps of them by the trackside, and the train would divide plodding groups going both ways every few miles.

"During the first year of the McKinley administration I recall that this miserable, restless stream of unfortunate humanity was flowing in a lesser volumn. I have observed its steady diminution ever since, until now in a trip from Washington to New York one may almost say that he may count these men on his two hands. My attention has been especially called this spring and summer to this marked change, and the question, to my mind, which naturally arises is: Where are all of these poor men?

"There is but one answer—driven to work by the prosperous condition of the country by reason of the beneficent results of the policies of the present administration. Is it not harrowing—driven to work! Working on farms, or in factories, or at their trades; hundreds, no doubt, of the very men that I and other Washingtonians used to see and to pity, owning their own lands, or re-established in their former occupations, self-sustaining, honest citizens, a credit to their respective communities. The endless chain of tramps and would-be workers wound up on the reels of the country's industries. It is, from my standpoint, one of the most convincing object lessons of the times. There is no gainsaying the truth of the condition; they are unmistakably gone—gone to work.

"I travel all over the United States, and one does not see in the cities and towns and by the roadside the hundreds of idle men who were to be found five and six years ago. If men really want work now they can find it, and it was this class that constituted the great bulk of the men I have mentioned.

"It strikes me that this is an element of the voting strength of the country that the statesmen in their deliveries at Kansas City did not take into consideration, and I closely followed their arguments. These men are all voters. There are thousands and thousands of them. It is unreasonable to suppose that their memories are so short lived that they forget the days when they wandered around from city to city in vain search of employment, or that they are unmindful of the causes which contributed to their getting on their feet."

THE GUILELESS JAILER.

He Reposed Too Much Confidence in His Prisoner.

"We have some very queer officials in the country occasionally," said a southern editor, "and now and then a man with any sort of discernment wonders how they can ever be elected. Still, they are, and what is stranger, they sometimes hold their offices for years. I remember an old jailer we once had, whose name was Butler. He was a good-natured old fellow, guileless as a gilly, and such an incessant tobacco chewer that he actually chewed up his language when he talked.

"On one occasion a notorious criminal from an adjacent county was captured in ours, and he was left at the jail for safekeeping over night. His captors brought him to the jail about midnight, and the jailer took him in, agreeing to have him ready to go when they should call for him in the morning. When morning came the prisoner had disappeared, and later in the day I called on the old man to get his version of the escape for my paper."

"'Well, you see,' he said, chewing his language out in a drawling fashion, 'it was this a-way: When they went away after givin' me instructions, and I started to lock him up in a cell, he said he hadn't never been in a prison cell afore in all his life, and he jis couldn't b'ar the idee uv it now, and he would be willin' to pay five dollars fer somebody to set up and watch him ef I would jis let him set out in the office. He wuz a mighty nice appearin' man, and I wuz kinder learnin' his way, but I told him I didn't see ez how I could let him set out in the office, and, besides, thar wuzn't nobody at that time uv night to set up with him. He said he wuz willin' to pay ten dollars ruther than be shet up in a cell and break his pore old mother's heart. I said ten dollars wuz too much, anyhow, and that five wuz a-plenty ef we could find somebody to set up, but we couldn't. Then I thought I might ez well earn five dollars ez not myself and ketch a nap next day, and I agreed to set up with him. He wuz the most gratefulest man you ever see, and we sot down and got to talkin', fer he wuz ez smart ez he wuz nice appearin'. He said he would pay me in the mornin', and I said it would be all right, and we kep' on talkin'. About 2 o'clock he said he wuz powerful dry and did I have anything about the house to drink. I said I didn't have, and he ast ef I could git any anywhare. I told him it wuz mighty doubtful at that time uv night, and, besides, I didn't have nobody to send after it. He said I could go and he would not violate the confidence I had in him by goin' away durin' my absence. He tuck out a ten-dollar bill and told me to pay fer the liquor out uv that, and I told him I couldn't git it changed at that time uv night and would pay fer it myself, and he could give me back the quarter in the mornin' when he give me the five dollars. He said that wuz agreeable to him ef it wuz to me, and so I went out and got a quarter's wuth uv liquor, and dad blame my cats ef he wuzn't gone when I come back.'"

