WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF NOTED MEN AND STATESMEN PHOTOGRAPHERS.

A Fortune in Mrs. Cleveland's Photographs—Judge Kelley's Picture of Lincoln—Sam Cox's Mummy—Chinese Diplomats, Washington Babies, Etc.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, July 12.—The Washington photographer who is making the photographs of Mrs. Cleveland has a small fortune in it. He refuses to tell how he got his negative, but Mrs. Cleveland's pictures are selling here faster than those of any other public person for years, and his sales run high into the tens of thousands. The pictures are first pictures taken of Miss Folsom about a year ago. They represent her as having a fuller face than she has now, and her admirers are clad in a plain lawn dress, with a slight "V" at the neck fastened by a simple gold pin. The photographer gets twenty five cents apiece for them of the dealers, and they are retailed for thirty five cents. They do not cost him probably more than two cents apiece, and a dealer tells me that $10,000 would be a low estimate of the money he will make out of them.

MRS. LOGAN.

This photographing of public men and women for the sale of their photographs to outsiders has grown into a big business, and the first and best photograph of a prominent man or woman is worth a great deal to the photographer who can get it. At Mt. McGregor the boy who took the Grant family sitting on the porch just before the general's death sold 50,000 of his photographs before the funeral procession left the mountain. There are two establishments in Washington who make the bulk of their business the photographing of prominent men, for sale, and in their stores you can buy pictures of all sizes and of different poses of nearly every statesman at Washington. They are very anxious to have new men of prominence come into their studios, and they send carriages for them and give them pictures free for permitting themselves to be taken. Photographs of noted ladies are as a rule hard to get, and the only two that can be bought here are those of Mrs. Logan and the wife of Speaker Carlisle. Mrs. Logan's pictures sell very well, and her husband's has perhaps as large a sale as those of any prominent man. Ex-President Arthur's pictures were worth a great deal to the photographers here, and the sale of Garfield's pictures at the time of his death was phenomenal.

MRS. CARLISLE.

A great deal of amateur photographing is being done at the capital, and several prominent men I know like to play with the camera. Senator John E. Kenna, of West Virginia, is one of them, and I saw him the other day just outside of his residence on Sixteenth street with a cloth over his head taking a picture of a couple of his children. Senator Palmer, of Michigan, the great lumber millionaire and patron of art, prizes a lot of photographs which he took when he traveled in Spain, as a young man, more than he does some of the paintings of the great masters. When Senator Palmer was a boy at college his eyes gave out, and he went to Spain for his health, and with a friend traveled about the country taking these photographs. One of them, which he now has, represents him as taken astride one of the lions of the Alhambra.

SENATOR KENNA PHOTOGRAPHING HIS CHILDREN.

Professor Smiley, the photographer of the National museum, who has taken the largest pictures which have ever been taken in the world, began business as an amateur, and he is now one of the finest photographers in the country. Judge W. D. Kelley has a son who is still quite young who does some very good amateur work. He took his father sitting on the front porch of the old homestead in Philadelphia not long ago, and this photograph now has the honored place on the mantel in Judge Kelley's room in Washington.

Speaking of Judge Kelley's room, he has upon its walls the finest photographic picture of Lincoln ever produced. It is a wonderful work of photographic art, and is about 12 by 18 inches in size, I should judge. The judge had it made after a thorough examination of many private collections of Lincoln's photographs, and also of the large collection in the war department. It is the choice of all the photographs and daguerreotypes taken of President Lincoln, and the original was a cabinet of this war department collection. Judge Kelley took this cabinet to an eminent photographer and had it raised to its present size. An artist was then employed to touch it up with India ink, so that it now fairly glows with life, and it is by far the finest picture of Lincoln in Washington.

Judge Kelley is a great admirer of President Lincoln, and he was more closely associated with him perhaps than any other man living to-day. Upon the walls of his parlor here he has photographs of this same size, elegantly framed and hung so that a good light falls upon the faces which they represent. That of Lincoln has the most honored place, and Judge Kelley considers him the greatest of "The Five Friends in Council." The others are Thaddeus Stevens, Henry C. Cary, Edwin M. Stanton and Judge Kelley himself. In the judge's bedroom, just back of his parlor, there will soon hang a fine engraving of Gen. Grant, and here among these great men of the past, each of whom formed a part of Judge Kelley's soul, the father of the house will probably sit and work until death reunites him with them. Judge Kelley came to congress in 1861, and he is now serving his thirteenth continuous term in the house of representatives. He is in perfect health and vigor. He will be renominated this year, and if he serves throughout the Fiftieth congress he will have served more years in the house of representatives than any other man in our history.

Mrs. Cleveland has taken Washington by storm, and I have yet to hear the first word of unfavorable criticism about her. I have attended all of her receptions and have watched very carefully her manners in the receiving of all kinds of people. She is perfectly at home, and she is the most beautiful woman who has been in the White House for many a long year. She is tall and willowy, with a form whose every action is graceful and at the same time dignified. She has a finely shaped head, with well moulded features. Her nose and chin are prominent enough to give the face character, and her head sits upon her shoulders with a neck that would do credit to a sculptured Venus. Her arms are plump and symmetrical, and her hands are of medium size, with long tapering fingers. She has a thick coil of long brown hair wound up upon the crown of her head, and several bushy locks fall down over her forehead in a sort of a half wave or curl.

MRS. CLEVELAND RECEIVING.

They are not bangs, nor do they cover the forehead. She has beautiful eyes of a bright liquid brown, and her features are so mobile that she smiles easily. I watched her shake hands with the thousands upon thousands who came to greet her. She had a genuine welcome for every one, and I think her soul responded to the hand shake of every person who passed by her. At the first reception, which was a kid-gloved, swallow-tailed affair, when all fashionable Washington came to size her up, she was not at all embarrassed, and she seemed to appreciate without ostentation her power of being able to take care of herself. Mrs. Cleveland is prettier than any of the pictures that have been published of her. She is a little more slender than they represent her, and both senators and representatives have spoken of the wonderful luck of President Cleveland which has topped off his lucky career with such a beautiful bride.

CHINAMEN IN THE PARK.

Society ladies predict a very successful reign for our republican queen, and it is the general opinion of people here that the character of the administration may be greatly changed by her. President Cleveland lacks personal magnetism. This Mrs. Cleveland seems to have in abundance. It may be that she will turn out a second Dolly Madison or Abigail Adams, and that she will be as much of an element in the political workings of the country as the president. So far no one except Dan Lamont has been able to get at all near to Cleveland, and Lamont is closer than the closest clam in influencing the president or in saying anything about what he will or will not do. There is no doubt that Mrs. Cleveland will have the interest of her husband at heart, and she has certainly made the administration more popular in Washington already for being in it.

I strolled down Massachusetts avenue yesterday between the residences of half a dozen millionaire senators, and took a seat in Dupont circle to watch the play of the children and the Chinamen.

The Chinese legation is now occupying the immense brown palace of Senator Stewart, of Nevada, which used to be known as Stewart Castle. It stands next to Blaine's big house and just across the way from the home of Secretary Manning. The Chinese legation spends a great deal of money here in Washington, and they have this big house elegantly furnished, many of the pictures on the walls being Chinese screens of high art. The new Chinese minister is one of the richest of the ambassadors here. He is a man of broad ideas and great generosity. He was noted for his entertaining in China, and his father, who has been dead some time, was one of the richest men of that country. Nearly all the Chinamen connected with this legation are of noble birth. They dress in fine silks in the Chinese costume, and are great people for living out of doors. They seem to be very fond of children, and every evening you may see them playing with the little ones in Dupont circle. The children are not afraid of them, and though the Chinamen cannot carry on any conversation, they laugh and romp and lolk around as though they were so many little boys with pigtails instead of almond-eyed, finely educated, orange-skinned celestials.

THE NEW MUMMY AT THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

I took a good look to-day at the Egyptian mummy, which our minister to Turkey, the Hon. Sam Cox, has sent to the National Museum. It lies flat on its back in its shell in a big glass case, just to the left of the rotunda of the museum. In the case next to it stand a Japanese nobleman and his wife, made of wax and dressed in silk, and in the cases opposite to it a half dozen savages from the jungles of Africa, with spears in their hands, and the wild dress of their countries upon their bodies, look at you. On another side are the images of a group of life-size Esquimaux in fur clothing, and on the wall to the right is a collection of perhaps fifty castes of the copper-colored faces of American Indians. The mummy proper has a mummy box about two inches thick, which fits around it almost like a glove. In the sketch which I give you you can see the mummy in this casket, while the cover of the casket lies a little to the left. This casket is of some light wood. It is painted dark green, and it is as carefully made as though chiseled out by a sculptor. The mummy is five feet six inches long, and it is exceedingly well preserved. The arms were pressed close to the side and you see nothing of their outlines through the wrappings, which are wound tightly around the body from head to foot. This mummy, while not of royal birth, must have been a great dignitary. The body is covered with hieroglyphics and paintings in gold. The face is covered with gold leaf, and a mask of green cement is pasted over it. Shield-shaped ornaments in gold lie across the breast, and on one of these is the sacred beetle which the Egyptians used to worship. A sheet of cemented linen lies along the legs, and gold seems to have been plenty in the family of the dead man. This mummy is in as good a condition as any of those you will find in the Boulak museum at Cairo. Mr. Cox got it from the American consul at Luxor on the site of old Thebes, which lies, you know, on the Nile above Cairo and below the first cataract. It was sent here in the care of Mr. William V. Cox, the chief clerk of the museum and a cousin of Minister Cox. I understand that the collection of Egyptian articles in the National Museum is rapidly increasing and that it is his intention before long to establish an Egyptian department in the museum.

FRANK GEORGE.

A BOSTON BLUE BLOOD.

And Some Other Interesting Objects at Boston.

[Special Correspondence.]

BOSTON, July 12.—This is a picture of one of the older Boston blue bloods. He dresses in black broadcloth winter and summer, wears a stovepipe hat, a stand-up collar of the style of thirty years ago, carries a cane, never walks faster than one mile an hour, attends the new Old South church, carries his revolutionary ancestors always in his memory, and never forgets them. He regards this universe as finished only in proportion as Boston is finished, and in his secret soul is somewhat disposed to criticise Deity for not taking up a permanent residence in Boston.

A string of horse cars half a mile in length shows the daily block on Tremont street near the Common about 6 o'clock every evening, and represents an average loss of one hour daily to every business man living in the suburbs. Boston turns up its nose at an elevated road like that of degraded New York.

I wish you could see a section of a Washington street sidewalk at 5 in the afternoon, between Boylston street and the old State house. It is only wide enough for three persons to walk abreast, and when four persons stop to see the young man baking griddle cakes in a restaurant window it congests the passage. The persons off the curb and in the gutters belong to the weaker sex of both genders, who are crowded off by the stronger. It takes courage, muscle, brass, patience and perseverance to promenade a Boston shopping sidewalk at this time in the afternoon.

PRENTICE MULFORD.

Edwin Arnold has rather a fine time when he goes to Ceylon. The pundits there salute their interpreter, thank him for his poem and say to him: "You have accomplished a task which no one has hitherto wrought." When he goes away they present him with the Buddhist scriptures written on palm leaves and tied up in covers of wood, with silver and jeweled mountings." Yes, and they give him the beggar's bowl and the yellow gown. In his new book, "India Revisited," Mr. Arnold gives some of his talks with the chief priests, which throw more light on Buddhism. "Nirvana," says Mr. Arnold, "is by no means annihilation, but life beyond the life of the senses, more truly life than we living can know, a 'peace which passeth understanding.'" He inquires about the Mahatmas. "Such do not exist," said the pundit. "You would seek them vainly in this island, or in Thibet, or in Siam, or in China. Do not look for Mahatmas. You will not find them."

Trees Transformed Into House Plants.

A very pretty ornament for the house or lawn is a dwarfed white oak, some enthusiast making veritable pots of these miniature lords of the forest. These plants are readily raised in flower pots from the acorns, and require no attention except watering. The dwarfing of the tree is effected by the cutting off the tap root every spring for a few years, this process keeping the tree of diminutive size while it does not prevent ordinary development of new branches.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Careful Gradations in England.

The occupants of the softest cushions are treated with the softest manners—the occupants of the hardest with an appropriate asperity. "Tickets, gentlemen, if you please," is the form in which first-class passengers are addressed; this becomes, in the case of the second-class passengers, "Tickets, please;" and when the collector puts his head into the third class compartment his manner is shorn of all civility, and he brusquely cries, "Tickets!"—W. H. Rideing in Brooklyn Magazine.

When Fire-Places Were Used.

Fire places came into general use in country halls in the sixteenth century. In earlier halls the hearth was in the middle of the room, and the smoke found its way to the timber roof, which it blackened, and then through the lantern in the center to the open air. The more refined habits of the sixteenth century led to a better arrangement, and the fire-place was universally constructed in the wall, and the smoke escaped up a chimney.—Demorest's Monthly.

The Chances of Burial Alive.

"The chances of a person being buried while in a trance are about one in a million. If you have any fear that such may be your fate I'll take your order now to fire a musket close to your ear before the coffin is sealed up. If you don't jump I'll go on with the burying.—Detroit Undertaker.

For the Uninitiated.

Paragraph from a story in Chambers' Journal: "I may here state for the benefit of the uninitiated that throwing one's hand up is a signal throughout America that one doesn't intend to draw a pistol and shoot."

An Old Tunnel.

The governor of the island of Samos has discovered a tunnel measuring 5,000 feet in length, and constructed at least nine centuries before the Christian era.

MASCOTS IN REAL LIFE.

SOME OF THE SUPERSTITIONS OF SOBER-MINDED MEN.

A Talk With a Man Who Believes in Mascots—His Story of the Little Old Woman On an Oak Leaf—Good Luck Goes With Good Will.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, July 12.—"A mascot! What is a mascot?

"A mascot is a mascot."

This is the very definite definition given by the owner of the mascot in the opera of that name. Yet the word, though so far unacknowledged in Webster's Unabridged, is in popular use, and mascots are becoming more numerous every day. Like the expensive eight-day clock of fifty years ago, every family must have one, no matter what else it lacked.

Yes, mascots are indispensable institutions just now, especially with theatrical people and baseball clubs. Players of the national game are the most superstitious of men. "In their opinion skill has but little to do with the result of a match," says one who has studied into the matter. "A bird flying over the field, the flag blowing in a certain direction, a little boy picked up by one of the nines, a goat or a dog wandering across the diamond while the game is going on—these are the things which incline victory to one side or the other."

Managers are in favor of mascots. They say that the idea that they have a mascot makes them play with more confidence and spirit. This may be the true secret of the superstition. When we believe we shall succeed we seldom fail. A mascot causes us to believe in ourselves, to win the battle in our mind even before it has begun, and so makes us strong and courageous. Hence a mascot has most noble uses.

Talking on this subject with a wise rich man the other day, I asked him if he did not think the world was growing more superstitious.

"No," he said, "but I believe it is growing a little honester, and perhaps a little braver. It expresses the poetical side of superstition openly, the unpopular side secretly. The world was always superstitious. Even they who boasted of being without superstition quailed when evil omens and unlucky signs came to their own door. And who is so self-secure that he feels and shows no elation when 'good luck' is on his side?"

"For my part, I believe there is something in mascots," continued my friend. "I was never one of those fools who thought I knew all things, and could manipulate the universe to my own satisfaction and the possible humiliation of others. I always realized that a thousand influences we cannot see and do not dream of are at work on every affair of life in which we are interested; that nothing depends entirely upon ourselves, although we think that many things do. I have a mascot myself. Twenty five years ago I started in business for myself—had a modest music store down town. I hadn't money to push the business and it went slow. A year slipped away and I had kept afloat and hadn't made a cent. I began to see that I couldn't go on at that rate. I would soon be without a dollar to live on. One afternoon the store was as solitary as an anchorite's cave, and I was dozing away behind my desk in no danger of being disturbed. While I dozed I dreamed—one of those queer dreams that seem to have an important meaning, which you can't for the life of you solve. A little old woman no bigger than a small doll came flying in on an oak leaf. She nodded to me familiarly, and said: 'You'll have good luck yet if you don't turn it away from your door. I am a fairy princess. When I send a messenger to you receive her with due kindness.' Then she breathed on a rose which she carried in her hand and the oak leaf floated away, carrying her with it, laughing and dancing.

"I awoke with the little old woman and her message clear in my mind. A schoolboy's dream, you'll say, of course. Well, I admit it. I wasn't 30 then, and I always had a tinge of the poetical in my temperament. While I was thinking what a pretty fairy story the dream would make to tell to my little boy, a thin, shabby looking woman, with a limp, entered and asked for work. She was not a laboring woman, but belonged to the genteel poor. She had some musical knowledge. She could try pianos for purchasers and could keep the music in order, and do many a little thing to help business on.

"It was a queer thing to do, but the words of my dream fairy kept ringing in my ears, and although I didn't know where I was to get the money to pay her with, I hired her. So far as I could then see, I didn't need her, either. She took off her faded little bonnet and went to work, happy as a bird. An hour later a man from the northern part of the state came in to talk about buying a piano. A customer was a phenomenon then, I can tell you. Well, my new employee tried the piano for him, and, much to my astonishment, he bought it and paid the cash for it. You laugh at me, of course, when I say that luck turned in my favor that day, and I believe the shabby little woman brought it.

"She has been in my store ever since, and I have continued to have good luck. The employment I gave her was a godsend to her as I afterwards learned, and she was a godsend to me.

"I pay her a nice little salary, and don't expect her to do anything much but stay in the office of the store and tinker around trying new music or doing anything she pleases. She is an old woman now, and she wasn't very young when she came to my place. I should actually be frightened if she were to die. I should be afraid of losing my luck."

"I suppose it wouldn't do to mistreat a mascot in any way?" I asked.

"Mistreat a mascot?" almost shrieked my superstitious friend. "Who would be so lost to his own interest as to want to do such a thing? Lose his luck? Of course he would."

"Mascots are apt to be rather lowly creatures, aren't they?—lame dogs, poverty-stricken old women, hunchbacks, or something of that sort?"

"Yes, they are apt to be, though they come in more imposing guise sometimes. Fact is, you never know who is going to bring you good luck. The mascot idea has filtered down to us through fairy lore. The lucky fairy always came in humble or needy disguise to test the kindness of mortals. It is an old country superstition, you know, that simple-minded or deformed children bring good luck with them—a superstition fraught with mercy, for it insures good treatment to the poor little helpless creatures, and for that reason is sent from God, and should be fostered."

"How is one to know who may bring him good luck? Is there any means of knowing a mascot at sight?"

"Ah, there's the divine wisdom in this superstition," said my friend. "Any one, the least among us, may be the one to bring us luck. We can only learn who the potent one is by treating all with impartial kindness. For my part, I think good luck goes with good will. Whoever wishes you well constantly, actually makes good luck for you. Good will is a potent factor in life, did you but realize it.

"Then, there are inanimate things which are lucky or unlucky, are there not?" I asked. "For instance, a famous baseball player believes that a red jacket brings him good luck, and he refuses to play without it. I myself know a lady who has a blue basque which she calls her disappointment jacket, because she never wore it without being disappointed about something. Another had an unlucky silk gown, which was finally stolen, and its owner said she was glad of it."

"Yes, I am far enough gone to believe in lucky and unlucky garments, jewelry, horses, and all sorts of things. Some men carry old coins for luck. I believe it is the proper thing to have them given you. Haven't you heard a man say that he has carried such and such a coin twenty years, and wouldn't part with it for anything? He pretends, of course, that he values it because he has carried it so long. The truth is, he has faith in it as a luck piece, and wouldn't sell it for any price. Men are only grown-up children, you know, masquerading as philosophers. As for as I am concerned I find it easier to admit that I am a child at heart than to try to conceal it."

And he laughed like the full grown boy he is, and went away whistling. MAX ELTON.

IN THE FOOT HILLS.

An Antediluvian Captive Has His Cell Broken Into.

[Special Correspondence.]

PESCADERO, Cal., July 8.—A recent find up in the foot-hills of the Pacific coast range of mountains has added another to the catalogue of those creatures that are able to maintain an existence during periods which it makes one giddy to contemplate, and, apparently, under the most unfavorable circumstances. A few days ago a party of laborers engaged in excavating for a road along the side of a mountain spur, with a precipitous declivity upon one side and a yawning canyon on the other, lighted upon a collection of bowlders, water-worn and rounded by tide or current in some long past elemental dispensation. One of these, too heavy for the handling, was broken up. Its interior disclosed a cavity containing a member of that unpleasant fraternity of exaggerated spiders known as the tarantulas. When first discovered the animal was of a bright green complexion and sympathetically comatose, but after a brief experience in this enlarged environment it regained the inquietude characteristic of its race, as well as a large share of those irascible and belligerent tendencies by which the tarantulidæ are distinguished. The cavity in which this antediluvian was inclosed was about an inch longer than the animal, and at one extremity of the same there were traces of textile work, as if at some time or other during its incarceration it had indulged in visions of domestic ties and social enjoyments to be realized in some dulcified posterority.

It is noteworthy that the creature here spoken of was to all appearances of the same species with those that are now common in the locality where it was discovered. This would justify the suggestion that the tarantulidæ, in spite of their unpleasant manners and ignoble appearance, are a family of no mean antiquity. The rock in which the individual was immured being of the sedimentary species, the commitment must have occurred while it was in the process of formation. The abundance of remains of marine shells in the locality where the discovery was made would seem to indicate that the stratum in which the creature was contained had, at some time, been a part of the bed of an ocean. From these incidents, with some assistance of the imagination, we may construct a brief outline of the history and experiences of the elderly captive.

At a date to which, in all probability, Adam's fall was comparatively an event of yesterday, the party in question, taking his constitutional upon the border of some nameless primordial ocean, was suddenly overwhelmed by a wave, and buried in the sand by which it was accompanied. In the course of centuries, more or less, the sand having in the meantime solidified, the concrete, through one of those changes of level which the surface of our globe is addicted, became a part of the sea bottom, to be inhabited by moluscs of various species, and to serve as a cemetery for the generations of their posterity. Broken up, after eons have elapsed, by some intestinal cataclysm, its fragments, worn into rotundity by tidal surges, are slowly lifted by forces from beneath until that which was once the bottom of an ocean becomes the top of a mountain, there, perhaps, to begin again a circuit of subsidence and elevation.

How was the involuntary capture affected by the vicissitudes of the vehicle in which he was a passenger? Was his life one long lethargy, or did the rude shocks to which his equipage was, now and then, subjected, rouse him to a state of semi-consciousness and prompt him to the utterance of a little tarantular profanity at the roughness of the thoroughfare over which he was being transported? Had he even the shadow of an idea that he was destined to the dignity of a living link between the unbreeched infancy of the human world and the Christian civilization of the Nineteenth century? How many empires have been erected and subverted; how many dynasties have been elevated and extinguished; how much history has been made and forgotten; how many millions of million of human beings have lived out their little span and surrendered to an insatiate oblivion how many loves and hates, and faiths and fanaticisms and ambitions and intolerances, have been born and died; how much of human dignity and meanness have been manifested and honored or despised, while this insignificant creature has been dozing away the centuries in his inexorable environment, and though deprived of air and food, clinging to its minute spark of vitality, as if that which is, to other creatures, a sentence of death, were, to it an assurance of an endless existence?

The tarantula Americana belongs to the order of burrowing spiders. It spreads no net for the capture of its prey, but digs a pit in the ground which it lines with a tissue of its own manufacture, surmounting the same with a trap door so contrived that it closes of itself, and so colored upon the surface as to be indistinguishable from its surroundings. Hidden there, environed by telephonic lines of his own construction, he obtains timely notice of the approach of any creature with which he inclines to hold an interview, and conducts him self accordingly. Although able to endure, as would appear from the foregoing, a fast of a few thousand years, more or less, in continuance, he is a creature of a lively appetite and an untiring digestion; and, being supplied with very efficient weapons both of offense and defense, the interviews which he solicits are apt to terminate to the disadvantage of the party interviewed.

Speaking of burrowing animals, one would be inclined to suppose that, of all creatures the one least adapted by natural conformation and reputed quietude of disposition, to the work of rock excavation, would be a clam. And yet there is a species of this mollusk—the very emblem of contented ease and happy inertia—inhabiting the coasts of the Pacific, between high and low water, which bores for itself a place of residence in the friable sand rock of the region, and there lives, multiplies and expatiates. The burrowing clam is of the round, hardshelled family similar to the quahaug in shape, about the half of a silver dollar in diameter, and having no projecting soft parts. It appears to live in colonies, though each individual has its separate homestead, and is obtained by breaking up the rock into which it is inclosed. It is prized as an eatable. How this seemingly helpless creature contrives to penetrate the rock in which it makes its habitation, what are the tools which it employs or to what extent labors which, to compare small thing with great, must be Herculean, undertaken and prosecuted, are questions reserved.

HENRY REED.

Eating Uncooked Vegetable Food.

A community was started at Anaheim, Cal., several years ago, the principal feature of which was that only uncooked vegetable food was to be used by its members. One after another of the members have left, either by resignation or starvation, and now but two are left.—Chicago Times.

Kite Flying Mania in Illinois.

Kite flying has become such a mania at Raritan, Ill., that prominent citizens engage in it. One kite is seven feet long and has been sent over 2,000 feet into the air. Three men and a windlass are required to draw it back to earth.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A High-Priced Spanish Fiddler.

Before leaving London, Sarasate, the Spanish violinist, refused $500 which was offered him to accompany Patti in a single song at her last concert before her marriage. He demanded $1,000.—Chicago Times.

A New Kind of "Jewelers."

The prominent hotels and restaurants of Paris sell their broken meat to contractors, who are called "jewelers." Some of these contractors have made fortunes in the business.—Philadelphia Call.

Cattlemen in western Texas have organized an association for the sinking of an extensive system of wells for the watering of stock.

In New Jersey the musquitoes are so bad at night that no girl gets courted unless she has a good musquito bar.

CANADIAN RESOURCES.

THE BRITISH LION AS HE APPEARS TO A NEW YORKER.

The Dominion of Canada and Its Parliament Buildings—Its Agricultural Development—Its Mineral Resources and Vast Lumber Interests.

[Special Correspondence.]

OTTAWA, July 12.—"It is rather surprising that you Americans know so little about our country." Such was a Canadian official's remark to me shortly after reaching Ottawa.

Before telling anything about Canada it will be a matter of interest to know that all who live in the United States are called "Americans." To a dweller in the states who is of the firm conviction that the United States are the sum total of America, and that Canada and Mexico are mere outlying districts, such an appellation is flattering. However, I soon learned that it was only a convenient way of designation. "A United Statesman," or "a man from the states" would consume too much time and waste breath. In fact, a Canadian likes to mount his lion and say: "Look at me, at my country, and at what I can do," just as much as an American delights in straddling the eagle and asking the world to gaze at the most progressive and biggest affair under the sun.

THE PARLIAMENTARY LIBRARY AT OTTAWA.

