LONGWORTH'S LUCK.

THE PECULIAR HISTORY OF THE CINCINNATI MILLIONAIRE.

The Man Who Made Cincinnati—The Peculiar Circumstance Which Sent Him to the Future Porkopolis—His Later Life.

["Halston" in New York Times.]

Coming over from Newark the other day I met a descendant of the late Nicholas Longworth, the man who made Cincinnati. The young man told me the story of how the spilling of a few casks of wine by irate Philadelphians pushed an insignificant Ohio village into consequence as a western city. Old Nicholas Longworth who, by the way was the father-in-law of the late Governor Ward, of New Jersey, was so queer that many people thought him crazy, but with all his cranky notions he was smart enough to amass an estate valued at $15,000,000. At the time of his death, in 1863, he was one of the richest men in America. He was born in Newark in 1782, and the old homestead which sheltered his youth still stands at the corner of High street and the thoroughfare bearing his name and intersecting the home lot of the Longworth farm. In early life he ran away from home and hired out to an Ohio farmer. But he soon tired of the existence on a Buckeye farm. Agriculture in Ohio reminded him too much of the New Jersey scenes he had quitted. He therefore took summary leave of his patron. When next heard from he was making wine from wild grapes. His business soon increased so that in a few years he was recognized as the leading wine manufacturer of the country. He was the first man to put Ohio wines on the market.

On one of his speculative trips he had noticed the little village laid out by Col. Ludlow in 1789. This miniature Cincinnati Ludlow had fondly hoped would loom up as a rival to staid Philadelphia. Eventually it did loom, but its first start was the result of a peculiar circumstance. In an excess of fanaticism a Quaker city mob seized a cargo of Longsworth's wine, broke open the cask heads and allowed the ruby burden to flood the gutters. Nicholas Longworth wasn't the man to stand such an affront. His heart was in the magnificent industry he had reared as anxiously as a parent watches a child. He determined to have his revenge.

With a population of 1,300 souls at that time, it offered about as much inducement to investors as the average New England country town of to-day. Nicholas, as I have said, was a strong-minded, crochetty old chap. He had noticed the fine position of the Ohio town. Without further ado, carried completely away by his desire to "get square" with Philadelphia, he purchased 200 acres within the boundaries of the future Cincinnati. This area he cut up into streets and lots, built houses, and improved his purchase in all possible ways. With Nicholas went his Philadelphia wine stock. He erected warehouses in the western town and calmly turned over to its authorities half of the $20,000 remaining to him for the purpose of establishing a court house and otherwise embellishing the center of mushroom Porkopolis. In less than twelve years Cincinnati had 60,000 people around Longworth's warehouses. Real estate ran up to enormous figures for those days. Nicholas Longworth's investment of $100,000 had swollen to colossal proportions. Before he reached his 50th year he was one of the twenty millionaires of the land, and the old Philadelphia score was wiped out. In his latter days old Nicholas became careless, and his slovenly habits were famed all over the country. I am told a rather good story about him at this stage of his life. The old Astor was his favorite New York hotel. One day, after partaking of one of the meals for which the hostelery was even then famous, the millionaire perched himself out on the stone steps in the sunshine. After mopping his brow with a big red bandanna, he carelessly placed the handkerchief in his dilapidated old hat lying beside him, and then calmly went to sleep. Passing out of the hotel, a gentleman noticed what he took for a tired-out beggar, one of the fraternity frequenting every public place. He charitably dropped a coin into the old fellow's hat and others followed the example. Nicholas, in waking up, discovered the pennies. A grim smile stole over his features, and he quietly picked up the hat with its burden of pence and walked in to the clerk's desk. "Oh, ho!" quoth he, "so they took me for one of your beggars. Well, as this contribution was intended for beggars, beggars shall have it." So saying, he dragged the astonished clerk out of the hotel and up Broadway. At every turn almost some unfortunate was met, and as long as his coins lasted he wrapped them up one by one in dollar bills and distributed them. But that wasn't much for the owner of half of Cincinnati, was it?

The Boy of the Burning Deck.

[Paris Cor. Newark Advertiser.]

Few but know the very pretty piece of poetry by Mrs. Hemans, "Casabianca," commencing "The boy stood on the burning deck." The poetess states that the lad was the son of the admiral commanding the flagship L'Orient, which took fire and exploded; that young Casabianca perished in the explosion, refusing to quit the position allotted him by his father, pending the battle of the Nile. I have been looking into the official account of the incident. The admiral was Brueys, who was wounded in the head and hand early in the action. He continued to give orders until cut in two by a cannon ball; he uttered the request to be allowed to expire on deck, which he did in the course of some minutes.

Citoyen Casabianca, the father of the poetic hero, then took command; his son was a middy, but only aged 10, not 13. At that period lands entered the navy very young. Casabianca was also a deputy. Pending the action his son was by his side; the father was mortally wounded in the head by a splinter and became insensible; he gave no injunction to his son, but the latter would not the less quit his wounded parent. By this time the ship was on fire. Several of the sailors had left and saved themselves on spars till picked up by the English boats. Aided by the purser young Casibianca and his father were lowered down on a piece of a mast floating by, but they had only got a short distance from the 120-gun Orient when she blew up, and nothing more was seen of the Casabiancas.

THE LOBBYIST'S LAMENT.

The Queer Racket That Is Worked About the Capitol Corridors.

[Washington Star.]

"Maybe the last part of the session will pan out something that'll give a man a chance to turn an honest penny helping somebody or other through congress, but the outlook is not calculated to keep a man here if he's got something to do somewhere else. It don't look to me, though, as if there's going to be any big business in the lobby hereafter. To tell the truth, people are getting afraid of any man that's called a lobbyist. The newspapers have said so much about the business that people are down on it, and a member of congress is actually afraid to talk to any man who's been spotted as belonging to the lobby, and, to be honest about it, some of 'em ain't no better than confidence men after all. They lay around the capitol watching for anything and everything that has money in it.