A HORNY-HANDED SON OF TOIL.

This Time the Phrase Turned Out to Be a Boomerang.

"I never hear anybody speaking of a 'horny-handed son of toil,'" said a Kentucky colonel, "that I don't think of a race for the legislature which took place in my state a number of years ago between Tom Stuart, then editor of the Winchester Democrat, and I. N. Boone, a descendant of the great Daniel, and at that time holding the office for which Stuart was making the race. Stuart was a young man, very progressive and quick of mind, while Boone was well along in years, slow of thought and action, and especially proud of the fact that he was a representative of the farmers. So zealous was he in this regard that he carried it to the excess of almost total abstinence from water for washing purposes, and he would let his hands and face go unwashed for several days at a time.

"Stuart was quite the reverse in his ideas of cleanliness, and at one of their joint discussions he gave his opponent a blow that fairly knocked him out. Boone was making his regular speech, and at the proper place in it he referred to the matter of his relation to the toiling masses.

"'My friends,' he said, holding up a pair of hands that looked as if they hadn't been washed in a week, 'to let you see for yourselves that I am a horny-handed son of toil I ask you to look at these hands, and,' turning to Stuart, 'I would ask my pale-faced young friend from the city what he thinks of them?'

"Stuart was on his feet in a minute.

"'I do not desire to embarrass my distinguished opponent, ladies and gentlemen,' he said with a bow, 'but I would say that I think they need soap and water.'

"It was such an apparent case that the crowd took hold at once with a shout and Boone was completely floored, and later Stuart was elected."

When Lightning Strikes a Tree.

From the Chicago Chronicle.

If lightning strikes a tree after a long period of heavy rain, when the whole surface of the tree is damp, it generally does very little harm to the tree and often none at all. If, on the other hand, the tree is struck when its surface is dry it is more severely damaged, because then the electric spark will descend by a line of lower resistance along the damp wood under the bark. In this case the heat of the spark instantly produces steam to a very high pressure under the bark and it is generally blown up.

RECEIVED BY SOUND

First Telegraph Message That Was Taken That Way.

DURING A PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

The Credit is Said to Belong to a Washington Man.

HOW IT ALL CAME ABOUT

To Mr. J. Howard Larcome of the pension bureau in this city belongs, in the opinion of many persons, the honor of being the first person to receive telegraph messages by sound. Mr. Larcome long since left the ranks of the active telegraphers, but during his connection with the service he had some very interesting experiences.

It was but a short time after the completion of the telegraph line between Washington, D. C., and Philadelphia that Mr. Larcome, then a school teacher in a small town in New Jersey, went one Saturday to the latter city to examine what he had a short time before heard of and which he looked upon as a novelty—a telegraphic instrument.

This novelty was at the office of Mr. J. D. Reid, a warm personal friend of Prof. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, and who had been appointed general superintendent of all the lines that might be constructed between Philadelphia and Pittsburg. It was but a brief space of time until Mr. Larcome became intensely interested in the subject of telegraphy, which meanwhile had been explained to him by Mr. Reid, and his interest became so evident that Mr. Reid asked his visitor to resign the position held by him in the New Jersey town, and take service with the telegraph company. After some further conversation along the same line, Mr. Larcome decided to accept Mr. Reid's offer, and during the same day learned to operate the instrument to a certain extent.

