

HOW CELEBRITIES TRAVEL.

The Peculiarities of Some Well-Known Men in Railway Cars.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Old conductors have a large fund of information and anecdote, and it would astonish people to learn how critically they watch each individual passenger, and how well they can describe the traveling habits and idiosyncrasies of prominent people. Men starting on a long journey, and during its progress, are sure to show some individuality, and railroad men, being exceedingly observant, can tell almost at a glance whether a man is used to being away from home or not. One experienced conductor gave some of his recollections in a recent talk with the writer. He commenced by comparing Grant, Conkling, and Blaine, saying: "Roscoe Conkling generally gets one seat in a drawing-room, and he gets all the newspapers he can buy, reads them and throws them all over the dining-room in a mass; beside, he always has a portmanteau full of law papers which he strews all over every seat in the drawing-room. Conkling is a very vain traveler, and wants everybody in the car to look at him. Now, there's Blaine; he just sits opposite. He always buys the whole drawing-room and shuts himself up. But Grant is a queer old fellow. When he was president of the United States he nearly always traveled in a special car, but now, since he has become a private citizen, he travels just about the same as ordinary folks. You can always find Grant in the rear end of the smoking car with a cigar in his mouth, and there he sits with a hand on either end of his chair and smokes and smokes, seemingly oblivious of everything around him. He never looks at one. Sometimes he will look out of the window for hours. When he's not doing that he's gazing over his own feet once or twice, and finally arriving at the farmer's seat and strutting out a horny hand for his cigar. The farmer, with a pleased smile, divides his pocket, pulled out the box, again produced a light, and handed it with a great flourish to the Irishman, who lit his cigar, and went his way in peace. Then an old aggressive gentleman across the aisle asked to see the match box, and it was explained to him with great delight by the agriculturist. There were several matches left in the box, and the old gentleman had chance to exhibit his match box again. By this time he was radiant. The train was about half way across the Newark meadows when his big-faced drummer with a small derby hat, who sat exactly behind the old gentleman, touched him on the shoulder and asked him for a light. The owner of the patent match box handed it out quietly. The drummer lit his cigar and made believe close the box with great ostentation, but he really left a spark burning there. The farmer shoved the box into his pocket without a word. He smoked placidly at his cigar for a few moments, and then nearly swallowed it as he bounded from the train and dived into his pocket again. Something was burning. It was the farmer. A moment later the match box sank to rest in the mud of the Newark meadows, and the farmer stamped on his cigar and went forward with the ladies.

PATENT MATCH BOX STORY.

The Toy Proves a Burden to Its Owner on His Way in from Railway.

New York Sun.

A ruddy-faced and clean-shaven man got into a smoking car of an incoming train at Rahway on the Pennsylvania railroad yesterday, and, after biting off the end of a cigar and clenching it firmly in his teeth, dived into the depths of a pair of agricultural-looking and knee-length trousers, and produced a curious match box. It had on one end a patent fuse. When the lid was opened violently a bright light flashed out, and a spark ignited a bit of tape, from which he lit his cigar with great caution. It was a New Jersey cigar, but the flavor was unquestionably improved by the use of the patent match. The old man experimented and played with the match box, with all the delight of a 10-year-old boy with a new pistol. Then he closed the lid and put the match box into his pocket again. An Irishman, who was sitting a few seats ahead of him, had, after much labor, succeeded in lighting a cigar out of the inside pocket of his overcoat, and looked around for a light. The most cheerful face he saw was that of the old farmer, who was smoking away industriously. The Irishman fell over his own feet once or twice, and finally arrived at the farmer's seat and strutting out a horny hand for his cigar. The farmer, with a pleased smile, divided his pocket, pulled out the box, again produced a light, and handed it with a great flourish to the Irishman, who lit his cigar, and went his way in peace. Then an old aggressive gentleman across the aisle asked to see the match box, and it was explained to him with great delight by the agriculturist. There were several matches left in the box, and the old gentleman had chance to exhibit his match box again. By this time he was radiant. The train was about half way across the Newark meadows when his big-faced drummer with a small derby hat, who sat exactly behind the old gentleman, touched him on the shoulder and asked him for a light. The owner of the patent match box handed it out quietly. The drummer lit his cigar and made believe close the box with great ostentation, but he really left a spark burning there. The farmer shoved the box into his pocket without a word. He smoked placidly at his cigar for a few moments, and then nearly swallowed it as he bounded from the train and dived into his pocket again. Something was burning. It was the farmer. A moment later the match box sank to rest in the mud of the Newark meadows, and the farmer stamped on his cigar and went forward with the ladies.