"Soon as they discover somebody who has a bill or a claim, they go for him and tell him if he don't let 'em in they'll jump on him. It's divvy or fight with them. No honest lobbyist has any use for that crowd. They hurt the business and make people scared at the name of lobby. There's many a queer racket worked about these capitol corridors, I can tell you, and if the reporters could just get on to some of 'em they'd have something worth writing about. One man got $10,000 out of a certain crowd when the tariff bill was hanging in conference just by cheek and smart work. The crowd I speak of had a certain interest to take care of, and they were afraid it was going to be hurt. That man found out how the committee stood, and then made a bargain to protect that interest. He never went near that committee; never spoke a word to any of the members, but when the report was made and the thing was all right, he got his $10,000.

"The votes of members have been sold and sold over again, without the members themselves ever knowing anything about it."

"How is it done?"

"Well, the racket is about this: You want to secure the vote of a certain member. I know him, and pretend that I can control him. I let you see me speak to him, and talk with him. You begin to believe I can work him. I just wait till the bill comes up. Then, if my man votes for it, I claim to have made him do it. If he don't, I tell you he fooled me, and that's all there is of it.

"But there isn't as much of this now as there used to be. The lawyers have almost spoiled the trade of the professional lobbyist. They take a fee, as they call it, and that's respectable. These lawyers are always on the watch for fees of that kind, and when they drop on a game of a fellow's to speculate on a member's vote, they go and blow on him. I'm either goin' to study law and get admitted or quit the business."

Magruder's Memory.

[Pitsburg Times.]

He walked into the office of Prothonotary Sweitzer the other day, and when his eye lit on the prothonotary his face brightened up.

"How are you, Gen. Sweitzer?"

Gen. Sweitzer took the offered hand, but evidently did not know who was at the other end of it.

"You don't know me? I'm John Saunders of the Fourth Michigan infantry—your old brigade."

They shook again. John Saunders sat down, and soon explained that he had been at Washington to look after a pension. It had taken more time than he had expected, and he was pretty well down to the bottom of his pocket. His old commander provided him with transportation as far as Cleveland, and then they fell into that inevitable talk over war times.

* * * * * * "And you say you didn't go to prison when we were both captured at Gaine's mill?" exclaimed Gen. Sweitzer. "How did you escape?"

"It was this way, general. It was Magruder's men caught me. They took us up to division headquarters before turning us over to the guard. Magruder and his staff were looking us over, and I thought I would make a try to get put in the officer's squad, so I calls out:

"'Hello, Gen. Magruder. How have you been these twenty years?'

"'Who the d—l are you?' says he.

"'I'm John Sanders. I was in company B, Fourth Ohio infantry, in the Mexican war.'

"'Who was your colonel?' he says, very stern.

"'You were.'

"'Your captain?'

"'Anderson.'

"'Your first lieutenant?'

"'Roberts.'

"'By——, gentlemen, he was thar',' cried Gen. Magruder, turning to his staff. 'This fellow was in my regiment in the Mexican war. Well, well. So you are my prisoner now. W-e-l-l, well. Gentlemen, what can we do for one of my old Ohio boys, who has happened to get on the wrong side this time?'

"They laughed, talked together a few minutes, and then ordered out an escort, who hoisted a white flag, conducted me to our picket line, and turned me loose."

Mrs. Stewart's Seclusion.

[New York Letter.]

The stories about Mrs. A. T. Stewart's seclusion seem to be well founded. She is never allowed to see any one alone, and it is a chance if she is allowed to see them at all. She is not even allowed to see letters. A nephew of hers told a friend of mine that he had tried for a long time to see his aunt and called repeatedly at the marble tomb on Thirty-fourth street, but without success. One day he rang the bell, and when the door was opened rushed past the man and ran up the steps to Mrs. Stewart's room. She was in and delighted to see him. She knows that she is a prisoner and that there is no help for it. Her life is not a happy one, and I have no doubt that she would willingly give up her millions for freedom. She must look with envy at the other millionaire widows about New York.

Ingenious Counterfeiting.

[Philadelphia Press.]

Spurious bullion has been detected at several points throughout the country for some months past. The counterfeit metal came to the mint from the agent of the Adams Express company. The want of specific gravity first attracted attention. It looked genuine and withstood the acid test. An analysis showed that it was made out of steel filings covered with fine gold, made to adhere by a composition of turpentine. The deposits weighed about ten ounces each, Troy measure. Col. Snowden says it is one of the boldest attempts in gold counterfeiting he has known in late years.

Quinine from Coal.

[The Current.]

A chemist of Munich has invented a process whereby a white powder, which has all the properties of quinine, may be produced from coal. It always happens this way. Just about the time a product of nature becomes so essential that apprehension is excited lest the natural supply may fail, or its price becomes so high that the poorer man can not buy it, somebody comes to the rescue with a sufficient recourse.

The average glass of whisky, for which 10 or 15 cents is paid, costs one-sixth of a cent at the distillery.

LARRY KANE

A Newspaper Reporter's Fidelity and Enterprise.

["Halston" in New York Times.]

And Larry Kane—prince among newspaper reporters—Larry is dead. It scarce seems possible. Big-hearted and honest and generous and keen; worthy of the talents that gave him front rank in his profession, Lawrence Kane was one of whom we who knew him had good right to be proud. He was my friend and more, my apprentice day in New York newspaper work was spent not far from his desk—had the distance been greater my stay had been briefer perhaps. Blessed be the memory of the man who would make sacrifices with a royal grace to help along one who came to him a stranger; nor am I alone in the remembrance of favor. Lawrence Kane's kindness was the creator of more than one successful newspaper man.

He was more than generous. It was of his work in Wall street as The New York Time's representative that a partner of Jay Gould said to me, with vehemence one day: "That fellow is a monster; he won't listen to arguments nor submit to influence. If he thinks he's right, he'll blurt out his facts though Wall street's whole kit and caboodle go to the devil." What "arguments" and "influence" meant need not be recited to those who know aught of the Wall street morale. A nobler fitter tribute to the straightforward, uncompromising honesty of Lawrence Kane, the ideal reporter, could not be said. "Monster" he was to the Gould gang, again and again, with his scent for news and his facile pen.

One story I recall of those he told me in his modest way of his work. It was an achievement that won him the friendly envy of every other newspaper man at Elberon during Garfield's death siege there. Lights suddenly blazed up late one night over at the cottage where the president lay dying; shooting hither and thither, past the windows went the candles to denote some unusual happening in the chamber that all the world was watching. Over to the cottage dashed Kane. Tall and commanding in his bearing he walked hurriedly up the path. Bayonets presented by the guard stopped his progress a rod or more from the entrance. Faster and faster went the skurrying lights behind the window panes. Had the end come? Was Garfield dead? Was the great piece of news finally rounded off in its sadness for the nation? The guard must be passed. A gruff old regular soldier was he at the other end of the bayonet.

"Stand aside, sir; what do you mean?" Thus cooly Larry to the guard, whose orders were to admit none but the president's own household and the doctors.

"Stand aside!" The words were those of command, unhesitating. Down went the gun with a muttered apology; by rushed Larry to enter the house where Garfield lay, catching, as he passed, the guard's mumbled soliloquy about the difficulties of recognizing all cabinet officers one by one. Inside the cottage was newly excited anxiety; a marked change had come; it was generally believed that the end was at hand, and The Times' man had done what no other newspaper's representative had ever dared to dream of—succeeded in penetrating to the most secret councils of the mysterious doctors. And he learned much there that profited The Times' readers. The physicians were too much agitated to affect airs then. Garfield died soon. Lawrence Kane alone of all newspaper men saw his deathbed.

We who are in the ranks know how much this meant to the enthusiastic journalist, and there are those of us, too, who can honor the spirit of this noble fellow making no vulgar parade of his achievement, and who ever after spoke of that death scene as text for deepest feeling. A manly man is dead.

A SEALSKIN SACQUE.

WHERE THE MUCH-DESIRED GARMENT COMES FROM.

Slaughtering Seals in Puget Sound—The Alaska Commercial Company—Immense Sales of Raw Sealskins—Skill Required in Tanning.

[San Francisco Letter.]

Nearly all the sealskin used in the world comes from American waters and American shores. Its production is almost exclusively an American industry, and more than 50 per cent. of the entire amount produced is used in America. This coast is the great source of supply, and the women of this city are the largest buyers in proportion to their numbers. With the advent of winter they are again donning their cloaks, and a brief sketch of the history of a sealskin sacque will now be appropriate.

About Jan. 1 the seals come to the northwestern coast of this country, following the fishes, upon which they feed. They are very fond of salmon, young halibut and herrings, and are great connoisseurs in the matter of selecting the most tempting piscatorial fodder. After gorging themselves they go to sleep on top of the water, and from the time of their arrival until about July 1 they are hunted in certain well-known fish-banks on the American side, from Cape Flattery to Gray's harbor, and on the British side from the mouth of the straits of Fuga to Barclay sound. The seal catch in that locality is open to all, but with the exception of a few English schooners sent out from Victoria, the largest share of the operations are carried on by San Francisco merchants and speculators. This year's catch was unusually large, numbering about 30,000.

In Puget sound the method of hunting them is as follows: The owner of the schooner gets together a few Indians from the British possessions, who take on board fifteen or sixteen "dug-outs," and sail out to where the seals are sleeping on the surface of the water. The Indians lie down in the canoes and paddle up as near the seal as they dare without waking the coveted prey. They can then spear the seal. They are great experts in throwing the spear, and can hit a seal at thirty yards with unerring accuracy. It is necessary to use the spear, for if the seals are shot they sink to the bottom almost immediately. The arrangement is that the vessel shall own one-third of the catch and buy the remaining two-thirds from the Indians. One firm of this city secured 14,000 skins in this way during the season that has just passed. Soon after July 1 all the seals, as if commanded by a military general, go in an immense body to Behring sea and congregate, for the most part, in the bays and on the shores of St. Paul and St. George's island, which are controlled by the Alaska Commercial company of this city.

The contracts held by the Alaska company with the government of the United States and with Russia gave it the sole right to kill seals around St. Paul and St. George's islands, and around Cooper island, Behring island and Robin island. The natives (the Aleutes, who are a mixture of Japanese, Chinese, Russian and Italian blood) alone are permitted to kill the seals. They drive the seals up a short distance on the land, into what are called "rookeries," and go among them and kill them by striking them on the head with a club. The seal's head is very soft, and one blow is sufficient. It is lawful only to kill the male seals. Their heads are slightly larger than the heads of the females, the hair is not quite so fine and the fur just back of the head is darker in color. The seals from 3 to 4 years of age have the best skins, and it requires perfect familiarity with all of a seal's characteristics, and great discretion on the part of the hunter to make an advantageous selection. The rule of killing only the males has resulted in the fact that more seals come to the islands above-mentioned now than fifteen years ago.

The weather up there is as warm during ing the summer as it is in this city, and the killing must be done on a cool day or else the skins will spoil, and the entire campaign, which is begun in the early part of August, lasts only a few weeks. After the killing is done the seals must be skinned quickly. There is no time to be lost. The whole skin is used. The celerity with which the natives perform this operation is remarkable. The skins are then thoroughly salted and piled up to cure. If a single spot is left unsalted it will spoil the skin. They are left in piles about four weeks. When the salt has permeated all the leather the skins are tied up in pairs, with the skin sides in, and sent to San Francisco, where they are packed in barrels and shipped to London, the center of the sealskin trade. There they are opened and sorted in 100 and 150 lots and put up at auction, for sale to the fur trade of the world. Twice a year, in November and in March, representative furriers of all nations are on hand at these immense sales of the raw skins. The skins bought one year are for the next year's use, for it takes six or seven months to prepare them for the retail trade.

