PAINT AND POWDER.

INTERESTING INTERVIEW WITH A DEALER IN COSMETICS.

Frightful Prevalence of Painting and Powdering Among New York Women —Kid's Grease, "Blanc de Perrot," Rose Gore, "Mouali, at Languor."

[New York Cor. Chicago Tribune.]

I don't suppose any one but the dealers in these goods have the faintest conception of the quantities of cosmetic that are sold in New York. If you walk down Fourteenth street on a bright, sunshiny day you will see such a number of chalky-faced, rosy-cheeked, cherry-dipped, black-eyebrowed women of all ages, kinds, and conditions as will really startle you. If in addition you notice the shop-windows on the same street you will observe in at least every other one the glowing advertisement of some cream, or powder, or liquid; and should you have any modest desire to return to your family without the marks of a single-handed combat on your person you will be laden with books, circulars, cards, and all the devices for bringing to your notice the merits of the three or four dozen aids to beauty.

Not only the women in the street are red with the bloom of lake and carmine, and white with the ghastly whiteness of lead and chalk, but nearly every shop-girl, from the half-starved, pearls-dressed little creature who measures out tape at $5 a week to the young woman in the cloak department whose figure is her fortune, and who tries garments on at a very good salary, it is the exception and not the rule to find one without some kind of cosmetic on her face. On Broadway the same display of paint and powder is seen, a little toned down and a little more artistically applied, and on Fifth avenue, where the Murray hill belles promenade and the gentle dudes take their daily constitutionals, it is a procession of painted faces one sees. Albert here the labor is one not only of love but of infinite patience and pains, and the materials used only the finest imported cosmetics, many of them, according to the importers, made from the formulas used in preparing the preparations for the late Empress Eugenie, whose beautiful face, as all the world knows, was a work of art.

The other day I went into a cosmetic shop with a friend who promised to start by me to the better end. I announced that I had come literally to throw myself on to the sympathetic neck of the author of "Would you be beautiful," and to ask humbly for the means of turning time backward some twenty or more odd years, if the thing were not impracticable. I was assured the contrary was the case, and was told in a perfectly solemn manner of the metamorphosis of a lady of 55 who came to the "bazar" a week or so previous, aged, weary, and forlorn, and who left it so rejuvenated no one would have thought her more than 20, or bearing the look of mirthful incredibility on our faces impossible to repress "perhaps 25." It was quite evident the proprietor of the establishment had settled our "rejuvenating" in her own mind, and only on hearing her distinctly give orders to "have the make-up taken to No. 1 and 4" did I venture to object to such a summary proceeding, insisting that we had an engagement and only wished to know how the youth-restoring and beautifying process was effected.

This remark had a distinctly cooling effect on our enthusiastic saleslady, whose voice lost all its former sweetness as she asked "Do you want anything, or have you just come in to ask questions?" Thus cornered, we answered we should like to see the cosmetics necessary to effect the changes described in the pamphlet and were shown the following—with a running explanation something like this: "Now first of all you want to wash your face off with this here liquid, and don't never on no acco mut use no water on your face or neck—it ruins the skin. See my face? I ain't touched no water to it for more'n five years." (Its appearance fully warranted this remark.) "Rub this in good with a rag; then you take No. 2, this here in the little box, it's made of the grease of young sheep—same as you make kid-gloves out of their skin—and it's the most elegant preparation for the skin that ever was. You just rub it right in, don't use too much and don't use too little; then you take a sponge and dip it into this Spanish rose gore and gently moisten the lips, so," demonstrating on the mouth of an unfortunate little apprentice who she had waylaid at the beginning of the practical test of the various articles, "and in the cheeks—so. Always to eyes to put a little just under the eyes; it's more natural, so. Keep still, Sadie. There—O, yes, I forgot, you want to put a little around each nostril—to keep still, Sadie."

At this juncture Sadie looked like nothing on the face of the earth, and it wasonly by the most strenuous efforts we refrained from the desire to laugh, which was every moment increasing. "Next you take this here Injun fard—some call it Fardy Indy Ann—that's the French for it—but I just call it by its American name, Injun fard, and you put a little line right here under each eyelid. Keep still, Sadie—no, I won't get it in your eyes either, so, and a little on each eyebrow, so, and now you're ready for the lame de perle—your French pronounced it blanc de perrot. Now this is just simply grand—just the most elegant preparation in the market; we sell gallons of it. It's made right here in our cellar. You put it on with a little sponge, so. Keep still, Sadie. If you don't stop scrouging that way I'll tell Miss Slash, and you'll see what you'll get." "But won't the red and the black all mix in with this cream?" I asked. "Oh, indeed; the Spanish rose gore and the Injun fard is both indelible. They have to wear off. You want to let the blank de parrot dry pretty near out, then you take some of our golden velvet powder and dust lightly over the face and neck, and—Sadie, will you stand still so these ladies can see." "Is that all?" I asked. "You'm, unless you want to put some of the moonlight laugher in your eyes—just a drop or two in each—it will give you the most lively expression of the eyes, real Turkish; here, Sadie, open your eyes and hold back your head"—but we protested against this last barbarity and were quite satisfied as to the certainty of "these here cosmetics changing a lady's face so her own mother wouldn't hardly know her."

