

Good-Night

Good-night! Now the weary rest is right, And the busy fingers bending, Over work that seems unending, Toil no more till morning light— Good-night!

Go to rest! Close the eyes with slumber prest; In the streets the silence growing, Wakes but to the watch-horn blowing, Night makes only one request— Go to rest!

Slumber sweet! Blessed dreams each dreamer greet, He whom love has kept from sleeping, In sweet dreams show o'er him creeping, May he be happily meet— Slumber sweet!

Good-night! Slumber till the morning light, Slumber till the new-morning, Comes and brings its own new sorrow, We are in the Father's sight— Good-night!

UPPER TENOR OF COLOR.

White Coachmen and Servants, Houses, Lands, Bonds, Cash.

From the N. Y. World. Standing in West Bleeker street on a Sunday morning or afternoon after service in the churches at the corner of Bleeker and Tenth streets and in Sullivan street one gets some notion of the wealth and taste of a part of the population of this city whose negro blood has not been an insurmountable barrier to success in life. Indeed there are plenty of wealthy colored people in New York, and many are educated and cultivated quite up to the standards usually thought of in connection with the white races and the society of white people. There is no one of the race living in this city who has more material wealth than Edward Hesdra, of No. 102 West Third street. He is a native of Virginia, and was a cabinet-maker in the Bowery. He retired a few years ago, having amassed a handsome fortune, which he has since greatly increased by fortunate investments in real estate. The house in which he lives is owned by him and he owns ten tenement houses in the block bounded by Sullivan, Bleeker, Macdougall and Third Streets. He has also a large and valuable property in Nyack, where his summer residence is, and several houses and a piece of farming land in Flemington, N. J., from which he derives a large income. His wife is a native of Rockland county, and both give liberally of their means toward all schemes tending to improve the condition of their race. They are about sixty years of age and have no children. Mr. Hesdra is said to be worth \$250,000.

Joseph Teneyok is another wealthy man of this blood. He lives on Greene street, and is a member of St. Philip's Protestant Episcopal Church, to which a short time ago he gave \$1,000. His wealth is estimated at about \$80,000.

John Van Dyke inherited property from his father, Peter Van Dyke, who died three years ago. Peter had been a caterer all his life, his place of business being in Wooster street, near Spring. He was a quiet and upright man, and commanded the respect of all his neighbors. John Van Dyke owns real estate on Fourteenth street and on Wooster street, but the great part of his fortune is in money and stocks and bonds which pay good dividends. He is a man of much intelligence and business tact, and could probably draw a check for \$100,000.

Philip A. White, the wholesale and retail druggist at the corner of Fraaktort and Cliff streets, recently purchased the valuable property in which his store is. Born in this city, he received a good education, and by honest enterprise has gradually risen, until to-day he is as much honored by the whites as by his own people. He is noted for his generosity toward the poor of all races. To the poor people around him he used to give medicine and advice free of charge, and at the time of the draft riots his property was protected even by those persons who led the rioters but who remembered his kindness to them. He is about fifty years of age and lives in Brooklyn, where he has a good deal of real estate.

Mrs. Brooks, a daughter of the late Robert Watson, from whom she inherited considerable property, owns real estate up town, where she lives, and also in Thompson and Sullivan streets. Her husband is living, but she manages her estate herself, and with much success. She surprised down town business men recently by appearing in person on 'Change and buying in a piece of property sold under foreclosure. Another woman who is wealthier than Mrs. Brooks but who gained her wealth in a quieter and more plodding way, is Mrs. J. C. Gloucester, who at one time lived in this city, but lives now in Brooklyn. She keeps a fashionable boarding house in the building formerly occupied by the Long Island Club, at the corner of Clinton and Remsen streets, and in the fine brown stone house adjoining it on Remsen street. She is a native of Norfolk, Va., and came of an excellent family. Her fortune is variously estimated at from \$300,000 to \$500,000. The valuable buildings in which she carries on her business are owned by her. She inherited a little money, which she employed in hiring and furnishing houses, which she let. The letting of furnished houses during the days of inflation and the civil war was profitable, and Mrs. Gloucester grew rich. At present she has no less than fifteen furnished houses which she rents, and which yield her a large income, and she also owns paying personal property. She has a large family of sons and daughters, who are highly educated and all accomplished. Her husband, the Rev. I. C. Gloucester, was a Presbyterian minister, but he has no charge now. He once studied medicine and practices a little

now and then. He is a man of fine education, a graceful speaker, and a member of a family distinguished for its professional men.

