HE HAD A HOUSE TO RENT.

The Defective Sewer, Damaged Bath Room and Falling Ceilings Trifles Compared to the Price of Rent—Better to be a Tanant Than Owner.

N. Y. World.

I'm a tax payer. When I married, ten years ago, I not only secured a wife but a house and lot. It's on a quiet street in Brooklyn, and a very desirable place of residence for a small family. At any rate, that is what we thought when we decided to spend the summer out of town and rent our house. My wife and I remained at home last Sunday planning. Every detail of our trip was arranged before we retired for the night. On Monday morning I went to a stationer's and bought a "To Let" sign and tacked it on the house. The rest of the morning was spent in visiting the newspaper offices with the following advertisement:

To Let—A neat cottage, containing eight rooms, with all modern improvements; hot and cold water, bath, stationary tubs and range; fifteen minutes' walk from ferries; rent moderate. Inquire on the premises.

Then I went home and told my wife that if any one came to be sure and show them the dumb-waiter, which I had forgotten to mention in the advertisement, and to try and appear easy and not at all anxious to rent the house. I thought that might be the means of getting a better price. She said she would and I started to business. Just as I was about to get on a car at the corner I saw my wife beckoning to me. She stood on the front stoop. When I returned she asked if it wouldn't be well to try and fix that place in the sitting room where the water had leaked through the ceiling. I looked at my watch, and as it was getting late, made up my mind to stay at home and kind o' go over the house and tinker up a bit here and there. After I had rigged myself out in an old linen duster and my last year's straw hat my wife brought in a high stool and a small pan of flour. She said she thought a good way would be to dust the flour on the yellow-stained places on the ceiling with the whisp-broom. She used to use it to sprinkle snow on the parlor carpet when she wanted to sweep and it worked first rate. I climbed up on the stool and she steadied me. I took the pan in one hand and the brush in the other and gathered up about a quart of XX St. Louis on the whispy end. I'd made one rainbow sweep over my head, when the door-bell rang and my eldest boy darted around the house and tapped on the sitting-room window, exclaiming:

"Pa, I guess some one's at the door to hire the house."

I motioned for him to go into the backyard, and while my wife was busy getting the flour out of the bird-cage and off from the canary I went to the door. A fat, middle-aged woman was drumming impatiently on the steps. She raised her veil just above the end of her nose and inquired if the house was to let. I looked calmly at the sign and replied that we'd talked some about renting, and then asked her to come in.

"There isn't much room for a hatrack in this vestibule," she remarked, as I closed the door carefully on account of the loose plaster overhead, "My husband, Mr. Jones—Mr. Archibald E. Jones—does so like a roomy vestibule."

"Yes, this is a snug little house," said I, appearing not to hear her. She was pushing her way towards the sitting-room, but I knew my wife hadn't swept up that flour and so I called the womans's attention to the comfortable stairs and ventured to add that to a person a little inclined to be fleshy broad stairs should be considered. She turned about rather suddenly to say something when I rested my elbow on the baluster. I'd forgotten that the children had made it kind o' shaky by sliding on it. She noticed it and said, "I suppose you'll put that in order?"

"Oh, yes," I replied as my wife opened the door and led the way into the sitting-room. While she was showing what a pleasant southern exposure there was to the room and such a delightful view I dodged into the adjoining room and threw my slippes in the corner to hide a rat hole, and opened a closet door so as not to expose the missing knob."

"The grape-arbor makes it quite shady," said my wife.

"There's always malaria some way or other where you find them arbors," returned the woman in a mournful way. "Are the mosquitoes thick? I should think they would be—Oh, I haven't seen the kitchen yet!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones as she opened the door which I had partly closed by a back kick while I was talking.

"Something's the matter with the sewerage," said the would-be tenant with much confidence as my wife drew about six feet of telegraph wire out of the pipe with some effort.

"The children sometimes dr"—apologized my wife, but Mrs. A. E. Jones took the words out of her mouth and continued: "I know a good many children to drop off from nothing else but sewer gas, and I don't believe Mr. Jones would take the house on that account."

"My wife was going to say that my boy had dropped some bits of paper in the sink and that they had stuck in the waste pipe, but it was no use now. I opened the bath-room door with a slight wavering in my mind about going to the country at all. I didn't show the patent arrangement for turning off the hot water without effort, and I didn't take the trouble to hide the crack in the zinc basin.

"Mrs. Jones wants to know about the rent," said my wife.

"Well," said I "we ought to get $32 a month,"

"Thirty-two dollars!" almost screamed Mrs. Jones. "Why, we're only paying $18 now, and rents have come down since. Oh, no; we wouldn't care to go above $17 at the furthest, and anyway the house is too small."

I said "very well," and my wife gave a fine representation of an echo.