Every hairdresser, chemist and perfumer sells hundreds of bottles of these liquid creams of 100 different names. Many of the dry goods shops have a counter for soaps, perfumes, etc., and invariably with them one sees the cosmetics in bold array. Even the large grocers keep cosmetics regularly for sale and there is no longer any attempt at secrecy in buying them. A few years ago, unless a woman were an actress—in which case she invariably stated the fact and that she wanted the cosmetics for stage use—all sorts of devices were resorted to for obtaining the box of rouge or liquid white.

It is a curious circumstance that nearly all the London daily newspapers are printed on paper made in Sweden and Germany.

Burke: Obloquy is a necessary ingredient in the composition of all true glory.

It is said that all the grandsons of Henry Clay were dissipated.

Unsung Songs.

"Are you at all æsthetical in your tastes?" she asked in a sprightly manner, as she moved toward the piano. "Well, a little," he answered. "I'm æsthetical to the extent of having an admiration for unsung songs." There is now a deep gulf between them which nothing can bridge.

Delaware's Big Peach Tree.

The "boss" peach tree in the Delaware region, according to local fame, is a tree eight or ten inches through, and hoary with age. Last season it yielded eight crates of merchantable fruit, besides a bushel and a half picked from the ground.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JACKSON.

No Foolishness About "Old Hickory"—At Dinner—His Wife's Picture.

[Cor. Chicago News.]

I asked an old friend of Jackson today how the general used to conduct affairs at the White House when he was president. She said: "Jackson had no foolishness. He believed in working, and having everybody about him do the same thing. His breakfast hour was generally 7 and 8 o'clock. I have often seen him hurry from the table to go to the library to begin work. His table, at every meal, contained the finest of everything that could be found. Some of his dinners were simply superb. I don't believe a day passed but that he had two or more friends to dine with him. He seldom had many at his table, but enjoyed extending his hospitality to a few. If a friend called with a friend at the dinner hour, the two were invariably urged to dine.

"I remember one afternoon while I was visiting at Gen. Jackson's I had been out with a young naval officer. He left the White House just before dinner. When I went to the table the general wanted to know why I had not invited the young man to remain and dine. That is the way he treated all of his friends. His opponents shared differently; they were disposed of in very short order, and without argument pro or con. He was a positive man, and when he went to the White House disposed of office-holders in quick succession and appointed those who had aided him. Delegations came to the White House to recommend or interpose. The latter he dispatched more rapidly than they came. Of course there were not the many delegations at that time who go today.

"I remember once seeing him take his cane and start to hit a caller who had displeased him. The caller was none other than the speaker of the house of representatives. He wanted something and insisted that it should be given to him. The more he talked the more angry Gen. Jackson became. Finally he lifted his cane and was going to hit the caller, but he hurriedly left the room.

"Gen. Jackson always dressed in black. He wore a locket continually containing his wife's picture about his neck. A large portrait of her hung opposite the foot of his bed. I have seen some few devoted husbands, but I have never seen one so devoted as was Gen. Jackson to his wife. She was a very hand some woman. It was amusing to watch him of evenings. Generally at early candle light he would take his cob pipe and sit before an open fire-place. He would pick a coal, light his pipe, and, leaning back in his chair and crossing one leg above the other, would meditate for hours."

Fencing in New York.

[New York Letter.]

Realism is not wanted in the more theatric affairs of actual life. For example, it hurts to be hit by a bullet, and for that reason the duel has gone out of fashion in New York. We have had numerous exchanges of challenge and acceptance within the past ten years, and several meetings on sites selected for gory satisfaction, but no pops of pistols have ensued. The attempt is being made to introduce the comparatively harmless foil as a weapon with which to climax a quarrel, after the European fashion.

The New York Fencing club has a membership of what are known as society fellows, and it has for several months had a house, all for itself, wherein the use of the foils is taught by competent experts. This week the skill of a dozen of the pupils was deemed sufficient for exhibition, and a reception was given to a brilliant company of beaux and belles. Of course, there was bound to be disappointment for the art of fencing with willowy strips of steel has none of the two-down-one-up-and-then-lunge which makes melodrama ferocious. Moreover, the cushions on the breasts of the gladiators, the masks to protect their faces, and the buttons on the ends of the weapons gave such manifest safety that positively no thrill fluttered the gentlest breast among the spectators. But we may look for club quarrels resulting in challenges to duels, and then a reappearance of the principals with scratches on their faces or possibly a puncture or two of the skin.

Paris' Newspaper Vendors.

[St. James Gazette.]

The claim of the French administration to exercise an all-pervading control over the ways and doings of the thirty-odd millions of citizens who have the privilege to live under its paternal supervision survives every change of regime. One of the first acts of the new minister of the interior has been to issue a decree regulating the mode in which the newspaper vendors of Paris are to conduct their industry in future.

