Wife's Appeal to Her Husband.

You took me, Henry, when a girl, into your
home and heart,
To bear in all your after-fate a fond and faithful part;
And tell me, have I ever tried that duty to forego,
Or pined there was not joy for me when you were sunk in woe?
No, I would rather share your grief than other people's glee;
For though you're nothing to the world, you're all the world to me;
You make a palace of my shed, the rough-hewn bench a throne,
There's sunlight for me in your smile, and music in your tone.
I look upon you when you sleep—my eyes with tears grow dim!
I cry, "O Parent of the poor, look down from heaven on him!
Behold him toil from day to day, exhausting strength and soul,
Look down in mercy on him, Lord, for Thou canst make him whole!"

And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelids smiled,
How oft are they forbid to close in slumber by my child!
I take the little murmurer that spoils my span of rest,
And feel it is a part of thee I hold upon my breast.

There's only one return I crave—I may not need it long—
And it may soothe thee when I'm where the wretched feel no wrong;
I ask not for a kinder tone, for thou wert ever kind;
I ask not for less frugal fare—my fare I do not mind.

I ask not for more gay attire—if such as I have got
Suffice to make me fair to thee, for more I murmur not;
But I should ask some share of hours that you in toil bestow;
Of knowledge that you prize so much, may I not something know?

Subtract from meetings amongst men each eve an hour for me;
Make me companion for your soul, as I may surely be;
If you will read, I'll sit and work; then think, when you're away,
Less tedious I shall find the time, dear Henry, of your stay.

A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your studious hours,
And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage flowers!
And if we be not rich and great, we way be wise and kind!
And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my mind your mind!

PRESIDENTIAL POVERTY.

Few of Our Executives Who Have Left Fortunes Behind Them.

John Adams, at the age of 66, after twenty-six years of continuous public service, writes a correspondent to the Cleveland *Leader*, retired to his little estate near Quincy, Mass., with barely enough property to give him the needs of life on a farm and the only thing he got from the United States during his latter years was the privilege of receiving and sending his letters without postage.

Thomas Jefferson had to borrow something less than $10,000 of a Richmond bank to pay his debts before he left the white house, and the history of the last seventeen years of his life is one of utmost continuous financial embarrassment. During the forty-four years which he devoted to the service of his country his property dwindled away and his estate became involved. In asking for the above loan he says: "My nights will be almost sleepless, as nothing could be more distressing to me than to have debts here (in Washington) unpaid, if, indeed, I should be permitted to depart with them unpaid, of which I am by no means certain."

He obtained the loan, but he went from Washington still owing $20,000, and a few years later he was forced to sell his library, which he had been sixty years in gathering to relieve his necessities. Congress, parsimonious then as now, valued it at half its cost, and gave him $23,000 for what was worth $50,000. In 1819 and 1820 there were hard times in this country, and Jefferson, now a man of 77, lost $20,000 by indorsing for a friend, and he tried to relieve himself by selling some of his lands. But times were bad and there were no purchasers. Land would not bring more than one-third of its value, and at the request of the old ex-president the Virginia legislature passed an act permitting him to dispose of Monticello by a lottery. This fact was noised about over the country, and so many subscriptions came to his relief that the idea was given up. New York raised $8,500, Philadelphia sent $5,000, Baltimore $3,000, and Jefferson, it is said, received these moneys proudly, saying: "No cent of this is wrung from the taxpayer. It is the pure, unsolicited offering of love." He died at 83, believing that his estate would support his children. He was mistaken. Continued hard times caused increased depression, and the mansion and the estate merely paid the debts which hung over them. Martha Jefferson, his daughter, lost her home, and prepared to teach school, but the legislatures of South Carolina and Louisiana each voted her $10,000, and this enabled her to die in comfort. Jefferson's only surviving granddaughter, Mrs. Mickleham, lives in poverty in Georgetown, and congress has refused to aid her.

I have before me a newspaper of 1826, published just one month after Jefferson's death. It contains an advertisement of the sale of Monticello by lottery in 1820, and represents it as valued at $71,000. Shadwell Mills, another estate of Jefferson, is valued at $30,000, and the Albemarle estate at $11,500, making a total of three prizes worth $112,500. The tickets are $10 each, and there are 11,477 blanks.

President Madison left some property at the time of his death, but his widow, the peerless Dolly, was for a time dependent upon the bread and meat furnished by an old negro servant, and her last days were made easy only by congress buying from her for $30,000 the manuscript notes of the debates of the constitutional convention which Madison had taken.

President Monroe, though he declined, it is said, $358,000 from the government for his public services, died very poor in New York, and it was twenty-seven years before his body was removed to Richmond, Va.