Although frequent attempts have been made by other countries to finish up and dye the fur, and to-day a small portion of the business is done in Paris and New York, the London men have the advantage of experience, the secret of concocting the dye and the incomparably skilled workmen, and they do 95 per cent. of the business. They are so trustworthy that their certificates of the quality of any lot of skins sent forth from their concerns are highly regarded the world over by the trade.

To illustrate the high degree of skill required it is necessary to remember that the tanner has to tan the skin with the fur on and must not injure it. The skin in the first place is very tough and as thick as the hide of a calf, and it must be shaved down to the thickness of a kid glove. If the knife goes too deep the skin is worthless, and if it does not go deep enough the result is equally disastrous. The outer coating of long, stiff hairs must be plucked out, and only the fine, soft under fur left remaining. The dyer can cause a skin to be worth $1 or $50. Here is where the greatest caution is taken and where the great secret lies of the seal-fur business. The hair is full of oil; that is to say, it has life just like human hair. This life must be quenched and the oil and grease removed by brushing certain chemicals over it to the depth of one-eighth of the length of the hair. This must be done before the dye can be applied. If the grease is not entirely removed the dying will not be effective, and if the chemicals are allowed to act too long the hair will be singed and the skin ruined. After the dyeing has been completed the gloss is gone and it has a dead appearance. It is another secret what chemicals they apply to restore this gloss and make it permanent forever afterward.

The tanneries and the plucking and dyeing establishments are separate and distinct branches of the business.

The latest wrinkle is color dinners. Swell folks dine surrounded by pink, yellow, blue etc. Common and sensible folks will stick to dinners that are simply done brown.

Luck in Business.

[New York Sun.]

Gen. Miller of California is another of the millionaire senators. Not so many years ago he was so poor as to be glad enough to accept the office of collector of the port of San Francisco. For years luck had been against him. He was a good business man yet everything that he took hold of went by the board. Mr. Miller is a firm believer that there is such a thing as luck in business. He says that, give two men of equal business capacity, equal opportunities and energy, one will many times find that everything he touches turns to gold, while the other's touch yields clay. His own career he often instances as an illustration. One day a ship's captain called upon him at his offices in the San Francisco custom house. The captain showed him the undressed skin of a seal, and said that he knew where millions of them could be obtained. He suggested to Mr. Miller that he furnish him with the means to fit up his vessel, and he would go on a seal-catching trip for a certain percentage of the profits. Mr. Miller declined to have anything to do with the project, but the captain was so persistent that Mr. Miller induced a few capitalists to subscribe a small sum.

None of them had much faith in it, and Mr. Miller says that he never went into any business scheme with less thought. Behold! the captain returned with his vessel loaded with skins, and for a good consideration he revealed the locality of the seal island. Keeping the discovery secret, the Alaska Seal company was formed, obtained the exclusive right to capture seals from the United States government, and in a few years had amassed immense fortunes. Mr. Miller says that, curiously enough, every investment he has made since then has been profitable, though he exercised less care and business caution in so doing than he had in many investments before his luck changed. Mr. Miller's fortune is supposed to be $3,000,000. He lives elegantly in Washington and San Francisco, entertains a great deal, and, though a very busy man, never neglects his duties in the senate.

Don Cameron.

[New York Sun.]

Don Cameron is one of the richest men in the senate. He is the chief stockholder in one of the largest iron manufacturing plants in the world, and a large owner in other furnaces, in mines, in land; a leading stockholder in the Northern Central railway and in other railways. His wealth is estimated at four to five millions. While Mr. Cameron had the advantages of the capital of a very rich father, yet as a business man he has been in the main the creator of his fortune. None deny his capacity in this regard. He stood the most critical test, railway management, with perfect success when he controlled the important Northern Central railway.

Moses, of Course.

[Harvard Lampoon.]

One of the Japanese students, while out for a stroll, was accosted by a sophomore with the inquiry, "What's your name?" The gentleman from Japan answered politely, giving his surname. "Oh," rejoined the questioner, "you heathens don't have but one name, I see." "What was the first name of Moses?" was the reply.

A Valuable Suggestion.

[Farm and Fireside.]

Label every bottle of medicine that comes into your house, and put poisonous drugs, like paregoric, laudanum, carbolic acid, etc., out of the reach of children—and be sure that they are out of their reach.

Sleigh-Riding Through the Streets of Washington—How the Celestials Glide Through Society—The Japanese and Chinese.'

[Washington Cor. New York World.]

The Chinese charge d'affaires, Mr. Isai Kwok Ching, accompanied by one of the attaches of the legation, Mr. Lin Chung Tsun, hired a large cutter yesterday, rolled themselves up in heavy silks and furs, and started out to take a sleigh ride. It is very rare that there is enough snow in Washington for any kind of sleighing. The little snow that falls soon turns into slush, so that the capital invested in sleighs here is a very modest one. The cheap and shabby vehicles upon runners rented by the livery-stable keepers are hired at $5 an hour. For the last day or two the sleighing in Washington has been very good. The Chinamen mentioned above came out to take their first sleigh ride. It was a mild, pleasant day, but the Chinamen were bundled up like Arctic explorers. On their heads they had fur caps about the size of pillows. They did not go into the country, however, but contented themselves with riding up and down Pennsylvania avenue, watching the crowds. The faces of these Celestials were fairly radiant with enjoyment. A very noticeable thing about the higher class of Chinese is the keen zest with which they enjoy every form of amusement. They take their pleasure as would so many children. There is a heartiness about their enjoyment that is in itself amusing. They differ in a marked degree in this regard from the lower class of Chinamen. The latter seldom seek amusement, while the legation people are always out hunting for entertainment. They are passionately fond of circuses, and are always to be seen at the theatres, whether they can understand the performance or not.