THE REPEATER.

The Methods He Employs in Order to Get in His Work.

San Francisco Bulletin.

The public who hear so much about ballot-box stuffing and false registration have little idea how the repeater is enabled to make his villainous occupation pay. There is a class of men who are doing it in a manner which has not been developed in most of the large cities of the republic by education and inclination more or less fitted for his work. A gentleman who was formerly connected with the repeaters, and who as yet considered an expert in registration, in conversation with a representative of the Bulletin recently, described in a manner which he thought the general reader would find interesting, the methods of repeaters carried out in their operations. "The gangs of repeaters," he said, "are generally organized for gain and not for the interest of the voters. There is a particular party, there is a head of each gang, which is divided into several smaller gangs, the heads of which are known to one another. These men constitute the class known as repeaters. They are provided with a little money, and are instructed some months before the election to engage in a canvass in various boarding houses and saloons throughout the city. They do this by staying a night or two in each place, and by giving different names with which they have already been provided. The head of the gang makes his arrangements directly with the lodging or boarding house keeper to have a certain number of men registered from his establishments. In these cases no dummy voter is provided. The boarding house keeper merely puts in a lot of blank names, and the repeaters are to be exhibited on the day of the election, and memorize the names with which he is provided. Any person calling for a name registered at such a place is at once informed that he has lived there for years. "The repeaters are generally told to distribute themselves about the city, and to get on the register as many times as they can acquire residences, a day or two before the election. They are to be seen at the door of the house, and to be seen by the owner of the house to be registered from his place. This registration is done during the sitting of the precinct board of registration. A gang of repeaters, under such circumstances, are calculated to be good for about 200 votes. If any of them should be detected before election and cited to appear, the head of the gang is notified. He considers the risk and if the case is plain the repeater is ordered to go to the city hall and swear to his identification. If the case is risky he keeps away, and the name is stricken off by the election board the vote is lost. "Another gang is also employed by the chief of the repeaters to ascertain the names of the voters, and of all persons who are or intend to be voters on the city on election day. These names are reported to the head of the gang, and measures are taken on election morning to ascertain if the person really is a voter. If he is the name is voted. Sometimes the owner of the name returns. These he makes the astonishing discovery that he has already voted. These cases, however, rarely occur. The repeaters are generally very careful not to take as much risk as this involves. Similar measures are taken as to the dead. The head of the repeaters keeps a list of all persons who are on their names are not canceled on the register they are voted. The same may be said of persons who are sick on election day. In all these cases, however, care is taken to get the money orders for the prominent man is picked up, as then detection at the polls would be certain. "I estimate that in a presidential year, when the reward for repeating is greatest, fully 7,000 fraudulent votes are cast in this city. The repeaters discover very soon where the sack is, or which candidate or party is likely to pay the highest price for the vote, and generally all measures to open negotiations in that quarter. "This same gentleman had not a very high opinion of the methods that are usually taken by the repeaters to get a false registration or to root out fraudulent voters. "There is an easy plan to find these fellows," he said, "but it would require some money. I would like to see you find them. I would engage a room somewhere, or a series of rooms, where there was a plenty of wall space. Around the walls I would erect a series of racks upon which I would have drawn a diagram of each precinct of this city. Every diagram would show the sizes of the houses in it and their character in brief, with the names of the repeaters who would be a nail or hook stuck into the wall. "Then I would employ a number of clerks to go over all the precinct registers, transcribing the names upon the diagram. Two cards I would preserve for the use of canvassers, and the third I would stick on the nail in the wall where it belonged. After all the precinct registers had been gone over, the repeaters would show at once the presence of lodgings and progress, from which large numbers of men were registered. These I would have watched, and if their character was such as to excite suspicion I would arrest the proprietor and compel him to produce all the men he claimed to lodge in his house. Failing to clear himself by this method, the repeater would be arrested. "In other words, the repeater would not be so well grounded. I would cite the voters to appear, and all who did not show up at the registration office should be stricken off. In the next days, the repeaters would probably appear once, but not the second time, and hence you would discover the false names and wipe them out. "I think this plan in the hands of a vigorous man would be worth \$250,000 with the cooperation of the decent politicians of both the leading political parties who desired a fair vote, and with the public opinion strong enough to sustain the movement. There would be no danger of all persons not entitled to vote. At present the right of a man to register is guarded with the most scrupulous care by the election board, and nobody's business to look after the interests of the 40,000 or 45,000 real citizens of this city who are robbed of their rights every year by the gang of repeaters who outvie them."