In the vast tobacco establishment of the Lorillards there is no man more trusted and honored than the venerable Peter Ray. He entered the service of the older Lorillards half a century ago, has outlived them and has still continued in the employ of their sons. He used to live in a little building adjoining the old establishment on Wooster street, but now owns and occupies a fine house in Williamsburgh, where he is surrounded in his old age by a large family of children and grandchildren. Though more than seventy years old, he still attends to his duties as superintendent and daily visits the great building in New Jersey where the Lorillard business is now carried on. No one ever served under the Lorillards who was so expert in the manufacture of snuff. Mr. Ray is reported to be worth \$100,000. His son, Dr. Peter Ray, has a large practice in Williamsburgh, and a daughter is married to Peter Geyon, a druggist in the same city.

One of the most courtly gentlemen of the colored race in the city is Professor Charles L. Reason, who resides on Fifty-third street between Second and Third avenues, in a brown stone house which he owns. His rooms are lined with books, and in the basement he has a large and well-chosen library. He is a native of this city, is a remarkably well read man and speaks several languages. For many years he was a Professor *belles-lettres* in a university in the western part of this State, and is now a teacher in the Normal School and a Grammar School in this city. He is said to be worth about \$60,000. He has no children. Another highly educated gentleman is the Rev. Charles B. Ray, who accumulated his fortune by his own industry and by fortunate purchases in real estate.

In the days of slavery he became conspicuous for his missionary labors and his passionate advocacy of freedom. He is a shrewd business man. It is said to be worth from \$80,000 to \$100,000 in real estate bonds. He has three daughters. One of them, Miss Lottie, graduated with high honors at the Howard University, studied law and was admitted to the bar in Washington. She practiced for awhile, but gave up the business and now lives with her father. Her object was to find out whether a colored woman would be admitted to the bar. She gained her point and is satisfied.

Among the successful caterers of this race is George T. Downing, who opened a restaurant at No. 13 Broad street a few months ago after many years' absence from the city. His name is familiar to all the old business men in the vicinity of Wall street. For forty-six years his father kept a restaurant on the site of the Drexel Building and three doors from where the son has now established himself. The elder Downing was a native of Accomac county, Va., and his family were hereditary sextons of the wealthiest church of the country. In their home, which adjoined the church, the best people of the race in that section of the country used to gather for social enjoyment and the Downings became widely known. Thomas Downing made a little fortune in New York and lost it in real estate speculations. He was famous for his oysters, large quantities of which he supplied to England and Russia, and for a present which he sent to Queen Victoria he received a present in return of a valuable chronometer, now a heirloom in the family. Two of his sons are living. The elder George T., as has already been stated, has opened a restaurant at No. 13 Broad street, and the other, Peter W., is in the Custom House. Mr. George T. Downing lived for some years at Newport, where he owns eight stores. For twelve years, under the Johnson and Grant administration, he had charge of the restaurant in the House of Representatives at Washington. He owns land near New Haven and on Long Island, and is an extremely well informed man, and has done much to better the condition of the colored race.

Of the colored clergyman of this city none is more widely known than the venerable pastor of the Shiloh Church, the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet. He was born in slavery, but escaped to the North and identified himself with the anti-slavery cause. He was graduated at the Oneida Institute with honors, and shortly afterwards began to preach. He has traveled in Europe, where his advocacy of the cause of the colored race helped to gain for it many friends. He is respected and especially influential in politics among his people in this city. He lives at No. 102 West Third street. The Rev. Mr. Dickerson, pastor of the Bethel Church, is a comparatively young colored gentleman, but energetic, earnest and successful.

After Mrs. Gloucester, already referred to as reputed to be the wealthiest of her race in Brooklyn, comes Mr. Samuel E. Howard. He lives on High street, and is engaged in the real estate business. He owns houses on High, Fleet, Pearl, Washington, Jay and other streets, and also in Amityville, L. I., and Elizabeth, N. J. His fortune is estimated at \$100,000. He was born in slavery, and is about sixty years old.

An heiress of twenty-one—Miss Minnie Duncan—lives with an aunt in South Brooklyn. Her fortune is some \$80,000, wisely invested and yielding an income of nearly \$10,000 a year. Her wealth was acquired in a singular way. Her father was married twice, and insured the lives of both of his wives and his own. He survived both, and on his death the money came into the possession of his daughter.

Mr. Douglas, familiarly known as "Pop" Douglas, lives at the corner of High and Pearl streets. He is between sixty and seventy years old, owns property on High, Pearl and Chapel streets, and is probably worth about \$50,000. He made a good deal of his money during the gold

fever of '49 in California. Mrs. Samuel Jackson, who has about \$50,000 of this world's goods, is a widow, on Johnson street. She owns houses in Jay and Bridge streets and on Hudson avenue. Her husband was at one time a dry goods merchant on Hudson avenue. He was born a slave.