"Then we bowed Mrs. Archibald E. Jones out of the door. After she'd got around the corner I pulled the "To Let" sign down with the garden rake. The advertisement didn't appear in the paper but once. Sixty-four house hunters called the next day. I met each and every one at the door and informed them in turn that my wife had the yellow fever, and directed them to the residence of A. E. Jones, who," I said "knew the house pretty well. The canary bird died at noon on Friday. I've just figured up and find that $67.45 will set me where I was one short, unhappy week ago, If we don't have to buy a new carpet. The fishing tackle has been stowed away. We'll remain in Brooklyn this summer."

COFFEE DRINKING.

The National Beverage of Turkey—The Coffee-Houses.

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle* writes:—The Turks are a nation of coffee drinkers. They use coffee as the Italians use wine or the Germans beer. Of course alcoholic drinks are popular, but it is illegal to use them in public. Coffee-houses are as plentiful as saloons in a mining town, and in addition itinerant venders of the drink are omnipresent in the streets. These latter have each a sheet-iron stove, such as tinkers carry, an iron sauce-dish with a long wooden handle, a bottle of coffee, a paper of sugar, a can of water, a spoon, and a few small cups. When a cup of coffee is ordered from one of these fellows, he retires into the nearest doorway and rakes up the coals in his stove. Then out of the bottle is ladled the coffee, previously ground into an impalpable powder, a teaspoonful being taken for each cup to be made. An equal amount of sugar is added and the whole put in the sauce-pan and covered with water. Then the pan goes on to the coals and is allowed to boil up once. The result looks inviting and smells good, but you feel more friendly with it outside than when you have got it in. If it did not have so many grounds in it it would be good syrup but there is altogether too much sugar for it to be good coffee. Besides, the old fellow wet his thumb in his mouth and rubbed some fly specks or old grounds out of the inside of my cup, and somehow it gave me a suspicion that the utensil was not clean. I told him so, but he smelled of it and further so polished it with the palm of his hand that it shone like a reflector, so I knew I must have been mistaken, The coffee-houses are delightfully free from ceremony. I have seen nothing, except a German theater, that equaled them. They are generally combination concerns, the refreshment clerk being also a surgeon, a dentist, and a barber. The rooms are large, but low, and commonly very neatly whitewashed. The only furniture is a set of benches (divans in poetry) that run around the walls, and, in the center, a stool used as operating chair when the cook is called on to minister to a diseased body or mind. Against the wall hangs a hand mirror and a case of instruments and under the benches are a row of *marghili* for the use of smoking customers. The man who is to be shaved, bled, or have his tooth pulled, sits upright on the stool, with no support for his back or head, and gets what enjoyment out of it he can. The smokers and loungers on the benches take no notice of him—or of anything for that matter. Coffee drinking is a grave matter with a Mahommedan, and he takes his pleasure sadly. He will sit for hours without speaking a word, and, in general, it is easier to get a Missourian down off a fence than to wake a Turk on such occasions into animation. A dog-fight, perhaps, will fetch him quicker than anything else. But he is subject to such sudden and immediate relapses that the dogs are losing interest and will not fight without personal provocation.

CHIT-CHAT FOR LADIES.

Rev. Louisa S. Baker is pastor of the orthodox Congregational Church at Nantucket.

Mrs. Arthur Kennard will write the life ef Victoria Colonna for the "Eminent Women" series.

A young housekeper in Lowell, Mass., says she keeps her family of seven well on $25 a month.

A girl has been arrested while disguised as an old woman. The old woman disguised as a girl is still at large.

Mrs. J. N. Scott, the new postmistress at Phœnix, Mich., is the first white person born on Lake Superior.

Throughout most of the provinces in the Dominion of Canada widows and single women vote on questions of local government.

Mrs. F. Leypoldt and Miss Hewins edit, in connection with the *Literary News*, New York, a neat leaflet called *Literature for the Young*.

Madame de Stael said: "The more I know of men, the better I like dogs." The Madame evidently had a limited acquaint anance among journalists.

The McGrath sisters, clever, hard-working girls, are two more Southern women who do newspaper work. They are on the staff of the Baton Rouge *Truth*.

The Evansville (Ind.) Telephone Company have sent Mrs. R. B. Parvin and Miss Anna Higgins, who are first-class operators, to New Orleans to take positions there.

The Legislature of the Territory of New Mexico has just passed acts which go further than the laws of the Eastern States in protecting the property of married women.

Pretty waiter girls are already in considerable demand for the summer hotels in the Catskills. The season lasts from the middle of June to September and pay is $10 to $12 a month.

The salary and income of the Rev. Dr. Dix, who wants all women to have large families, amount to $20,000 a year. The reverend doctor is not easily fooled when it comes to family expenses.

John Bright is opposed to woman suffrage over in England. But Providence has properly punished him for being so ungallant by making his daughter an enthusiastic and open advocate of it.