At this time there was a single wire extending from Philadelphia to Lancaster, Pa., and a week from the day Mr. Reid held the conversation above referred to with Mr. Larcome the latter was sent to Lancaster to take charge of the office in that place. Mr. Larcome remained at Lancaster until the telegraph wire (for there was but one wire between any two cities connected by that means in those days) was extended to Pittsburg. Soon after the wire was run into Pittsburg there occurred an incident which illustrates that the rivalry between papers and associations for news was as keen then as now, and that means were resorted to sometimes to beat the other fellow that would be severely condemned at the present day, especially by the party who got beat. In 1849 Pennsylvania was regarded as the pivotal state so far as the presidential election of that year was concerned, and the remark was widely quoted that as went Pennsylvania so would go the Union, there being at that time an election in October, when state officers were chosen, and another every four years in November, when the President of the United States was voted for. The campaign in that state had been conducted with great zeal and energy by both the whig and the democratic parties, and many big papers had joined one or the other of two news associations, which had made arrangements to collect the election returns and bulletin them at the earliest possible moment.

Trouble With the Wires.

It was the good fortune of one of the associations to secure a lease of the wire between Philadelphia and Pittsburg for several days previous to the day of election, on that day and for some three days subsequent to that event for both the October and November occasions. Their competitors were intensely angered over the occurrence, and as was soon developed, devised plans by which they hoped to circumvent their rivals, and bring their enterprise to naught. Anticipating trouble, General Superintendent Reid ordered Mr. Larcome to proceed to the mountain region and look out for trouble that might occur to the wire. On the day of the October election Mr. Larcome was in the Bedford office awaiting developments. Everything worked nicely until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when suddenly the armature dropped, indicating that the circuit had failed, and that there was something wrong with the wire west of that point. Mr. Larcome at once called up the Philadelphia office, informed the officials there of what had occurred and was instructed to locate the trouble. A horse was mounted, and after traveling for about ten miles Mr. Larcome reached a lonely spot where a pole had been cut down, throwing the wire to the ground. Mr. Larcome repaired the break as best he could, using a forked stick as a substitute for a pole for the time being, and until the regular repairer could attend to the matter on the following day. Philadelphia was again called up and informed that communication with Pittsburg had been re-established. Hardly, however, had the good news been received by Mr. Reid than Pittsburg was again cut off of the wire. Again Mr. Larcome mounted his horse, and, after traveling another ten miles, found a second pole cut down and the wire lying on the ground. This break was repaired as the first had been, and for a second time Philadelphia and Pittsburg were again in communication. Still another fallen pole was found by Mr. Larcome at a third place about ten miles further west, and like the other was mended in a similar manner. After this there was no further trouble and the officials arrived at the conclusion that the person who had cut their line had decided that he had rendered the wire useless for election return purposes, and that it was unnecessary for him to cut down any more poles in order to accomplish the end he had in view.

Election News by Wire.

Nightfall found Mr. Larcome in a little town on top of the Allegheny mountains, where the election excitement was at a high pitch. He was determined to hear the election returns as quickly as he could, and he secured the consent of the proprietor of the hotel where he stopped for the night to let him run a wire into his reception room. To this he attached a small magnet he had brought with him, and in due time the returns began to pass through the improvised office. As he heard the news he told it to the assembled crowd of farmers and townspeople, and along toward midnight was able to inform his audience that the whigs had carried Pennsylvania. As the democrats had invariably carried the state ever since any of those present could remember there was a disposition to disbelieve what Mr. Larcome had stated about the returns of the evening, but when the official vote was published, which was a day or two later, it was found that he had been entirely correct in his statements relative thereto.

Up to this period, and, indeed, until Mr. Larcome had demonstrated the feasibility of taking messages from the wire by sound, the orders of the company were inflexible that the dots and dashes made by the instrument under the Morse code must be recorded and the record preserved. Of course, it took several years to secure the general adoption of the system of taking news by sound, and it was not until the outbreak of the civil war that it became a regular part of the telegraphic system.

During the Civil War.

A year or two before the beginning of that struggle Mr. Larcome accepted a position on the Memphis and Charleston railway as a train dispatcher, and was located at Huntsville, Ala., where he rose in a short time to be assistant superintendent of the entire system. He was an unflinching Union man, and although this fact was well known to the confederate authorities they permitted him to retain his office. The advent of General Mitchell in command of a portion of the Union army to Huntsville found Mr. Larcome still there. When General Mitchell had located his headquarters he summoned Mr. Larcome to come to see him. "I hear," said the gentleman, "that you are a Union man, and yet you have been running trains for the rebels. Are those things true?" Mr. Larcome assured the federal commander that he had been correctly informed, and that he had operated the railway to the best of his ability. "What I now want to know," said the general, brusquely, "is, will you run trains for me?" adding before Mr. Larcome could reply, "If you try to play any tricks on me I will hang you as high as Haman."

Mr. Larcome replied that while he was a Union man and was anxious to serve his country, he could not undertake to operate trains under such circumstances, and he thought it would be better for the general to get some one else to perform the duties of a man who was responsible for the safety and management of railway trains. The reply evidently pleased the general, for he withdrew the threat and requested Mr. Larcome to resume the duties which he had performed while the road was in the possession of the southern authorities. Mr. Larcome accepted and remained at Huntsville until it was evacuated by the federal army, when, it being unwise for him to remain there longer, he came north. He occupied various places of responsibility in the employ of the telegraph company, until in 1866 he was appointed to a clerkship in the government printing office. Here he remained until some time after the inauguration of President Andrew Johnson, when he was removed by the personal order of the President, because it was believed his course during the war while in the south had been offensive to some of Andrew Johnson's closest friends.

Remembered by President Grant.

Early in 1873 the name of Mr. Larcome was brought to the attention of President Grant as that of a man who had suffered much for the sake of the Union because of his principles, and after a time he was invited to attend one of the President's receptions at the White House. He went, not having an idea that the President would remember his name even if it should be again brought to his notice. It so happened that Mr. Larcome was accompanied to the reception by his little daughter, and when she passed the President she handed him a card on which was her father's name, and giving the address Huntsville, Ala. Much to the surprise of both father and daughter President Grant carefully looked at the card, and, after remarking, "Mr. Larcome, I have heard of you before," placed the card in his pocket. The following day Mr. Larcome received another message asking his presence at the White House. Of course, he responded to the invitation, an interview with the President took place and at its conclusion he was handed a letter for presentation to the commissioner of pensions. A day or two later he became an attache of the pension bureau, and has remained so ever since—a period of more than twenty-seven years.

SHE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT.

And So Will Others When They Read Her Account of Golf.

"Yes, dear," said the rosy-cheeked girl in the Chevy Chase car to the girl with the white lawn, tucked, six-rowed, open-inserting waist; "yes, brother Jack has told me all about it, and I have read for six months the golf column in all of the papers. I am going out to the links now; come along and look on, it's such fun."

"The more I observe the greater my mystification," replied the other girl.

"Why, it is simplicity itself, dear," said the golf girl. "Now, listen. I will explain the game in five minutes. Never use any but single-piece drivers and brassys, as they add twenty yards to your drive and never come loose in the glue. The spring is nearer the point of impact and is not deadened by string, while the grain is continuous from top of shaft to toe. If a straight-faced driver entangles with a bulger brassy, the bulger driver will rescue the straight-faced brassy. If the persimmon head comes in the way of the socket or the forked-spliced brassy, rely upon the double length of gluing surface, and call loudly to the caddie for help. The deep-faced, medium mashy will make the convex-back mashy look like a masher in the police court the next morning. If your twisted-neck putting-cleek rubbernecks to see what the deep-faced putting-cleek is doing at the first tee take the niblick and use the mashy-iron to make a long put over the fourth hazard. Some say the goose-necked putting-cleek will knock the centra-ject mashy into a bowl of cornmeal mush, but I have found that the lofting-mashy will always bring the gun-metal putter to the scratch in one drive—"

"Really, now?"

