CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

CONCLUSION OF PRESIDENT LYON G. TYLER'S PAPER.

Polk's Relentless War Against Tyler's Friends in Office—Blame of the Spoils System Must be Shouldered by the North.

Before the rupture of the Whigs with President Tyler, the latter had left it to a hostile interest to say whether, in connection with his veto message, in order to relieve his motives from the imputation of being governed by a desire for re-election, he should not positively declare that he would not be a candidate for re-election, and their unanimous decision was that it would be impolitic and unwise for him to adopt that step. After their resignation he was attacked by the dominant elements in both parties, and his friends soon found it necessary to band together for self-preservation.

These friends, though inconsiderable in Congress, were numerous in the States, and insisted on Mr. Tyler assuming the candidacy for re-election. This Mr. Tyler at length decided to do, not with any hope of a re-election, but for the sole purpose of enabling himself to maintain his position between the two parties. Subsequently, linking his name with that of Texas annexation, he compelled the Democrats to renounce Mr. Van Buren and to take Mr. Polk, who was General Jackson's next choice. A few months after this a full union was brought about between Mr. Tyler's friends and the Democratic party. The former were solemnly assured by General Jackson, with Polk's full knowledge and acquiescence, that they would be treated as "friends and brethren" by the Democratic party. And thus again the followers of Crawford and Jackson, united in 1844 as they were in 1828, won the victory over the opposition, consisting of the friends of Adams and Clay. But again was the union of factions in the Democratic party dissolved as soon as the victory was obtained. Jackson's love for Texas had carried him against Van Buren and Benton at the time of the Democratic Convention in May, 1844; but though the control of the party had really passed from the Albany Regency, Jackson himself soon returned to his old love, and in returning brought Mr. Polk along with him. Now it was an easy task to accomplish this, for Polk himself had belonged, as Speaker of the House of Representatives, to the inner circle of the Albany Regency, and had publicly avowed his countenance of the Marcy doctrine of spoils and proscription.

No sooner, therefore, had Polk been installed than, despite his assurances and the assurances of General Jackson, he began a remorseless war against the friends Mr. Tyler had left in office, embracing also in the proscription the friends of Mr. Calhoun and Mr. R. J. Walker, who, as Texas annexation men, had, it was supposed, contributed largely to the undoing of Mr. Van Buren. Polk ostracised Tyler men, Calhoun men, Walker men and Whigs; but do or say what he might, he could not transfer the Democratic party to the control of the old Jackson clique. Under the idea of securing military popularity, he rejected the alternative of a peaceful adjustment of our difficulties with Mexico, and by his order to Gen. Taylor to take possession of the Rio Grande, brought on an unnecessary war, for the management of which he designed Mr. Benton, who was without any military qualifications. But when this design failed, and military glory brought no increase of popularity, Polk found himself deserted by the Regency men, led by Van Buren, Frank P. Blair, Butler, Tappan, King, &c., who falsely accused him of all manner of broken pledges, and formed the "free-soil" party. Thus Polk was unfortunate on all sides. By his war policy and failure to settle the slavery question when the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo was negotiated, and by his proscription of Tyler men, Calhoun men, and Whigs, he occasioned the election of General Zachary Taylor, the "people's candidate," in 1849, and the defeat of his own party. He survived the disaster only a few months.

Civil service corruption was now thoroughly established in the Government. Politics, like water, always seeks a dead level, and while we have always had two parties in our government, one in favor of increasing its powers, and the other opposed to it, seldom has it happened that any authority once obtained by the government has been recalled. The patronage party passes a spoils measure against the earnest protest of the other party and reaps the first and great benefit of its monopoly. When its rival comes in, it finds itself in most cases unable to reverse the evil step already taken, but unwilling to permit the perpetrators of the mischief to remain as the sole beneficiaries, ejects them from their advantageous positions. From 1834 to 1841 the Democratic party was the patronage party but from 1841 to 1856 the Whig party was substituted to its place.

Yet while opposing in many ways the further development of the governmental influence, the Democratic party still bore the impress of the Jackson-Van Buren influence, especially in the offices.

In the oft-repeated debates between the Democrats and Whigs, the only question was which party had made the most removals? "Instead of sound incontrovertible argument, we find a vast array of charges and countercharges, with vindications of the character of those appointed or removed, and often excuses for wrong because previous administrations had done wrong." And yet it must not be forgotten that during all this time from 1845 to 1860, the executive office was in the control of Northern men or men associated with them in principle. Polk and Taylor were the only two Southern men from 1845 to 1860, and Polk was of the inner circle of the Albany Regency, and Taylor belonged to a party whose dominant element was of the North, and he survived an election to the presidency but one year. As for the other Presidents, while Fillmore was reared in the New York anti-Masonic school, to whose subtle political ingenuity is ascribed the invention of the National Political Convention, Pierce and Buchanan were original Jackson men, and had never belonged to the Crawford Democratic school of strict construction.