In Iceland the nights are six months long, and when a young man hears his girl's father go down and whang the furnace at about half-past ten weeks, he begins to think that it is about time to go.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Some women in New York earn a comfortable living as purchasing agents, buing goods for ladies and families out of the city. They are paid for their services by their customers and merchants allow them a commission besides.

A woman writing to a Western paper speaks of the electro-plating of cutlery and tableware as a very suitable and profitable employment for her sex. She has worked at silver-plating herself and is greatly pleased with her experience.

Beggins never loses his gallantry. When he came home how-came-you-so, the other night, and Mrs. B. told him she was ashamed of him, Beggins replied: "Better my wife (hic) should be ashamed of me (hic) than I should be ashamed of my wife."

In Siam the women are agitating the question of their rights. They have gone so far as to petition the king that their husbands shall not pledge them for gambling debts. It is not considered probable that the king will grant such a preposterous request.

An English woman has had her feelings hurt by Americans who make sport of the dressing of British ladies. In revenge she writes a stinging letter to the London *World*. on the dowdiness of American married women. The worst of it is that there is more truth than fiction in her criticisms.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps says in the May *St. Nicholas*: There is reason for the extensive complaint made by men, that women do not work thoroughly. That it is not because they cannot, we know, for we know some of the most magnificent accurate work in the world has been done by women.

Numerous women have been elected on school and library committees in various parts of Massachusetts. So it should be. Mothers are more directly interested in the education of children than fathers and are more directly responsible. When intelligent women begin to be elected generally on school boards there will be less politics, bribery and whiskey in these bodies.

The Court Corrected.

Arkansas Traveler.

Old Nelse Patmore was elected Justice of the Peace. Hs could neither read nor write, but his friends assured him that such accomplishments were merely side issues. One day Jack Maine sued the commonwealth for false imprisonment. He employed excellent legal counsel and every one thought he would surely gain his case. When the cause came up for trial the Judge said:

"Young man, de 'dictment says dat yer wants damages fur false 'prisonment?"

"That is exactly what we want, Your Honor," said Maine's lawyer.

"Uh. huh."

"And we think, Your Honor, that we are entitled to $5,000 damages."

"Uh, huh," handing his papers.

"We claim that Mr. Maine's imprisonment was false."

"Uh huh."

"And we can prove it."

"Uh huh. Genermen, yer say dat de man's 'prisonment wuz false."

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Uh, huh. He went ter jail, didn' he?"

"Oh, yes."

"Uh, huh. Whist am de meanin' o' false? Suthin' what doan 'zist, ain' it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wall, dis man went to jail. Dat's a fack, ain't it?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Dat 'zisted, didn't it?"

"Oh, yes."

"Dat wan't false, den. De 'cision o' dis cou't am dis. De generman claimed ter hab been 'prisoned falsely. De proofs shows dat de State didn' perten' ter put him in jail, but did put him dar. De cou't hol's dat dar wan't nuthin' false 'bout dat. Now, ef de State had pertended ter put him in jail an' hadn' done it, dat woulder ben false 'prisonment. I'll jis, sen' de generman back ter jail, an' fling de lawyers in de cost."

Bismarck's Death.

Paris Gaulois.

The Westphalia *Mercury* republishes as a curious document the following announcement, which the father of the future Chancellor of the German Empire had inserted in the *Vossishhex Zeitung* of April 3, 1815, on the occasion of the birth of his son:

"I hereby inform my relatives and friends that my wife was yesterday happily delivered of a well-formed boy, and beg them to dispense with congratulating me on the subject of this birth.

FERDINAND DE BISMARCK.

Schoenhausen, April 2, 1815.

SIDNEY DILLON'S CAREER.

From Water Boy to Money King—Some of His Gigantic Enterprises An Estimate of His Wealth.

New York Journal.

"I wonder if Mr. Sidney Dillon, Gould's right bower, ever recalled the days when he was a 'water boy on the Mohawk and Hudson road,' said a prominent Wall street authority yesterday,

This was a startling statement to make regarding the possessor of $25,000,000 in railroad stocks and bonds and a few stray millions in government securities. It was none the less true,

Few of Mr. Dillon's friends are aware of the early struggles and the severe deprivations through which he passed to attain his present financial eminence. He now ranks with the money kings of the country. He is president of the gigantic Union Pacific and its connecting railroads, and a powerful director in the Pacific Mail and Steamship company, the St. Louis and Wabash, Missouri, Kansas, and Texas, Texas and Pacific, Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, Metropolitan and Manhattan elevated corporations, the Mercanticle trust company, and the Western Union Telegraph, in addition to being one of the executive committee of about a score of other financial organizations.

Mr. Dillon was born seventy one years ago in a little village in the northern part of this state. His parents, who belonged to the poorer class of Irish peasantry emigrated to this country many years previous to his birth. His father was a small farmer, who had more than enough to do "to make both ends meet," and out of his scanty earnings he found it no easy task to give his children the advantage of even a country-school education.