"Truly. This is important. The jigger concave lofting cleek will make the short-blade cleek look like Sharkey's face in the Ruhlin fight, if you always use the approaching mashy to get over a nine-hole course when there is no hazard to punish a foozled tee shot up a bamboozled ravine, or over an ice pond."

"I will try and remember that."

"Don't fail, unless you want the divot to make a putting green feel like 30 cents. If you run across a casual water out of bounds, just make a penalty stroke for a lost ball to retrieve the honor, address the ball, and cry loudly 'one off three,' or 'all even,' or 'three more.' This play will make the other girls jealous. If Col. Bogey says his ball is not played where it lies, he is a liar. If you lead off the tee out of turn, and make a medal play, the men won't mind, as they like the girls to mix the game up; it's such fun to get it straight again, with a match play for disqualification. If the game is going slow, take the caddy bag and whack the cross-bar toward the direction flags. Never press your stokes, as you are apt to conglomerate a bad miss with a foozle. You will break your club in scaffling as you will certainly disarrange your hair in topping. Always duck at a low tee; it is as dangerous as a low bridge on a canal. If you place too much gravel under the ball, it will take a lot of sand to finish the game."

"So kind of you, dear, to tell me all this."

"Not at all. I must particularly caution you about keeping your head in the same place until the ball is struck. If you should happen to lay your head on the green while you are making a swing-back, sledge-hammer blow, you might not be able to find it again. Don't be afraid of a preliminary waggle; it won't hurt you, especially if you lay your club down on a bunker. Always play to cut the grass from under the ball; it saves mowing the lawn. If your arms become tired, try a vice versa showing off and lie dead, particularly in distance plays. Some players assert that in long puts the arms should be free from the body, but I prefer to keep my arms on."

"What has the greenkeeper to do with the turf-divots?"

"Nothing at all. Sometimes the heather and furze plows up a scarifier, but the surface may be cleared if the yawning bunker is not asleep. And never forget that the smartest game of golf can be played from the club-house veranda in a stunning new gown. Also remember that the hazards should be left to punish slicing and pulling. A good shot should be rewarded by giving the ball a good lie. It's tired, poor thing. If a bumpy-hole looks careworn, have the caddie run ahead and flag the train. If you think that artificial bunkers and artificial hazards are the same, you are fluking on a single or a foursome."

"So good of you, dear."

"Not at all; good-bye; here is the club house. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye; so sweet of you; good-bye."

"Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

REWARDS ARE ADEQUATE.

The Public is Both Just and Generous to Faithful Servants.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

The compensations of political life are not a matter of wages, profits and bookkeeping, says ex-Senator Ingalls. They are not measured by income or per centum. It must be admitted that there are vicissitudes and misfits, but calamities attend all enterprises. Those who fail outnumber those who succeed. One is taken and the other left. Popularity and public favor sometimes seem capricious and fickle. The idol of yesterday is execrated tomorrow. The constituency of Aristides still survives, and Nemesis yet waits to resent and punish prosperity.

Princes are not uniformly grateful, and the demands upon the time and strength of the public servant are not always considerate. The lamentation of Wolsey has not lost its pathetic significance, and the injunction to throw away ambition yet falls on wounded and weary souls. But the rewards of public life are far in excess of its burdens. The people are not always slow to anger, but in the end they are both just and generous to those who serve them with fidelity.

They honor courage, independent thought, manhood and truth, and are quick to forgive errors that proceed from an intrepid spirit. The ingratitude of republics is a stale proverb.

Uncle Sam as a Printer.

From the Baltimore American.

One thing that is mounting up rapidly is the official literature of the government. Most citizens complain if the President's message fills more than one page of the average newspaper, but they fail to remember that behind that message are thousands of reports and tons of documents. Indeed, if the average man were to attempt to read everything the government publishes in one year he would have to devote about half a century to the task, taking eight hours a day for the work of reading.