To the North alone, therefore, should be ascribed the blame of the spoils system. Virginia Presidents had shown by a steady course of political action their utter abhorrence of it. Webster in his speech in Richmond in 1840 had declared that "Virginia, more than any other State in the Union, had disavowed and condemned the doctrine of removals from office for opinion's sake." It was Calhoun in 1835 who had moved to repeal the law of 1820, fixing a four-years tenure of office in the Treasury Department, and he had received the support of the Virginia Senators, Tyler and Leigh. Miss Salmon, in her pamphlet on the "Appointing Power," citing authority of various kinds, shows that as late as 1839 the doctrine of spoils found no favor in the South. "The tendency at the North," she says, "was in favor of proscription; at the South against it."

The condition of things was greatly aggravated when the Southern influence was entirely eliminated from one of the great parties. The Whig party went to pieces; and a new party called the Republican party, was formed in the North, out of various fragments and fractions of the old parties. Into it went all the notorious spoils elements of the country. The surviving Anti-Masons, led by William H. Seward; the Albany Regency, led by Fremont, Benton's son-in-law; F. P. Blair, B. F. Butler, of New York, and many others of the old Van Buren Democratic clique; the "Know-Nothings," whose secret orgies Henry A. Wise so effectually exposed; the Abolitionists, whose platform was "the immediate dissolution of the Union;" and many thousand foreigners who were fresh from the absolutism of the old world and spoke of allegiance to the government instead of to the people. Success of party had meant previous to 1860 the proscription of men of different politics; the success of Lincoln and his successors the spoliation of a whole section. The principle of patronage sprung at once into active operation. The low tariff of the Confederate Congress decided the war. "What will become of my tariff?" was the question asked by Lincoln of Colonel John B. Baldwin. The war had to be in order to save the Morrill tariff passed March 3d, 1861, after the Southern Senators had left their seats. Otherwise "grass would grow in the streets of New York." War once opened for the sake of the Union justified every and any measure of spoils. The offices were multiplied tenfold; the expenditures of the Government increased beyond the worst dream of the Anti-Federalist; and when the Union was saved, and the South was subjugated, there poured down upon its war worn fields and charred and smoking towns a host of public plunderers, in comparison with whom the Swartwouts of Jackson's day were angels. Moses, who was thought by the ruling powers to be a fit person to preside in the executive chair of South Carolina, was sent to a penitentiary in his native State of Massachusetts. Under the long domination of the patronage party of the North, the spectacle has been presented of vast surpluses in the treasury, of public defaulters without number, and of Presidents and Cabinet officers converted into speculators and stock-jobbers, some of them actually charged with and tried for embezzlement.

Said Mr. Hoar during the trial of William K. Belknap, Secretary of War under President Grant: "My own public life has been a very brief and insignificant one, extending little beyond the duration of a single term of senatorial office. But in that brief period I have seen five judges of a high court of the United States driven from office by threats of impeachment for corruption or maladministration. I have heard the taunt from friendliest lips that when the United States presented herself in the East to take part with the civilized world in generous competition in the arts of life, the only product of her institutions in which she surpassed all others beyond question was her corruption. I have seen, in the State of the Union foremost in power and wealth, four judges of her courts impeached for corruption, and the political administration of her chief city become a disgrace and a by-word throughout the world. I have seen the chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, and a distinguished member of this court, arise in his place and demand the expulsion of four of his associates for making sale of their official privilege of selecting youths to be educated at our great military school. When the greatest railroad of the world was finished, I have seen our national triumph and exultation turned to bitterness and shame by the unanimous report of three committees, that every step of that mighty enterprise had been taken in fraud. I have heard in the highest places the shameless doctrine, avowed by men grown old in public office, that the true way by which power should be gained in a republic is to bribe the people with the offices created for their service, and the true end for which it should be used when gained is the promotion of selfish ambition and the gratification of personal revenge. I have heard that suspicion haunts the footsteps of the trusted companions of the President. These things have passed into history."

Under the system of legislation which has prevailed since the war, offices have been created for millions of dependents. The recipients of government bounty, whom Calhoun in his report in 1835 thought so alarming, would appear as a corporal's guard beside the army after army of office-holders, pensioners, agents, &c., now supported by the Federal government. The expenditures for a single year under the present regime would have ran the government eighteen years as administered by Andrew Jackson. And the worst of all this is that on the unfortunate South falls the burden of this vast spoliation. Out of the whole number of those who receive substantial assistance from the Federal government, probably not over one-hundredth part reside in the Southern States.

Is there then no hope? Must the Union forever be administered in the interest of public plunderers? Must the South continue as Grayson pronounced it years ago, "the milch cow of the Union," to be ever kept drained of its resources by the clever cowboys of the North? When will the reign of spoils and corruption cease, and the Government and the civil service be reformed?

The answers to these questions are difficult ones, but I rest in the abiding conviction that time will answer them satisfactorily. I believe the time will come when men will cease condemning Jackson for removals from office, while in the next breath they advocate some measure necessitating the creation of many more new places for the gratification of their friends. I foresee a period when the old tyranny of the South will stop, and the sections will walk together with fraternal step hand-in-hand; when Congress will pass no measure of policy which does not operate on each and every State according to population or some other fixed and natural rule; when a system of equal justice will be dispensed in all the appropriations, and no measure shall become law which benefits one section more than another; and when the civil service, the purity of which is necessarily wrapt up in the ordinary conduct of the government, shall not be affected by a system of rewards and bounties doled out from the public treasury in a spirit of looseness and caprice. Our turns with hope to such men as George William Curtis for aid in hastening this millennium. A partial reform, encouraged by prominent men in both parties, has already been inaugurated. Political assessments are partially done away, and an improved order of office-holders in the departments has been the unquestionable result of competitive examinations. "Reform associations, tracts, and various publications, all show how thoroughly the intelligent classes are aroused."

The Ways of Cæsar.

Napoleon, we are told, was dressed every morning by the valet in attendance. He did not don a single garment himself; eventually, however, he was induced to shave himself. It happened in this wise: In 1806 the head valet, Hambard, pleaded ill health as an excuse for not accompanying his master to Boulogne. "Who is to shave me?" asked Napoleon, for Hambard had regularly discharged this duty. Hambard suggested Constant, who, foreseeing this emergency, had been diligently taking lessons on humbler chins and had acquired proficiency. He had no easy task, for Napoleon, while undergoing the operation, would talk, read the newspapers, and fidget in his chair, sometimes sitting as still as a statue and declining to bend his head an inch. Great care was necessary to avoid cutting his face.

Another peculiarity was that he insisted on one side being lathered and shaved before the other was touched. When Constant got free enough with him to venture on the step, he urged on Napoleon the desirability of his learning to shave, as he himself might be ill or absent, and Napoleon would not like to be operated on by a stranger. Napoleon was, with some difficulty, induced to try the experiment, but, of course, he experimented only on himself, and did not, therefore, acquire professional proficiency. Very clumsy at first, he gradually became tolerably expert. On one point, however, he was obstinate—he persisted in moving the razor downward instead of upward, and occasional cuts were the consequence.

While not lifting a finger to dress himself, Napoleon dispensed with assistance in undressing; but he flung his garments all over the room—his watch sometimes missing the table or bed at which it was aimed, and falling broken on the floor. As to dress, he despised dandies, never wore rings and abominated scents, except eau de cologne, with which he was often rubbed, and which was his specific for bruises. When coat-tails became shorter he stuck to the old fashion, until Constant got the tailor to shorten them by imperceptible gradations. He disliked tightly-fitting clothes, found a new hat uncomfortable—though lined with silk and wadding—and stuck to an old one as long as possible. He put on every morning a clean white waistcoat, with knee-breeches to match—he never wore trousers; but as he habitually wiped his pen on his breeches, after three or four washings they were done with. Constant denies, however, the common story of his keeping snuff loose in his waistcoat pocket; he always used a snuff-box, and though he frequently took a pinch, he simply held it to his nose, and then dropped all or nearly all on the floor. His snuff injured the carpet, not his waistcoat. Smoking he never tried but once. An Oriental Ambassador had presented him with a chibouk. It was filled and lit for him, but he merely opened and shut his lips instead of drawing. When at last he was induced to draw, the smoke went down his throat and came out at his nose. He felt queer for an hour, declaimed against the habit as fit only for lazy people, and never touched a pipe again.—Temple Bar.

The Mystery of Tennis.

No one can hope to master the intricacies of tennis, still less to catch the enthusiasm, merely by reading about it; but everybody who happens to read such statistics as the analysis of "straight forces" must be impressed by the keenness of the interest which has induced a looker-on to subject himself to the prolonged and sustained strain of accurately observing every ball struck in a long series of matches. Tennis will never win general popularity: the accommodation for lookers-on is unfortunately very limited, and, though the game is neither so expensive nor so difficult as is sometimes supposed, it does require some money, some leisure, and careful teaching and practice. On the other hand, it fascinates and retains the interest of those who have played it. Accuracy, power of stroke and knowledge may up to at least forty-five years of age compensate for loss of activity, and a man may continue to play with satisfaction to himself and to an active opponent till he is many years older.

Let any young man with leisure and independence go into the "dedans" of a tennis court while a good match is going on, and he will see there a keenness and an excitement shared to the full by many who have passed the threshold of old age, and he will, at any rate, be convinced, even if he himself does not understand the game, that there belongs to it an enthusiasm which does not depend solely on personal success, which, on the contrary, seems to gain strength as age increases, and that, therefore, it is well worth his while to try whether it is in his nature to acquire it. The gratitude always felt and often expressed by the older spectators to any two players who have given a good exhibition of the game is most touching, and surely the interest which inspires it is a pleasure worth having.—The Athenæum.

England Annoyed.

England is represented as just a trifle annoyed at the free and easy manner in which the Comte de Paris is carrying on his conspiracy within her borders.

A WANDERER OF THE SEAS.

THE EVENTFUL LIFE OF A RUNAWAY JERSEY SAILOR BOY.

How "Dave" Parker Made a Fortune and Found a Wife in Samoa—The Pacific Islands and Their Many Wonders Described Entertainingly.

Sheriff Parker, the popular host of the Lafayette house here, says a special from Forked River, N. J., to the New York Times, who, as sheriff of Ocean county, a decade or so ago, created a sensation by refusing to execute the murderer Wainwright, is one of the best known men in Southern New Jersey. Although verging on fourscore years, he is as hale as many a man of fifty, and, except for his luxuriant gray beard, nobody would suspect that he had seen more than half a hundred summers. The sheriff has reared a numerous family, including several sons, all of whom have "followed the sea" at one time or another. One of these, D. S. Parker, or "Dave," as he is familiarly called by his friends, has had an eventful career, and was given up for lost by his family for nearly seventeen years.

At twelve years of age he ran away from home and went to sea. At first he sailed in a coaster, but eventually crossed the Atlantic and afterward set sail from Europe for the China seas. But in the Southern Pacific on a reef he came to grief like the "cook and Captain bold and the mate of the Nancy Bell," for his ship was stranded on the Island of Mangara or Mangeea, one of the Cook group. Instead, however, of eating his companions, like the sole survivor of the Nancy Bell, he narrowly escaped being eaten by the cannibals for which those islands are justly celebrated. Fortunately, after stranding his ship did not go to pieces and the crew were saved the necessity of landing. The natives swarmed out in canoes anticipating a sumptuous round of banqueting for days to come, but they had learned since the days of Captain Cook the potency of firearms and a goodly show of these persuaded them to return to their island, although still hungry. In a day or two a ship passed by within signaling distance and took off all the stranded mariners.

In 1860 Mr. Parker landed on the Samoan group and established his residence on Upolo, at Apia, the scene of the hurricane which somewhat more than a year ago proved so disastrous to the United States and German war vessels. There he entered the service of the famous Hamburg firm, J. C. Godeffroy & Son, and commanded vessels plying between the islands. In 1874 he astonished his relatives in this quiet little village by suddenly appearing among them like one from the dead. After a few months stay he went to San Francisco and took command of a sailing packet to ply between that port and the Samoan Islands. Making the round trip in ninety days, he kept this vessel going until a few years ago, when the steamships of the line established between San Francisco and New Zealand began touching at Apia, and thus broke up the sailing packet business.

Before his return to this country, in 1874, Mr. Parker married one of the daughters of an Englishman who had settled at Apia and married into the family of one of the native chiefs. He was on a visit with his wife to his native home, where he had built a handsome cottage, when the recent troubles in Samoa broke out. Having amassed considerable wealth he at once set out for the islands to look after interests there. Shortly after his arrival at Apia his wife died. In time he married a younger sister of his first wife, and a few weeks ago he returned to Forked River with his bride, a handsome young lady of twenty or thereabout.

Mr. Parker is hale, bronzed and broad-shouldered, a sturdy type of the American sailor. He is also a wide-awake and intelligent man. He has been a close observer of Samoan character and customs, and possesses an inexhaustible fund of information concerning the islands and their people. In the course of a long talk with him a few days ago, the writer ascertained a number of facts that will prove of interest to readers of the Times. As everybody acquainted with Samoan history knows, the islands were first definitely made known to the civilized world by the French discoverer Bouganville, who called them Navigators' Islands, from the skill of the natives in handling their canoes. Subsequently the Samoans showed that they did not take kindly to strangers by massacring a boat's crew of La Perouse's expedition, but in 1830 John Williams landed there and introduced Christianity. They are a warlike people, though amiable in times of peace, and a series of petty wars, which began in 1836, reduced the population, which was above 50,000 in 1840 to 30,000 in 1880. It is now about 35,000. Their wars were peculiarly destructive from the fact that they take no prisoners, and the custom prevails of decapitating enemies and presenting their heads to the King. A warrior's importance is dependent on the number of heads he has reckoned. Their favorite weapon is a broad-bladed knife, somewhat like the machete, or sugar-cane knife, with a turned up point.

The natives live in thatched huts or houses, built of the leaves of sugar cane, which grows wild on the islands in great great luxuriance, and they subsist mainly on fish and bread fruit. They are not hunters, as no large game exists on the island, though wild pigeons are abundant. Although averse to industry, they take rather kindly to education, and Mr. Parker makes the remarkable statement that every man, woman and child, can read and write. They are also exceedingly clever at bargaining, and this fact has given rise to the supposition that they are descendants of one of the so-called "lost tribes of Israel." Tattooing is in great favor among the men, who have themselves decorated from the knees to the loins, and the most lucrative of the native offices is that of tattooer.