Recognizing the almost destitute condition of his parent's finances, young Dillon at the immature age of 7 determined that he would be a burden to his progenitors no longer; as he has since expressed it: "I wanted to strike out for myself."

Leaving the paternal roof he sought and obtained work on an eastern railroad then being built on the Mohawk and Hudson road between Albany and Schenectady (this road is now known as the New York Central).

His first duty was to carry water to the laborers building the road, and for his services received the munificent sum of $1 a week and his meals. Frugality being his chief inheritance, he managed to lay by the greater part of his earnings in order to carry out the compact made with himself that "one day I will start for myself and then I will become richer than any squire I know."

After a few years he had managed to accumulate sufficient funds to buy a horse and cart. Then he bethought himself of taking contracts to carry sand and water on a larger scale for the corporation which he had previously served as a day laborer. Having successfully carried out his contracts and finding himself the possessor of a few hundred dollars, he hired a number of horses and carts and undertook heavier tasks, all of which by indomitable energy, he completed to the satisfaction of his employers and to his own pecuniary benefit.

About forty years ago he determined to marry, and on a visit to Amherst, Mass., he met a young and brilliant lady, a member of one of the village's most respected families, and who was described by everyone at a most charming lady, of great culture, unexcelled strength of character, and wide benevolence."

To his wife Mr. Dillon owes the greater part of his success. She did not come to him with any large dowry, but brought him a fond wife's love and encouragement. Their relations throughout their wedded life were of the most beautiful character, and the heaviest loss which Mr. Dillon ever sustained was in December last when he buried her who had been his life's fondest and dearest companion and friend.

When quite a young man Mr. Dillon came to this city. He still devoted his time to carrying out railroad contracts. It can be safely said that few men in the country have undertaken larger contracts. It was he who built the Fourth avenue improvement tunnel from the Grand Central depot to Harlem. This enterprise was completed at a cost of $7,000,000.

When the Union Pacific railroad was contemplated, some twenty years ago, he gave the greater part of his time to the personal superintendence of the work. He hurried on to Omaha and was continually traveling between that city and Ogden.

At the small village of Promontory, seventy-five miles west of Ogden, Mr. Dillon, in 1869, assissted in laying the last rail of the road. From its incipiency down to the present day he has been prominently connected with the company, and he is now its president. When Horace F. Clark died, Mr. Dillon was unanimously elected the executive chief of the road which he was instrumental in building.

In appearance Mr. Dillon is a finely-built man, standing 6 feet 3 inches in height and weighing about 220 pounds. His hair and side-whiskers are snow-white, his complexion is ruddy, and, although a man of over three score years and ten, he is still energetic nad cheerful.

Every day when in town he is at his office in the Western Union building. His family consists of two married daughters and a number of grandchildren. His nephew is the well-known jurist, ex-Judge Dillon. Mr. Sydney Dillon has the reputation of being of a truly sympathetic temperament. He gives largely of his means for all deserving charities, and he counts among his friends some of the most illustrious men and women in America. He is a self-taught and also a self-made man.

It would be almost impossible to briefly enumerate his possessions, but beside valuable real estate he has registered in his name 45,000 shares of Union Pacific, 15,000 shares of Western Union, 1,500 shares of Missouri Pacific, 1,000 shares of Missouri, Kansas and Texas, 1,200 shares of Pacific Mail, 800 shares each of Wabash common and preferred and Texas Pacific, 10,000 shares of Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, and blocks of Manhattan, Metropolitan, and New York elevated railroad securities.

THE INTIMACIES OF TRAVEL.

How Acquaintances are Formed—American Tourists in Europe.

Now that London has stretched itself along the Riviera, Avignon has become a familiar resting-place, and the Hotel de l'Europe, which has changed but little is brought into difficult comparisons, says *The St. James Gazette*. There were some old trees in the court. yard which have lately suffered, like the trees in Kensington gardens, from the improvements of civilization. Under them, and half smothered in subtropical plants, there are pleasant seats, which invite the solitary Englishman abroad to converse with his casual neighbor. But it will rain even in the sunny south, and very desperately, too. Then you are forced to continue your talk in the only available place, the very diminutive salon into which the landlady's room has been converted. At such close quarters intimacy is inevitable. There a gossiping old colonel has been known to pour out his family troubles to a young lady, and to confide in her so far as to tell his wife's opinion on the difficulty of keeping muslin curtains clean in London. Next to them an American was making friends with a well-rounded English matron, who had become intimate enough to show him a photograph of herself done several years ago. "I guess, marm," said the Yankee. "You were considerably less fleshy when that was done." She took no offense where none was meant, and only spoke of him as such an honest, outspoken, clever man. To some women every man is clever.