They have been in the habit, it seems, of lending the papers to economical customers who bargain for a daily glance through them at so much a month—a mere fraction of the purchase cost. The license of any vendor who is found to be a party to such a transaction in future will be at once revoked; and as the practice constitutes a serious fraud on the different journals, all unsold copies being returned to the office, the ministerial edict elicits for once the approval of the entire Parisian press. A license to sell papers in Paris is by no means easy to get. It must be signed both by the prefect of the Seine and the prefect of police, and the strictest inquiry is made into the antecedents of every applicant.

"Right Smart" of Chills.

[Chicago Herald "Train Talk."]

"Yes, we have a right smart of chills an' fever up in our parts," observed an elderly passenger from Michigan; "every once in two or three years they take hold of a feller an' shake him up lively. 'Tain't no fun, either. An' yet, like most things in this here world, it has its advantages. There's some good in every evil, you know. It's a heap of fun for the children."

"I can't see where they get any fun out of it."

"You can't? Well, you come up to our house next fall and see the kids laugh an' shout when gran pap has the ager, an' you'll see where the fun comes in. He has loose teeth in his head, an' when he gets the shakes they think he's a rattle-box. It's a reg'lar picnic for them."

Data Concerning Thunderstorms.

[Chicago Times.]

The New England Meteorological society proposes to find out this summer all it can about thunderstorms, and to that end invites observers in every town in New England to unite in marking the leading features of such storms as come within their ken, and report to headquarters. The simplest data are such as can be gathered by anyone—the time rain begins to fall, direction of the wind, duration of rain, etc.; while more delicate and difficult observations, such as the height of the storm clouds, character of lightning flashes, and velocity of wind, are to be undertaken by specialists.

A Day Off.

[Chicago Herald.]

"See here, husband. The post says 'Woman is the Sunday of man.' What do you think of that?"

"Pretty good for a poet. He's only one day off. If he had said either Monday, washday, or Saturday—pay day—he'd been nearer right."

Properly Prudent.

[Philadelphia Call.]

First small boy—What does your pap do for a living?

Second small boy—My pap's a great man, he is. He is an officeholder.

"What's his office, then."

"He's a building inspector."

"I'd think that would be awful dangerous, going around unsafe buildings."

"Oh, no. He don't go near 'em till after they fall down."

GEORGE REX GRAHAM.

THE ROMANCE OF A ONCE FAMOUS PUBLISHER.

Rise and Fall of a Patron of Genius—Prices Paid Longfellow, Poe, Bryant and Cooper—Blind, Helpless and Penniless.

[New York Herald.]

Among the inmates of the ophthalmic department of the hospital on the corner of Twenty-third street and Third avenue is a man who has an exceedingly interesting history. Forty years ago his name was literally a household word in every cultivated home in the United States, for it was attached to a magazine which justly takes rank as the pioneer publication of first class American periodical literature. The man in question is George Rex Graham, the founder of Graham's Magazine, who was once also the chief owner of The Philadelphia North American newspaper, who has twice made and lost handsome fortunes, and who was often the host of men who have occupied exalted places both at Harrisburg and Washington. Blind, helpless, worn out and subsisting on the generosity of others, the old man, now more than threescore and ten, has for eighteen months past been waiting in the institution named to have operations performed on his eyes for the removal of cataracts.

In the room of the male nurse, attentively listening to the latter reading an historical work, sat Mr. Graham when a reporter of The Herald called to see him. He is now in the 75th year of his age, and considering what he has passed through in recent years, and his present sad condition, bears himself with remarkable good nature and even cheerfulness. His hair and whiskers are white and long, and altogether he presents a very patriarchal appearance. If one did not know the contrary he would suppose that the venerable publisher was fully possessed of sight, his eyes look so bright and natural, but he cannot see anything. Otherwise his health is moderately good. To a request for some facts about his history he answered cheerily: "If you think the public are really interested in one who might almost say that he is like him of whom Sam Johnson wrote when he said, 'Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage'—one who is lost to the world—I have no objection to rehearse the story of my life, which certainly has been eventful."

HIS SELF-TOLD STORY.

He proceeded accordingly, as follows: "I am a native of Philadelphia, having been born there in 1813. Left an orphan when a boy I was obliged to earn my own living. I first learned the trade of a cabinet-maker, but next turned my attention to the law and studied with Judge Armstrong. I succeeded very well and saved a snug sum of money. Having devoted my nights to reading Burke I acquired a taste for literature and became ambitious to own a magazine. I contributed sketches to Atkinson's Casket, a feeble concern. Subsequently, in company with Charles J. Peterson, of Philadelphia, who was one of my earliest friends and fellow students, and who, in these later years, has been one of my benefactors, I purchased from Atkinson his Casket. For a year Mr. Peterson and myself ran The Casket. Then he sold out and I purchased The Gentleman's Magazine from William E. Burton, the comedian, paying him $3,500, or $1 for each subscriber. I massed the subscribers of the two publications, and with a list of about 4,500 started Graham's Magazine. This was in 1841. Edgar Allen Poe, who had been editor of The Gentleman's Magazine, remained with me as editor of the new venture. I resolved to strike out boldly from the first and engaged the best known writers of the day.

ARRAY OF TALENT.

"My list of constant contributors included James Russell Lowell, recently our minister to England; J. T. Headly, the ill-fated but highly gifted William Henry Herbert, Bayard Taylor, R. T. Conrad, George H. Boker, E. P. Whipple, John G. Saxe, William Cullen Bryant, William Dawes, Fenimore Cooper, Mrs. Ann Stephens, Louise Chandler, Caroline Chambers, E. L. Carding, Estelle Lewis, and Julia, the very talented and exceedingly beautiful lady who subsequently became the mother of Edmund Clarence Stedman, and, still later, the wife of the late William Burnet Kinney, the founder of The Newark Daily Advertiser. The consequence was the immediate and marvelous success of the magazine. Money and subscribers rolled in on me with every mail, until I was astonished myself. I engaged the services of John Sartain, and published handsome engravings. I also got the very latest fashion plates from Paris and inserted them. These took amazingly. In two years' time my subscription list nearly touched 40,000. I had the field of illustrated magazines alone to myself. I paid for everything I published. Poor Bayard Taylor! How well I remember the astonishment on his fine open face when I handed him $25 for the two first poems he ever wrote. Surely, said he, 'you are not going to pay me for them!' Why, this is the first money I ever earned!"

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

"What did I pay Poe? I gave him $800 a year, which in those days was considered very liberal. He was with me as editor for about eighteen months, and for three or four years I knew him intimately. Literature with him was a religion, and he, its high priest, with a whip of scorpions scourged the money-changers from the temple. In all else he had the docility and kindness of a child. Sitting near him for over a year, constantly writing near and conversing with him, I knew all his hopes, his fears and little annoyances of life, yet he was always the polished gentleman, and the quiet, unobtrusive, thoughtful scholar, the soul of honor in all his transactions. This, of course, was in his better days. He was the first reviewer of his day. He was very severe and too caustic, faults which, however, helped the magazine. Poe used to write from five to seven pages every month. One of his serials, first published in the magazine, was the weird narrative entitled "Murders in the Rue Morgue," which created a great sensation in France. Associated with Poe on the magazine was Mr. C. J. Peterson, for generally assisting whom I was obliged to discharge Poe.

LONGFELLOW AND BRYANT.

"To Fenimore Cooper I gave $1,800 for his 'Islet of the Gulf.' Two of my best investments were Longfellow and Bryant. Their writings made subscribers for the magazine by the thousand. Mrs. Stephens' 'Melinda Gray' was also a great card. Except for the 'Spanish Student' I never paid Longfellow more than $50 for a poem, that being the sum I paid him for 'The Village Blacksmith,' which became so popular in Eng and that a mass of Englishmen believed it was written by an English poet and first published in England. From 1841 to 1845 my subscription list never ran below 35,000, and sometimes it was as high as 50,000. Men were astonished at my success. One day a friend came in and said: 'Graham, put your hand on that table.' 'What for?' I asked. 'Why, because everything you touch turns to gold,' was his reply.

SPECULATION—DISASTER.

"I was now on the high tide of prosperity. I was rich, in fact; had a fine house, horses, carriages, and a loving and amiable wife, but no children. Fond of speculation and ambitious to make a mark in journalism, I bought The American from Childs & Fay. This was about the year 1846, I think. In partnership with the late Morton McMichael and Robert M. Bird, I purchased The United States Gazette from J. R. Chandler, giving him $45,000. We incorporated the two papers named and started what is now The North American. Too many irons in the fire proved disastrous for me. I was induced to go into some copper mine speculations gotten up by rogues and lost heavily. Neglect of the magazine caused that to fall away, and in 1848 I was obliged to sell magazine, newspaper, shares and everything to satisfy my creditors. After a while I got on my feet again, bought back the magazine and gave it a new lease of life. My success for a time was moderate, but the glory of Ichabod had departed. A renewal of the old success was impossible, and after keeping the magazine for three years I sold it a second time. It died in the hands of Mr. R. H. See, the purchaser. The reason of its ill success the second time was my thoughtlessness in divulging to one of the Harpers in an ordinary conversation all my plans for the future. The Harpers jumped in with enormous capital, put my plans into execution, and Graham's Magazine received its death blow.

COMES TO NEW YORK.

"In 1853 I left Philadelphia and came to New York. With the remnant of the fortune I went into Wall street, with the usual result—success to-day, disaster to-morrow. In 1864 I went to live with a nephew, the late Col. Henry Rockafeller, and ten years later began to contribute literary reminiscences to a Newark (N. J.) paper, subsequently taking an editorial position. This I held until three years ago, when my sight began to fail me and I was forced to quit work. Since then, of course, I have been unable to earn my own living, and have been obliged to subsist on the generosity of others. As you can readily understand, this is a hard fate for a man who has seen what I have seen, been what I have been, but, thanks be to God, I was born with a generally cheerful and contented disposition, and I try to feel as happy as I can."

"Indeed, sir," said Mr. McDermott, the nurse," it would be impossible to find a man more easily pleased and satisfied than Mr. Graham. He is the best natured patient we ever had here. Everybody loves him."

The burden of caring for Mr. Graham was taken up three years ago by a Newark journalist. Through the liberality of old Philadelphia acquaintances of Mr. Graham, particularly Mr. G. W. Childs and Mr. C. J. Peterson, the simple wants of the old man have been provided for. His wife died many years ago, and so far as near relatives are concerned, he appears to be absolutely alone in the world, all of them being dead. He still hopes to regain his sight and be able to resume work, but those competent to speak express fear that his extreme age and feebleness are fatal barriers to successful operations for cataracts.

History of the Yaquis.

[Guaymas Cor. San Francisco Bulletin.]

The Yaquis hold the title to their lands from the king of Spain and do not recognize the republic of Mexico. No taxes or imposts are levied on them, or if levied they have not been collected. They are a hardy, agricultural race, living on small patches of fertile soil on the borders of the Yaqui river. They steal stock when an opportunity offers, but have rarely in the last few years committed any murders. Cajeme, their chief, is a man of fair education for Mexico, and a stern ruler. He has absolute control over them. The two nations combined number over 15,000, of which at least 5,000 are adult males. Their principal arms are bows, arrows, spears, and a three-cornered bludgeon made of ironwood. Some of the arrows are poisonous. They also carry a powdered stone in small sacks, used by them to throw in the eyes of their adversaries, which is said to swell them up and produce blindness. Cajeme has a royal guard, the major portion of whom are mounted as cavalry and are picked men of the nation. There are said to be some 400 or 500 of them.

The extent of country occupied by them reaches along the river some ninety miles, by an average width of twenty miles. Here are located their towns or pueblos, each having its governor, judges, etc., who report to the chief. They produce corn, beans, melons, pumpkins, etc., and raise quite a large number of chickens, goats, pigs, etc., all of which find a market in Guaymas. In fact, the supply of wool, cane mats, oysters, and many other articles of sale, in demand here at all times of the year, comes from the Yaqui river. The trade of the Yaqui Indians with the port of Guaymas will average over $3,000 monthly. Most of this produce is exchanged for goods, and forms quite an item to the small stores of the town.

AN INITIATION.

STARTLING INCIDENT IN A COLLEGE SECRET SOCIETY.

Story of a Dealer in Regalia—Skeletons Said to Be a Part of the Stock —Imported from Europe's Catacombs.

[New York Sun.]

"The most successful initiation ceremony that I ever saw in a college secret society was one that was popular at an Ohio school until accident happened. Then part of it was dropped. That part was a skeleton."

The speaker was a dealer in society regalia. He continued:

"We were initiating a sturdy young fellow who said he didn't believe in spirits or anything supernatural and this is how we did it. He was stripped to the waist, one foot was bare, and he was carefully blindfolded. When we led him into the darkened lodge-room, where two guards grasped his arms firmly. As they led him slowly around the room one of them said, in a melancholy voice: 'My friend—for I can not yet call you brother—the journey of life is before you. Consider it. Life is what we make it, but trial must come, and sorrow and distress. Look well to your pathway.

"That injunction was rather aggravating to a man who was blindfolded and led by two strong companions who were guiding him to a short, smooth plank at an angle of forty-five degrees. 'Man rises suddenly in life,' said the guide as the victim stumbled up the plank, 'and quickly drops into a pitfall and is lost,' and the victim dropped from the plank to a hassock placed on edge, which rolled away and let him sit down on the floor.

"He was picked up and led on as the guide said: 'The path may be smooth for a time, but obstructions are sure to lie across it,' and then the victim stumbled lengthwise over a ladder supported three inches above the carpet, while his conductors moaned in unison. 'Even when in trouble himself he may be called upon to help a brother, and his he should do to the utmost,' said the guide, who helped himself to the victim's pocketbook. 'Last of all comes Death. He is terrifying at best, but should it be your fate to meet him alone show yourself a man, for a crown awaits you beyond.'

"The victim had been led through double doors, into the closet. The twine that held the hoodwink over his eyes was loosened. The doors closed noiselessly, and the guide and other officers of the lodge placed their eyes at the peep-holes. For a moment the victim stood motionless; then the hoodwink dropped off. He rubbed his eyes with his hand, and then his jaw dropped. A blue light flamed in the skull of the skeleton before him, and poured out of the eyes and through the peculiarly marked teeth, that were opened half an inch. The air of the blue-lined closet seemed to wave and dance as the right arm of the skeleton was slowly raised until the fleshless hand rested on the young man's shoulder. Then the melancholy voice said: 'I am thy fate.'

"The victim drew his hand slowly across his forehead, and then over his eyes, and looked again at the skeleton more closely. Then he said: 'At last!' and fainted.

"As I said, part of our ceremony had to be dropped. The victim was not frightened, as had recognized his father's skeleton."

"Do regular business secret societies use skeletons in their ceremonies?"

"Certainly. There are several orders that use them. We keep them in stock constantly. They are packed in half-length cases, made of pine or walnut, and are shipped by express all over the country."

"Some skeletons are plain with steel articulations; others have silver-plated articulations and where there is likely to be no strain the hinges may be made of silver. Some of these high-priced skeletons are carefully polished and glisten in the light of the lodge-room. Fine cases go with high-priced goods."

"How high-priced?"

"A fine skeleton, elegantly mounted, will cost as much as $60. One equally strong and able to stand the racket of the goat's attacks may be had for $30."

"Makes business for the resurrectionists?"

"No, it does not. These skeletons are all imported, and are taken from the catacombs of the old country. There is no tariff to protect home industry in skeletons, and we can import them cheaper than we could dig them here. The demand is very irregular, according as an order is spreading or not. They are shipped to all parts of the country impartially, and are very effective in awing a fresh candidate for light and instruction."

CRUSE'S BONANZA.

Thomas Was a Stayer and He Stayed Till He Got His Price.

[Portland News.]

On Saturday there arrived at the Gilmore hotel, in this city, a poorly dressed, cadaverous-looking man, about 70 years of age, who took a $1 room. The new arrival was Thomas Cruse, the man who had sold the Drum Lummond mine, in Montana for $1,000,000. It was noticed during the millionaire's presence in the house that he spent no money that he could possibly avoid. On Tuesday he left for his house in Montana.

A gentleman was met who knew Mr. Cruse well, and he said: "Yes; I am well acquainted with him. For the past twenty-five years he has been a prospector in Montana and Idaho, and his present wealth is due to the fact that he is one of those fellows that get hold and never let go. Why, it is twenty years since he struck the mine that he sold for more than $1,000,000. In order to develop it he would work for a while for others to obtain a stake for grub, tools and powder. Then he would put in his time on the mine until his funds were exhausted.

"Finally he struck pay dirt and his enthusiasm knew no bounds, and for two or three years before he sold out he made a living out of it by extracting a few hundred pounds of ore and taking it to his cabin and reducing it to a pulp in a mortar and washing out the gold into a bread pan. You see the mine, although rich, could not be properly developed without capital.

"Being of a secretive disposition he had a door at the entrance of his secret treasure, which he kept locked at all times, and the miners used to facetiously call the place 'Cruse's prison.' The story of the great richness of the mine spread far and wide, and big offers were made for it. Among those who made an offer for the mine was Mackay of bonanza fame, but the hardy prospector knew full well the value of his find, and would not sell until he got his figure. Cruse was a stayer from away back, and don't you forget it. Had it been me I would have sold out long ago.

"Finally an English syndicate commenced to angle with the lucky prospector, and at one time negotiations reached such a stage that the papers were drawn up and read to Cruse, who was also represented by his attorney. A clause in the agreement was read by which the purchasers could buy the one-sixth interest he retained should they so desire. This jarred on the old man's ears like the false note to an orchestra leader.

"'I want that stricken out and I'll give you just five minutes to do so. If you don't the jig is up,' contentiously said the man who had waited twenty years for a purchaser.

"'Well, but that's a mere formality, and it's not likely the company will want to freeze you out,' said the representative of English capital. This sort of expostulation was kept up until the hands on the clock marked the expiration of the fateful five minutes.

"'The jig's up,' slowly and sternly said Cruse.

"And indeed it was, and the failure to accede to the request made by Cruse cost $100,000 extra, and it was several months before he resumed negotiations. Had the clause been struck out, five-sixths of the mine could have been purchased for $1,500,000, but when the negotiations were resumed $1,600,000 was asked and received for five-sixths of the Drum Lummond mine."

How They Address the President.

[Washington Correspondence.]

Dropping in on Col. Lamont the other day, as he was opening the mail, he remarked:

"Isn't it funny what queer ideas some people have about directing their letters to the president. Most people think they must elaborate the address to the president. Look at these for instance:"

Gov. Grover Cleveland, first Democratic President.

To his Excellency Mr. Cleveland.

The Hon. Grover Cleveland, Esq.

To his Honor G. Cleveland, President of the United States.

The Hon Mr. Cleveland, Esq., at President's White House.

Gov. Cleveland, President of the United States.

To the President.

Mr. Grover Cleveland, White House.

His Excellency the Honorable President of the United States.

G. Cleveland, Esq., President.

Mr. Grover Cleveland, President United States.

His Honor Judge Cleveland, the President, strictly confidential (evidently an application for a postoffice).

To our President, Gov. Cleveland.

Gen. Cleveland, the President. (Private.)

Rt. Hon. Grover Cleveland, the President, at White House.

Funniest Thing in the World.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Mrs. Snivery is the wife of the captain of a New York militia company. She attended a review not long since at which her husband was the commanding officer. Mr. Snivery laughed all the way home, and when, after she got home, she was asked what was the cause of her merriment, she replied: "It was the funniest thing in the world to see my husband, who never dares open his mouth at home, ordering all those men about, and they doing just what he told them to do."

Immigrants for Tonquin.

The French papers are filled with accounts of the mineral and agricultural riches of Tonquin, upon which a New York paper unkindly remarks: "The country is well enough; the only difficulty is to find the proper class of immigrants. A European dies if he remains in Tonquin more than two years. And except "circuit riding" preachers, who are never allowed to reside in one place for more than two years, we can not think of any class of men who would care to sojourn in that country."

An Irresistible Conclusion.

[Norristown Herald.]

From the persistency with which the Deceased-Wife's Sister bill is being agitated in England, it may be inferred that the Englishman can not be happy until he gets an opportunity to marry his wife's sister. As we have heard nothing of a Deceased-Husband's Brother bill the conclusion is irresistible that his wife thinks one member of a family is enough—if not too much.

REFITTING A YACHT.

WEAR AND TEAR THAT COST CONSIDERABLE MONEY.

Expenses Which the Owner of a Yacht Must Meet in the Spring-Time—Scraping, Painting and Fixing Up Generally.

[New York Sun.]

"Now my troubles begin," a yachtsman said somewhat wearily, dropping the stub of a cigar and picking up a memorandum pad. "I've no doubt many persons are envious of the comfort I take on board my yacht during the summer months, but if they were bothered in the spring as much as I am they would look at it in a different light. Here is a list of things that my boatkeeper says are absolutely necessary, and you can hardly imagine what they are. My boat has just come out of winter quarters, and I suppose it will take a month to put her in shape for the coming season. You have no idea of the wear and tear of a yacht. Fortunately the spars are all right. I couldn't come anywhere near the cost if I had to furnish a complete outfit. I must have a new suit of sails, and if I didn't it would be necessary to rope and whiten the old sails. There are some good sailmakers in this port, but the question with most yacht owners is, which is the best? The cost of that item is not small I can assure you.

"Then comes the hull. The bottom needs scraping, and I must pay for having it hauled up on the ways. Before I decide on that I have to decide between rival dealers of copper, paint and other preparations. Then I have to hunt up painters, and I have to rely on my boatkeeper to see that they begin work on time and keep at it, for it doesn't pay to keep a boat loafing on the ways at so many dollars a day. If the gold head line is dingy it must be renewed, and if you have ever seen a sign painter gild letters, you can imagine how long it takes, and how many sheets of gold leaf are necessary for a head line. The boatkeeper can do a good deal of the outside painting, but when it comes to the fine work in the cabin a professional must be employed. It is really surprising the quantity of paint that is used. The cherry and mahogany fittings have to be scraped and shellacked, the deck is frequently calked, and if any of the galvanized iron work is weak it must be replaced. The copper and brass things have to be burnished, and broken glass must be replaced. It takes three men to holystone the deck and wash it down, but, of course, after it has been done once it can easily be kept bright and clean.

"The boatkeeper looks after the rigging, and if any ropes are weak they have to be renewed and new ones bought. The mast, bowsprit, boom, gaff, and light spars have to be scraped and oiled or shellacked. All these things, you observe, are outside, and do not include the tender that usually needs repairing. Then hundred and one things for the inside I cannot begin to describe. My carpet was worn out last year, and I must have a new one fitted. Crockery, cooking utensils, bedding, curtains, water casks, and other things have to be overhauled, and missing articles replaced. The cook's needs are wonderful to contemplate. He always wants the best of everything, and a good many more things than a professional housekeeper. Rust spoils the pans and tin kettles, but what destroys other things is more than I can tell.

"A few years ago I was nearly talked to death by the owners of patented this and patented that, but I have every substantial fixture so complete now that I can turn them away. The patent steering gear caused a good deal of trouble for me, but I survived it. The patent traveler for the mast didn't catch me. I believe in hoops. What do you think the latest agent has? Patented life-saving appliances. He will show you buoys, mattresses, jackets, cushions, and chairs filled with something to take the place of cork, and to hear him talk you would think it safer to be on one of his mattresses than on my boat. I don't say that they are not good things to have. All I ask is that I may have time to see what I want.

"The best essential, which at the same time must be attended to early in the season, is the crew. Engagements are made long beforehand. I don't need many men, but they must be trustworthy, sober and capable. Good men for yachts command good pay. They must be young and active, clean, respectful, obedient, and quick. Swedes are good sailors for yachts, but native Americans, born and raised near the water, are the best. They take an interest in their work, and if I tackle another boat going down to the Hook they will be as interested in the result and work as hard to attain it as any one could wish."

Excitement in Sebastopol.

[Foreign Letter.]

Sebastopol is at present one of the points toward which the eyes of the world are turned. The city, even before the recent war fever, was thrown into great excitement by the issue of an order that business houses take up their goods and walk from the south to the north of the city. The south of the city is the portion that was laid waste by the allies. For many years the city was stagnant; in 1875 business began to revive; a ukase opened the south of the town to commerce. Last year 1,700 vessels entered the port; large wharves and warehouses have been built on the devastated region. The recent order turns out the merchants to let in the soldiers.

Poetic License.

[Boston Courier.]

"A Would-Be Poet" writes: "Believing that I possess a faculty for rhyming, I am ambitious to be a poet. As I have heard a great deal about the poetic license I am anxious to know whether or not it is necessary for me to take out one of these licenses, and if it is, where shall I apply for one." The proper person to whom to apply for a poetic license, it seems to us, is Walt Whitman. At all events, he uses the poetic license himself frequently, and with remarkable success, being able, through its aid to make "Afghanistan" rhyme with "green cucumber."

Channels of Emigration's Flow.

[Rev. Myron W. Reed.]

All Scandinavians move west as near their own parallel as they can. They like the pine better than the sycamore. They are scattered thickly in Minnesota, Dakota and Montana. The Hollander found as near what he left as he could and settled in the valleys of the Hudson and Mohawk rivers, and there built a house like the one he remembered.

Cheap D'Hote Dinner.

[New York Letter.]

A 15-cent table d'hote dinner supplied by a New York caterer consists of soup, fish, one kind of meat to be selected by the diner, with salad chow-chow, coffee, dessert, and plenty of bread and butter. And the caterer prospers with an average profit of $40 per week.

Iowa's Intelligence.

Iowa contains more persons who can read and write in proportion to her population than any other state in the Union.

Fish Phenomenally Plenty.

[Chicago Herald.]

The theory of the decadence of the supply of ocean food fishes receives a severe blow from this year's experience. Mackerel are phenomenally plenty and the catch has been enormous. Herring in some quarters have been so numerous that the catch could not be used. Cod have been caught in unusual numbers, and almost all kinds of salt water fish are cheaper than they have been before for a long time.

A WOMAN'S COMPLAINT.

[The Advance.]

I know that deep within your heart of hearts,
You both me shrined apart from common things,
And that my step, my voice, can bring to you
A gladness that no other presence brings.

And yet, dear love, through all the weary days
You never speak one word of tenderness,
Nor stroke my hair, nor softly clasp my hand
Within your own in loving, mute caress.

You think, perhaps, I should be all content
To know so well the loving place I hold
Within your life, and so you do not dream
How much I long to hear the story told.

You can not know, when we two sit alone
And tranquil thoughts within your mind are stirred,
My heart is crying like a tired child
For one fond look, one gentle, loving word.

It may be when your eyes look into mine
You only say, "How dear she is to me!"
Oh, could I read it in your softened glance,
How radiant this plain old world would be!

Perhaps, sometimes, you breathe a silent prayer
That choicest blessings unto me be given,
But if you said aloud, "God bless thee, dear!"
I should not ask a greater boon from Heaven.

I weary sometimes of the rugged way;
But should you say, "Through thee my life is sweet,"
The dreariest desert that our path could cross
Would suddenly grow green beneath my feet.

'Tis not the boundless waters ocean holds
That give refreshment to the thirsty flowers,
But just the drops that, rising to the skies,
From thence descend in softly falling showers.

What matter that our granaries are filled
With all the richest harvest's golden store,
If we who own them can not enter in,
But fain bed stand before the closed barred door.

And so 'tis sad that those who should be rich
In that true love which crowns our earthly lot
Go praying with white lips from day to day
For love's sweet tokens and receive them not.

Balloon Races.

[Paris Letter.]

The interest of the sporting world at Paris is at present divided between horse and balloon races, and so general does the new sport threaten to become that the Parisians will soon be no more astonished at seeing a number of balloons above their heads than they would be if the airships were so many pigeons. Inventors are hard at work on improved balloons, and among such the latest novelty, which is at present being privately trained, but will shortly appear in public, is furnished with a pair of large wings worked by an electric motor. This balloon is announced to be able to hold its own against a violent current of air, and aeronauts and their friends are looking forward to its appearance with considerable interest. An aerial race meeting, it is predicted, will be a fixture long before aerial navies take to "grappling in the central blue."

Terrible Destruction of a Barn.

[Stevens Point (Wis.) Journal.]

The roaring of the fire, the grim grandeur of the flames as they rolled round and round, the blazing cinders rising high in the air and carried far to the east and south—

Fierce as ten furies,
Terrible as hell—

the cries of the firemen, the fathers and mothers anxiously watching their homes, the terrified children just awakening from their little cots, following after them, the lowing of the cattle and squealing pigs let loose from the entire neighborhood, and the picture of men on the roof of houses, as far as the eye could reach, made the scene a wierd one, not soon to be effaced from memory's pages.

The Redcoats Must Go.

[Chicago Journal.]

The redcoats are bound to go. Every new warfare emphasizes the folly of allowing