The Rev. Mr. Freeman, pastor of the Siloan Presbyterian Church in Prince street, is one of the most popular clergymen of color in the denomination. He owns a good deal of real estate in Prince street and near Prospect Park. Mrs. Broughton, of Gold street, owns the large brick house in which she lives, and has also a house at Saratoga, where she accommodates summer boarders from Bermuda, Hayti and the West Indies. Her fortune is estimated at from \$30,000 to \$50,000. Mr. Benjamin Fisher, of No. 112 High street, owns two houses on that street, and is said to be worth \$30,000. Mr. Fisher was a steward for fifteen years on one of the ocean steamers. His wife accompanied him as stewardess. He has travelled all of the world and is a very pleasant gentleman. The Rev. W. T. Dixon, pastor of the Concord Baptist Church in Caton street, owns the handsome little house in Adelphi street, in which he lives. Mr. George Drayton, of Willoughby street, near Lawrence, owns real estate, two tailoring establishments—one in Willoughby and the other in Court street—and a boarding house for working girls. His father was a member of the Masonic body in this State. Mrs. Susan, McKinnie, M. D., was graduated with the highest honors at one of the medical colleges in this city. She lives in her own house in Ryerson street and is the sister of Mrs. Garnet, wife of the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet. She has a lucrative practice. Mrs. Jeremiah Bowers owns a fashionable dress-making establishment and three other houses in Douglas street. During the summer she and her husband, who is a caterer, live at Saratoga in a cottage of their own. Mrs. Saunders, of Vanderbilt avenue, and Mrs. Ross, of High street, are also wealthy.

There are hundreds of others in both cities who are well-to-do.

Make the Children Happy.

It takes but very little to make a child happy. A little time, a little pains, a little money, or a little effort is all that is requisite. And on the other hand it takes but little to make a child very unhappy. A little neglect, a little unkind word, a little hurt, or a little disappointment are to the child as great a trial and as bitter a grief as his heart can bear.

Why do we so often hear children crying and fretting? Why so often see sad gloomy looks in place of the bright smile and laughing eye? Is it that mothers do not love their children? Are they careless or indifferent to their happiness? Not at all. Crying children often have fondest mothers. No; it is partly because mothers do not realize that children are so sensitive, so easily made happy, or unhappy; and partly because they do not know how to make their children happy, or rather they do not know how to keep them happy, to cultivate within them a habit of cheerfulness.

We all know how delighted a child is with a new toy; but how soon he tires of it! Thus a fond parent who has spent a great deal of money in buying a variety of toys for his child is surprised to find that at first seemed to afford such delight, are all thrown aside with disgust, while the child relapses into listlessness or fretfulness, saying by its manner, "I have nothing to do," or in other words, "I have nothing to interest me." The young mother feels discouraged; she feels as if she had no more money to spend in playthings, and probably feels as if she had no time to spend from more necessary employments to devise for it new amusements. The child grows day by day more fretful and demands more time and attention.

What is to be done? Have you ever heard of a minister's turning over a barrel of old sermons and beginning to preach from the other end? The people think them as good as new. Just so with playthings. Suppose a child has forty picture books and playthings, more or less packed them all up in a box and put them away out of sight, upon some high shelf in a closet where the child cannot see or get at them; leaving out the child only two or three of its newest and favorite toys; and as soon as you see he begins to grow weary of these, pack them away, and take from the closet, one at a time, those long ago hidden away and almost forgotten by the child, and they will be found just as good as new.

"One plaything at a time is enough. One is just as good as a dozen to make a child happy." So said my bright, sunny-faced friend, Mrs. Ely, to me, just before Christmas, and on trying the experiment, I find it true. My little three year old Charlie was growing tired of his playthings when Mrs. Ely gave him Noah's ark full of animals, that her children had long discarded. True some of the legs of the animals were broken, but what cared Charlie for that? It was to his happy little imagination a priceless treasure worth its weight in gold. For weeks it was to him an infinite source of delight.

A child who looks with utter indifference upon a box of blocks feels suddenly inspired with a new interest when he sees his mother piling them up into a tower. He exclaims, "Let me do it!" and amuses himself a long time trying to imitate mother. The box of dominoes seem to the little three years old useless till he sees his father arranging them on the table; or standing them up in a row and giving a push to the last with his finger, sending the whole line tumbling over each other. The penny is valueless till mother spins it up-n the table; the

little tin tub is no source of pleasure till mother ties a string into one of the handles and draws the little doll or dog to ride upon it about the room; then it is a very different matter; with eager enthusiasm the child enters into the play and amuses himself with zest, trying to do what he has seen mother do, for several days, perhaps; then mother must take a few minutes to devise something new.—Anna Holyoke, in Household.