An inn among the high Alps is an excellent place for the intimacies of travel to spring forth and blossom. People who are snowed up for a week together are forced into friendliness by the common misadventure; but such intimacies are apt to be due to partisanship.

Alliances are formed for self-preservation. There is a girl who will practice on the piano for two hours a day in the only sitting-room, and a curate who seizes upon the chance of sowing the good seed when the soil has no power of slipping away from him. To put down these persons one will readily become intimate with anybody who is of one's own opinion and seems likely to be braver than one's self. But the first fine day dissolves such intimacies along with the snow.

The intimacies of the railway carriages are more accidental than all, and perhaps for that reason all the closer while they last. A young Englishmen once found himself alone in the carriage with an American gentleman of about 60. They were at Paris starting for Cannes and Nice. In those days there was no such rush for the south as now goes on all through the winter months, and it took eighteen hours to go to Marseilles. The American had arrived at Liverpool two days before and was doing Europe for the first time. In an hour there was hardly a detail of his life which he had not confided to his fellow-passenger. Though he was a self-made man he was not one of those who had "relived the Almighty of a grave responsibility." It was impossible not to like the quaint mixture of kindness, simplicity and cuteness. He had begun by sweeping out an architect's office, and had come at last to build for himself one of the finest houses in Boston. He produced photographs of it. The marble was the best and most expensive that money could buy, and the whole thing cost so many dollars. "My wife," he said," is reckoned to be the finest woman that New England has yet raised. I have two daughters; the eldest is modest and retiring, but the younger tall and queenly, and weighs 148 pounds. I suppose there will be fifty people at the depot to meet me at Nice, and you'll come over from Cannes I'll introduce you to twenty-two of the lovelist girls you ever saw in your life."

WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

Queer Church Trial---Pretty School Teacher Grossly Insulted.

Peoria (Ill.) Special.

The trial in the Presbyterian church at Dunlap, this county, about twelve miles from this city, in which James H. Rodgers, a prominent business man, is the accused, is progressing. It was commenced two weeks ago, and there is still every prospect that it will continue through two more weeks. It is strictly private, and secrecy is enjoined on all who participate in the proceedings. The ball was started a few days before the commencement of the trial by Miss Frances M. Cadwell, a young lady from this city, who has been teaching the winter term at Dunlap. She had been boarding at the Rogers homestead, and suddenly one morning left the house while Mrs. Rodgers and her children were visiting in the east, and told that she left because she had been grossly insulted by Rodgers the night before. This story brought many others to the surface of a similar nature, and it was made to appear as though Rodgers had insulted nearly every woman in that portion of the country.

Rev. Dr. Cook, pastor of the Presbyterian church, of which Rodgers was formerly a deacon, called the deacons together, and the church trial was commenced.

THE ATTORNEY PUT OUT.

Rodgers felt as if the counsel of an attorney was needed in this trial, for it was his intention not to let the matter rest at this investigation, and he accordingly employed the firm of Starr & Son to represent him. The junior member, Judson S. Starr, proceeded to the scene the second day of the trial, and boldly stalked into the church. He was immediately discovered, and before proceedings were commenced he was given notice to get out, and, there being no alternative but to be thrown out, he went not delaying a moment to parley.

Rodgers has therefore conducted the case in his own interest. All witnesses were excluded. The only outsider permitted in the church was Rodgers' wife, who while away heard of the scandal which was coming to the surface, and came home. On the second day of the investigation, and while Miss Caldwell was giving her testimony relating the scene or the circumstances immediately connected with the insult which was offered her, Mrs. Rodgers arose from her seat and, running to Miss Caldwell, fell upon her,

SMITING HER HIP AND THIGH.

It was with great difficulty that the fighting women were separated, but when this was accomplished it was seen that the schoolteacher's clothing was badly torn. It is said that Mrs. Rodgers made two more assaults on the witness in the same manner, and it became necessary to put the wife of the accused from the room.

There have been filed against Rodgers five different charges, but the names of but two of the complainants could be learned. They are Miss Caidwell and Mrs. John Carr, the wife of a wealthy farmer residing in the vicinity. Rodgers has heretofore enjoyed a good reputation, and has occupied a prominent position in county politics. He was a few years since a candidate for the nomination of sheriff on the Republican ticket, but was defeated in the convention by Samuel L. Gill. He claims the stories are untrue in every particular, and feels that his character has been greatly injured by these persons and accordingly has commenced suits to recover damages. Frances M. Caldwell, James T. White,—who is conducting the case for the prosecution—and Samuel White are the defendants. The total amount asked is $17,000. Miss Caldwell, it is intimated, will commence a suit against Rodgers and his wife for the assault upon her, claiming the damages in the sum of $2,000.

Italian Importation.

Dotroit Free Press.

"This feller is an I-tal-yun, I guess," said Bijah as he brought out his second, "and his hand organ is in the captain's room."