DON'T FOOL WITH YOUR EYES.

Suggestions from an Optician About Selecting Eye-Glasses and Spectacles.

Chicago Herald.

"There is a great difference in the prices of eye-glasses and spectacles," an optician said. "You can buy a pair of eye-glasses for 15 cents, while a pair that looks exactly like them will cost you \$25. The difference between them is that by using one pair a man is very liable to ruin his sight, while the other pair will materially assist it. "What makes the difference in value?" "The quality of the glass and the amount of work done in making them. The cheap ones are generally made of very common glass, and are by no means perfect. Sometimes there are air bubbles in them, and sometimes there are wavy lines. You have looked through a window-glass that distorted everything, haven't you? Well, just imagine taking such kind of glass to improve your sight with. Persons who do not have a great deal of eyesight, and who are used to seeing thousands of persons has been injured by using bad and unsuitable glasses. Poor quality glasses are injurious enough, but person looks through them, and they are both poor in quality and in no way fitted to improve his sight, he runs a terrible risk. "Cannot one tell if the glasses help him?" "It depends on circumstances. If a man finds that he is getting far-sighted, and tries on a pair of far-sighted glasses and they do not seem to help at all, that time he is apt to buy them. They may, however, be too old, and thus strain his sight, or they may be too young for him, and he does not receive the benefit that he is entitled to. A man who has a good eyesight, his sight would be tried in a proper manner, and he would get just the right kind of glasses. It is a very false economy to buy cheap glasses. I've seen a man stop at a stand in the street and buy a pair of glasses for a quarter, just by trying them on and looking at a newspaper. Lots of persons' eyes are not of the same strength, and ought to have glasses of different strength in the same frame. A man with eyes of this character gets a ready-made pair of spectacles he is going to suffer. "The Eye-talker is a bad lot. You go into their houses and you see 'em all sleeping together promiscuously, a dozen or twenty in a room, and on the floor there's the rag old iron, and the wash and the decaying stuff," said the carrier. "But the worst thing a man can do is to try to get money out of 'em. You see, their letters are full of come out collect. The charges on 'em range from 10 to 30 cents. The carriers have to pay the charges on all such letters before they take them out of the postoffice. The carriers get to be very poor, and the Eye-talkers will talk and jabber all day if a carrier will stand by and listen. They will run away with the letter if he is so much as out of his hand, and the only way is to get the letter. The whole colony comes screaming after me, and I got the money."

PENDING AS YOU GO.

Picture of a Young Married Couple Who Lived in a French Flat—Not Much Economy, But Lots of Comfort.

Chicago Herald.

"That was a very thickly-studded story about a New York man who lived in a flat, and out of a salary of \$1,000 a year saved \$125,000," a newspaper economist was talking with a young married man who has a salary of \$1,350 a year and never saves a cent. "Then you don't believe a man can live in a city on that salary and save money?" asked the economist. "Yes," answered the listener, "I do. That is to say, a man can exist. There is a good deal of lying done about this problem of living, or else I am the most extravagant man on earth, which I don't believe. I got \$1,350 a year, and don't save a cent. On the contrary, I run in debt. Now, suppose you come and take dinner with me. And you go with me to-day so that the madame will have no warning. In that way you shall see for yourself our average mode of life." The economist and the young married man went to the restaurant together, and the home of the latter to see how it was. As they approached the house the man of high salary said: "You notice that the portion of the lawn in which you are now walking is covered with a shower of water from a shower on a parched field. The houses were neat and tidy." "Is it worth anything to a man's mind and body to live in such a vicinity?" "The question had but one answer. The house was reached. The apartments where the \$1,350 man was living were not much to be desired. It contained two rooms and was up one flight of stairs. It was a red in its appearance. There was not a picture too many or too costly. It was comfortable. Every window was a chair, and one could sit at any one of them and enjoy life. One of the bedrooms was cool, delightful, and looked like a doll. It was festooned with leaves, and a gentleman shaded the window, and a hanging basket of woodland greens swung from the ceiling as if it was hanged down by an angel. The kitchen was as pretty as any room in the house. It was carpeted and adorned the back parlor. A bird cage swung from the window of the hall, and the yellow innards danced and sang merrily as his salaried master entered the room. The dinner was all that a man with a good digestion could desire; soup, a small leg of mutton served with a spoonful of appealing jelly. Then there were some vegetables, some bread and butter, and some tea, and a bottle of claret. "I got that claret from a friend who procures it at wholesale, \$1.50 a gallon. Taste it. It is as good as you get anybody can get for the money. I drink one gallon a week; it is all the drinking I do. I never take a drink down town; I never taste beer or whisky. I say, is there anything in that to make a man rosy? Any comfort in that, my boy? Of course I could do without this wine; I could move on a back street or live in a basement; I could have my wife make a slave of herself, so that she would not mind my service. I don't get the purest and best tobacco. Anything wrong in that? Of course it costs more." The economist ventured to ask the \$1,350 man if his wardrobe was not an expensive item. "No; not very. I wear a pair of trousers, patched, to my office. I have what common people call a Sunday suit, but I don't wear it to church, or to a concert, or to the theater. My clothes—lines and underwear—go to the laundry. My wife makes her own dresses and other wear, except two dresses, which she always has for evening made by the modiste. They are trimmed over and cut down, or fixed up so that they can do service for a year at least. She has a woman who mends the house, and her washing. She does her own ironing. Is there anything in my wife that is extravagant?" "The economist was silent. "You can come to my house any day in the week and find as good a dinner as you get there to-day. We don't gorge one day and starve the next. That may be a good way for animals to live. None of it for me." "What are your expenses?" "I don't know. I don't care what they are so long as my wife's cheeks are red, so long as my boy and girl are as fat as I, so long as I feel the prodding of time and his chiding voice. 'Don't do it—you are getting old. Take care of yourself.' I say, bah! on such an idea of life as that." "And when he said this his wife put her arms about his neck and kissed him. And the economist went away, marveling much at what he had seen and heard."

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Women Bull Fighters Routed by a Bull.

Gallop's Messenger.

A bull fight of a novel kind took place at Targona on Sunday last, October 12, the performers being women clothed in the male toreros' suit. The bulls were all young and full of fire. The first one let into the arena made straight for one of the toreras, and sent her spinning in the air and several yards off. A second torera rushed to her rescue with her cap, which she waved before the bull to draw off its attention from her discomfited colleague. The bull accepted the challenge, and with a rapid twist of the neck caught the handkerchief and sent her flying. She fell on her face, and followed the previous torera in her retirement, bleeding from several scratches. The third torera then advanced, but no sooner had the bull caught sight of her than he bounded toward her and struck her. After this the bull took quiet walk around the arena, waiting for fresh sport. No further competitor entering the list, the crowd began to show signs of impatience, which grew at every moment, until they finally began breaking up the seats and throwing bricks into the arena, yelling anathemas at the cowardice of the torera company. The stewards then announced that the money would be returned. This was done partially, but the cashier's office suddenly closed, that official having bolted with the rest of the takings. A second incident of a similar nature occurred when the fact became known, and the work of demolition was pursued with increased fury. The grandees were called in to restore order, but only succeeded in adding to the general confusion, in which they were roughly handled. The arrival of three companies of infantry enabled the managers to clear the amphitheater. The most extraordinary part of the affair is that, undisturbed by the fate of the torera company and their manager, who were marched on to prison besides the workwomen of the tobacco factories of Madrid are preparing to give an exhibition of their prowess, and a troop is organizing to do the round of the arenas in all the principal towns of Spain.

A Great Head.

New York Herald.

There is a man with a very large head who works in a well-known foundry in this city. He is eccentric in his manner, and has been the subject of jest among his fellow workmen. Until quite recently they have not scrupled to tell him that he was insane. The man with the large head had been these taunts good naturedly for a long while. At last he resented them, and he said to his wife, "I'm crazy," he said, "I'm willing to allow my head to be examined by a phrenologist if you will pay the fee." The workmen laughed at the proposal, and inside of twenty-four hours six were subscribed. The man with the large head and his associates then repaired to a phrenological establishment on Broadway. The phrenologist made a long and careful examination of the large head. "Gentlemen," he said, "this man's skull is an exact counterpart of the head of Napoleon the Great. If he had a military training he would make a great general." The man with the large head paid \$3 to the phrenologist, and went on a spree for the rest of the week with the remainder of the money. His head is quite enormous.

Suit on an Old Note for a Slave.

The Atlantic (Ga.) Constitution.

A suit is now on trial in the United States court for the collection of a note given thirty years ago in payment for a negro slave, Emma. The suit is brought by Judge Hugh Buchanan, of Newnam, against Judge Dennis F. Hammond, formerly of Coweta county, but now of Oriando, Fla. The note was given in 1854, and was on the 25th of December of that year for the sum of \$250. It was given by George W. Holland, with Dennis F. Hammond and E. W. Sims as securities. The plaintiff claims that he bought the note, and that he applied to the movement of the note to the court of the county for Alabama in December, 1855, and on leaving turned over to the law firm, of which Judge Buchanan was a member, the note, and that he is sufficient to pay the note; that the attorneys received the collateral, which was perfectly good and solvent, and allowed the giver of the note to move to the State of Georgia, and that he is in this suit did not authorize this proceeding, that it was increasing his risk,

Curious Payment for Land.

Quebec Family Register.

Gloves of various kinds were frequently presented in service for lands. Thus, two farms at Carleton, in Yorkshire, paid "the one a right-hand and the other a left-hand glove yearly; and some lands in Elmesale, in the same county, were held of the king by the service of paying at the castle of Pontefract one pair of gloves furred with fox skin, or 8d. yearly; while for the manor of Eton, in Wiltshire, were rendered two pairs of gloves, together with a pound of cumlin seed and a steel needle. Needles are met with several times, but one instance must here suffice—where "Roger, sometime tailor to our lord the king," held lands in Hallingbury, Essex, by paying at the king's exchequer "one silver needle yearly." Still more curious is the service for certain lands in Rode, Northampton, which consisted in finding "one horse of the price of 5s. and one sack of the price of 4s., with one small pin, for forty days." The shaver noticed above, and was used to fasten, or attach, the sack, which may have been employed to carry fodder to the horse. That the horses were tolerably good, even in the days of the king, is proved by the fact that the manor of Cherbury, in Dorset, was held "by the service of one horse comb, price 4d., to be said yearly; and that certain lands in the hundred of Losberg, in the same county, were held of our lord the king, by the serjeanty of finding a certain horse comb, or curry comb," &c. Among other curious services by which lands were held may be mentioned certain instances of hose. Thus, Cottingham, in Nottingham, was held by the service of presenting to the king a pair of scarlet hose yearly; Eldersfield, in Worcester, was held by rendering to Robert, earl of Gloucester, hose of scarlet on his birthday; and Henley, in Warwick, was held by the service of rendering, by the service of 3s. or a pair of scarlet hose.

Anecdote of Tenyson.

The Home Journal.

"Lord Tenyson is not often here, is he?" said the inquisitive scribe of an old gentleman who took the tickets at the flower show, and who occasionally waits at a barbed house, where the post receives company. "No, he doesn't often come here in the season. People follow him so." "What sort of a looking person is his lordship?" "Lordship! We don't often call him a lord about here. Wasn't made one more than three or four months ago. We call him Mister Tenyson. A nice old gent he is, but he's no better than the rest of 'em. He wears a fine old soft felt hat dragged down to his nose (which a long 'un), and has a long mustache and beard, with old eyes and a nose that looks as if he's been in the neighborhood." "Yes, he's a kind old gent, and we all like him hereabouts." "I suppose you are rather proud of having such a nobleman in the neighborhood?" "The old man seemed to think the nobleman such a tremendous one as it might be,

White from Corruption.

One of Gallop's Broodings Notes.

A candidate in Maryland is called the Sugar Loaf, because of a very white summit it has. Climbing up there the puro crystal white is found to be the official of the business who is there. It is with some of these dirty-minded parasites they are white from their occupations.