GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

DAILY AND WEEKLY.

PUBLISHED BY

KINNEY, NICHOLS & CO.,

PROPRIETORS.

GLOBE-REPUBLIC BUILDING, WEST HIGH ST.

Cor. Walnut Alley.

TERMS:

Daily edition, per year, - - - - - $7.50
Daily edition, per week, - - - - - 15 cents.

WEEKLY GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

MAMMOTH DOUBLE SHEET:

Issued Every Thursday Morning.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

All communications should be addressed to

KINNEY NICHOLS & CO.,

Springfield, Ohio.

THURSDAY EVENING, JAN 29.

Uncle William of Germany is picking up again. He has been able to appear at one of the palace windows and witness the changing of the guards.

A negro woman presided over the meeting of socialists in Chicago last Sunday, at which the London outrage was applauded. She is the wife of a white man, the rabid dynamitard A. R. Parsons. These levelers do surely make a show of practicing their doctrines of extreme sociability, giving human rights and woman's rights a representation like that.

O'Donovan Rossa, on the next day after the dynamite explosion in London, went round showing a pretended cablegram from over there signed Number One. As if anybody sending a dispatch from Europe to Rossa at that time would not have been tracked and gobbled up within twenty-four hours. Rossa himself is Number One—No. 1 fraud.

The splendid English performance of marching and fighting through the desert, which has resulted in the capture of Metemneh and the opening of communication with Gordon at Khartoum, must make the Londoners trust that the little British Isle is not yet to be blown out of the water with dynamite. Gladstone has got the Soudan and is on top of the pyramids; and the grand old gentleman is undoubtedly feeling to-day like going out and chopping down a tree for exercise.

Why should not St. John bring a suit for libel against Clarkson? Clarkson is one of the proprietors of a flourishing daily newspaper in Des Moines, Iowa, and is understood to have means to respond in damages. The story he tells of St. John certainly contains a great deal of actionable language. He invites, almost implores, St. John to bring an action against him. Here is Mr. St. John's opportunity to prove that Clarkson has lied about him and libeled him to a national extent. Take the law of him, Mr. St. John.

Bayard's resolution against the sacredness of dynamite fell like an infernal machine among the Democratic senators They gathered round him and expostulated. They felt that the Irish vote was in danger. But not a man of them except Riddleberger—quasi-Democrat—dared to vote against the resolution when it came up for adoption. But, if Bayard could have been persuaded to withdraw it, the Democracy of the senate would have been glad to go into caucus and tender him the nomination for the next presidency.

The "Five and Forty Blackbirds" entertainment last evening, passed off in good style. The only objectionable features of the performance were the so-called "gags." Several of these "blasting" Xenians, were uncalled for and out of place.—Xenia Gazette, 27th.

Among five and forty gentlemen there are always a few of the other sort who have an imagined personal grievance to avenge or an imagined smartness to exhibit. The large majority of the Five and Forty, who are gentleman, would have discountenanced this "uncalled-for" vulgarity as emphatically as you do, Mr. Gazette.

From the diabolical mutterings of some of the American dynamiters it is evident that the thought of exploding things and persons in Washington and other large cities of this country is in their mind, if the persons and things do not go to suit them here. Edmunds and Bayard in the senate, and in fact the unanimous senate, except Riddleberger, have incurred their displeasure; and it is not likely they could arrange a bomb in the capital that would discriminate in favor of Riddleberger. We might as well make up our minds that these enemies of the human race are to be hunted down and exterminated, and that it is our duty to join the other nations in the war upon them. Let Edmunds's bill be made iron-clad.

A Minnesota state senator thinks he has solved the liquor problem. He has introduced a bill, and the appropriate committee has recommended its passage, which, instead of licensing the seller, licenses the drinker. The bill provides that any male resident of the state who can prove to village trustees, town supervisors, or city aldermen that he is only a moderate drinker and that his family and friends are not liable to suffer want and disgrace through his indulgence shall pay $5 and receive a permit for such indulgence. The senator says he is satisfied that the fees from these permits would soon be so large that all the other taxes could be abolished. A man caught drunk without a state permit on his person would of course be subject to arrest and punishment. Or it might be provided that a licensed drinker who should get drunk would be liable to have his permit taken from him—and his money refunded! The law would work—in a horn.

A FORGOTTEN BATTLE.

BY J. WARREN KEIFER.

[Because this is the writer's home, and because many soldiers in and about Springfield would be pleased to read the account of the forgotten battle—of Sailor's Creek, Va.—as told by an active participant in it, we surrender space to-day and to-morrow to General J. Warren Keifer's historical description of that last great conflict of the civil war.]

Not 5 per centum of the intelligent people of the United States, North and South, who were of mature years at the close of the war (1865), and a far less number of those who now seek to be informed of the events of the War of the Rebellion ever heard of the battle of Sailor's Creek at all, or, having heard of it by mere name, still know anything of its magnitude or importance. Most of the well-informed officers and soldiers of that war, in both armies, know little or nothing of it. This is not strange, as the battle was fought in Virginia, April 6, 1865, three days only before the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia under General Robert E. Lee. Events were then occurring so rapidly, clashing one with the other, that little or no note was made of this battle which came to public attention.

The battle of Five Forks was fought April 1, 1865; a successful assault was made April 2, on the strongly fortified Confederate position at Petersburg, Va. Richmond, the Confederate capital, was evacuated April 3, and other less important events were then occurring in Virginia almost daily and hourly. General Sherman had but recently made his triumphal march from Atlanta to the sea, and pierced with his army through the Carolinas, fighting and winning battles, great and small, on his way. Fort Blakely was captured April 9, and other important movements were taking place in the Southwest. Mobile was surrendered April 12, 1865. President Lincoln was assassinated April 14. The surrender of General Joseph E. Johnston's army (April 26, 1865) was followed by that of General Dick Taylor (May 4, 1865) and of General Kirby Smith soon after (May 26, 1865). The capture of Jeff Davis and members of his cabinet in Georgia, May 11, and the total collapse of the would-be Confederacy, turned the heads of the people to results and the joys of an assured and early peace rather than to contemporaneous history.

A REMARKABLE BATTLE.

It may not be strange that, under such circumstances, one of the greatest battles of the bloodiest of modern wars should be overlooked by the writers of history. Those who were in that memorable battle, and the few who have studied its history, as given in official reports, know that in some respects it has no parallel in war on this continent. The results immediately flowing from the Union victory won at Sailor's Creek were, perhaps, equal to or greater than those of any other battle fought during the war. The number killed and wounded was large; the number captured in actual personal conflict on the field exceeded the captures, under like circumstances, of any other battle fought on the continent of America. No battle of modern times records so long a list of general officers taken captive amid the struggle and in the fury of the engagement as that of Sailor's Creek. There was no negotiation or treaty for surrender; nor was there a superior number of Union soldiers over Confederate soldiers engaged or on the field. Tried and disciplined troops, well commanded, of both armies fought in that battle. Many of the battles of the continent of Europe which have gone into immortal history were insignificant in comparison with it.

Sailor's Creek, on which this great battle was fought, is a small stream in Prince Edward's county, Va. It flows in general direction northward and empties into the Appomattox. The battle was fought about two miles from Rice's Station. On March 24, 1865, General U. S. Grant, from City Point, Va., issued orders to the armies operating against Richmond, announcing that on March 29 they would be moved by the left for the purpose of turning the enemy out of his then position. General P. H. Sheridan at that date commanded the cavalry, having just arrived from Winchester, Va., making a long and memorable raid en route. He was assigned to the command of all the forces who were to operate in this movement on the advance and the extreme left of Grant's army. The battle of Five Forks and the capture of the forts and entrenched lines in front of Petersburg caused the evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond to immediately follow. General Lee ordered the troops of his army, including all employed in manning and holding the fortified lines around Richmond and Petersburg, to rendezvous at Amelia Courthouse, south of Richmond.

GENERAL GRANT'S TACTICS.

General Grant ordered his troops to move on roads running south of the lines of retreat of General Lee's army. General Sheridan was continued in the advance, with the cavalry, with orders to assume command of certain corps of infantry when they came up with him. General Lee successfully concentrated his forces at Amelia Courthouse by April 4, and bivouacked there with a leisure that indicated a confidence in his ability to hold that position indefinitely, or to, in his own time, move off to another and better one. General Grant well understood that the ultimate purpose of General Lee would be to reach Danville, Va., via Burkesville or Farmville, and co-operate or consolidate his army with General Joe Johnston's army, then in North Carolina, and thereafter to act against General Sherman's army or the army of the Potomac, or retire to a safe distance from both, as circumstances might dictate. Had he succeeded in reaching Danville, there is little doubt but that the war would have been indefinitely prolonged. On April 5 the flying President of a tottering Confederacy issued from Danville a proclamation, announcing the purpose to continue the struggle.

The stake General Grant played for was the Confederate army, under General Lee. On April 3, in a despatch to General Sheridan, he said: "The first object of the present movement will be to intercept Lee's army." The future historian (or a good history of the war has not yet been written) will, in recording the operations and movements in this campaign of the army under the immediate direction of General Grant, demonstrate that the campaign resulting in the capture of the old, well-trained and well-officered Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, under so sagacious and able a general as Lee, in a country inhabited by the latter's friends and well known to him and his officers, proves General Grant the military equal of any other soldier famed for grand strategy that ever lived.

General A. P. Hill, a corps commander in General Lee's army, was killed at Petersburg, April 2, 1865, and this, or some other important reason, caused General Lee, while at Amelia Courthouse, to consolidate his army into two corps or wings, one commanded by Lieutenant-General Longstreet and the other by Lieutenant-General Ewell. April 5 General Lee was still at his place of rendezvous. Late in the day he moved the head of his army Southward, on the road to Burkeville. At Jeffersonville he met resistance, first from Sheridan's cavalry, under General Merritt, and later from part of the Fifth Corps. The Sixth Corps reached Jeffersonville the evening of the 5th. His movement was there cut off, without a general engagement, and the retreat to Danville via Burkeville was never again possible.

On the night of April 5 the two wings of the Confederate army marched from Amelia Courthouse by circuitous roads, around the left of the Union forces, through Deatonville and Painesville, designing to move through Prince Edward's to Danville, his principal objective point. At daylight on the morning of April 6 the Union army at Jeffersonville was advanced in battle array toward Amelia Courthouse, and some hours were lost in ascertaining the direction of the movement of the Confederate army.

As soon as it was known that General Lee was retreating from Amelia Courthouse, the whole of the Union troops were ordered back to Jettersville, and thence the cavalry and infantry corps, by different roads and regardless of them, by forced marches started to intercept his army.

[FINISHED TO-MORROW.]

MARKS OF ARISTOCRACY.

The Color and Texture of the Hair and the Size of the Ear as Indications.

Black hair which is perfectly without any wave or curl, and which lies in lank, lifeless masses, shows a melancholic disposition; a black beard which grows sparsely gives also the same indication. Black hair which is wavy or curling, shows force of affection and a certain ardor in love matters, and so also does a thick and crisped textured black beard and mustache. The lank, thin and uncurling black hair is the combination of Venus with Saturn. The united influence of these two planets on a life gives force of character, for the warmth and impulse given by Venus is tempered by Saturn into prudence; thus people with the crisp dark hair get the ardor combined with prudence which produces success in life.

Chestnut hair of soft and silky texture, and not very thick, gives romance of character. This is not the sort of hair which is ever seen on commonplace realistic people. This tint of hair, crisp or curling, and growing thickly on the head indicates a warm and affectionate nature. Men with this sort of hair and with a thickly growing beard, also crisp or wavy of texture, are hospitable, and both men and women of this coloring are fond of society, have a good deal of "go" in them, and an immense amount of confidence in themselves. It is essentially one of the signatures of Jupiter: it indicates pride and generosity of character. Avaricious people never have hair of this color and texture. With full lips and a round chin with a dimple in it this sort of coloring would give sensuousness almost amounting to sensuality.

Golden hair of a soft, pale gold without undulation, shows gentleness and tenderness, but no force of character. Men having this sort of hair are almost effeminate in their tastes, and wanting in energy and decision. Both men and women having this pale, floss-like sort of hair are incapable of strong affection; they are attracted by the opposite sex, but they are more given to having a series of small interests than one strong love. If this hair is found in combination with the golden-colored eyes, it is indicative of coquetry in the nature; if with pale blue-grey eyes, we find languor and caprice—a sentimental but inconsistent person.

Bright golden hair of a rich deep color and of a crisp and waving texture growing thickly on the head and somewhat low on the brow, shows an ardent poetic and artistic temperament. It is the signature of Apollo, the sun. Such people are generally fond of music, painting or poetry. Both men and women having this sort of hair are intuitive in their judgments; they do not reason about things, they feel it; they are a little quick of temper—that is, easily ruffled, but quickly appeased; they are gay, and interest themselves in art, even if they are not artistic themselves.

Persons with red hair are ardent and vivacious, especially if with it they have hazel eyes, in which case they have a bright and quick intelligence. They have a good deal of natural facility for study and good memories. Red hair with blue eyes shows the same warmth of character, but not so much intelligence, and if with blue eyes and red hair, the eyebrows and eyelashes are white—as is often the case—it is an indication of a weak and capricious nature.

People with red-brown hair which is very thick, and redder over the ears and at the temple and in the beard than on the head are courageous and hot-tempered. This kind of hair (unless other indications are widely different) shows activity and energy in all things. It augments the indications of force and power given by other features, and in art this sort of hair gives sense of color in painters, force of language and eloquence in poets, and power in musical composition.

Hair of that colorless fair color which French writers call *blonde cendre*, or ash-colored, denotes persons of an indolent and dreamy temperament. It is the indication given by the dominant influence of the moon at birth. Persons with this sort of hair in combination with large blue-grey eyes, with fair, long but straight eyelashes, and very slightly defined eyebrows of the same blonde color, and white, soft skins, are capricious, languid, imaginative, and somewhat melancholy. Women having this sort of coloring of skin and hair are romantic, and devoted in a resigned but not active spirit; that is, they are more generous in words than deeds, for they are incapable of exertion, and still less of perseverance.

Persons with soft, long hair of a dark brown, so dark as to be almost black, yet not of that blue-black which is essentially melancholic, are affectionate, gentle and loving. Their first instincts are always good and kind. They like society, and are gracious in manners, and though they are not quite as indolent as those having the soft ash-colored hair, indicative of the moon's influence, they are still lovers of repose and elegant comfort. People with this soft brown hair are very open to the impressions of beauty, and they abhor noise, discords and quarrels of all sorts. Men with this sort of hair, like those with pale golden hair, are somewhat effeminate, and are easily moved to tears.

Large, fleshy ears, especially those which have the lobes of the ears red, show coarseness of nature and sensuality.

If the ears stand forward so as to show their entire form, when the face is seen front, it denotes rapacity and cruelty.

Ears close to the head shows refinement and susceptibility.

Long-shaped but small ears indicate refinement; a very small ear close to the head, shows delicacy of perception, refinement but also timidity.

The ear should be so placed as not to be higher than the eyebrow, or lower than the tip of the nose, if set in too sloping a direction they show timidity; if too upright, animal instincts, courage amounting to cruelty, especially if they obtrude out from the head.

A thin ear shows delicacy and poetry of feeling, a thick ear the reverse.

A wide space between the wing of the nose and the ear-hole shows coarseness of nature; too little space, meanness and coarseness of temperament.

Ears of deep red color show animal instinct; perfectly colorless ears show timidity and want of warmth of temperament.

An ear to be perfect should be rather small than not; in hight it should not be higher than the eyebrow and not lower than the nose, in color it should be very delicate pink, and a little, but very little deeper in shade at the lobes. —*Harper's Bazar.*

George Washington.

Now that the workmen have cleared away the scaffolding from the tallest monument in the world, we are led to inquire, who was George Washington?

He was the father of his country for one thing. He gave this country a start that it has never fully recovered from. He was also first in peace, first in war and first in the hearts of his countrymen. He did not take the position on account of the salary. At that time the pay was not large, yet George attended to the work well. He would get up before daylight and work till late in the night. He very seldom took a holiday, and used to work right on through the 22nd of February as he did other days. George Washington was different from some of our modern statesmen in many respects. He scorned to enter a convention and grapple with the delegates all day. He did not seek to be president so hard as some have since done. He simply placed himself in the hands of some of his friends and let nature take her course.

The more I study the character of George Washington the more I regret his untimely death. We need him almost every day. If he could see how badly his orphan country needs him sometimes, it seems as though he would almost open the door of the Mount Vernon smoke-house and come forth.

A very curious incident occurred in the life of George Washington which now appears in print for the first time. It seems that George was given a small hatchet by his father when a boy, and in an unguarded moment the youth cut down a favorite cherry tree belonging to his father. On the return of the old gentleman he discovered the act, and calling his son to him, asked how it occurred. George did not know what to say, but finally he looked bravely up into his father's face and said: "Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet."

I have often wondered that an anecdote like this, concerning a great man, should have remained so long unknown.

I am indebted for the above facts to friends of the deceased.

The monument of George Washington is a deserved tribute to a great man. It is no slouch of a job to be president the first time and pay off the help that it takes to run such a government as this. Let those who think it easy to be president try to write an annual message once and see how their brains will throb. A president must not only shine in society and be able to stand on one leg and shake hands with every ten cent official in the union, but he must be quiet and gentlemanly in his home life and a good provider in his household. Added to all this he must be able at a glance to distinguish between a flotilla and a reciprocity. He must know how to spell at sight and be able to sign his name so that it will look like a bird's eye view of a stroke of paralysis. He must be firm with foreign powers, and still he must govern his temper and avoid the unnecessary shedding of other people's blood. He should be a good business man, a good statesman, a gentleman and a scholar. We can readily see that a successful president cannot be picked up on every street. Of course, he has a good deal of help, but he alone is responsible. George Washington was all that was great, but the most successful thing that he did was to quit at the right time and to die before he slopped over. Late years great men commit an error, some of them at least. They make a bad break and then die, instead of dying first. Some of our eminent men have saved the American people the expense of a tall monument, I notice, by procrastinating in the matter of death. George Washington did not wait till the "nation" craved his death. He now has a monument that is tall and attractive. This is a powerful lesson to some of our public men not to overdo the matter of longevity. Long life is all right in other walks of life, but in politics it may be overdone.

George Washington attracted a great deal of notice, even in his time, by telling the truth. Think what a curiosity he would be now. And yet truth is within the reach of all. We may accustom ourselves to almost anything if we begin gradually and work our way up to it. George Washington to-day would no doubt be regarded as a freak of nature, and yet he told the truth without effort and without his notes He used to entertain his friends during the long winter evenings by allowing them to tie his hands and feet and then blindfold him, and on top of all this he would tell the truth for hours at a time. He was what we call in science an anomaly. But he had to give up at last, and finally he yielded to the unequal strain and death ensued. People who contemplate a political career with more or less truth in it should see that they have strong constitutions to begin with.—*Bill Nye, in New York Mercury.*

Rachel's Tomb.

Still further on we arrived at Rachel's tomb, a modern square white structure, made out of coarse plaster, roofed over by a dilapidated dome. By a singular coincidence of traditions, Jews, Moslems, Armenians, Greeks, Latins, and Protestant Christians all unite in pronouncing this the spot where Rachel's life went out and Benjamin's began when Jacob and his family were journeying southward from Bethel. The pillar which Jacob sorrowfully set up to mark the site has passed away, but the general locality is faithfully cherished in the hearts of the people. I can not help wondering why Jacob never returned to claim his favorite wife's remains and inter them in the cave of Machpelah, along with those of his nearest of kin, where even Leah, who was not the first choice of his heart, was honored with burial.

The tomb lies at the very junction of the Bethlehem and Hebron roads. We took the latter, of course, pursuing a journey that had been trodden before us by Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, David, Saul, Samuel, Solomon, and most of the patriarchs and prophets of the old Testament. Across the valley to the right, as we turned our backs upon the tomb, was the modern village of Beit-Jela, with some four thousand inhabitants, all Christians, and the majority Latin and Greek church dignitaries. The village was apparently one of the most attractive in the Holy land. Of the ancient town of which it is the modern representative not much is known. It is mentioned as Gelzah in Samuel x., 2, and Gelah in Joshua xviii., 28. Thither Saul was sent by Samuel after his remarkable anointment, with the assurance that he should there ascertain the fate of his father's lost asses. Beit-Jela is also, Linfer, the Zelah of II. Samuel xxi., 14, and it may be regarded as the burial-place of Saul and Jonathan, whose bodies had been first hanged over a wall at Bethshan, and then burned and buried under a tree at Jabesh, but which David piously transferred to Zelah, being touched, perhaps, by the lament of Rizpah after the hanging of the seven descendants of Saul by the Gibeonites. — *Hebron, Palestine, Cor. New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

A Tough Yarn.

The Gridley (Cal.) *Herald* is responsible for the following little dog story: "A rancher living across Butte creek has a dog blessed with unusual instincts. It is very fond of fish. The rancher has had a coal oil can nearly full of tar at his black-smith shop for several weeks. At various times during the past fortnight he observed the dog drop the end of his tail in the tar, and then go to the creek. Last Sunday he decided to see what the dog was up to, and followed it. The dog backed down into the water, keeping his front feet in shallow water, close to land. His tail weighted with tar was under the water. After standing perfectly still for a few moments, the dog suddenly jumped onto dry land, and then adroitly turned and grabbed a catfish that had hold of its tail, and proceeded to eat the finny food. This sounds like a tough yarn, but the party informing us of the occurrence, asserting he witnessed it, is a Christian gentleman."

The Congressional Bank.

The bank in the Capitol where the members of Congress receive their salaries is an interesting place, and I spent an hour in it to-day watching the members come in with their checks and go away with handfuls of fresh, new greenbacks. Members of Congress are always paid in new money, which is brought here fresh from the printing presses, and none of which has ever been used. The Sergeant-at-Arms is the President of this bank, and he has entire charge of all money payments to Congressmen. It is located in the north side of the House wing, just next to Speaker Carlisle's private room, and its appearance is much like that of an ordinary banking room. It is a long, hall-like room, with a high, vaulted ceiling and walls calcimined in a light pink. As the door opens you step into a carpeted space like that in front of a narrow bank, and at your right is the counter, with its high wire network and its little dog-hole spaces through which the teller and the cashier do their business. On the left of this, opposite the counter, are desk shelves fastened up against the wall, on which the racks holding checks in blank directing the Sergeant-at-Arms, United States House of Representatives, to pay to bearer —— dollars and charge to the account of ——, Congressman. Back of the counter is the bank safe, which usually holds from $50,000 to $75,000 in greenbacks and which pays out from $10,000 to $11,000 every day. During the year it contains about $3,000,000, and many of the members use it as a place of deposit. Washburn, of Minnesota, used to have at times as much as $50,000 in that safe. Now that so many of the Washington banks are failing, Congressmen prefer to leave their money here and check on the Sergeant-at-Arms.

This bank of the Capitol does a regular banking business as far as the members are concerned. It deals with no others. A Congressman can check on it and it will cash his drafts and receive his deposits. His salary is due him in monthly payments, and he can not overdraw. Every month $416.66 is put to his credit here, and this is pretty rapidly checked out. Some members check their money out as fast as it comes in. Others take it in $5 bills, and a bill at a time. Some draw but a little, and instances have been known of Congressmen taking nothing until the close of the year. None so far have refused to take their salaries. If a Congressman dies, his salary stops at his death, but it is now the custom of Congress to vote his widow a year's extra pay. As to mileage, each Congressman gets 40 cents a mile each session for the distance from his home to the Capitol, and this pay ranges all the way from $3.80 to $1,600, according to the distance. Mr. Oury, the Territorial Delegate from Arizona, gets $1,600 a year mileage in addition to his salary. When it is remembered that this is enough to pay one passage around the world, and that you can go from New York to San Francisco for less than one-eighth of it, it seems a good deal. Congressmen are allowed $125 a year for stationery. The Sergeant-at-Arms' Bank also attends to this. Most of the members do not use all of this and they are entitled to draw out the balance. This bank must keep their accounts of this as of other things. It does so carefully, and has a complete set of books which must be balanced every morning—journal, ledger and cash-book. If a cent is wrong, the whole must be gone over with, and good business men are needed for the work. The money used is brought up from the Treasury in a bag, $10,000 at a time. A policeman accompanies the messenger, and the bank is so carefully guarded that, as far as the present clerks remember, they have never heard of a burglary being attempted.—*Cleveland Leader.*

The Natural History of Ghosts.

Coleridge was asked by a lady if he believed in ghosts, and he said: "No, ma'am; I've seen too many of them." Experience of that sort will, perhaps, always convince the sound minded metaphysician what untrustworthy figments they are. But Mr. Elliott Coues, who has apparently seen as many ghosts as Coleridge did, reaches a contrary conclusion, and believes in them thoroughly and absolutely because he has seen them and even smelled them. In the opposing convictions thus reached by different persons having the same experience lie perhaps all the history of ghosts and all the sources of what may be called ghost literature. Everybody's senses play the fool at one time or another with his intelligence.

Men's eyes or ears report the things that are not—spoken words where there is no voice and visible presences where there is no substance. And one man of sound intelligence like Coleridge recognizes the true nature of his delusive perceptions and is not fooled; but another stares with open-mouthed wonder, believes it all to be real, and becomes a kind of professional ghost-seer.

Mr. Coues meets with his abundant faith the cynical skepticism of those who repudiate ghosts as not related to physical science because they are not susceptible of investigation; and yet, while he meets the case, he dodges. He says ghosts can be investigated—by the natural exercise of the senses, by smell, by sight, by hearing, by touch, and also by weight, and by the chemical and microscopical examination of portions of them, as the hair or the nails.

This last point indicates the opinion which he holds that ghosts are material things, and therefore, in fact, not ghosts, but unexplained physical entities. But if there exists an unexplained physical entity to be called in future a "veridical phantom," how does the fact that that thing can be investigated prove that ghosts can be investigated? It is a great pity that a man suddenly coming forth thus as with knowledge to analyze ghosts should turn away in this provoking fashion and analyze something else. But the ghost can wait. He has waited a great while, and in his strictly subjective existence, hidden from the world in the secret recesses of the ghost-seer's brain, he will defy for yet a great while the scales and the chemistry of Mr. Coues.—*New York Herald.*

How Napkins are Used.

Some people unfold their napkin at table and carefully fasten it around them like an apron; and I have seen the same people gather up the crumbs at the close of a meal and carefully shake them over the tablecloth. There are others who would let it slide on the floor and make every one uncomfortable to regain it. And I have observed the absent-minded person use it for a pocket-handkerchief, and calmly proceed to appropriate it, feeling quite mortified afterward when the contents of his pocket were revealed. There are those who tuck the napkin under the chin, as one does when about to feed an infant, and some who on leaving the table carefully fold it as if for future use This is not good form, unless a ring is supplied. It is a pretty custom to keep rings for guests, each ring of a different pattern, or designated, if for ladies, by a different colored ribbon. It gives a guest an at-home feeling, as if he had some share in the home. Otherwise, on leaving the table the napkin should remain on the left side of the plate, discarded, without any attempt at folding.

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