"Me Italione—me Italione!" protested the prisoner as he looked up.

"All right, sir. An Italian has jnst as many rights and privileges in this country as any other man. Can you rattle off the English language?"

"No Inglais—no Inglais!"

"Oh, you can't? a man who can get drunk in the English language ought to be able to to make himself understood in the same. You were drunk and rolling around on the sidewalk.,'

"Ha!"

"That's good as far as it goes. See if you can't remember some more. Do you plead guilty?"

"Ha!"

"That's enough of that Is there anybody in the room who can talk Italian?"

A little man with a wart on his chin and his coat ripped up the back at once arose from the audience and moved forward.

"Tell the prisoner" said his Honor, "that he is charged with drunkeness."

The man seized the Italian by the shoulder whirled him half around and cried out in a voice full of buzz-saws:

"Ye dirthy spalpeen, but his blessed Honor wants ye to know that ye was drunk as a tinker!"

A great roar went up from the audience over these Italian remarks and the court ordered the interpreter to resume his seat.

"Av coorse I will yer Honor; but if you want any more of it, I'm the chap as can make him understand ivery blessed word of it!"

"Do you think the man understands the language?" asked his Honor of Bijah.

"No sir, I don't. Even when he offered me a dollar this morning to let him go it was in the I-tal-yun language."

"Well, we can't bother with him Bring out his hand organ and let him skip."

He was a very grateful man. As soon as the corridor door was opened for him to pass out he turned to Bjiah and said:

"You old bald-head, if ever I catch you out in the suburbs I'll hammer you blind."

"Hold on—catch him—stop him!" shouted the janitor. but "me Italione" sailed around the corner and got safely away.

A Duck of a Chicken.

We have always heard it said that a chicken could not swim but in this instance the theory was exploded. One day last week a hawk darted down in Mr. Harris' yard, seized a month old chicken, and flew off across the river. Marshall Pittman saw the hawk catch the chicken and shot at him. No sooner than he shot the chichen was dropped in the river. Seeing it fall Mr. Pittman ran to the river, and strange to say, about 25 or 30 feet from the bank saw the little fowl swimming with all its might. He being amazed at the sight, called several other gentlemen and waited to see what the result would be. In a few minutes however, it reached the bank and looked at the admiring lookers-on as if to salute them and receive their congratulations. It was carried to the house and dried and now it is the pertest chicken in the yard. That this chicken swam out of the river is not here say, but is an actual fact.—Franklin, Ga. *News.*

SMUGGLING LIQUOR INTO MAINE.

How Contraband Goods are Taken Into the State of Neal Dow.

A Maine correspondent of the Boston *Herald* writes:

About the hardest subject, however, the government ever had to deal with in this eastern section was an Indian smuggler of the Passamaguody tribe. Lewey was his name, and he was the son of a former chief of the tribe. He was an uncommonly powerful man. brave as a lion, and cunning as a fox. He had never been caught in smuggling, and had over and over again taken a big oath that a white man should never catch him, as he would shoot him. A year or so ago, while Lewey was crossing Lewey's lake, as it is called, an officer laid in wait for him near Princeton, where be was to land. As Lewey approached the shore, the officer emerged from his place of concealment, and, pointing a revolver, at the Indian, commanded him to surrender. But Lewey was too quick for the officer. Instantly dropping his paddle, he seized a shot-gun he had by his side and covered the officer so triumphantly that he was forced to retreat, and thus Lewey escaped. Shortly after this another officer put in an appearance at Princeton, a cool, resolute, self possessed, man, who had determined upon taking Lewey into custody. Word was sent to the Indian that a New York gentleman was stopping at the hotel who proposed enjoying himself for a few days in fishing, and would like to employ Lewey as a guide. The bait took, and Lewey, desirous of making a few dollars, and not suspecting any wrong to himself, immediately went to the hotel, where he was shown the officer's room, and, when he stepped inside, the officer with the aid of a five shooter, and before the Indian could realize his situation, had Lewey's muscular wrists ornamented with a heavy pair of bracelets, and he was a prisoner.

That evening the officer while outside the hotel, saw the window of the room where Lewey was confined raised, and the next moment Lewey had his head out and was calculating the distance to the ground with a view of jumping out. But the peril of jumping from a two-story window with a pair of handcuffs on was a risk too great for even so desperate a man as Lewey, and he gave it up and closed the window. The officer, still on the watch, next saw the kerosine light in Lewey's room grow dim and then suddenly flash and brighten; then it would become almost invisible again, and then it would flash and shine again. The proceeding was something the officer could not understand, and so he started for his room, where the mystery was explained.