We Americans are far too ignorant about our friendly neighbor. Canada consists of more than the St. Lawrence river, the Lachine rapids, pine logs, snow, troublesome fishing grounds and imported American thieves. Ottawa, the seat of government, is a pleasant little city of 25,000 people, and a good place to learn of Canadian resources. Ottawa is not a pretty city, and is especially lacking in the attractive homesteads one meets with in American towns of a like size. It has, however, beautiful parliament buildings on one of the finest sites in the world. The architecture, as you will notice, is light and graceful. The library is called the "most beautiful building for the purpose in America." The interior reminds one of the rotunda in the Capitol at Washington, only it is not so vast, and is made wonderfully attractive and homelike. Directly in the center is a good marble statue of the queen, as a young woman. These buildings stand on a high elevation overlooking the Ottawa river. In the distance, to the north and the east, a range of low mountains forms a foreground to the ever varying sky. The sweep of the eye extends over miles. Nearer are the Chaudiere falls and rapids, where can be seen great saw mills in operation.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AT OTTAWA.

It will astonish the reader to learn that Canada is larger than the United States, excluding Alaska. It covers an immense territory, and comprises 40 per cent. of all the aggregate British possessions throughout the world. Nor is it all a frozen region covered with snowdrifts. The agricultural and timbered lands cover an area of 2,000,000 square miles, of which 1,000,000 square miles are suitable for the production of wheat, and the wheat regions of Manitoba are claimed by the Canadians to be the finest of the world. The development of that vast Northwest is yet in its babyhood, but the fine yield of 50 bushels of wheat to the acre and the extra fine quality are new grounds for Canadian self inflation.

Patriotic citizens are also proud of the fact that Canadian iron ore is finer than that found in the states. Much of the ore is sent from the Dominion to Pennsylvania and there mixed with inferior ores in smelting. Canada produces enough graphite to supply all the legislative bodies of the world with lead pencils, even if every garrulous political-capital speechmaker had first to put his diluted thoughts on paper. Gold is mined with financial success, copper ore is plentiful, while there are vast fields of phosphates. There is an endless quantity of fine building stone.

Canada, as well as Pennsylvania, produces coal oil, although the majority of Americans don't know the fact. Her coal regions are fine. In truth, her mineral resources are not justly appreciated even by her own countrymen. But so far Canada's greatest commercial interest is her lumber trade. Her boards make houses from climes where the quarrelsome Esquimaux dogs scratch and bite to zones where the tarantula nestles in the banana plants. An American can't keep down his bump of national pride when he learns that a very great number of Canada's wealthy and influential lumbermen hail from the land of the Stars and Stripes.

It is easy to see what vast manufacturing interests Canada can support with these great resources. The Dominion of Canada, which possesses these riches, did not have any independent existence until 1867. At that date the British provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Ontario and Quebec formed the confederation, resigning all their powers to a central parliament. Prince Edward Island, Manitoba and British Columbia afterward became members. There are also several territories with romantic but unpronounceable names. The present population of the Dominion is about 5,000,000 souls. Her colleges rank well. Canadians are not prouder of anything that they possess than they are of the Canadian Pacific railroad, which is a single line, under one direction, running from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Americans like to think they can equal anything in the world, but here our Canadian friends are ahead of us. We have no continuous railroad from ocean to ocean. One can take a sleeper at Montreal and alight from the same car where the tide rolls in from China. In another letter I will tell something of Canada's statesmen and her politics. PAUL WILCOX.

Results of a Druggist's Mistake.

As corn will soon be large enough for the coons to bother it, and as you frequently give information gratis, I write this for the benefit of my brother farmers. Last year I went to a drug store to buy strychnine for use to kill coons in the field, but the druggist made a mistake and put up morphine, all of which I did not know until I got ready to use; so I used it, and the next morning the field was full of coons, all fast asleep.—Arkansas Cor. Globe-Democrat.

A Good Percentage Lived Through.

"Are you afraid of scarlet fever among your children, Mrs. W.?"

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. W., "not very. It ran through my sister's family of six children and she only lost two."—New York.

BEE LINE

Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis Railway.

GREAT CENTRAL TRUNK ROUTE,

Between the

EAST AND WEST

Through cars, with connections in Union Depots. Only direct line via Cleveland, Buffalo and Niagara Falls to New York and New England.

Direct connections for all Southern, Southwestern and western points, either by way of Cincinnati, Indianapolis or St. Louis. Fast Time, New Equipment, and running through the most popular part of the country; possessing every appliance for speed and comfort known to be service able. The Best Road-Bed and the Safest Roads in the West. Tickets by this popular route for sale at all regular ticket offices.

A. J. SMITH, General Passenger Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.

C. C. C. & I. RAILWAY.

Trains Leave Going East.

Night Express	*1:30 a m
N. Y. & Boston Express	*9:08 a m
Cincin'ti & N. Y. Fast Line	*9:50 p m
Cleveland Fast Line	3:00 p m

Trains Leave Going South.

*Midnight Express	*12:05 a m
Springfield and Cincinnati Accom.	5:40 a m
Springfield & Cincinnati Exp. Ex.	*8:00 a m
Cincinnati and Indianapolis Ex.	10:00 a m
Cincinnati Fast Line	1:50 p m
Southern Express	4:50 p m

Trains Arrive From East.

Midnight Express	*1:20 a m
Dayton and Spg. Accom.	8:00 a m
N. Y. & Boston Express	*[illegible] a m
Cleveland Fast Line	3:30 p m
Springfield Accom.	[illegible] p m
Cin. & N. Y. Fast Line	*[illegible] p m

Trains Arrive From West.

Night Express	*1:15 a m
Del., Sp'g. and Cin. Ex.	8:00 a m
Cincinnati Fast Line	1:20 p m
*Southern Express	4:50 p m

*These trains are the only ones running on Sunday.

Train leaving at 9:50 a. m. has through sleeping car to Boston and New York without change.

The train leaving at 3:30 has sleeper to Syracuse, connecting with parlor car to New York.

Train leaving Springfield at 9:50 p m has sleeper to New York without change.

All trains run by Central Standard Time which is 38 minutes slower than Springfield time.

GEO. H. ENSIGN, Ticket Agent Arcade Depot.

I., B. & W. ROUTE.

—THE—

GREAT THROUGH ROUTE

BETWEEN THE

EAST WEST, NORTH AND SOU

RUNNING

3 THROUGH PASSENGER TRAINS 3

DAILY EACH WAY,

With Elegant New Style

WOOD & UFF SLEEPERS

And Combination Sleepers and Reclining Chair Cars on Night Trains and Elegant Modern Day Coaches on Day Trains. Steel Rails, Miller Platforms and Couplers, Air Brakes and Modern Improvements. Shortest and most desirable route between the East and West. Through Tickets and Baggage Checks to Principal Points.

THE I. B. & W.

Is the Most Desirable Route to the

GREAT WEST

Being the Only Route running Coaches Through to

Kansas City Without Change.

The arrangement of the cars being such that Passengers by this Route virtually secure Trough Coaches to

ST. JOSEPH, ATCHISON, COUNCIL BLUFFS, ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS

WITHOUT CHANGE.

PASSENGERS taking seats in the Kansas City Coach after leaving Peoria can, without leaving the train, move into coaches going to any of the above points.

Particular advantages offered to Western Emigrants. Land and Tourist Tickets to all points reached by any line at low rates.

Direct connections are made at Columbus in union depot with trains on the Pan Handle and Baltimore & Ohio Roads for New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and all Eastern cities.

The N. Y. P. & O. is the only line running Pullman sleepers and through coaches between Springfield and New York, thus enabling all classes of travel to reach the seaboard without change of cars.

I. B. & W. Passenger Trains leave and arrive at Springfield as follows:

Going West—2:15 a m; 11:25 a m; 5:00 p m.
Arrive from West—2:05 a m; 9:45 a m; 9:30 p m.
Going East—2:20 a m; 9:05 a m; 5:55 p m; 9:40 p m.
Arrive from East—1:55 a m; 4:50 p m; 11:15 a m; 7:35 a m.
Going North—2:45 a m; 10:05 a m; 5:08 p m.
Arrive from North—1:15 a m; 9:45 a m; 4:40 p m.

N. Y. P. & O. TRAINS LEAVE:

Going West—1:11 a m; 10:35 a m; 5:45 p m.
Going East—2:25 a m; 10:25 a m; 9:25 p m.

OHIO SOUTHERN TRAINS LEAVE:

Going South—10:30 a m; 5:25 p m.
Arrive from South—9:40 a m; 4:30 p m.

C. E. HENDERSON, Gen. Manager. H. N. BROSSON, Gen. Tkt Agent.
D. H. ROCHE, Gen Agent. WM. HEFFERMAN, Ticket Agent.

Ohio Southern Division.

Trains Arrive from Jackson and Washington C. H.	Springf'ld Time.	R. R. Time.
No. 1 (except Sunday)	5:15 p. m.	:30 p. m
No. 3 (except Sunday)	10:10 a. m.	:50 a. m

Trains Depart for Jackson and Washington C. H.	Springf'ld Time.	R. R. Time.
No. 2 (except Sunday)	11:40 a. m.	6:20 a. m
No. 4 (except Sunday)	7:10 p. m.	7:30 p. m

N. Y. P. & O. RAILWAY.

Trains Arrive From the East.

	R. R. Time.
No. 3, St. Louis Ex., daily	1:41 a. m.
No. 1, Cin. Express daily	10:35 a. m.
*No. 5, St. L. Limited Express daily	3:47 p. m.

Trains Leave going East

	R. R. Time
No. 4, New York Limited daily	10:29 a. m
No. 2, accommodation	5:05 p. m
No. 8, New York