The industries and commerce are exclusively in the hands of foreigners, Americans, English and Germans, the latter being predominant in numbers. The principal industries are the preparation of coppra, or dried cocoanut, and cotton planting. The cotton, which is of an intermediate grade between the short staple and upland and long staple, or Sea Island, does not require free planting every year, as in this country. The plant grows into a tree and bears fruit profitably for five years, and yields two crops every twelve months. The topmost branches are cut off once a year, for the double purpose of preventing the plant from growing too high and for increasing its yield. While the cotton plant is growing during its first season, the cocoanut trees are planted in the same field at the requisite distance apart, and these begin to bear in the fifth year when the cotton falls. After that the cotton stalks are cut off, the cotton field becomes a cocoanut field, and the cocoanut trees continue to bear fruit in paying quantities for the ensuing forty or forty-five years. No attempt has yet been made, on a commercial scale, to utilize for sugar-making purposes the cane which grows wild luxuriantly on the islands, though Mr. Parker says that it is of the finest quality. On the Fiji Islands, however, which are only a few hundred miles distant, an English company has built the largest sugar-producing mill in the world.

As the Samoans are averse to sustained industry there is a scarcity of labor for agricultural purposes, and Fiji Islanders are brought over in large numbers for field hands. Occasionally bands of these become tired of working for a living and retire to the mountain fastnesses, where they relapse into their barbarous mode of life. The Fiji Islanders were notorious cannibals until English control of the Islands repressed the propensity, and these wild bands in the Samoan mountains, devoid of restraint, may yet make the neighboring lowlands unsafe places of residence. The islands are stretched out along the parallel of 14 south latitude, and are therefore in the zone of perpetual summer. The thermometer seldom falls at any time of the year below 75 deg. Fahrenheit, and averages about 90 deg. Fishing and swimming are favorite amusements of the inhabitants, and since the introduction of horses horseback riding has grown rapidly in popular favor. The dwellings of the natives have already been spoken of. Those of the foreign residents are chiefly of wood and generally not more than two stories high. They are all built without chimneys or fireplaces, the end in view being to provide for cooking instead of heating. Kitchens are situated in detached buildings. In Apia houses are in demand, and rents above $60 per month are not uncommon. An ordinary cottage rents for about $12 per month.

The Samoan alphabet consists of only fourteen letters, and the language does not possess words of more than three syllables. Excepting the communication of the natives between themselves, the English and German languages are chiefly used, and even in writing their own language the English alphabet is often employed.

As to the political condition of the islands, Mr. Parker says that it is far from settled, and that notwithstanding the recently-arranged peace, hostilities are likely to break out again at any time. The inhabitants of the country are divided into three principal tribal families, though, under the influence of foreign domination, territorial limitations between these have practically disappeared, and members of each are found in varying proportions in each settlement. Under the tripartite protectorate, Malietoa, the head of one of these families, was made King by the combination of English and American influences, although Mataafa had the most powerful native following and Tamasese was the favorite of the German residents. Mataafa is the only one of the three chiefs who is a Catholic, and he was opposed by the English on that account. German resentment at English domination, combined with native dissatisfaction at the rejection of Mataafa, brought about the recent troubles which culminated in the Germans abducting Malietoa and setting up Tamasese as King. Since the restoration of Malietoa by the Berlin arbitration affairs have flowed smoothly on the surface, but Mr. Parker thinks that trouble is brewing nevertheless.

In the course of his last sojourn in Apia Mr. Parker made a queer find. Workmen engaged in renovating an old house formerly used as a hotel, and recently purchased by Mr. Parker, found what they supposed to be a piece of money. Examination of the coin, which is in an excellent state of preservation, revealed the fact that it was an Indian medal struck by the United States Government shortly after the beginning of Andrew Jackson's first term of office as President. The medal is of solid silver, two inches in diameter and about three-sixteenths of an inch thick. Upon the face is the head of Jackson surrounded by the following inscription: "Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, A. D., 1829." Upon the reverse are the clasped hands of an Indian and a United States officer with the pipe and tomahawk crossed above. The inscription on this side is "Peace and Friendship." Mr. Parker supposes that the Indian chief to whom this medal was given sold it to some transcontinental wanderer, who on his way to Australia during the gold excitement there of 1852, stopped at Apia, which was even then a touching point for ships between San Francisco and the English possessions in the South Pacific, and lost the medal in the hotel where he found accommodation. A hole has been bored through the coin near the rim at the upper edge, evidently for the purpose of wearing it suspended from a string around the neck.

Several Flying Dutchmen.

An unbelieving Dutch captain had vainly tried to round Cape Horn (not Good Hope) against a head gale. He swore he would do it, and when the storm increased laughed at the fears of his crew, smoked his pipe, and drank his beer, even throwing overboard some of the men who tried to make him put the ship about. The Holy Ghost descended on the deck, but he fired a pistol at it, whereupon his arm became paralyzed. Then he cursed God, and was immediately condemned by the apparition to navigate always without putting into port, always on the watch, and with nothing but gall to drink and red-hot iron to eat. He was to be the evil genius of the sea, to torment and punish sailors, and to carry warning of ill-fortune to the luckless mariner. It is he who sends the white squalls and sudden tempests. If he visits a ship all the wine and beer turns sour and all the food becomes beans, which sailors hate. Nothing must be taken from his hand, for the person who touches anything he has touched is lost. His ship is manned by all the old sinners of the sea, thieves, murderers, pirates and cowards who eternally toil and suffer and have little to eat and drink. Thus the phantom ship is the purgatory of the wicked mariner.

A phantom ship is known to Baltic sailors as the "Carmilhan," and the captain of her is called Klabotermann. This ship, also, is always trying without success to double the cape; and when sailors see her, with Klabotermann sitting on the bowsprit, dressed in yellow, wearing a nightcap, and smoking a short pipe, they know that their vessel is doomed.

It is curious that almost all the spectral heroes of these legends—at least of the most popular of them—are Duttimen. But the fact seems to be that the legend is German in its origin, and has become attached in sailor yarns to Dutchmen either because, to Jack, a Dutchman and a Deutscher are the same thing, or because the Dutch were the most famous and daring of navigators.

The German story is given by different authorities with variations, but briefly it is this: A. Baron called Falkenberg murdered his brother and his bride in a fit of passionate jealousy, and went forth from his home with the curse thundering in his ears that he should for evermore wander toward the north. At the seashore he found a boat awaiting him with one man in it who simply said, "Expectamus te." Falkenberg entered the boat and was conveyed to a spectral bark lying in the harbor. He boarded her and she sailed away with him against the wind. On board that ship he still plows the northern seas, forever playing dice with the spectral crew for his soul. The ship is painted gray, has colored sails, a white flag, and flames issue from her masthead at nights so that she is easily identified by any vessel that may happen to "speak" her! For 600 years this spectral bark has roamed the German ocean, and is still, it is said in the German story, to be seen always heading northward, without helm or helmsman—Chambers' Journal.

Connubial Bliss and Bacon.

For one hundred years the abbots of St. Melaine, in Bretagne, bestowed a flitch of bacon as a prize for connubial contentment, and at the Abbey of Weir hung a flitch of bacon with the following lines:

"Is there to be found a married man
That in veritie dedare can
That his marriage him doth not rue,
That he has no fear of his wife for a shrew,
He may this bacon for himself down hew."

Almost equally historic with the Dunmow flitch, though the records of it have not been kept, was the Whichenovre flitch. Sir Philip de Somerville held the Manor of Whichenovre, or, as it is given in all old documents, "Whichenour," from the Earls of Lancaster, half the fees to be remitted, as well as half the fines, on condition that he kept a flitch of bacon in his hall at all times (Lent alone excepted), ready for delivery to every man or woman married, after a year and a day of the marriage be passed; and to be given to every man of religion, archbishop, prior, or other religious; and to every priest after the year and day of their probation finished, or of their dignity received. There is not the least doubt, I believe, that either this was copied from Dunmow, or that Dunmow was copied from this, but which is the oldest home of the custom it is impossible to say.

From an old number of the Spectator, Dr. Plott's "History of Staffordshire," and other sources, it appears that Sir Philip Somerville held the Manors of Whichenovre, Scirescot, Ridware, Netherton, and Cowlee, all in the County of Stafford, of the Earls of Lancaster, by this memorable service. "The said Philip shall find, maintain, and sustain one bacon flitch hanging in his hall at Whichenovre, ready arrayed at all times of the year but in Lent, to be given to every man or woman married, after the day and the year of their marriage be past in form following:

"Whensoever that any one such before married will come to inquire for the bacon, in their own person, they shall come to the Bailiff or the Porter of the Lordship of Whichenovre, and shall say to them in manner as ensueth: 'Bailiff (or Porter,) I do you to know that I am come for myself to demand one Bacon Flyke hanging in the hall of the Lord of the Manor of Whichenour, after the form thereunto belonging.'" —All the Year Round.

Why Dinner Was Late That Day.

Here is one on Thad Spindle which, though it happened some time ago, has not been told: Thad went home one evening some time ago and found that dinner was not ready. The groceryman had not sent his basket of marketing which he had ordered on his way down town that morning. The cook had expected it every minute, and this caused the delay. In no happy frame of mind, he went to the grocery some blocks away and wanted to know why his market basket had not been sent out home. Regrets and apologies were ample. It would go at once. Now Thad doesn't mind carrying a market basket when he is in a good humor, but he left still in high dudgeon and scorned to touch it, leaving it for the man to send. If there is one thing that he likes better than his dinner, it is hunting, so on the way home he stopped to talk gun to his friend, the doctor. He did not hurry, as he knew dinner had to be cooked before it could be served. Finally he noticed that there was an exceedingly diminutive darkey with an exceedingly large market basket, sitting on the curbstone just out of earshot from him and the doctor. The darky looked very like one he had seen in the grocery, and the market basket looked very like his own. "What are you doing there?" he inquired. "W'y," stammered the nodding little sleepy-head in black, as he started up, "W'y, sah, Miss Dora, she say fo' me to totah the gem'man, an' I'se follah'n yo', sah." —Louisville Times.