He Wouldn't Make His Will.

"You're getting old and weak, papa; The doctors say you're ill." Thus spoke the dutiful son. "I think You'd better make your will."

The father from his easy chair Glanced at his thoughtful boy, And o'er his face the look that stole Was not of pride or joy.

"Not if I know myself, my son; Folks think me sane," he said, "And I'll do naught to make them call Me crazy when I'm dead!" —New York Sun.

THE SHERIFF'S MISTAKE.

"That's strangers," said the sheriff, suddenly, setting down his tin cup untouched and shuffling to the door.

The sheriff was a safe man to believe, though how he made out anything in the blinding glare of evening sunlight that flooded the level prairie west of Buffalo Station no one but a professor of optics could have told. The old man had the eye of an eagle.

"Two on 'em, with a pack pony," he added; and just then a sudden sunset shadow swept across the lonely waste, and we saw them too.

They were about a quarter of a mile away, heading for the station and its single combination building of store, dining-room, tavern and freight-house. They came on at an easy gait, driving their pack pony before them. As they neared us we could note the signs of hard travel about them. From their dust-soiled clothing and their loose seats in the saddle, as well as the jaded canter their ponies, everything in their appearance spoke of a long ride, and a weary one.

They crossed the track and drew up in the shade of the station, one of them only replying to the sheriff's cheery hail with a curt nod. He dismounted stiffly, addressed a few words to his companion, who remained in the saddle with one leg crossed over the bow, and a moment later his gaunt, buckskin-and-frieze garbed figure vanished in the cool shadow of the store.

"A likely boy," said the sheriff, who had been eyeing his companion intently. "They might be Texican drovers—an then again they might not."

He added the latter sentence reflectively, never relaxing his scrutiny of the mounted stranger. That person was a "likely boy," indeed. Afoot he might have stood nearly six feet on his bare heels. His swarthy face, handsome as a gipsy girl's, and delicately shaped and set as any lady's, was framed with a shock of tangled, wavy hair, of whose black, glossy glory any court dame might have been proud; and his eyes, full, black and lustrous as those of a race-horse, flashed proudly under the finely penciled brows. The hand which rested lazily on his knee was large, and in perfect keeping with his well-knit figure, but in shape clean cut and handsome as a woman's.

I was still scrutinizing this somewhat singular apparition with more than ordinary curiosity, when the sheriff turned suddenly on me.

"What's your pony, Tom?" he asked. "In the shed!" "Saddled?"

"With a loose girth—yes." "The sogers is in the Hundred Horn Gulch," he went on, speaking rapidly, "slide forrard an' brin' 'em up. May be the big wolf of the Devil's Run devour me if them ain't two of our men."

I knew the sheriff too well to hesitate or question further. As I girthed my pony in the shed, a shadow floated across the doorway and was gone. When I rode out the two strangers were cantering off to the southward, pointing for the Republican river, and as I gave my pony rein and galloped in the opposite direction, I saw the sheriff mounting his big grey mare, which had been tied to the corner post of the store.

The sheriff, and a party of soldiers from Fort Hays, were on the watch for the train robbers who had stopped the West bound train at Big Springs eight days before, and who were supposed to be striking for the Texan border with their rich spoil. The soldiers, as the sheriff had said, were posted in a ravine known as Hundred Horn Gulch, a few miles from the station, and where the main trail from North Platte crossed the railroad track. The sun was just dipping when I rode up to the station ahead of the troopers. The sheriff, who was studying the written description of the marauders by the waning light, put himself at our head without a word, and we trailed off a long line of breaking, jingling, hoof-beating clamor through the windy silence and gloom of the darkening prairie.

The ride was a long one, for our quarry had an hour's start of us, and the moon rose a globe of coppery fire and moon rose still clanking on. I had joined the sheriff and the leader of the soldiers. We were a silent trio until I ventured: "Are you certain, sheriff, of our men?" "Sure as the moon," said the old man, tersely, drinking in the sweet air of the sublime night with a sigh which seemed to say, "Let me alone. I know what I'm about, and won't be questioned."

Silence again. The brisk breeze was blowing rifted clouds across the face of the moon, mottling the dim plain with fantastic shadows. Suddenly these clouds swept away. A full, clear burst of light flooded the prairie, and not a half mile away we saw three moving figures which, in the now marvellously brilliant lunar illumination, could be

badly distinguished as three of two mounted men and a pack animal.

The wind was in our faces, blowing the noise of our approach from the fugitives' ears, and though we rode hard, and with no attempt to stealthiness, it was not until we were close upon them that they suddenly drew in and faced about, both men sitting bolt upright in their saddles, with their hands at their hips. In gesture and bearing they meant fight and looked every inch desperate and dangerous men.

We halted, too. For a moment a dead silence fell upon us. The sheriff's gray mare neighed, and the charm was broken.

"Who's there?" called one of the fugitives in Spanish, emphasizing the challenge with the sharp click of his pistol-lock as he brought it to a cock.

The rattle of a dozen carbines falling into position drowned the sheriff's reply. Then the clear voice of the younger fugitive arose: "If we must die, we might as well die like men," it said.

What followed was almost like the flaming of a flash of lightning. I heard the sheriff call out: "Throw up your hands," and saw him spur straight for the strangers; then a rattling fire of carbines and revolvers, and a fierce oath from a trooper behind me who tumbled from his saddle with his thigh smashed. At the same time, and before I could kick clear of the stirrups, my poor pony staggered and fell dead, with a pistol ball between his eyes, and in his fall pinned me to the earth.

The fight was as brief as it was furious, and like all really desperate encounters I ever witnessed was almost a silent one, as far as any sound of voice went. But the sharp reports of revolvers and the duller discharge of carbines freighted the night wind, and the ground owls lumbered into a clumsy flight at the unwonted noises. Finally, a single flash flamed across the light thin vapor from the firing, a single report was blown to leeward, sharp and clear, and then the discharges ceased. With a desperate effort I dragged myself clear of my dead animal, and limped to my feet.

The sheriff and half a dozen soldiers were grouped about the body of one of the fugitives. Another soldier supported the figure of the "likely boy." Some black shapes on the prairie marked the whereabouts of the rest of the dozen troopers, and told at what cost the victory had been won.

The boy himself, only held half upright by the soldier's strong arm, was still alive. The bright moonlight shining on his handsome, girlish face lighted it to unearthly beauty. In the struggle his coat had been torn off, and a broad, dark, slowly-spreading smear was visible on his coarse gray shirt. His breathing was hoarse and quick, the sure index to a shot in the lungs.

"He's goin'," said the sheriff, mopping the blood from a bad cut in the forehead with his sleeve. "Great snakes! what a fight he made."

"Here's the pony, sheriff." One of the men led the pack-pony, which during the entire fight had been quietly grazing at a little distance off, up to the group. With a quick jerk he dragged off the tattered blanket which covered the pack.

There were a few camp utensils, some provisions, and a bulging sort of double bag thrown over the front of the pannier. With an effort he pulled this off, but its weight tore it from his hands, and it fell with a metallic crash. As it struck the earth its seams burst. The queer-shaped sack was simply an old pair of pantaloons with the legs tied up, and its contents rolled, jingling and sparkling, over the short grass a cascade of minted gold.

Before the musical ring of the precious metal had died away the group about the dead man and the wounded boy parted with an exclamation of startled surprise.

The boy had suddenly struggled to his feet. He stood swaying dizzily to and fro for an instant, and snatching a revolver from the belt of the amazed soldier, who still stood beside him, fired point blank at one of his captors directly in front of him.

The man fell dead, and his murderer, with the smoking pistol still in his hand, tattered forward a step and sank in a heap on the corpse of his companion, with his face upon his breast and one arm about its neck.

Strange! Well, however that may be so far, the strange part is to come yet. Of course, you have suspected all along that the handsome boy was a woman? Well, he wasn't! and what is more, the well, far from being two of the train robbers, were a worthy Texan drover and his son, who had sold out their beasts at North Platte and were on their way home with the money. They had eleven thousand dollars in coin with them. The boys had the laugh on the sheriff for many a long day after. For once his vaunted acuteness had failed him.

What was done to him? Why, Great Scott! stranger, what do you suppose? Are we not all liable to make mistakes?

In consequence of the increasing number of grave-yard desecrations, the genius of the inventor has been incited to devise means of their defeat. Among the most recent patents is one for a coffin torpedo, which consists of a canister containing powder, balls and a firing trigger, so arranged that, on placing the torpedo within the coffin, and finally closing the lid, should any attempt be made to open the coffin the torpedo will be instantly exploded, a noise like thunder ensue, and deadly balls will fly in all directions. Had the remains of the late millionaire, Mr. Stewart, been protected by means of this invention, the neighborhood in that part of the city where his body rested would have been alarmed, while the robbers themselves would doubtless have suffered sudden death as the penalty of their sacrilegious attempt.—Scientific American.