Only one or two of the members of the legation speak any English, but they go out in society with a perfect recklessness so far as time is concerned. They are as persistent callers as any of the Washington ladies. Their richly brocaded silks come rustling into the room of every lady who has called at the legation. They are as scrupulous in returning their calls as the most punctilious. They are great admirers of American women. They glide through Washington society with a broad and soul-penetrating smile upon their peaceful-looking faces at the sight of every handsome lady's face. Most of them are studying English so as to be able to express the compliments of social life in a more satisfactory manner than through Celestial ogling and wide stretched grins. It is possible that some of these Celestials may find wives here. When educated Chinese learn to speak English they become very popular. The niece of the present American secretary of this legation married Yung Wing, one of the earlier Chinese embassadors to this country. Mr. Wing is a graduate of Yale college, and speaks English as well as any one. He is a very agreeable gentleman, and the marriage has been a happy one. Mr. Wing is the only Chinese ambassador who has ever worn our dress, but in order to do this he had to have a special permit from the Chinese emperor.

The question of dress is a very serious one with the Chinese officials, and a man has to be very high in favor to secure the privilege granted to Mr. Wing. Last year there were two little nephews of the Chinese minister here. They attended a private boys' school. They were permitted to wear the dress of American children while they were at the school, but when they returned to the legation at night they were obliged to resume their native dress. These little fellows used to wear their queues down under their waistcoats, with the end twisted into their right-hand trousers' pockets. They were great favorites at the school, and were the equal of the best of the American lads in their ability as students.

The Japanese appear to take more kindly to the manners and customs of white civilization. The members of the Japanese legation all discard their national dress. There are hundreds of the sons of their best families in this country engaged in studies of all kinds of improvement. They can be found in nearly all of our professional training-schools and workshops. It appears to be the ambition of the Japanese in this country to assimilate themselves with our people. The last Japanese minister, Mr. Yoshida, was a very highly educated gentleman. He lived exactly as would any gentlemen of leisure and money of this country. He was a very skillful amateur painter, and used to spend a great deal of his time making sketches around the outskirts of Washington. His wife adopted our dress and went about as our ladies do. The present Japanese minister, who has just arrived, Mr. Jushii Kucki Rinichi, is also accompanied by his wife. Both follow the example of his predecessors in dress and mode of living. The Japanese are more popular than the Chinese, because they pick up English so much more rapidly. The Chinamen rarely learn to speak without a marked accent, but with the Japanese it is different. They appear to have the Russian faculty for learning languages. The Chinese seem to have more money than the Japanese. They seek more in the way of diversion than study. When the Chinese legation was first established in this country, the imperial government deposited $100,000 in gold. It is said that they generally manage to keep their deposit up to this neighborhood, so that the financial standing of the legation is equal to that of the most solid European governments.

Mark Twain Talks About Humor.

[Interview in the Detroit Post.]

"Is the American taste for humor still growing, in your opinion?"

"Yes, I think so. Humor is always popular, and especially so with Americans. It is born in every American, and he can't help liking it."

"Is it true that the American style of humor is becoming very popular in England?"

"Yes; the liking for American humor over there has become immense. It wakens the people to a new life, and is supplanting the dry wit which formerly passed for humor. American humor wins its own way and does not need to be cultivated. The English come to like it naturally."

Interesting Spelling Books.

[Chicago Herald.]

The books printed in the south during the war are now in demand among collectors. One of these was a spelling book printed on common wall paper. Another, more ambitious, was illustrated with the old trade cuts found in newspaper offices, producing a comical effect. Upon the title page is the legend: "Printed in the fourth year of the war of independence."

IN NEW ORLEANS.

THE ATTENDANCE OF COLORED CHILDREN AT THE SCHOOLS.

Exceedingly Anxious to Learn Up to a Certain Point—Effects of Education Upon the Colored Laboring Man—A Problem.

[New Orleans Cor. Chicago Times.]

In passing through the streets of New Orleans the stranger is impressed by the large number of colored girls and boys whom he sees going to and from their schools. The schools for colored children are very largely attended in New Orleans, and, as a rule, the pupils are said to be quite proficient in the rudimentary branches. They learn to read, write, and do "sums" in arithmetic quite readily, but very few of them, I am told, exhibit any desire to climb the hill of knowledge much higher. They are exceedingly anxious to learn—up to a certain point; but when that point is reached they consider themselves fully "educated," and, with rare exceptions, are not ambitious to explore the mysteries of science or wrestle with the classics. But some of these exceptions are really notable. At the Leland university, an institution in the suburbs of the city, which has an endowment out of the Peabody fund, there are a number of attendants who have become excellent classical scholars. One of them—an old man of 60 and quite black—who, ten years ago, could neither read nor write English, has not only acquired a good knowledge of that tongue, but has also become highly proficient in Greek and Latin. I am told that he is familiar with a wide range of classical literature, and that he will devote the remainder of his life to the teaching of the dead languages.

Very few, indeed of the rising colored gentlemen in this city are growing up in absolute illiteracy. The colored youth who can not read the daily newspaper, or write a letter to his "girl," finds himself a target for the ridicule of his associates. The desire to escape the reproach of being an "ignorant nigger" leads many colored boys and girls to study their readers and their spellers who would otherwise neglect them, and thus a sense of pride rather than a thirst for knowledge induces them to put forth efforts to keep pace with their more eager and ambitious companions.