Imperial Home Discipline.

That Emperor William brings up his little sons like soldiers is well-known. They rise with the sun, and go to bed at 6 or 7, and the Pall Mall Gazette says further: "Five o'clock is their usual hour of rising; and they are not allowed to remain in bed for a minute after they wake, as the Emperor thinks that the habit of lying in bed encourages self-indulgence. The two youngest have an English governess; but the three eldest are under the care of a military tutor and waited upon by men servants. If they run to the nursery their tutor asks if they have been there to have a 'baby's bottle.'

"'We went there for prayers,' said one of the Princes when rebuked.

"'Prayers will be read in my room for the future,' said the tutor, who has received orders from the Emperor to observe military discipline in the Princes' apartments."

A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER.

His Wife Was Annoyed, but Now They are Happy.

Pretty Mrs. Blank had a very unpleasant experience in Bay Grove, N. J., and it was all due to a mistake. When she moved herself and her baby and her pug and her other household goods to Jersey, along in the spring, the villagers seemed to be ready to take her to their arms and their hearts. They gave her teas, they showed her all the show sights of the neighborhood, they posted her on the proper church to attend and the proper people to know. They almost gave a dinner in her honor, and that is something that had not been even dreamed of since an unfortunate affair of several years back, when a heartless detective had appeared at a feast and had carried away with him one who for a brief month had had all Bay Grove at his feet. It was the remembrance of that touching incident that made people hesitate, and by their hesitating Mrs. Blank lost the dinner.

She was bright, her maid's caps were irreproachable, and what flirting she did was artistic enough to be a pleasure to look upon. But it was seldom that Mrs. Blank was artistic in that way, and, therefore, she was popular with matrons and maids. The men liked her, too, and all went merry as a marriage bell for many a day and until somebody ill-naturedly asked a question.

"Where is Mr. Blank and who is he?" queried this busybody.

Nobody but Mrs. Blank could answer this, and she didn't volunteer any information on the subject. So, gossip, having nothing to feed upon, grew rapidly, as is generally the way, and in a week Bay Grove began to believe that something must be very wrong somewhere. Now it happened that Mrs. Blank had brought one letter of introduction to Bay Grove. This epistle had been hurriedly penned by a young woman about to take a flight to Europe, and, under the scrutiny of a female committee of investigation, it appeared to lack satisfactory details about the nominal head of the Blank family.

"I do so hope you will like Mrs. B," it ran. "She can see so little of her husband, you know, that it will be very dull for her out there unless you look after her a bit. I think she feels over her husband sometimes, but how can it be helped now? But then she has—"

And here the writer drifted into matters that were never intended for the public eye. When the letter was received the sentences about the husband had attracted no attention; but now, with suspicion resting heavily upon them, the committee women agreed that something must be very, very wrong with Mrs. Blank's spouse. It came about, therefore, that Mrs. Blank was soon put to the question.

"When are we to see your husband?" asked one of her friends in a guileless way.

Mrs. Blank pouted. "Really, I don't know," she said. "He is in Auburn now with that poor wretch Kemmler, I believe."

Auburn happens to contain a prison. Kemmler is in that prison. It is not difficult to put one and one together and get a dozen, if you are in a proper frame of mind for the achievement. So it happened that when Mrs. Blank entered church the next day there was a rustle of silk all through the pews and with it a general feeling that the sermon should deal with hypocrisy. But it didn't. It was devoted to mercy. When only goes to show that preachers are not always in touch with their congregations.

When Mrs. Blank joined the group in the vestibule after the service, the church thermometer hanging there dropped half a dozen degrees. Nobody quite cut her—the sermon had been really a good one—but the social atmosphere was full of little icicles. Mrs. Blank went home alone, wondering what was the matter.

The next day one of her closest friends called upon her. Just as the visitor was departing, she indulged in a sort of spoken postscript, saying the important part of her business for the last, just as if she were writing a letter.

"How is Mr. Blank?" she queried.

"He has been sent to Elmira," was the answer.

As there is a reformatory in Elmira, this proved to be a very unfortunate response. Bay Grove posted itself on New York's penal institutions, and the next day three acquaintances of Mrs. Blank failed to see her on the street. Nobody called, and her name did not appear on the list of patronesses of a strawberry festival the village was pledged to make a glorious success. She attended the festivities and was greatly puzzled by her treatment. Everybody seemed to shun her except one young man who was popularly understood to have gone very wrong in a big wholesale store in the city. He had never paid her much attention before, but now he treated her like a friend and a sister.

Finally there came another caller at the Blank cottage. She came up like one bent on business that is distasteful but must be done. She was, by the way, the person to whom the letter had been addressed.

"My dear," she said, without parley, "where is your husband?"

"Why, he has gone to Sing Sing," replied the hostess, wondering at her caller's manner. She was still more surprised at what she heard next.

"When I was a girl we were taught to be truthful above all things. You are younger than I, and perhaps times have changed; but I prefer that my daughter should not meet you after this."

And then she swept away, full of dignity, to lay before Bay Grove the problem how any one man, no matter how wicked he might be, could be in Auburn, Elmira, and Sing Sing within a month. As for Mrs. Blank she was very indignant, and then she wept, and then she was indignant again. Then she wrote a letter.

The letter brought an answer in the shape of a young man in a slouch hat, who came down by a late train and went directly to the Blank cottage. He sat with Mrs. Blank on the piazza, and they talked earnestly for a long time. It was nearly midnight when the conference ended. Then the young man started for the gate. Mrs. Blank followed him, and they stood talking together by the posts for two or three minutes. It was a beautifully clear, moonlight night, and anybody in the neighborhood could have seen the young man kiss Mrs. Blank when he went away. He caught a very late train for the city.

Now, nobody in Bay Grove would willingly play the eavesdropper or the spy. That goes without saying. But, as a matter of fact, several pairs of eyes saw the parting in the moonlight, and as many pairs of ears heard the man say: "Well, dear, I'll be down here in a week, and then it won't matter what these people say or do."

A pretty woman, with a husband in three jails in a month and a mysterious midnight visitor! Bay Grove was scandalized. There could be no doubt after that that nobody in the village knew the offender. She seemed to have gained invisibility. Nobody saw her when she went out; at least, nobody gave any sign of seeing her. Even the scapegrace gave her up—which meant a great deal, for he believed that he had only his wickedness to pride himself upon.

Six days passed, and a caller again rang the door bell at the cottage. He noticed, with a shudder, that the wire seemed to be getting rusty for want of use. That touched him, for he was the landlord, and he hated to see the property depreciate. He had come to tell his pretty tenant that she must seek other quarters. She paid the rent regularly, but pressure had been brought to bear upon him—and his family had social aspirations, and he couldn't afford to disregard pressure.

He stammered, but was firm. Mrs. Blank was amazed, but inquacious. He explained that the cottage must be vacated at once. She declared that such a proceeding was unheard of. She tried to break down his resolution, but failed. Then she showed signs of getting hysterical.

"Oh, if my husband was only here!" she wailed.

"Yes, madam, if he were, but he ain't." That was as near to sarcasm as the landlord ever came. He was a philanthropist by nature, and a preserver of village morality by necessity.

"Hullo, what's all this?" said somebody in the doorway. Landlord and tenant turned like a flash. Mrs. Blank gave a shriek of delight, and threw herself into the newcomer's arms. The landlord looked disgusted. He merely saw a young man in a slouch hat, no doubt the midnight visitor.

"I think you had better go as soon as you can, both of you," he said.

"Well, that's cool. I've paid the rent of this house and I mean to stay, especially as it suits my wife, or did until the neighbors went crazy." This was from the young man.

The landlord looked dazed. "Your wife?" he said. "Why, then, you're her husband."

"Naturally," said the young man, dryly. "And now," he added, "what is all this to do about anyway?"

He heard all about it in the next ten minutes, although it was a sadly disconnected story. Still, he got the gist of it pretty clearly. Then he addressed the landlord:

"Look here: you don't deserve an explanation, but I'll give you one. My business is to see things and write about them. I have been employed by a magazine to describe certain features of prison life in New York. To see them I have had to study the prisons carefully, and it has taken six weeks of hard work. In that time I've had just time enough to spend one evening at home and then hurry back to work. And now I come down here for a rest and find that you people have gone mad and treated my wife disgracefully. Somebody is going to smart for this."

As a matter of fact a good many persons did smart, but only mentally, and therefore they survived and were anxious to make amends. The landlord withdrew his demands and agreed to put in a new well curb. Those who knew him him say he suffered enough over this to atone for all he had done. Then came flocks of feminine visitors to the cottage, full of tears and explanations and contrition. The Blanks had determined to go away, but these good people wouldn't hear of it. They showered the cottagers with attentions, and then they did something that settled it that the Blanks would continue in Bay Grove. They played their trump card. They gave Mrs. Blank a dinner, and Mr. Blank's determination to depart gave way. He and his wife are the pride of Bay Grove now.—The New York Times.

A NORTHWESTERN HANGING.

Women and Children in the Throng that Saw Gallagher's Fight on the Gallows.

Edward Gallagher, the murderer of Louis Mar, was hanged at Vancouver yesterday afternoon. He fought like a demon to get away from the officers, and created an awful scene on the scaffold. He had hope of being saved, even to the last minute. Less than five minutes before the noose was adjusted, he told Father Schramm confidentially that he would never be hanged.

The execution came about as near being a public affair as anything that had ever taken place in Washington. Fully five hundred people witnessed it. The high board fence which enclosed the gallows afforded very little privacy. It was not even a good apology. There was an inch of space between every board, and dozens contended for these view-points. They were not men alone, but women, young and old, married and unmarried, and little girls and boys, some of them five and six years of age.

The women were thickest at the south fence, which the scaffold faced. Here one could count half a dozen