It appears that Lewey had been heating handcuffs in the blaze of the kerosene light, and then trying to wrench and twist them asunder. It was a martyrdom for liberty that but few would have attempted, for Lewey's wrists were badly burned and lacerated by his efforts to part his manacles. On account of his great muscular strength it is highly probale that he would have parted the irons had not the officer gone to his room. Lewey was terribly wroth at being discovered, but he made the best of it, and, without giving the officer any further trouble he was taken to Portland, where, after an examination, he was fined and imprisoned. Since his realease he has never, so far as is known, attempted to smuggle. He had been cowed so completely that he was terrified. From Campobello liquors are smuggled into Eastport, Lubec, and along the shore as far as Portland, Small coasting vessels and boats are employed by smugglers. Rags, wool, cooper, and brass are smuggled in considerable quantities on the coast. Thousands of dollars' worth of these articles are smuggled yearly. They are first shipped to Grand Menan and Campobello, where they remain stored for months. They are then quietly reshipped in vessels to Boston or some other port. A large number of the fishermen engaged in the herring fishery are given to smuggling. They conceal their packages of liquor in their cargoes of fish, and then run into either Machias, Jonesport, Millpridge, or Sullivan and get rid of them. The field of smuggling operations includes Bar's Harbor, and Seal Cove at Mount Desert island. Sometimes coast smugglers will run into Castine, Vinalhaven, and Rockland, and perhaps go up the Penobscot river, while ocsionally they sail direct to Portland. Smuggling into Portland, however, is mostly done by passengers on the St, John steamers or running from Liverpool in the winter time. Occasionally the customs officer catch opium smugglers. Extensively as smuggling is known to be carried on in Maine, from the best information that can be obtained, it is not known that any party engaged in the business has acquired wealth out of it. In times past money has been made, but now the risks are are so great that it hardly pays.

VAN BUREN IN THE CHAIR.

His Partiality as a Presiding Officer—A Tilt Between Calhoun and Benton.

Mr. Van Buren was very partial when presiding over the senate, says Ben. Perley Poore in the Boston *Budget*. One day Mr. Calhoun made an interesting speech on executive patronage, and spoke with great animation, earnestness and effect. In the course of his remarks he quoted Beuton in 1825 and Benton in 1835, and showed the inconsistency of that individual in opposing a report, the basis of which was almost precisely similar to his own. After Mr. Calhoun had spoken, Benton rose, and with his accustomed vehemence of gasconade endeavored to repel the irresistible and convincing arguments and assertions of the senator from South Carolina. It was a mere repetition of his rodomontade upon the same subject, assailing the motives of Mr. Calhoun, and accusing him of preparing his report for party effect. Mr. Calhoun made a rejoinder which was withering in its force upon his antagonist for scorching sarcasm, annihilating rebuke, and unanswerable logic it was unsurpassed. Benton replied, and roared like a chafed bull: "Sir," said he, "the gentleman has attempted to identify me with our corrupt sycophants and time-servers bending at the footstool of power; sir, the gentleman in giving utterance to such an insinuation has made an attack upon me and upon truth,"

"I call the senator to order," said Mr. Poindexter.

"The gentleman from Missouri will take his seat, and the gentleman from Mississippi will write down the obnoxious words," said the vice president.

Mr. Poindexter accordingly wrote down the words as they had been uttered, and then handed them to the vice paesident. Van Buren, after mystifying his hearers for some time and expressing his conviction that the motives of his friend from Missouri were not wrong and that we ought to look rather at motives than effects, concluded by pronouncing it as his decision that the words of Mr Benton were in order. Mr. Webster rose to question the propriety of the decision, and was proceeding in his remrrks, when the vice president, in a pet told him to take his seat.

Mr. Webster expressed his astonishment at the direction of the chair. It was the first time that a senator, on risng to make a motion, had been denied the privilege. He felt compelled to appeal from the decision of the chair to the question of order. The questiou was further debated by Messrs. Leigh, Frelinghuysen, and Goldsborrough. all of whom considered the language of Mr. Benton as an outrage upon parliamentary decncy. After an interesting discussion the decision of the chair was repealed, and the words of Mr. Benton were pronounced by a majority of the senate as out of order.

At the request of Mr. Calhoun, the senator from Missouri was permitted to go on. "There is nothing which he can say at which I can take offense," said Mr. Calhoun. Benton accordingly again took the floor, and went forward, to use his favorite image, with the precipitancy of a steam engine. Some of his friends, among whom were Linn and Culbert laid their hands upon his shoulders and tried to pacify him, but he shook them off, and, beating his breast with a melodramatic air, exclaimed: "I am the keeper of my own honor. Stand off, and let me alone." Turning to Calhoun, he renewed his belligerant tone and air, at one time appealing to the sympathies of his friends, and then defying the worst of his enemies. He thought it too late in the day of Mr. Calhoun to take offense at what he said, and he appeared to congratulate himself upon having been recognized under the endurance of the senate, as a gentleman, since Mr. Barton had quitted that body. Then turning to Mr. Webster he undertook to use some bullying expressions, which Mr. Webster replied to only by contemptuous silence. Baffled in this quarter, Benton, like a bull in a china shop, turned upon Mr. Goldsborrough and demanded an explanalion of certain words that had fallen from that gentleman. Mr. Goldsborough reiterated his words, and Benton, like a nonplussed braggart, acknowledged himself satisfied.

After the Missourian had done raving, Mr. Cuthbert, of Georgia, rose, and, by way of afterpiece, spoke in his peculiar style of some length. He worked himself up into a most ungovernable fury, and called forth the repeated laughter of his audience by his contortions and extravagances.

GEN. SWAIM.

Personal Sketches of Swaim and Bateman,

Washington Special.

Gen. Swaim and A. E. Bateman, the banker, are two notable residents of Washington who have received considerable newspaper advertising during the past week by reason of charges and countercharges affecting each other's personal integrity. Gen. Swaim is the judge advocate general of the army. He is a short, thick set man, about 50 years old, whose rapid advancement from a subaltern in the regular army to a position with the rank and pay of a brigadier general is a striking illustration of the favoritism which often obtains in administrative circles. Swaim who hails from the interior of Ohio, was a lieutenant in the 63d Ohio regiment. Through the influence ef Gen. Garfield he was made a lieutenant in the regular army at the close of the war, and a few years later the same influence had him promoted to a judge advocateship with the rank of major. But the crowning act of injustice was in 1881, when Hayes made him judge advocate general, although he stood sixth in the line of promo tion. It was said at the time by officers of the army that Garfield's reward for procuring this act of favoritism was the canceling of a mortgage on his house, corner of Thirteenth and I streets, held by Swaim. How much truth there was in this assertion will probably never be known, but Swaim has long had the reputation of being a thrifty fellow whose bank account was constantly growing, and there is no doubt that Garfield owed him money. He and Cols. Corbin and Rockwell were the principal members of the "chum" or "kitchen" cabinet, which came in for a considerable share of ridicule by the newspapers throughout the country during the Garfield regime.

Mr. Bateman is 35 years of age, and until a few years ago was a lieutenant in the revenue marine service. His marriage with a lady of some fortune led to his resignation from the service. He opened a banking and stock-broker's establishment here about the time of the Garfield assasination, and after the death of the president one of his partners was J. Stanley Brown, who had been Garfield's private secretary. Brown, however, soon retired from the busines, which Bateman has since managed alone. Bateman is a bold and shrewd operator, and his speculations are said to be uniformly successful. His manner is quick and nervous. He would impress one as being a very level-headed and sensible young man.

Death of a Famous Duelist.

Dr. Robert Wright, whose death was announced yesterday, came of a family that had a marked propensity for dueling, and many anecdotes are told concerning those of his relatives who became involved in affairs of honor, Robert Wright, who was governor of this state in 1806, fought a duel with Gen. Lloyd, the former being shot in the wrist, which ended the matter. Robert, son of the governor, fought with Alexander Stuart, and was shot in the shoulder. Gustavus fought with Benjamin Nicholson. They both expected to be killed, and it is marvelous how they escaped death when each had two shots, and were only stationed six to eight feet apart. At the first shot Nicholson was shot in the hand, and at the second in the side. The wound being considered mortal ended the matter. Nicholson, as brave a man as ever lived, recovered, and was aide to Gen, R. Pike, and with Pike and his whole command was blown up and killed at Little York, now called Toronto, Canada, in the war of 1812. Mr. Wright also had a duel with Capt. Watson, whom he killed. Clinton had a duel with Lieut. Jarman; they had two shots. At the second shot Wright was wounded in the arm. He afterward fought a duel with Maj. Hook. Wright was shot down at the first shot, and, being unable to stand, proposed to Hook to lie side by side and take another shot. To this both Hook and his second objected, and very properly, but said if they could make Mr. Wright stand they would give him another exchange of shots. Wright put his hand in his pocket, and, drawing out an old bandana handkerchief,, gave it to his second, telling him to pass it under his arms and draw up to the limb of a small tree close up. This being done they had another exchange of shots, when Hook received what was supposed to be a mortal wound, but both he and Wright recovered. Henry R. Pratt (who married one of the Wrights) had a duel with William Elbert. He shot a bunch of keys out of Elbert's pantaloons pocket and both being thereby satisfied, kissed and made up. They afterwards became and continued fast friends. Another one of the family was on the eve of a duel with Cadet Lindsey, of Philadelphia, but a timely apology from Lindsey put a stop to it.—*Centreville (Md.) Record.*

The Turf in America.

N. Y. World.

A few years ago we had very thoroughbred race-horses in this country. To-day, as the sporting colums of the *World* show, we are pressing closely on the heels of England in the value of our studs and the interesting character of the events of our Turf season. