POTTER AND PRYOR

A NEW ACCOUNT OF A NOTED "AFFAIR OF HONOR."

A Duel of Twenty-Five Years Ago, Which Did Not Take Place—Bowie-Knives at Four Feet—A Plucky Wife.

[Croffut in New York World.]

A Chicago newspaper the other day published a letter from Wisconsin speaking of the town where John F. Potter lives and the farm which he works, and then it gave an editorial version of the duel which was barely prevented at the beginning of the war between him and Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia—the popular and false version, of course. So on Monday I called on Mr. Pryor, at his office on Wall street, to get his version of the story. He has been an active lawyer in this city for some fifteen years now, and has risen to a large practice, his black eyes, tawny complexion and long black shaggy mane being conspicuous in all our courts. I found him in, but when I broached the matter he said, "I must decline to reopen the matter of that quarrel. For a quarter of a century the people of the north have preferred a lie to the truth, and I do not care to go into particulars at this late day."

Fortunately I can get along without Mr. Pryor's testimony. I was in Washington during the three years subsequent to the affair, and I know the facts from Mr. Potter himself and from other participants. It was the beginning of Buchanan's last year. For a year or two northern congressmen had been intimidated by those from the south, the latter being generally expert swordsmen or pistol-shots, and the former unfamiliar with either weapon and brought up to regard dueling with abhorrence. Two or three northerners had been insulted, "posted" and bullied, replying simply that they would fight if attacked. There was a growing feeling among Mr. Lincoln's friends that it was necessary for some "Yankee" to fight.

Mr. Pryor rose to a question of privilege one morning, saying that at The Congressional Globe office he had found that Mr. Potter had inserted at the end of his, Potter's, speech the words: "The Republicans will be heard, let the consequences be what they may." No such words, Mr. Pryor said, had been uttered in debate.

Mr. Potter replied that he had used the words referred to, and that Pryor had erased them from the record, and added: "He had no right to do it. It was none of the gentleman's business. I stand by what I said."

I doubt if these words are properly challengeable, but those were hot times, and Pryor sent a challenge and escaped to Virginia to avoid arrest. Potter answered through his friend, Col. F. W. Lander, that he would fight with bowie-knives, in the presence of four friends of the parties, who should be armed with navy revolvers to see fair play. "Distance four feet at commencement of engagement. Knives of equal weight and length of blade. Fight to commence at the word three." It was added, "These terms are such as will alone enable my principal, who is unacquainted with the usual weapons of duellists, to meet your friend on equal terms." Mr. Chisman, whom Pryor had left to represent him, took the strange acceptance to several of his principal's friends, Keitt Hindman and others. They all agreed that the weapon was inadmissible, and that Potter, instead of being fought, should be denounced as a barbarian. So Mr. Chisman answered that, "not recognizing this vulgar, barbarous and inhuman mode of settling difficulties," he could not allow Pryor to engage in it.

Next day Pryor came back from hiding in Virginia, and, seeing what a mistake his seconds had made, straightway repudiated them and asked that the matter be reopened, announcing his willingness to accept the terms and fight with bowie-knives. The second declared a reopening impracticable. Lander offered himself in Potter's place "without restrictions," but nobody had any quarrel with him. Pryor sent word to Potter that he would attack him at sight, and a few hours afterwards Potter was arrested by the police and put under bonds to keep the peace.

Potter's pluck caused a great furore at the north at a time when pluck was at a premium; and Pryor suffered from the outcome of it mainly because, in the heat of passion the facts were obscured, and it was generally believed that he had refused to fight with bowie-knives, and had rather ignominiously backed out. If the fight had taken place one or both would have been killed, and it might have done something to abolish the savage and preposterous custom of dueling.

I remember a talk I had with Potter about the affair in 1861. "I always confide wholly in my wife," he said, "and even in this strange dilemma I went to her the first thing. I showed her how we stood; that I had done no wrong; that the north needed a champion and that our cause was depressed because no man would fight, and then I asked her what to do. She had a 'good crying spell,' as the women call it, but she said my duty was clear—I must fight him. She stood by me pluckily straight through. I got such instructions in the use of the bowie knife as I could and practiced for an hour every day. I am very strong and quick. If we had fought I should certainly have slain Mr. Pryor. It is better as it is."

For months afterwards Potter's friends, somewhat against his will, hedged him about with their vigilance, accompanying him in his walks to and fro. One of these was Col. William S. King, of Minnesota, who was as quick as a cat and strong as a tiger. Whenever Potter started from his seat to leave the house King rose at his side like an apparition.

The Evacuation Day Celebration.

[New York Mail and Express.]

The aged Gen. Dally and two comrades were the only ones to celebrate Evacuation day the other day in New York. The general, who is 89 years old, wore a military coat and cloak and a high hat. His coat was covered with medals and badges, and as he entered the old favorite resort for the veterans, the Bowery Military hall, he was the observed of all observers. The smile that generally adorns the face of the old warrior was missing. He handled his blackthorn stick convulsively, and puffed away at his cigar as though meditating on some grave subject. Finally he declared that this was the last Evacuation day in which the veterans would take part.

Ex-Empress Eugenie's Album.

[Chicago Tribune.]

The ex-Empress Eugenie has just received an album containing the names of all the subscribers to the memorial of the late prince imperial, erected in 1883. The covers of this book are made of ebony with silver mountings. At each corner there is a raised silver eagle, and in the center a raised carved letter N with the imperial crown. Inside there is painted a view of the memorial, and the contents of the album are an autograph letter of the duke of Cambridge, who acted as president of the general committee, and a list of all the subscribers to the memorial fund, the names beautifully illuminated vellum.

Coupons on the Holiday Bond.

[Olive Logan in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

There is a novel system of trading among the poorer classes of London which lasts the whole year round, which has a special reference to Christmas goose or turkey, or the candied ingredients necessary for Christmas plum-pudding.

A purchaser of the necessaries of life commits his or her trade to such and such a merchant, and with the purchase of every week the whole year through, it if reach a certain figure, receives a sort of coupon, due on the bond of the Christmas luxuries just mentioned.

Sad domestic stories are told of loving mothers secreting the tickets with a view to giving a luscious Christmas dinner to hungry offspring, and then of drinkings fathers coming in by stealth, purloining the precious bits of card-board and pledging them at the inevitable public house to be found on the corner of every other street in London. Ah, those fatal "pubs!" Whatever may be the state of trade elsewhere; whether the season be Christmas or May Day, January or June, it is always the public houses which driving the fastest, most roaring trade. The swinging doors are forever on the swing, the beer pumps and gin and whisky bottles constantly in action.

Toccoa (Ga.) News: Not long since a lady advised her "better half" to attend a dancing school in order to appear graceful in a prayer meeting.

BRUDDER BROWN'S "BLESSIN'."

[From "Christmas Night at the Quarters"—by I. in Russell in Scribner's Monthly, Jan. 1878.]

The simple race is,
That "works the craps" on cotton places!
Original in act and thought,
Because unlearned and untaught,
Observe them at their Christmas party.
How unrestrained their mirth—how hearty!
How many things they say and do,
That never would occur to you!
See Brudder Brown—whose saving grace
Would sanctify a quarter race—
Out on the crowded floor advance,
To "beg a blessin' on dis dance."

O Mahsr! let dis gath'rin' fin' a blessin' in yo' sight!
Don't jedge us hard for what we does—you knows it's Chrismus Night;
An' all de balunce ob de yeah, we does as right's we kin—
Ef dancin's wrong—oh, Mahsr! let de time excuse de sin!

We labors in de vineya'd—workin' hard, an' workin' true—
Now, shorely you won't notus, ef we eats a grape or two,
An' takes a leetle holiday—a leetle restin' spell—
Bekase, nex' week, we'll start in fresh, an' labor twicet as well.

Remember, Mahsr—min' dis, now—de sinfulness ob sin
Is 'pendin' 'pon de sperrit what we goes an' does it in;
An' in a righchis frame ob min' we's gwine to dance an' sing;
A-feelin' like King David, when he cut de pigeon-wing.

It seems to me—indeed it do—I mebbe mout be wrong—
That people raly ought to dance, when Chrismus come along;
Des dance bekase dey's happy—like de birds hops in de trees:
De pine-top fiddle soundin' to de bowin' ob de breeze.

We has no ark to dance afore, like Isrul's prophet king;
We has no harp to soun' de chords, to holp us out to sing;
But 'cordin' to de gif's we has we does de bes' we knows—
An' folks don't 'spise de vi'let-flow'r bekase it ain't de rose.

You bless us, please sah, eben if we's doin' wrong to-night;
Kase den we'll need de blessin' more'n if we's doin' right;
An' let de blessin' stay wid us, untell we comes to die,
An' goes to keep our Chrismus wid dem sheriffs in de sky!

Yes, tell dem preshis anjuls we's a-gwine to jine 'em soon:
Our voices we's a-trainin' for to sing de glory tune;
We's ready when you wants us, an' it aint no matter when—
O Mahsr! call yo' chillen soon, an' take 'em home! Amen.

O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

Joking the Dynamiter in a Barber Shop—A Startled Englishman.

[New York Cor. Inter Ocean.]

It was an Englishman, with his clothes plaided and his H's all dislocated, who sat in a Park Row barber shop, waiting to be shaved. It was an Irishman in somewhat shabby attire who entered for the same purpose. The face of the latter personage was remarkable only for a pair of uneasy, glittering eyes, for otherwise his features were commonplace, with no attempt even by means of a striking beard or mustache to raise itself out of the ordinary. Some whiskers depended in a rural fashion from the chin, and the hair did not have the cut of the latest style. The guess of a stranger would have been likely to make him the janitor of one of the big buildings of the neighborhood.

"Hi, there!" the barber exclaimed to him; "don't sit down too hard in that chair, for there ain't no cushion on it."

"What d' ye mane?" the man retorted.

"O, I didn't know but you had a dynamite cartridge in your pocket, Mr. Rossa, and this shop ain't insured."

There was a laugh all around, except that the victim of the joke grinned only grimly, and the Englishman seemed too astonished and startled for merriment. He gazed in something like awe at the individual and whispered to me, as I sat next to him: "That h'aren't O'Donovan Rossa, ye know?" I assured him that it was none other than the famous foe of England, self-asserted author of all the plots that have exploded for Ireland, and collector of many and heavy funds for the injury of Ireland's oppressors. What seemed to cause the Briton's incredulity was the inoffensive aspect of Rossa, and the very light estimation in which he was held by the chance gathering in the barber shop.

As for me, I am at a loss to form any opinion. There are reasons for believing that he is an arrant humbug, and quite as convincing ones for accepting him as a potent factor in the schemes for Irish freedom. The Irishmen of New York are divided between these two extremes of view, with a few who declare that he is irresponsibly insane. In his talk he assumes responsibility for the latest pop under London bridge, though in language less explicit than his manner of uttering it. It is certain that he makes no outward show of prosperity, notwithstanding that he has handled over a $100,000 of contributions. His office is little more than a bare garret, the weekly journal which he publishes is a shriveled specimen of printing, and he boards at $7 a week. O'Donovan Rossa is one of the enigmas of the metropolis.

Rich Southern Senators.

[New York Sun.]

Before the civil war Senator Wade Hampton was one of the richest men in the south. Inheriting immense and splendid plantations that yielded a royal income, he lived in a manner befitting his wealth. When he entered the senate, however, the senator was so poor that the salary was no small object in accepting the seat. He had great estates, it is true, but they yielded him nothing. Prosperity has, however, begun to smile on him. The development of his state and a careful attention to his property, have set the able senator on his feet again, and it is predicted that before his second term expires he will be one of the very rich men of the senate.

Only two or three senators are more wealthy than Senator Brown of Georgia. Though nominally a lawyer, he has been all his life an active business man and a politician. He is one of the strangest and most remarkable characters in the senate. With the face and manner of a venerable pastor-emeritus, he has the energy, strong will, clearness of vision, patience for details, that characterize the great business men of the time. He has made and lost one fortune, and has made another colossal one since the war. He is a man who has no confidants, few attached friends, but who is as greatly respected in his state as he is feared. Beginning with a successful railway coup after the war, he has steadily increased his business interests until he is by long odds the richest man in the state. He is said to own half of Atlanta, and though block after block of the finest business houses there are his, yet his own home is a modest, almost shabby cottage. Mr. Brown's fortune is $4,000,000 or $5,000,000.

Senator Gibson, of Louisiana, is a millionaire. His great possessions in that state were inherited, and enhanced by his attention to them. He was one of the very few wealthy men of the south who was not impoverished by the war. Though a man of elegant tastes, extensive culture, and long political experience, Senator Gibson is actively engaged in the management of his immense property.

Where Not to Start a Paper.

In his letter to the amateur journalists, Robert J. Burdette offers some sage advice regarding the starting of newspapers. Says he:

If he starts a newspaper in a town where nobody wants a paper;

Or where there are already five papers in a two-paper town;

Or, if a long primer man tries to start a nonpareil paper;

Or if he try to run an eight-column paper on a two column basis;

Or, if he skin his home advertisers and cut rates for foreign ads;

Or, if he start out by giving a $3 puff for a 10-cent comb;

Or, if he start a paper because he has failed at everything else:

Then, indeed, hath he bitten off more than he can masticate, and his paper, beloved by the gods, will die young and fresh.

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph: It must make an honest potato blush to its eyes to find itself measured by the degenerate bushel basket of to-day.

THE JEWS OF LONDON.

THEIR SOCIAL RECOGNITION IN THE BEST SOCIETY.

Marriages Between Jews and Christians—The Israelite in Trade—Rag Fair and Petticoat Lane—The Jews a Sober People.

[London Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.]

There are men living to-day in London who remember the time when the Jews were rarely, if indeed ever, to be found residing outside the limit of their own immediate quarter, situated at the east end of the city and embracing then, as now, Bevis Marks, Aldgate, Houndsditch, the Minories, Haddon square (now a busy railway center, but twenty-five years ago a beautiful garden surrounded with substantial houses), Goodman's fields, White-chapel, old Petticoat lane, which still exists under the more respectable title of Middlesex street, and a part of Spitalfields. But nowadays all this is changed, and the wealthier families of Hebrews have long since taken up their quarters in the semi-fashionable neighborhood of Bayswater, Bloomsbury, Maidavale, and elsewhere. The wealthier Jews of to-day form a by no means small factor in the very best society. The Rothschilds, the Sassoons, the Goldschmidts, Behrends, and Levys—at least that branch of the last-named family who a few years back adopted the more euphonious name of Lawson—are to be met with in the saloons of the noblest in the land.

Probably the last barrier interfering with the complete social recognition of the Jews in the upper circles of society was swept away when the present earl of Roseberry led to the altar Hannah, daughter of Baron Meyer Rothschild, and although this is perhaps the only notable instance in which a member of the British aristocracy has sought a wife from the tents of Israel, marriages between Jews and Christians, although still firmly forbidden by the Hebraic law of to-day, are by no means uncommon. Leopold and Alfred de Rothschild, sons of the late Baron Lionel, are as well-known as men of fashion as they are in connection with the great city house of Rothschild in St. Swithin's lane. They are both extremely liberal men, munificent patrons of art and drama, and Leopold Rothschild's colors are among the most popular on the English turf. In financial matters, as all the world knows, the Jews, as represented by the house of Rothschild, are in the very front rank. There are, too, a score of other large banking and monetary establishments in the city of London directed by Jewish brains and backed by Hebrew capital. On the stock exchange, too, some of the most influential members and largest capitalists are of the Jewish persuasion.

It may be worth noticing that very few Jews are to be found on the direction of the great railway companies. As 4 or 5 per cent. is considered a good dividend by investors in railway shares, we are not surprised that the modern Hebrew leaves the promotion of these enterprises to his Christian brethren. As is the case in the United States, the cigar-making trade is also in England to a very large extent in the hands of the Jews. The British cigar is an abomination in the nostrils of the man who has been accustomed to smoke the product of Havana, Key West, or even to one who has habitually consumed a domestic American cigar. Nevertheless, there is an enormous demand for the home-made British cigar, and it is safe to say that at least two-thirds of the domestic article are turned out from Jewish factories in and around London.

In the ready-made clothing trade we again find the Jews to the fore; and the cheap tailor shops in the east end of London, as, indeed, also many in the city and west end, are also in the hands of the chosen people. They deal, too, largely in furs and fur garments, and of the capital embarked in the ostrich feather trade, a great deal is furnished by the Jews. Houndsditch, a somewhat dirty thoroughfare connecting Bishopgate with Aldgate, is the great center for fancy warehousemen, and here the hawkers and small shop-keepers of London can buy to the best advantage combs, razors, sponges, perfumery, scents, fancy leather goods, albums, toys, ornamental glassware, clocks, cheap watches, and imitation jewelry. Almost all the establishments in this thoroughfare are owned by Jews, and not only the warehouses trading in the goods named, but even the public houses, cheap restaurants, fried fish shops, pawnbrokers, second-hand clothes stores and furniture shops which abound in the neighborhood are in the hands of the Hebrews.

In an open space adjacent to Houndsditch is held Rag fair, the greatest old-clothes mart of the metropolis. Here assemble daily hundreds of grimy Israelites, many bent double with age and boasting physiognomies that Gustave Dore would have loved to limn, eager to buy any old garment, no matter how tattered or greasy. The busy day of the week here is Sunday, and a more extraordinary sight than may be gained while listening to the chattering and bargaining that goes on here for hours on a Sabbath morning can hardly be witnessed, even in London. The worst of it is, however, that the visitor who is simply there out of curiosity finds it extremely difficult to satisfy the dealers that he really has nothing to dispose of.

Petticoat lane, also close by, is a great sight on Sunday morning. Almost every conceivable article that can be carried about on a street barrow is here exposed for sale, and up and down the narrow thoroughfares crowds of the poorer class of Jews elbow their way, scrutinizing the wares, pricing the articles, and now and again making a small purchase. To the stranger the remarkably spiced confectionary and other doubtful delicacies in which the children of Israel delight form not the least interesting part of the show. Here, too, we see relays of Spanish olives and Dutch cucumbers pickled in salt and water, herrings saturated in brine, the dried flesh of beef and mutton, German sausages, and fish of all kinds stewed with lemons and eggs, or fried in oil. At Easter-tide, too, there is an abundance of matzo, or unleavened cakes, used at the feast of the Passover.

Nearly all the public houses in the neighborhood are kept by Jews, and here the favorite liquors called for are "cosher" rum and shrub, and liqueurs, such as cloves, aniseed, peppermint, noyeau maraschino, curacoa, of all of which seductive tipples the Hebrews are exceedingly fond. In this connection I may state that drunkenness among the Jews is almost unknown and in this matter, as in their domestic lives, they set a bright example to their Christian fellow-citizens. The Jews of the metropolis have the character of being excellent fathers, sons, and husbands. Naturally of an affectionate disposition, loving their homes, and being by nature a sober people, they give little trouble to the guardians of the peace, and seldom make their appearance either as plaintiffs or defendants in the law courts. All disputes that may arise of a domestic nature are usually settled in family conclave, and nine times out of ten where money is in dispute the matter is settled by arbitration, instead of taking it into the courts of law.

Curious Facts About Kelly's Island.

[Cleveland Letter.]

Adam Schardt lives on Kelly's island. He is a rare old German with a sweet accent. He gives the following history of the early settlers of Kelly's island: In the first place, the island was literally covered with snakes and reptiles, and no human being, not even the noble red man, had the courage to dispute their right and title to the island. During a heavy storm, many years ago, a schooner was wrecked off McGodgam's point. The boat carried a cargo of live hogs. All hands were lost, but the hogs swam ashore, and, as they found little else to feed upon, they made a diet of snakes. In the course of time they succeeded in devouring all the snakes on the island. Then the Kelly family put in an appearance and began devouring the hogs, a feat which was accomplished easily and quickly. Nothing has since succeeded in exterminating the Kelly family.

The Tower Ax.

The cleaver with which the earl of Essex's head was cut off by reason of Queen Elizabeth's failure to receive the ring in season is still preserved in the tower of London. It is a savage looking instrument and somewhat rusty with age.

Look after your wife; never mind yourself, she'll look after you.

BILL LONG.

[Laurie Hatt in Texas Siftings.]

So here you lie Bill Long,
Dead, with a mocking sneer
Froze on your ashen lips;
Dead! with no friends near.

Were you ever, I wonder,
An innocent little child,
Who lay dead here with a mocking sneer,
Alone on this Texan wild.

Ere the lead crushed through the bone,
And the mighty change had come,
Did there flash o'er your brain your mother's face,
Did you picture your olden home?

You, who have shot so many
In drunken brawls, now still!
Shot down like a dog, Bill Long! Bill Long!
O maker of your own ill.

You have played your very last card,
And drawn your latest breath;
An ace you know is a very poor thing
To play in the game of death.

But there is time to dig
A shallow grave, and to place
Your carcass there, and to cut on a board
Your name and the year of grace.

And out of this wood I carve
A cross for your poor grave there;
For you, that for many a long long year,
Have never prayed a prayer.

Sweep well on the grassy plain,
And I—who am I to upbraid
O lifeless sinner, a living sinner
Turns from thy grave afraid.

Let me kneel by thy side, Bill Long,
There is room for us both on the sod;
To this dead man here, and this living one
Be pitiful, O God.

Increase of Near-Sightedness, and the Probable Cause Thereof—An Erroneous Idea Corrected—Fitting a Pair of Spectacles to the Eye.

[Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.]

"More people have something the matter with their eyes than you would suppose," said a Rochester optician to a reporter. "In fact, I shouldn't exaggerate if I were to say that absolutely perfect vision is the exception, not the rule. To say nothing of color blindness, which is very common and has undoubtedly been the cause of many railway and steamboat accidents, short-sightedness is very common. Just stand in a doorway on Main or State streets and see how many people go by who are wearing either spectacles or eye-glasses. You'll be surprised, and it isn't elderly people altogether, by any means. Go into any one of our public schools and you will see a good many children wearing glasses. Opticians always have plenty of customers."

"Do you think near-sightedness is on the increase?" was asked in the course of the conversation.

"I do, especially among young people. One reason is undoubtedly the darkness of some school-rooms, straining the eyes in looking at blackboard work at distance, and the like, and doubtless something is owing to the life the children of our day live, which is far more artificial than it used to be. Then, too, is the practice of studying at night. That'll wear a child's or man's eyes out quicker than anything else. Daylight is God's light, and man can't improve on it. Night work is very injurious. Did you ever see a newspaper man of early middle age who wasn't compelled to wear glasses?"

The reporter confessed that he, in common with most of his profession, had to pull out his "specs" when he wanted to see clearly, and then asked the optician how such work as watch-making, engraving and constant use of the microscope affected the eye.

"It don't hurt them a bit," was the reply, "so long as the axis of the eye is in proper accord with the focus of the glass used, and that reminds me to say that some people, when they find their sight going and reading matter blur as they look at it, don't do as they should do, put on glasses at once, and when they do, think they can select a pair of glasses for themselves. That's a very erroneous idea, and a man may and often does injure his eyes irreparably by using unsuitable glasses. No two men's eyes are exactly alike, and a man's own eyes are not always alike. When you find the need of glasses, go to an optician. He will test your eyes in the way I'll show you presently, and fit your eyes with proper glasses. It may be that your eyes are not a pair, so to speak, that is, that the foci are not coincident in length, and therefore you must have different glasses for each eye."

"Now," said our friend of the lenses, opening a handsome mahogany case, velvet-lined and with several hundred partitions, each one holding a lens of different shape or focal length, "these are the standards. They come from Paris, whose lenses are the standard all the world over. They embrace all numbers and varieties, concave, convex, plano-convex and concave, bi-convex and bi-concave, cylindrical and others, all graduated on a dioptric scale. Most people understand the terms convex and concave, but few know that a cylindrical lens is one so ground as to meet a peculiar defect in the eye. It is when the visual ray is so deflected that an object is distorted, and the lens must exactly counteract this abnormal condition, so that most cylindrical glasses have to be specially ground. When a customer comes to me to have a pair of lenses fitted to his eye, I put him at a distance where he can see the largest letter on that card. You see there are printed on it a number of letters of different sizes. I make him walk backward or forward, as the case may be, till he can see that particular letter distinctly; then I try him with smaller letters and can so form a general idea of where to begin with him on the lenses themselves. Then I try him with the standards, and when I have found one that suits his sight best, I try both eyes, and, if alike in focal distance, the work is done. I take the standard number and put the proper lenses in such a frame as my customer likes best.

"As to cheap glasses, I don't speak in a business way, but as a matter of fact, they are very injurious, because of course, no pains are taken to have them properly 'centered,' and their use is liable to bring on serious injury to the eyes."

Music and Insanity.

[San Francisco News-Letter.]

The theory of the close connection between music and insanity was never more closely established than in the recent case of Mr. Bertram Bolter of this city, who was an inmate of a private asylum here for ten years. At the expiration of that term he suddenly recovered his reason, and was able to give a perfectly-lucid account of how he had lost it. In 1873 Mr. B. lived next door to a boy who was learning the piano. The lad was an ardent young musician, and one night played, "Come, Birdie, Come," 139 times in succession, in order to learn it properly. Mr. Bolter was found on the floor of his bedroom next day, devouring a Eureka hair-mattress, and a raving maniac.

On recovering his reason he told the above facts to his keeper, who, forgetting that hearing the tune again might agitate his patient, said thoughtlessly: "Why, that's rather a pretty tune, I always thought. Goes something like this, don't it?" and he whistled the first four bars plaintively. "How's that?" he said. "Is that like it?" But the query was in vain. His jaw had fallen, and Mr. Bolter was dead.

The Survivor's Regrets.

[Chicago Herald.]

John H. Digg, editor of The Maries County Courier, shot and killed Thomas A. Watkins, editor of the opposition paper in Vienna, Mo. Next week Digg's paper contained the following paragraph: The editor of The Herald is dead and the editor of The Courier is in custody. One good woman and two fatherless children bemoan the untimely taking off of a kind-hearted husband and father. Another, the bride of a summer, is plunged into one of the deepest of living troubles—too truly, 'we know not what a day may bring forth.'"

Chinese Exemption from Disease.

[Exchange.]

The Chinese consul in New York states that, despite the apparent neglect by the Chinese of most laws that to our way of thinking are absolutely essential to the preservation of health, it is rare that one of the race dies of a zymotic disease. He says his people have been studying the laws of health for the last 1,000 years, and that his people have to this extent, mastered those laws is proved to his mind, by the circumstance that contagious disease is seldom found among them.

School Education: Educational journalism now has little of which to boast. It is utterly lacking in originality and distinctive style.

A LOVE STORY

TOLD BETWEEN STATIONS BY AN "ELEVATED" BRAKEMAN.

A Man Too Happy to Mind a Sleet Storm—Choking an Insolent Dude—The Parson's Nephew and Niece.

[New York Sun.]

It was sleeting in a very disagreeable way the other night when a young man got into the rear car of an elevated railroad train at an up-town Third avenue station. The brakeman followed him into the car, and, after shutting the door, sat down and drummed his heels on the matting, and shoved his hands into his pockets with a look that was notably cheerful.

"The weather does not trouble you," suggested the young man.

"Me? No. I was just thinking about my first trip at this business. It was in this very car, 97, and I'm not likely to forget it."

"Yes?"

"Yes. It was a year ago next Thursday. We ran down to the Battery, just before dark, and were on our way up at Hanover square when I noticed a particularly good-looking young girl get on my car. She had such big eyes and such a—well, I can't just describe her, you know, but right behind her was one of those stylish young dudes from Wall street or thereabouts. He was a regular masher. The girl sat down in the third seat there. The dude got his eye on her while he was on the platform, for he sat down next to her. Then, as I shut the gate and glanced in, he leaned over toward her and said something which made her jump up and walk quickly to the other end of the car, with her face on fire, while he giggled in a way that got me mad. Three seconds later he was sputtering something about my number in the next car, but he wasn't talking very plain, because he'd got the wind choked out of him."

"Did the young woman see you at it?"

"I didn't know then and didn't care. She tried to say something about thanks when she got off away up town here, but she began to cry and ran down the stairs. Then I wanted to go and lick the dude, but I restrained myself. If I had not been so green, you know, I'd never noticed the two of them in the first place."

"Ever hear from the dude's report of you?"

The duck bill of the brakeman's cap lowered a bit and then he said:

"Yes. I was reprimanded."

"Have you seen the young woman since?"

The frown was replaced by the sunniest kind of a look.

"Yes, now and then. Pleasant sort of an evening after all, isn't it?"

"Well, in here, may be. You were saying you saw her afterward."

Then the brakeman hesitated a minute, during which he seemed to be looking down through the bottom of the car.

"I might as well tell you. I saw her often for several months. She used to get on the train at the same station about the same hour of the evening, so that she happened on my train. Of course I never let her know that I saw her. Along in the summer she got on the train one evening with a handsome young chap with her who carried a gripsack and looked like a man who had been to some place. They seemed to be mightily interested in each other in the car, until all at once she glanced up and saw me looking at her very hard. Then she blushed clear up to the tops of her ears, and I was that mad at myself that I went into the front car and stayed there."

"A bit jealous, eh?"

"Then I didn't see her any more after that for a long time, but, bless you, I kept a sharp lookout, too.

"Early in September, Sis, that's my sister, wanted me to go to a big hall up in Harlem, on my day off, to help her decorate it for the anniversary services of a mission Sunday school. We were having a good time stringing evergreens and making mottoes, one of which I was putting over a window, when I happened to look toward the door, and there stood the parson talking to that handsome young chap and the girl. I was so flustrated that I didn't know what I was doing until Sis began to laugh and say, 'Stupid, that L is upside down,' and then I dropped the letter.

"The parson was coming across the floor with his companions toward us. He was rubbing his hands and smiling as parsons will, and when he reached us he said to me:

"'Ah, Brother Gorton, allow me to introduce my nephew, Mr. Osborn.'

"I was bowing very stiffly to Mr. Osborn until the parson added:

"'And his sister, Miss Osborn?'

"Then I shook hands."

The brakeman had told his story between stations, breaking off sometimes in the middle of a sentence to shout the number of a station. The train was approaching Twenty-third street as he finished his last sentence. The young man who had been listening arose and drew his handkerchief around his neck, buttoned up his overcoat, and stood up beside the brakeman and said:

"Well?"

"She remembered."

The train stopped, the young man stepped off, and turned around to listen as the brakeman continued:

"As I said, its a year ago next Thursday. Brakemen get a raise of pay at the end of a year, and then—"

The train started off with a jolt. The brakeman nodded and flushed a little. The young man shivered as he went down stairs and faced the howling storm. And yet the brakeman had called the night "a pleasant sort of an evening after all."

It Isn't Fair.

[Chronicle "Undertones."]

I think it is a shame millionaires' daughters going and marrying aristocrats. Here's Miss Mackey gone and got engaged to Prince Colonna. Just fancy how happy she might have made some poor devil of a newspaper man who had the makings of a prince in him. I feel that with such a line of ancestry, such magnificent heritage of history, Prince Colonna does not need Miss Mackey's millions. How many poor starving thousands are there from amongst whom Miss Mackey might have selected a husband. But, no; she has to go and give herself to a prince—a man who wants for nothing. It isn't fair. I wonder if an aristocrat can love more ardently than a poor man without a name. I don't believe he can. He can adore his sweetheart more stylishly and make love with greater elegance, but I have seen a couple so profoundly happy over oysters and beer that they forgot the waiter was in the room.

All He Asked.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

"Ef I kin jes' git ter heaben," said an old negro, "dat's all I axes. I doan kere ter march up wid er brass ban' an' make er mighty stir; I doan ax de angels ter shout nur de saints ter rush an' shake han's. Nor, sah, I don ax all dat, fur all I wants is ter git dar. Da needn' put dase'fs ter de trouble o' handin' 'roun' pies an' sweet stuff. Hoecake sorter greased wid er bacon rin' is good enuff for me."

Damages for Whooping Cough.

[Scientific American.]

In a case recently tried in the United States circuit court at New York, damages were asked against a person because he had taken his children to a boarding-house, when they were sick with the whooping cough. The child of the proprietor took the disease in this way, and some of the boarders left the house and went elsewhere. The court held that damages must be awarded for whatever loss resulted from the bringing of the disease to the house. The opinion of the judge is in part as follows: "The defendant took his children when they had the whooping cough, a contagious disease, to the boarding-house of the plaintiff to board, and exposed her child and children of the other boarders to it, who took it.

"The jury have found that this was done without exercising due care to prevent taking the disease into the boarding-house. She was put to expense, care, and labor, in consequence of her child having it, and boarders were kept away by the presence of it, whereby she lost profits. Words which import the charge of having a contagious distemper are in themselves actionable, because prudent people will avoid the company of persons having such distemper. The carrying of persons infected with contagious disease along public thoroughfares, so as to endanger the health of other travelers, is indictable as a nuisance."

LITTLE FEET.

[Florence Percy.]

Two little feet so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand,
Two tender feet upon the untried border
Of life's mysterious land.

Dimpled and soft and pink as peach tree blossoms
In April's fragrant days;
How can they walk amid the briery tangles
Edging the world's rough ways?

These white rose feet along the doubtful future
Must bear a woman's load;
Alas! since woman has the heaviest burden
And walks the hardest road.

Love for awhile will make the path before them
All dainty, smooth and fair—
Will cull away the bramble, letting only
The roses blossom there.

But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded
Away from the sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
Who shall direct them then?

Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness
Of sorrow's tearful shades,
Or find the upward slopes of peace and beauty,
Whose sunlight never fades?

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
Fair face and gentle-eyed,
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude highway
Stretches so strange and wide?

Ah! who may read the future? For our darling
We crave all blessings sweet,
And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens
Will guide the baby's feet.

TANTALUS IN EBONY.

The Species of Moral Suasion Which Cured a Thievish Colored Boy.

[Hamilton Jay in Detroit Free Press.]

The thorn in Aunt Jinny's otherwise placid existence was her boy Ike, who contained more deviltry to the square inch than any other colored youth I ever had the pleasure of meeting. He was a natural born thief, but, with an odd discrimination, always confined his depredations to something in the eatable line.

Expostulation was in vain, and persimmon branches failed to effect a cure. Finally she came to me and placed the culprit in my hands, with a request that I should mete out due punishment.

I had just been reading the story of Tantalus, who was placed in a vat of beer—the fall of the tide never passing his goatee—and I concluded to try that species of moral suasion on the refractory Ike.

With much chain and many locks I fastened him in a large arm-chair and placed him in the center of my store-room.

"In sooth it was a goodly sight to see,
For one who had no friend or colored brother there."

On two sides of the room hung luscious, tempting hams and shoulders, smoked to the complexion of a ripe meerschaum, juicy with a most facinating sweetness. On various shelves smiled complacently huge pumpkin pies, corpulent cakes, and succulent puddings. Here and there were cans of various delicacies, pans of genuine milk, platters of chitterlings, and various other preventives of undue disintegration of the human tissues.

In the midst of all this, for one whole week, Isaac, son of Jinny, sat famished. His allowance per meal was two slices of break, with water ad libitum from the horse trough. Sometimes, with a refinement of cruelty, I would hold before his ravenous eyes a rasher of deliciously broiled bacon, so that the aroma would penetrate his flapping nostrils. I confess with sorrow that I even greased his upper lip, giving him the shadow of a feast, as it were.

On the seventh day he broke down. Throwing himself on his knees, the chain, perforce of many fastenings accompanying him, he said:

"Fer gor-a-mighty's sake, boss, doan' keep me yere any more. Whip me all you wants, but gimme sumfin ter eat. I done mos' dead."

As long as he stayed with me he never backslid; the cure seemed perfect.

Skim Milk for Bright's Disease.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Mont Robinson, of Fairmount, Ills., has been cured of a bad attack of Bright's disease, and feels so good over it that he wants the whole world to know how it was done. He is 50 years old, a shoemaker by trade. A few days ago he came to Chicago, called at The Tribune office, and told the following story: "No one would imagine from my present robust appearance," he began, "that I was given up to die about a year ago, but such was the case. For over five years I was afflicted with rheumatism, and two years of that time I was unable to leave the house. During this time my kidneys became affected, and it was not long before I was laid up with Bright's disease. My physicians pronounced me incurable and told me to make preparation for a speedy end. I kept growing worse. In addition to this disease I had a complication of disorders. My digestive organs would not perform their duties, and at times I was half crazed by splitting headaches.

"One day my wife read in a newspaper an account of Gen. Schenck having been cured of Bright's disease up in Vermont. We wrote to him asking how the cure was effected. In reply he said that he had undergone the skim-milk treatment. He gave me some directions and advice, and I told my wife that I was going to try the treatment. The village doctors laughed at me, but as they had given me up I paid no attention to their ridicule. For three consecutive months I underwent a course of starvation, eating nothing and drinking nothing but skim-milk. I drank about six pints each day, taking a glassful whenever I felt thirsty or hungry. During this treatment my difficulties gradually disappeared, and at the end of three months I was a well man.

When I was living on skim-milk I lost about forty pounds, but as soon as I commenced to eat again I regained my normal weight. To-day I am as healthy as I ever was in my life and feel as frisky as a young colt. I have no more trouble with my kidneys, nor do I have the slightest symptoms of rheumatism. Of course, I am careful about what I eat. I do not touch meat, butter or oils, and never taste coffee, tea or stimulants of any kind. I eat all kinds of vegetables and fish and plenty of graham bread. Now, this remedy costs nothing to speak of, and I wish all who are suffering from either Bright's disease or rheumatism would try it."

Bricks Without Straw.

[Texas Siftings.]

The editor of a Houston daily paper, who, by the way, did not understand the business, engaged the services of Pete Bingham as local editor. He was to receive the princely stipend of $11 a week. The first week, as luck would have it, was a very dull one. The editor-in-chief was somewhat discouraged, and was disposed to regard Pete as a failure. He said:

"Mr. Bingham, there is very little local news in the paper."

"Yes, the past week has been very dull," replied Pete.

"It seems to me, Mr. Bingham, that for the wages we pay you, a great deal ought to happen in Houston."

An Indian girl 15 years of age is the "boss" breadmaker at Lewiston, Idaho.

Cases Alter Circumstances.

[Wall Street News.]

A report having been circulated that coal oil had been discovered on a certain farm in Maryland, a resident of Baltimore, who happened to be in the vicinity where he first heard of it, proceeded to the farm to find the owner away and nobody around but the hired man.

"My man," said the Baltimorean, "is it true that oil has been found on this farm?"

"Well, there's oil on the pond back there!"

"Where does it seem to come from?"

"Well, that depends," was the hesitating answer. "My boss owes me $48 for the work. If he pays me to-day as he agreed to, the oil comes from under a clay bank. If he puts me off any longer it comes from a barrel buried in the mud. That's the way I'm fixed, stranger, and if you've got speculation in your eye you'd better come around and see me later."

HOW NASBY REFORMED

A THIRTY YEARS' DRINKER QUITS BY FORCE OF WILL.

What Total Abstinence Has Done for the Noted Humorist of The Toledo Blade—"Rum a Disease and Not a Vice."

[Detroit Free Press.]

Nasby has reformed. There is no longer the shadowiest doubt about it. He was in Detroit the other day, and was met by a former fellow-drunkard, who expressed amazement at the revolution that abstinence has wrought in the renowned humorist.

"I know it is almost incredible," said Nasby, "but it is a fact that I have not tasted alcohol in any form for eighteen months. I'm completely reformed."

"Obviously," was the reply.

"Oh! Ah! Of course. You refer to—to—well, to this nose!"

"Precisely. But I don't want to seem to be offensively personal."

"Don't apologize. I can afford to talk about it, because I'm ahead."

"Well, then, how did you bleach it?"

"By letting whisky alone. When I was in London some time ago I met an American physician there who said to me one day: 'Locke, I can bleach that nose of yours in three days. Been experimenting with certain chemicals for twenty years. No humbug; honor bright. I can do the work. Haven't made my discovery public yet, but I'll give you a practical demonstration of its efficacy.'

"With that he came at me with a bottle of something or other and a camel's hair brush, and proceeded to paint the red out. I wouldn't submit to his manipulations, but inasmuch as he is an eminent authority on diseases of the skin, I have no doubt that he can really restore a rummy nose as he claims. Name is Sherman, and I suppose he is still in London.

"How did I happen to stop drinking? Business? About the time I stopped my business manager came to me one day and told me that 20 per cent. of the subscriptions of my weekly paper were to expire in a week, and that it was necessary for me to jump into the breach and prevent a permanent dropping out. I appreciated the seriousness of the situation, and swore that I would go to work in earnest. He said he must have two or three serial stories, and the best Nasby letters that I could write, besides a lot of other plunder.

"I had been a hard drinker for thirty years, and had lost my powers of intellectual and physical recuperation.

"Up to about 40 years of age I had been able to go to bed religiously drunk every night and attend to business with reasonable industry every day. When the crisis came of which I speak I was swallowing more than forty drinks—I estimate the quantity in gross at two gallons—of raw whisky every twenty-four hours.

"I couldn't work. Application was out of the question. I would lie in bed until 11 o'clock in the morning, and on awakening used to contemplate my boots half an hour at a time with not enough energy to pull them on. Habitually drank five or six whiskies before breakfast and then at breakfast would take another nip, with a couple of soft boiled eggs—no appetite or ambition. When I tried to write I couldn't make it go—brain sluggish, body enfeebled, and final destruction near at hand.

"Well, sir, I swore to get out the work that was demanded of me, but I'd keep putting it off, nevertheless, helpless and—no, not hopeless. The last day came around and still I had not produced a line. Then I fully realized what a miserable victim I was. One morning while I lay in bed, staring as usual at my boots, I suddenly resolved that I would never drink another drop of alcohol. I dressed, went down to the office, told the business manager that I was ashamed of the manner in which I had failed to respond to his necessities and added that he probably would not see me in the office again for three days. Didn't say a word to him about my resolution on the whisky question.

"All that day I smoked incessantly, spending most of the time on the docks walking bareheaded with my face against the breeze. The weather was warm, and I was full of fever; but I held out and at 11 o'clock went to bed. Next morning to my great surprise I was able to eat a small piece of porter-house steak—hadn't touched it at breakfast before in twenty years. That was a hopeful incident. At noon I ate a fair lunch. This was better. At night I stowed away a well man's dinner. That was best of all; for when a drunken man can eat you may conclude that he is not lost. In three days coffee began to taste good and solid food had a flavor that was delicious. My recovery was quick."

"Did your craving for liquor continue for some time?"

"I think not. It was a moral as well as a physical overturning in my case. That is, the better condition to which I had come so soon was a cause of more pleasure and exhilaration to me than any quantity of alcohol could make possible. I simply couldn't afford to put in peril that rationally happy condition."

"Do you never feel a desire to drink at this stage of the fight?"

"Possibly I do. At least and at most, along about 4 o'clock in the afternoon I feel a deep depression—not for want of a nip so much as because I am tired with work. The natural impulse then is to stimulate, but I beat it down without great effort, and in a little while it passes.

"I am absolutely certain that if I were to take one drink I should take forty. Alcohol runs through my veins like quicksilver.

"No, I don't believe I shall ever resume. I inherited a cast-iron constitution—ought to live 130 years in all, but I threw away thirty years by dissipation, and so I shall live to be only 100.

"Fun? Well, no. Can't say that a sober man has much of the sort of 'fun' that the drinker has; and it may be doubted whether many reformed drunkards ever enjoy mere physical existence after reformation with the same eager zest they knew in more convivial days. Why, when I used to go over to Chase's and get in four or five drinks I owned all that side of the street. On ten drinks I had quite a comfortable balance of ready money in bank. At the twenty stage of my drinks I owned the whole city of Toledo. Haven't been very wealthy lately from that point of view.

"I want to add to this my conviction that 'rum' is a disease, not a vice."

Little Chickens Counting Eggs.

[Paris Paper.]

"Say, ma, how much of a fortune have you got?"

Mamma—My child, that isn't a subject for little people like you to concern yourselves about.

Daughter—Oh, yes, ma, it is. There's a girl in my class that's only 7, and she was telling me that she would be worth $50,000 when her pa and ma kick the bucket.

"Dot Vhas All."

[Detroit Free Press.]

"I pelief I vas shwindled vonce more," he said to the sergeant at the Central station as he was asked to take a chair and report his errand.

"How?"

"Vhell, I vhas in my blace apoudt two hours ago vhen two strangers vhalk in, and one of 'em says to me:

"'Shake, I have a bet on you. I know you vhas a great man to haf confidence in human nature, und I bet $2, eafen oop, dot you vhill lend me feety cent.'

"Vhell, I dunno. I nefer see him pefore, but if somepody bet $2 on me I doan' like him to lose it, und maype he also divide vhat he wins."

"And you let him have it?"

"Vhell, I haf some confidence in human nature. He vhalks off mit my feety cent, und my vhife says I vhas der piggest fool in Detroit."

"And what do you want of me?"

"I like to know if you pelief like my vhife?"

"Yes, sir, I do! You'll never see your money again."

"My son Carl says I petter soak my headt. I like to know if you think dot vhay?"

"I do."

"Und my brudder-law says I make a fine lunatic asylum all by myself. Vhas he correct?"

"He is."

"Vhell, dot vhas all. If I vhas right I get madt und clean oudt der shanty. If I vhas wrong I go home und keep still until my headt vhas soaked enough to lose my confidence in human nature. Dot vhas all—good day."