The little smattering of education which most of the colored youth of to-day are receiving in the city—on the plantations the "niggers" are not so forward—does not in all cases, I am told, have a tendency to increase their immediate usefulness to the community. There is universal complaint to the effect that few colored women under 30 make good servants. The old and the middle aged—those who were born in slavery and whose heads have not been turned by "book larnin'"—are in great demand for household work, because—so I was told by a New Orleans lady—they "know their places," understand their duties, and are not consumed by a devouring ambition to shine in the world of society and of letters. The colored female who is "educated," on the contrary, is prone to look upon household service as somewhat beneath her, and only accepts it as a dernier resort. She is not anxious to excel in the art of cookery, or to gain a reputation as a waiter or a chambermaid. She demands special consideration from her employer upon the score of her attainments and accomplishments, and her object in life is to make a "brilliant" matrimonial alliance, to rise in the social scale, and to become the head of her own establishment. Her ambition is very laudable, to be sure, and all that, but it is exceedingly inconvenient to those who are dependent upon her for their daily rations.

And so with the young colored men who are graduates from the primary schools. They do not care to be coachmen, or barbers, or whitewashers, or teamsters, or porters, and only accept such employment under the pressure of dire necessity, and until they can do something better. They wish to be letter-carriers, or policemen, or bank cashiers, or palace-car dignitaries. This is a laudable ambition, but highly inconvenient to the haughty Caucasian who may employ one of these scholarly personages in the capacity of teamster, for instance, or a whitewasher. "We like to see the colored men getting along," said a former slaveholder to me a day or two ago after he had been enumerating some of the shortcomings of the "educated niggers" when engaged in humble employments. "We like to see them acquiring knowledge and accumulating property, and displaying an ambition to rise in life. We keep up their schools and help their churches and try to encourage them in all their efforts to better their condition. But, really, in so doing, we seem to be destroying the sources of supply for many departments of labor, and more especially of female labor. The problem which is thus being raised really promises to be a serious one, both for the colored people and for the whites."

MEXICO'S HISTORIC CASTLE.

The Gloomy Shades of Chapultepec—Montezuma's Palace and Gardens.

[Fannie B. Ward in Pioneer Press.]

A greater contrast can scarcely be imagined than between the glittering gaiety of the Pasco and the gloomy shades of Chapultepec. Perched upon its rocky eminence, the historic castle seems to brood in solemn silence upon the past, and the very air, whispering among the moss draped cypresses surrounding it, is heavy with memories of other years. So long ago that their records are lost in oblivion the Toltecs lived here—who came from their unknown Tollen, the "Land of Reeds;" and departed, none knew whither. Long after their exodus and the coming of seven tribes to Anahuac (from their equally unknown Aztlan, the "Country of Herons"), the Aztecs—wandering from place to place around the salt Lagoon Tezcoco—finally made a stand at the mountain on its western border, which they named Chapultepec.

From their ancient picture histories, painted upon the woven fiber of the century plant, we learn that the height was given this name (chapul meaning "grasshopper," topec "hill") because those early pioneers were at first compelled to subsist entirely upon the grasshoppers which were found in great numbers upon the mountain. Centuries later this place became famous as the resort and burial place of Indian kings; and 600 years thereafter a decisive battle was fought upon it between nations then unborn—the soldiers of Mexico and the United States.

On its porphyrytic summit once stood Montezuma's most luxurious palace, where his thousand wives were sheltered; and under these wonderful cypresses that monarch held his barbaric court with more than Persian splendor and the semi-civilzation of the Tartar races. The spot was consecrated to the ashes of his ancestors, and two statues of himself and his sire, King Axayacatl (he who built the great teocalli and baptized it with the blood of 60,000 victims) were left standing till as late as the middle of the last century. Prescott tells us that Montezuma's garden's stretched for miles around the base of Chapultepec, and that the grove of gigantic trees (cupressus distica), many of which are over fifty feet in circumference, were centuries old at the time of the conquest.

It is a popular superstition that under these stately cypresses, now gray-bearded with moss, like venerable Druids, mysterious figures are seen flitting about in the shadows—the ghosts of Guatimozin and Donna Marina! At the foot of the "Grasshopper mountain"—or El Cerro del Chapulin, as it is sometimes called—is a spring of crystal water, which still supplies the distant city, as it did Tenochtitlan 500 years ago. The ancient aqueduct which the invading Spaniards built more than three centuries since is yet in use, though green with moss and mold: and in places upon its massive sides young trees are thriftily growing in the dust of ages. There was 'no nonsense" about those iron-hearted conquerors! They builded for eternity; and their every work in the new world partakes somewhat of their own character—relentless as destiny, grim, solid and indestructible.

A Plea for Wooden Shoes.

[Cor. Milwaukee Wisconsin.]

If the merits of wooden shoes were better known, they would be much more universally used, especially on the farm. At a first glance those having used them would think them clumsy, hard on the feet, and very cold in the winter, but after a fair trial your readers would be well pleased with them. At least that has been my experience. I can highly recommend them to all farmers and dairymen. They are most valuable, and do excellent service along in the winter and spring, when the ground is continually freezing and thawing and it is muddy most of the time. It is then that are far superior to leather boots and shoes, for the leather will soak up water and make the feet wet, and the boots will be hard to get on and off, while wooden shoes keep the feet dry and warm even in the coldest weather. When the chores are done it is a simple matter to step out of the shoes and into a pair of slippers. It seemed strange to me, when I first saw them, that they could be used at all in winter, for the back part of the shoes was open, as they all are, and I thought this would let the cold air in all around the foot; but by using them a short time, I was delighted with the way they kept my feet warm and comfortable.

Of course, we all know that wood is a very poor conductor of heat and cold, and for this reason wooden shoes are warmer than leather ones. I had an idea, however, at first, the heel would almost freeze in cold weather, but two pairs of socks kept them warm during the coldest weather we have had. It would be a good plan to take a pair of old boots and cut off the feet, and then tack the tops around the opening on a pair of wooden shoes, as this would keep the ankle warmer and more comfortable.

Besides this they are very economical, being much cheaper and lasting longer than leather boots and shoes.

The Air and the Telescope.

[Popular Science Monthly.]

The air we breathe is in truth the worst enemy of the astronomer's observations. It is their enemy in two ways. Part of the light which brings its wonderful, evanescent message across inconceivable depths of space, it stops; and when it does not stop, it shatters. And this even when it is most transparent and seemingly still; when mist-veils are withdrawn, and no clouds curtain the sky.

Moreover, the evil grows with the power of the instrument. Atmospheric troubles are magnified neither more nor less than the objects viewed across them. Thus, Lord Rosse's giant reflector possesses—nominally—a magnifying power of 6,000; that is to say, it can reduce the apparent distances of the heavenly bodies to 1-6,000 under their actual amount. The moon, for example, which is in reality separated from the earth's surface by an interval of about 234,000 miles, is shown as if removed only thirty-nine miles. Unfortunately, however, in theory only. Professor Newcomb compares the sight obtained under such circumstances to a glimpse through several yards of running water, and doubts whether our satellite has ever been seen to such advantage as it would be if brought—substantially, not merely optically—within 500 miles of the unassisted eye.

Toads as a Tonic.

[Chicago Times.]

A Hamilton, Cal., paper says a Chinaman has devoted the whole summer and fall to gathering horned toads, which are very numerous on the red hills, and are as much dreaded as rattlesnakes. Recently he made a shipment of 2,000 of the toads to San Francisco, from which place they will be sent to China. The toads are there converted into various kinds of medicines, which sell very high. For the cure of chills and fever they are said to be the finest thing known. A toad is placed in a flask of whisky for several weeks, and then the stuff is sold as a tonic.

NEWSPAPER WRITERS.

Contributors to the Magazines—Writers for the Daily Press—Fame.

[Louisville Courier Journal.]

After all the best mechanics are not amateurs, but those who make it the business of their lives. Most of the best writers in the country are engaged in practical newspaper work, as little recognized as this fact may be. Writing is their profession, and they do it better in almost every case than amateurs. A large number of the magazine writers of to-day are professional men, scientific men, soldiers, travelers and explorers. The subject matter of their articles makes them valuable, not the manner in which it is presented. Many and many an interesting sketch or profound essay is written in an awkward and ungraceful way, which no good city editor would allow one of his reporters to use. Columns are read through, and the gist found tucked away in a few lines at the end. No wonder Dean Swift said that books were like lobsters—you must look for the best meat in their tails and lay the bodies untasted back in the dish.

The economy of space restricts the sphere of newspaper writers. A good journalist knows that anything more than a column, or a column and a half at the outside, is seldom read through. He writes to be read, and restricts himself accordingly. A practical writer learns to condense volumes in a paragraph. "A good reporter would put the story of Jean Valjean in a column and a half and would make his escape from the galleys the sensational incident," said an editor, one of the best local writers Louisville has ever had, not long ago. And no sketches as short as these will give a man reputation unless exceptionally brilliant.

There are exceptions to this rule, as there are to all others, but these do not prove the reverse to be true. The reading public are not critics, and these things pass unnoticed. Many a brilliant writer is toiling on unknown, while men with not half his brains are becoming famous. The man who writes a column of paragraphs every day does infinitely more work, and usually does it better and brighter than the author who writes a mediocre novel once in two or three years. Yet it is rare, indeed, that his achievement gets outside of the office where he toils for his daily bread. Fame does not come to the men who compose the fifth estate except now and then, the few instances only making duller and more prosaic the lives of the neglected. A brilliant article is copied extensively and widely read without ever attracting attention to the writer. It may be talked about in the office, but that is all.

Utilizing the Owl.

[Scientific American.]

It is well known that crows, buzzards, ravens, and other similar birds attack all owls, even the largest, in the day time, as they are well aware that the bright daylight blinds owls to such an extent that it is impossible for them to defend themselves, and for this reason the huntsman uses a chained owl for attracting crows and other birds that he wishes to destroy. The owl is chained on an upright post or rod provided with a crotch or platform on which the bird can sit. This post or rod is connected with a rope or chain passing over suitable pulleys and extending to a hut, so that by pulling the rope or chain the support or platform on which the owl rests can be moved up or down, thus causing the owl to move about, flap his wings, and create a commotion to attract the other birds. A short distance from this post a low shanty or hut is erected, the side toward the post, on which the owl is chained, being provided with small openings, through which the barrels of the guns can be thrust. The hut should be erected at the base of a large tree, as many birds of prey prefer to take a short rest before attacking their enemy, the owl.

A short time after the owl has been chained, it is surrounded by a flying mob that begins to bother and pester it, the large birds being very bold and audacious in their attacks. The hunter in the shanty or hut can take good aim, and kill a large number of birds in a very short time, for it seems that the killing of some of the birds does not disturb the rest, and those dispatched by the hunter are immediately replaced by others.

The Cowboy on Roller Skates.

[St. Paul Day.]

"I am more used to riding horseback, and as soon as I straddled the layout I was wishing I had a buck rein, because I expected them to stiffen their knees and go to bucking, but they didn't. I walked them over to the other end of the corral to gentle 'em a little, and directly they started off at an easy canter, and were coming around back right through the herd; and there was a dude there with a stiff hat who was trying to cut out a Polled Angus heifer in a blue dress, and I fouled, roped both my hind legs in a hoop skirt, and it had me stretched out, ready for branding, quickr'n a spring calf can bawl with his mouth open and his lungs stretched. But I got up and got on again, and you ought to seen me exercise them vehicles! Of course they'd buck when I tried to hurry 'em, and they would rear up and fall back when I tried to stop 'em too quick; but I'll leave it to the boss herder of the whole lot if I didn't gallop 'em round there for three or four hours and had 'em roll over and over with me, and didn't get me off."

HOTEL SPONGES.

PROFESSIONALS WHO THRIVE AT THE EXPENSE OF HOTEL-KEEPERS.

The Tactics They Adopt in Order to Successfully Swindle the House. A Peculiar Method of Operating—The Loss.

[New York Mail and Express.]

Mr. William D. Garrison, proprietor of the Grand Union hotel and secretary of the Hotel association, gave some interesting facts in relation to the professionals who thrive at the expense of hotel keepers.

"There are innumerable modes of swindling us," he said, "but since the formation of our association we have been able to protect one another to a very considerable extent. The most respectable style of imposing on us is known as the family mode. A gentleman with his wife and daughters will engage board and select the most expensive rooms we have. His tastes will be the most fastidious, and the daughters will require attendance danced on them constantly. The bills will be paid the first week, the second, and perhaps the third. Next week payment will not be made on the regular pay day, but a few days afterward, and after that they will shut down altogether and inform you that a remittance which is expected from some distant point has not arrived, and that husband, wife and daughters do not understand what could have happened, and that they are pained beyond measure at the suspense. Meantime they are unremitting in their demands for extra attentions, and never appear to imagine that a hotel manager has feelings that might possibly be pained also, and bills that must be met."

"How do you deal with such people?"

"We would seize their baggage as security for board, but professionals who come to your house for the purpose of swindling you do not bring valuable baggage, and you have really no remedy against them. They scent trouble ahead, and when they find it coming they adopt tactics suited to the occasion. They lodge a complaint at the office charging that valuable jewelry has been stolen from their rooms, and thus assume the aggressive. We are compelled to investigate the charges, and while doing so our worthy guests obtain another lease of life at our expense. Occasionally they will condescend to compromise by paying something on account, which we are usually glad to receive."

"Who conducts the diplomatic work on behalf of family guests?"

"The gentleman usually leaves these delicate affairs in the hands of the ladies, who manage systematically. The lady will tell you that her husband is full of business and has no time to attend to the details of household affairs. She will generally try to make arrangements by the month, and if you drop a hint about security she will grow indignant and take from her trunk a big bundle of mining stocks, which she will exhibit before your eyes. If you happen to smile on beholding these 'securities,' she is liable to go off in a fit.

"Another class of swindlers with whom it is hard to deal," continued Mr. Garrison, "are members of the learned professions, usually broken-down lawyers. The limb of the law will register and give you his business card. He will pay his first bill promptly, and then the trouble commences. When you present the second bill he will offer you a worthless note or an indorsed check drawn by a party whose existence is simply mythical. He will not admit that the person is a myth, and when the paper is discovered to be of no value he will rave and swear, and insist that he himself is the victim of a swindle."

"Does the lawyer come out ahead in the transaction?"

"In all cases we hold the baggage, but we are losers all the same. These men never pay their bills because they never intended to do so. They will often replevy the baggage, and we usually find it most economical to grin and bear the loss, as it does not pay to retain counsel in all these cases. We are not allowed to open the baggage, and as it may be worthless to any person but the owner we let it go, and report the swindler to the hotel fraternity, who will be placed on their guard. Hotel men, as a rule, however, are considerate and kind-hearted. If they believe that one of their guests has met with misfortune and that he means to do right he is met with courtesy and generous treatment.

"There is another class of swindlers," he continued, "who are characterized by hotel keepers as professional beats. Their method of operating is peculiar. After one of these gentlemen has registered he takes a violent fit, and as he writhes and groans great compassion is excited in his behalf. We send for a physician and do everything we can for our guest, who give us the address of his friends. In an hour or two he is convalescent, and orders meals and delicacies sent to his room, of which he partakes heartily. Next day we discover that his friends are not to be found at the addresses given, and that our guest has flitted. The losses we sustain from such men are not serious, but they are very annoying. Should we happen to capture one of these patients while making his way to the street we ring for a policeman, and the magistrates usually send them to the island for ten days in default of payment of a fine of $10. Ladies feign sickness on our hands also, and it is not so easy to deal with them as with the men. Invariably they secure the sympathies of the servants by telling extravagant stories. They can play sick far better than men, and we can only dispose of them by sending them to a hospital, which they quit almost immediately after their arrival."

Hotel proprietors lose 500 per cent. more by the family mode of swindling than by any other method. Business men who travel from city to city are regarded as the most desirable guests. They require less attention and are more prompt in settling their bills. A check or draft presented by a commercial traveler is usually taken without question. Mr. Garrison says that the losses sustained by hotels through the operations of professional swindlers do not now exceed one half of 1 per cent. the year round. Before the association was formed they were much higher. Professionals can now operate with success only by registering a new name at every hotel they patronize, and even then their chances of success are small, because a descriptive list is forwarded to landlords with every case reported. Few Europeans attempt systematic swindling, and those usually operate by representing that they are scions of some noble house or officers of some foreign army or navy. Petty devices for "beating" restaurants have been practiced from time immemorial. In the eating-houses on the Bowery special provision is made for such cases. The cashier turns the customer over to the "bouncer" of the house, who visits him with the law of which John L. Sullivan is a noted exponent.

Persecuted Congressmen.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

In its illustrations of the article generally known as "cheek," the congressional mail is noteworthy. Some of the letters written by constituents are as stimulating as the breeze on the western prairie. Said a well known Kentucky member the other day: "I got a letter this morning from a man in Lexington, saying he supposed I had already obtained for him an easy berth under the new administration. He intended to sell his traps and come on without further loss of time. He was gracious enough not to be particular what kind of a berth it was, so long as the salary was large and there was not much work to perform. Another constituent wrote, saying he would be willing to accept The Congressional Record for a year and also 800 packages of seed out of the regular allowance. Perhaps you will not believe me when I say there are those who come to Washington with the expectation that their bills will be paid by the members in whose district they live, but this is really true."

It is not probable that the congressman exaggerated. Certainly some of the requests are of the most staggering kind, and would not reflect discredit on either a Chicago drummer or a Boston book agent.

To Clean Bottles.

[Exchange.]

To clean bottles, cut a new potato into small pieces and put them in the bottle along with a tablespoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of water. Shake all well together in the bottle till every mark is removed, and rinse with clear water. This will remove green marks of vegetation or other discolorations. Hard crusted bottles may be cleaned off by rinsing with water and small shot.