John Quincy Adams must have received $500,000 in government salaries, and he is one of the few presidents who again took up public life after he left the white house. He remained in retirement only about a year, and then entered the lower house of congress. After about sixteen years of service there, he died in the capital in 1848, exclaiming: "This is the end of earth; I am content." John Quincy Adams accumulated property, and the home in which he lived in Washington is now worth at least $30,000, and was until a few years ago in the hands of his descendants. His family is wealthy, and Charles Francis Adams is a railroad nabob.

Andrew Jackson gained nothing in wealth from his white house salary. It cost him, he says, every cent of it to pay his expenses, and the most of the proceeds of his cotton crop in addition. He returned from Washington at the close of his second term with just $90 in his pocket, to find his farm going to ruin and himself so deeply in debt that he had to sell part of his lands to get out. The panic of 1837 did not affect him, but in 1842 he became involved through the debts of his adopted son, and he had to borrow $10,000 from Frank Blair. Congress relieved him somewhat during his latter years by refunding the fine of $1,000 which he had paid in New Orleans in 1815, and this with the interest amounted in 1843, I think, to $2,700. Still, at the time of Jackson's death he owed more than $16,000, and now his heirs hold only a life estate in the Hermitage by an act of the Tennessee legislature.

Martin Van Buren retired from the white house wealthy and ambitious. He ran for a second term and was defeated. He was a candidate for nomination when Polk was nominated at Baltimore four years later, and in 1848 he accepted a nomination as the "Free Soil" candidate for the presidency and received 300,000 votes. Van Buren was a close, cautious, money-making fellow. He got good law fees, and began to learn economy while saving enough as a young man to get married. At his estate at Lindenwald, where he lived during his last years, he was surrounded with books and comforts, and he left a manuscript on political parties in the United States which his son published in 1867, five years after his father's death.

President Harrison owned a farm in Ohio when he was inaugurated president. It is safe to say he was poor, for he had been lately doing the drudgery of the clerk of the courts at Cincinnati.

President Tyler supplied much of the money which ran the white house out of his own pocket, and congress would not pay the salary of his private secretary. He, like Van Buren, was not satisfied to leave politics at the close of his term, and he died in 1862, while serving as a member of the confederate congress. Moderately wealthy while here at Washington, he left little to his children, and one of his sons is now a clerk in the treasury department at Washington.

Zach Taylor was by no means wealthy when he died in the white house. James K. Polk left a big house and enough to keep his widow, and Millard Fillmore, who started life as a wool-carder, died ten years ago, with enough of an estate in Buffalo to create a lawsuit over the sanity of his second wife. He took, like Grant, a foreign tour at the end of his term, and was a presidential candidate in 1856 as a leader of the know-nothings. James Buchanan did not leave such an estate as enabled Harriet Lane to keep Wheatlands, and within the past year it has been advertised for sale. Buchanan spent all his salary as president while in Washington, and what he had left after paying his white house expenses he gave in charity. He did not attempt to enter politics again, and he died an unappreciated and disappointed man.

Abraham Lincoln died poor, and it was due to congress that his family was provided for. Andrew Johnson went back to his house at Greenville, Tenn., where he had started life as a tailor, but he continued to take part in politics until his death in 1875. Just before his death he had been elected again as United States senator, and he took his seat on the 5th of March, 1875, at the special session convened by Gen. Grant. He died by a stroke of paralysis, and left no fortune behind.

Of the other presidents Grant's necessities are agitating the country to-day, and Garfield's family is wealthy only through the voluntary subscriptions of the people. Truly, as Sidney Smith used to say, "There is nothing so expensive as glory."

Good News For Dyspeptics.

The dyspeptics are those who adhere to dietary rules. Sound digestion depends on gormandizing. Midnight meals or tough substances are conducive to comfort of stomach. It is not on my own authority that I am writing this. Austin Flint says so. Surprised to see him eating a Welsh rare bit as the clock struck 12 P. M., I asked if he meant to produce nightmare for the purpose of studying the phenomena.

"Publish these facts to the world," he said, in perfect seriousness: "Dyspeptics are chiefly persons who eat regularly, restrict their diet to simple food in small amounts, and constantly have their stomachs on their minds. The old-fashioned ideas on this subject are all wrong, and I have said so of late repeatedly in lecturing to medical students. I now tell my patients to eat whenever they are hungry, no matter if it is directly before going to bed, never to quit the table with the appetite unsatisfied; appease you thirst in the same way according to instinct, and to live as sumptuously as possible. You may find gout among the gourmands, and other undesirable diseases, but never dyspepsia."—*New Haven News.*

Profits of the Figaro.

When the late M. Villemessant, the proprietor of the Paris *Figaro*, died, he left the paper to the three men who had done the most to aid him. But there were many old contributors on the paper—men with well-known names, who made an outcry at this division of the property. They insisted that they ought to have been consulted, and they threatened to found an opposition *Figaro*. This alarmed the three principals, and they made a proposition to the effect that they themselves should take each $35,000 out of the concern yearly, and that the other men should each have a salary of $3,500 for the work they were to do, and at the end of the year draw a like sum out of the profits, thus insuring them $15,000 a year each. Yet these men do not write an average of more than half a column a day each—if, indeed, that much, so that they have a very easy time of it. It is one of the conditions that when any one of them dies his share goes to the others, so that the last survivor will have an enormous income.

Discovery of Gold in California.

In your issue of Friday evening, writes John Kane in the Sacramento *Bee*, I saw an item headed, "The Discovery of Gold," dated at New York, where the writer, an alleged California pioneer, objects to J. W. Marshall having all credit for the discovery of the precious metal and asserts that Capt. Sutter is deserving of the lion's share of praise. With all due respect to both those pioneers, I wish to show through the columns of the *Bee* that there are other parties equally as deserving. I refer to Mr. Weimar and lady, the latter of whom had the first piece of gold discovered in California in her possession in 1854. The writer of this paid a visit to the Weimar family, in the town of Coloma, El Dorado county, in company with a Mr. Hill, and our only object was to get a look at the specimen, and the lady informed me I was only one of hundreds who visited her for a similar purpose. It seemed to please the lady to have people call on her. I now give you her version of this discovery. She said that Mr. Marshall and her husband went out from the cabin one Sunday morning to visit a water-course, or tail-race, where Capt. Sutter had a number of Indians employed. They were walking along, and one of the men saw the glittering specimen, picked it up, and brought it to their cabin. Neither of the men knew what it was, but she exclaimed as soon as she saw it that it was gold, but the men only laughed at her. She then convinced them that she was right by testing the metal with soap-suds, and her husband was going to the fort, at Sacramento, the next day to give the important news to Sutter, but as he (Weimar) was superintendent, or boss, of the laborers on the tail-race, he thought it best to let Marshall go.

Such is the history of the discovery of gold as given to the writer of this by a lady who could have no object in coloring the story. She remarked to us at the time that she had been offered $900 for the specimen, and it was only of about $5 value in weight. I asked her why she did not accept the offer, and she said she would not part with the specimen for money, but that if the state of California desired it as a memento for its collection of historical relics it could have it; and I think that remark speaks volumes for the lady.

Only One Suspender.

About a week ago a stranger entered a clothing store on Michigan avenue and asked for one second-hand suspender. The dealer looked at him for something less than half an hour and then broke out with:

"What blace do you dake me for? Oof I keep some second-hand suspenders do you pose I cut 'em apart?"

"Isn't it your object to oblige the public?" asked the man.

"I likes to sell goots, of course, but nobody comes in here and asks me for one pant leg."

"Certainly not, but this is a different case. Some men wear two suspenders—some one. I belong to the one-suspender class of humanity. So did Shakspeare, Milton, Byron, Dickens and others. Is it right for you to cater to one class and exclude the other?"

"I sells you one pair of suspenders at cost."

"I never buy what I don't want. I want one suspender, and I'll not take a pair."

"Vhell, I don't sell 'em dot vhay."

"I will give you time to think over it," said the stranger. "There is no occasion for haste, as I am now wearing a clothes line around my waist. Give the matter due thought and serious reflection."

"It's no use—no use. I don't sell coat-tails mitout der coat, nor some west mitout a back."

The next day the man returned and renewed his application, and his list of one suspender men bore the names of Washington and Napoleon.

"Do I sells a coat mitout any sleeves?" indignantly exclaimed the clothier; and the placid stranger placidly replied:

"Take another day to think over it. View the subject from all sides. It never pays to move rashly."

Every day he returned on his errand, and yesterday a policeman was at hand to give him the collar, walk him around the corner, and say:

"Now, then, I'll give you a chance to keep out of the cooler. If you come here again you are good for thirty days."

"Oh, I'll go, of course," replied the man. "Does he exclude the one-suspender class?"

"He does."

"And has made up his mind to cater to the other?"

"I presume he has."

"Very well, then. I have never worn but a single suspender, and I'll be hanged if I can be bulldozed into buying any clothing to pack away in the garret! My motto is: 'One suspender or death!' and I never go back on a motto. What is good 'nuff for the crowned heads of Europe will fit me, even if they put shingle nails in place of buttons. Good-by, old buttons—one suspender or a grave in the valley!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Senator Lamar's Absent-Mindedness.

A good story about Senator Lamar has leaked out lately. As is well known, the Senator is in a day dream half his time. He is the most courteous of men, but when he is wool-gathering he walks along, saluting his best friends with a stony stare, and answering questions at random. One day, some time ago, as Mr. Ellis, of Louisiana, was sitting in his committee room at the Capitol, Mr. Lamar walked in. He approached Mr. Ellis, and, seating himself, said in his grave and gentle way:

"Ellis, I don't believe you like me."

"No," said Mr. Ellis, "I don't."

"Why not?" said Mr. Lamar.

"Well," said Mr. Ellis, "when I first came here you led me to believe you were my friend. You seemed to take an interest in me as a new member, and I felt honored by your regard. Lately you have hardly spoken to me. I pass you and you don't look at me, and such conduct has offended me. I dislike you very much."

"But, Ellis," said the Senator, "you know it's my way."

"I don't care," said Mr. Ellis. "It's a —— bad way."

"My dear fellow," said Mr. Lamar, throwing his arms around Mr. Ellis' neck, "the next time you see me in that —— bad way just come up and punch me in the ribs. Now promise me and let's be friends."

Mr. Ellis promised him, and they are friends.

Joaquin Miller's Mother.

On a farm among gently undulating hills four miles from Eugene, Oregon, on the east side of the Willamette River, resides Mrs. Allison-Miller, mother of Joaquin Miller, the "Poet of the Sierras." Over a year ago, despite the protests of her sons, she married Joe Allison, a farm hand, some nineteen years of age. As Mrs. Miller was upward of sixty-five, the marriage proved anything but a happy one. The boy deserted her, and during the recent dreadfully cold weather she lived all alone, struggling through the snow two or three times a day to feed her horses and cattle. It is on this same farm that the poet grew toward man's estate, save when he was living in the wild woods with the Digger Indians, enjoying camp life and the pursuits of the chase. The house is plain and unpretentious. The fences are in poor repair, although the owner is reputed rich among her neighbors, having many hundred acres.

"So this is the place where the companion of Bret Harte spent many of his days?" Mrs. Miller was asked.

"Yes, this is the place; but, bless you, I'm as much of a poet myself as Joaquin," she said, producing from the depths of an aged trunk a roll of manuscript which made me instinctively feel uneasy. "Here's an epic, and here's another in sixteen cantos that I wrote myself. Oh, yes, we all dabble a little in poetry."

"How long ago did your son begin to write?"

"Oh, he was always at it. He was a little bit of a boy when he first began scribbling verses, and he's kept it up with tolerable regularity ever since. I used to try to make him quit it, thinking no good could come of it, but I couldn't succeed. He's off now at New Orleans writing up the Exposition for the Eastern press. Here are several letters lately received from him," said she, reaching toward a convenient shelf. "I'm glad, on the whole, that Joaquin didn't take my advice, and that he continued to do as he pleased and write poetry. The first poem he wrote that attracted attention was one on the planting of the class tree at the old Lane County Academy, where the State University now stands. It was copied in all the papers. He ran a weekly in Eugene during the war. It was a red-hot abolition sheet, and the Missouri roughs from Long Tom Creek over here swooped down and demolished the office. Then he practiced law awhile at Baker City, and afterward he wrote his 'Songs of the Sierras,' which brought him into prominence.

Mrs. Miller is tall and somewhat angular. Her hair is well silvered over with gray, and her eyes, once dark, are now dimmed. True to the habits of the pioneer, she braves her difficulties, resolutely dries her tears over recent matrimonial infelicity, feeds her stock, and roughs it uncomplainingly in her work on the lonesome farm.

SAFES NOT SAFE.

The Best of Them Easily Opened by Expert Cracksmen.

Are safes fire and burglar proof? Well, that is rather a leading, or perhaps I should say, a misleading, question that you ask me." Thus replied a leading safe manufacturer to the query of a reporter. "If you ask me can safes be made fire-proof and burglar-proof, or fire and burglar proof, then I answer you yes, for they are thus made. The public at large does not seem to fully comprehend what safes are for. Some safes are intended simply to resist the ravages of fire, for they are meant to hold only documents and other articles that may be almost beyond value to their owner, but which are financially valueless to strangers, and hence have no temptations for the ordinary burglar. Then there are others that are meant to resist the enterprising safe-breaker as well as the ravages of the fire-fiend."

"You make all kinds, do you?"

"Certainly. But bear in mind that there are certain limits to a safe's power of resistance."

"It is claimed by some that any safe can be broken open."

"So it can," replied the manufacturer, "but it takes time. Any safe can be opened by expert cracksmen if they have plenty of time to do the work. All that any maker claims for burglar-proof safes is that they will make such resistance to thieves who may desire to open them as to be, to all intents and purposes, free from danger."

"This, then, being the case, the larger the safe the more secure it is?"

"Well, if two safes are made of the same material, of course the thicker one would take longer to drill holes through than the other. But a steel safe is much safer than a common iron one. There is no safe, and I suppose there never will be one invented, that cannot be burglarized if sufficient time is allowed. Otherwise, how could any safe be opened when the key was lost or mislaid or the combination forgotten?"

"Then I should judge that you would consider an inferior safe that was placed in a good light and in full view of the street, so that it might be watched by the police, is better protected than a bigger and better built one that is in a secluded place?"

"O yes, of course, 500 per cent safer, if you notify the police. The man that hit upon the idea of lighting up his place of business and putting his safe where it could be seen was a genius and a benefactor to the community. If I had a lot of money that I could not get into the bank to-night, I should light the gas when locking up the store, and notify the policeman on the route that if the light went out he must get in and see what was the cause of it being out. You see burglars like plenty of time to open safes, and they have to be watched. You would be surprised to know the number of safes that are to be found in private residences at the Back bay. There are hundreds if not thousands of them in houses where the ready money that is kept in them amounts to hardly anything. You know that there are other things that are valuable besides money and business papers. Many a fashionable and wealthy lady has lace shawls and diamonds that are worth a small fortune, and these must be kept in the house where they may be ready for use at any moment. You see, then, that it is necessary to keep them safely under lock and key where they may not be in danger of disappearing through fire or burglars, or that other evil that housekeepers suffer from, dishonest servants. There are hundreds of private residences where the male head of the house does not see the inside of the safe from one year to the other. The prices of safes range from $500 to $5,000, $10,000, $20,000. There are government safes in this country that have cost as high as $50,000, but I guess that ordinary bank-safes will average $5,000 apiece. The business has taken great strides during the past twenty years."—*Boston Globe.*

Near a Battlefield.

One of the best known men in Tucker county, W. Va., is Lewis Kittle, who resides on the Indian Fork of Clover Run. His reputation among his neighbors and acquaintances is above reproach, and the following story, for which he vouches may be relied upon as containing facts as he understands them. Mr. Kittle is not a superstitious man, nor is he a believer in Spiritualism. In 1867 Mr. Kittle, in company with others, was engaged in mining near the ground on which was fought the battle of Rich Mountain. He and a cousin named Daniel Courtright boarded at a large house adjacent to the battlefield, and which was used as a hospital for the wounded of both armies. During the progress of the fight one man was shot in one of the rooms, the very room occupied by Kittle and his cousin in 1867. Beginning with their first night in this room, Kittle and his cousin heard strange noises. At first they gave no heed, supposing they were caused by wind. One day they were told by a fellow miner that the house was haunted, and that ghostly forms frequented the room in which they slept. Undismayed, Kittle and his cousin continued to remain there.

On a Saturday night soon after this Courtright was absent and Kittle occupied the room alone. During the night he was awakened by a strange chilliness. A cool grayish mist made the furniture in the room dimly visible. There was an oppressive silence, save for a low uncertain sound that seemed the echo of a slight breeze. Obeying some impulse Kittle rose from his bed and moved to a spot opposite and near the door. He felt no fear, but was impressed with a sense of solemnity. Almost immediately he saw in the air eight forms clad in the Confederate uniform. With uncovered heads they approached the bed on which Kittle had been sleeping. One of the number removed the bed covering, throwing it over the foot of the bed to the floor. Four of the men stooped above the bed as if lifting a weight. The object, wholly invisible to Kittle, was laid apparently upon nothing between the remaining four men, who stood in the position occupied by pall-bearers. Two of the men who had lifted the object from the bed took their places in front of the four pall-bearers, and two behind them, and in this order the party approached the door. As they passed out Kittle says he saw lying between the pall-bearers the body of a handsome young man, with his coat and vest removed. No sound attended their departure until they reached the hallway, when a noise resembling that made by one walking with a crutch on a wooden floor, followed by the sound of a closing door, was heard.

Kittle returned to his bed, but in about half an hour the ghostly party returned, performing the same actions as before, except that the body was taken from the floor in one corner of the room. Mr. Kittle says he cannot possibly be mistaken as to what he relates. He was not dreaming, and was wide awake. He was in perfect health. The affair was spoken of at the time to other gentlemen in the house, all of whom agreed that similar experiences had been related by several people who had occupied the room.

On another occasion, and when Mr. Courtright was present, the covering was removed from the bed several times in quick succession. Both men arose and sat on the side of the bed, but were forcibly, though gently, pushed aside and against the wall. They saw no forms near them while being pushed from the bed, but a few moments later saw enacted the same scene described above. Moving the bed made no change in the conduct of the visitors. The visits were so frequent that Kittle and his cousin, on becoming aware of the coming of the soldiers, would say, "There are the rebels."

New Use of Celluloid.

As a down-town printer, who had just completed the printing of a lot of illustrated circulars, was washing the type and cuts with benzine, a young man noticed that the cuts were white instead of the ordinary copper color of electrotypes.

"New kind of metal for electrotypes?" asked the young man.

"No. These are celluloid stereotypes. It is a new use for celluloid. The plates are easily made. The engraving or the form of type to be stereotyped is first used to make a fine paper matrix, just as if a common metal stereotype was to be made. Then this matrix is placed in a form, and over it is laid a sheet of celluloid. The two are put in a hydraulic press, the temperature is raised to 300 degrees Fahrenheit, the celluloid is pressed into the matrix at a pressure of 400 pounds to the square inch, and then the thing is done. When taken out and cooled the celluloid plate is an exact counterpart of the original form, and when cemented to a suitable wood backing it is good for four times as many impressions as a copper stereotype. Besides that, it is not easily damaged.

"Another use made of celluloid is in facing wood type. This is done by laying a thin sheet of celluloid over the face of a big block of wood, and the two are shoved into the hot press. When they come out the celluloid has been forced into the pores of the wood an eighth of an inch, and has made a surface that is simply beautiful. The block is then cut up into wood type by the ordinary wood-type machine, or it may be sold to wood engravers, who find it equal to box-wood."—*New York Sun.*

Mixing Witchcraft and Medicine.

A Peach street physician reports a peculiar case of witch-charming that recently came under his observation. A family named Yaber, living a few miles from the city on the Lake road, called him to attend to their child, who was subjected to fits through teething. The doctor learned that an aged itinerant quack, who has the reputation of being a witch doctor, had called and insisted that the little lad could be cured without medicine. The doctor found a small muslin bag suspended with a string around the child's neck. The bag was sewed up and inside of it was a sheet of foolscap paper closely bent together. One side was filled with writing in high German. The doctor further learned that the aged doctor had left a long briar switch, and after he had tied the bag around the child's neck he told the mother that whenever the child became restless she should take the switch and vigorously beat the air about the child's crib to drive off the supposed witches, who, he alleged, were holding a spell over the little one. The mother exhibited the switch but says she did not use it. He took off the bag, translated the manuscript, and gave the result of his discovery to the parents.

The writing was a lengthy prayer to the Almighty to deliver James Yaber, the child, from all his enemies, who see, but can not be seen: "That they can not come near me nor hurt me, body or soul. Little pigs of my bed and all bad spirits, I forbid ye my bed, my house, my property. I forbid ye the nail holes of my house until the hills jump, all the water bubbles; until all the leaves be counted on the hills. Ye have taken hold of my bones, so fall back again. I pray to the Almighty I may be well again. I throw myself at Thy feet. Bless me! Bless me! Amen." It is said that the old witch doctor is carrying on his practices in a number of families, and that a prosecution will follow—*Erie (Pa.) Dispatch.*

Teaching Children.

A glance backward at the so-called "good old times" will soon convince the veriest pessimist that in the matter of the treatment of children the world has advanced rapidly of late. There was a time in the history of European civilization when the father had the power of life and death over his children, and there are still parts of the world where this idea is not extinct. There was a time, and it was not very long ago—scarcely a century—when the only idea of a school was a place where a schoolmaster, armed with rod or whip, forced unwilling youngsters to devour the contents of books with their eyes and regurgitate them from their mouth in vain repetition of words. The idea is not dead yet, because the old style of teacher is not dead yet; but it is dying, as dies the darkness of night, before the dawn of the idea that teaches that children must be taught to think, and that their weakness gives no man or woman the right to ill-treat them.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Unfortunately for justice, there never can be exhibited in court-rooms the meetings of murdered men with their wives and children. Such touching scenes are left for the benefit of the murderers.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The Craze for Art Works.

"Everything must have art about it to take," said a dealer on Broadway. "I thought the line would be drawn when utility and quality were found incompatible with the extreme esthetic taste for art; but, if bedspreads, jute velour coverings, tidies and splashes haven't some pretty design of flowers, embroidery or rococo embossing on them, my customers heave a sigh and say: 'Isn't it a pity such good material should be wasted for lack of artistic design in their finish?'"

"What do you do in such a case?"

"I sit down immediately and write to the factory that if they do not get up artistic designs and weave them with their manufacture of linens I will not buy of them. Look at this array of spreads and colored towels and white mummy linen on the counter. The lunch and breakfast cloths are colored, yet not dark. They are blue and white, pink and blue, chocolate blue and gold damask, with napkins to correspond. Pretty white ones of mummy or crape linen have beautiful designs in the center and fancy colored borders. The finish is generally a knotty fringe. Another unique white cloth has a crimson border and Moresque design half a yard from the edge, which shows on top of the table when spread. The most beautiful designs are roses, leaves or lilies."

"What is the popular fabric and style in tablecloths?"

"Satin-damask tablecloths. The designs are of many kinds to please different tastes. Some with bunches of grapes and leaves, while the borders are of acorns and oak leaves. Some have buttercups and pansies forming a battlement in the center, with mimosa and ferns interlaced for a bordering. These are expensive, and five yards will cost from $75 to $100. The most fantastic designs are put on tablecloths. The more odd and novel the higher the appreciation of them. Mummy linen or huckaback is generally used for towels. Soft, rough Turkish towels are popular. The white linen towels have colored borders with figure or flower designs. On one is Bacchus and his devotees on a jamboree. Another design represents a pastoral scene and sheep browsing. Splashes or tidies have rows of hemstitching both crosswise and long. Some have exquisite borders of flowers of delicate hue. For piano and table covers jute velours has supplanted raw silks, and is decidedly more handsome. It is a plush made of jute, and admits of rich effects in coloring.

"A piano cover of rich navy blue velours, having a bright flaming blue fleur de lis upon it, outlined by old gold threads, is stylish and artistic. In bedspreads, the immaculate white Marseilles are favorites, and sell at $20 and $30 for the finest. They have raised designs on them, generally arabesque in character. Pillows, bolsters and shams are richly embroidered to go with them.

"Towels to hang on racks for ornament are handsomely embroidered in colors. Some have torchon lace inserted to add to the picturesqueness of the open border work. Some are embroidered with roses and Winter cowslips. Regular artists are employed to get up these designs, and prizes are offered frequently to encourage amateurs to venture and see what new designs they can study out. It is a curious thing how the art craze invades every branch of business.

"Of course I like it; because, as the designs are constantly changing and prettier ones made, new cloths are bought merely for the style of the design.—*New York Mail and Express.*

A Gambler's Life.

"Gambling possesses a peculiar charm for some men," said an old sport last evening, as he leaned over the bar of a down-town saloon, "which is not explained by a love for money or a desire to amass wealth. A case came to my notice recently which is worth relating. Three months ago a young man came to Milwaukee from an interior town in the State, and got interested in poker. In the first game in which he took part he won $2. In the second he won $25. Then the fascination of the game was on him, and he gave up his situation to indulge in play. Night after night he lost. He pawned his watch, and lost it. Two rings, the gift of his dying mother, were parted with. His spare clothing was staked and lost. Finally his overcoat went. He borrowed from all his acquaintances, but could not win. Yesterday he met me on the street. 'Bill,' he said, 'I've made up my mind I can't be a successful gambler; in fact, I don't care about leading a gambler's life. Can you give me money to buy a ticket back home?' I bought him the ticket, and he left at 9 o'clock last evening.

"Professional gamblers meet with hundreds of cases similar to this," he continued. "Very few, however, return home. Most of them hang around the gambling-rooms, living from hand to mouth, and, as broken-down sports, borrow a quarter here or a half there. The town is full of these so-called broken-down sports. Go into a gambling-room and you will see them sitting apart from the crowd, hats pulled low over their eyes, nervously handling a worn deck of cards. Others are watching the progress of the game, criticising the playing."

"When gamblers lose all their money, where do they get a sum to resume on?" was asked.

"Pawn something. One gambler in Milwaukee has a ring which originally cost $115. He paid enough broker fees on this ring to increase the cost of the article to $250. Most successful gamblers wear good jewelry, on which they can realize a 'stake' at any time."—*Milwaukee Journal.*

Cats in Ancient Egypt.

Those who regard themselves as victims of caterwauling here may take consolation in the thought that they would have had a worse time in ancient Egypt. A recent writer says that cat-worship was carried to its greatest extent by the ancient Egyptians, whose devotion to their pets was such that, according to Herodotus, when a fire broke out they cared for nothing but the safety of their cats, and were terribly afflicted if one of them fell a victim to the flames. On the death of a cat the inhabitants of the house shaved off their eyebrows, and the deceased cat was embalmed and buried with great solemnity in a sacred spot. Many cat-mummies have been found in the Egyptian tombs, and some are to be seen in the British Museum, together with similarly preserved specimens of human beings and of sacred calves. Their movements and their cries were consulted as oracles; and the murderer or even accidental felicide of one of them was punished by death.

At Washington there are 100 negroes worth over $25,000, at least fifty worth $10,000, and nearly one thousand worth $5,000. Fred Douglas is worth about $300,000.

SAGE'S MILLIONS.

How His Fortune Has Dwindled Away in the Great Decline.

A little red cent looks as big as a cart-wheel to the eyes of Russel Sage, and, in arithmetical progressions, a trade dollar looks as big as a barn-door. Mr. Sage has not always been as poor as he is now. The belief prevails in Wall street that he could not at this time scrape together in all his possessions over $8,000,000 or $10,000,000 at the outside. Before stocks began to shrink, in the summer of 1881, Mr. Sage's wealth was estimated to be close on $25,000,000. He had been in with Jay Gould in the latter's schemes, and in the flood-tide of luck that the "Little Man" was sailing on, had made immense sums.

Between 1879 and 1881 he nearly doubled his fortune. In a single year, covering part of 1879 and part of 1880, the "street" thinks he must have made $1,000,000 on his "puts," "calls," and other privileges alone. Where he made most of his money was in the Union Pacific, the Wabash, the Missouri Pacific, and the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroads, and the Western Union telegraph consolidations, the Texas & Pacific construction, and in investments in the Erie railway second consolidated bonds and the Iowa Central railroad first mortgage bonds. He was caught in an unexpected decline along with Gould and was unable to unload the great mass of securities that he had accumulated in the schemes and transactions named. Thus it was that he saw his fortune shrivel up before his very eyes and he was unable to help himself.

Things went from bad to worse with Mr. Sage, until to-day he is changed completely from what he was four short years ago. Two-thirds of the money that he loved so well has gone, and this is the reason of the great revulsion in his nature. At the opening of 1881 he was as cheerful as an army mule eating thistles. The milk of human kindness had not then curdled in his breast, and he was as benign and charitable as the man who goes to church every Sunday for the pleasure of dropping something into the contribution box. He did a great deal of charity, and he was fond of presenting books to young men who were striving to get on in the world. The art of money-making never had greater fascination for any man than it had for Russell Sage, and a knife-thrust could not have hurt him more than it did to have fortune turn against him.

It was not until the May panic of 1884 that the great havoc was created among Sage's millions. He had sold all his privileges 20 to 30 points below the market. He thought he was safe enough at that distance from the quotations, no matter what came, and the sight of prices going 20 and 30 points below those even was appalling. He was credited with owning up to a loss of about $8,000,000 in hard cash, besides a shrinkage in his securities of about $7,000,000 more. The ordeal was too much for the old money-lender. It nearly drove him into an asylum. He was nearly frenzied over his losses, and his physician, to save his reason, ordered him to leave the "street." He sought the seclusion of the Argyl hotel at Babylon, Long Island.

Wall street considers Sage "a thing of the past." It does not believe that he will ever occupy his old position there again. He is thoroughly frightened. He is afraid to risk his money for fear that he will lose it, and nothing is left of his former greatness in the financial mart. He used to write thousands of privileges every week, whereas now his contracts only cover a few hundred shares.—*New York World.*

Horses' Memories.

A couple of years ago a gentleman in Providence owned a little gray horse that was used in the family by himself, his wife, and children. It was made quite a pet of. Finding that it could speed quite sharp, he entered it in a number of country races, in the end getting a record of '32 for it. Then he sold it. Later on, the children missed it so much that he endeavored to get track of it, and sent to a number of places, but failed to find it. A couple of days ago he was on Washington street, and his attention was attracted by a little gray pacer that came whirling down. He had never seen his gray pace, but he was sure this was his old pet, and when opportunity offered he drove alongside and called it by name. The pony knew him at once, and gave unmistakable evidence of recognition.

Another instance showing the memory of the horse is that of the pacer purchased by Mr. Lloyd last year of a Winsted gentleman. A few weeks ago the former owner was in town and went up to see Ginger. The horse's present attendant was in the box stall petting him when his old master stepped in and called him by name. The horse no sooner heard his voice than he forsook his companion and showed his delight at meeting his former owner in various ways, among other tricks going into his coat pockets for the delicacies that he used to find there. The gentleman asked him to "roll over" for him, and he went down upon the straw and over in a moment. Mr. Lloyd's health prevents his showing Ginger much this winter, but it is generally conceded that the handsome little horse would make it quite interesting for the best of the trotters.—*Hartford Courant.*

A Rat Story.

Instinct or reason, or both? is what an honest farmer of Versailles, Cattaraugus county, N. Y., asked as he related the following marvelous rat story to a *News* reporter: "Last fall I found the work of rats in my cellar. They were eating nearly all of my vegetables, and, as I consider myself a successful trapper, I thought I could fix them in short order. I placed about two quarts of meal in a half-bushel measure, put a good trap in, and covered it up. In the morning I found a rat in the trap. Removing the game, I renewed my efforts. Next morning I found the bait gone, and, to my surprise, sticks, dirt and small stones thrown into the half-bushel, trap sprung, and no rat. I cleared out the rubbish, put in fresh meal; and, upon examination the next morning, found nearly a quart of stones and dirt thrown in on the spring of the trap. Again I tried, with no success. I repeated my efforts, but found the rats equal to the emergency. They got the meal, and avoided being caught by covering up the spring. Now, if they did not show reason, what did they show?"—*North Chautauqua News.*

New Zealand, with a population of only half a million, supports 100 newspapers, thirty of which are daily. In Auckland, a place of 30,000 people, the *Star* of that city has 10,000 circulation.

A favorite copy set by writing teachers for their pupils is the following, because it contains every letter of the alphabet: "A quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog."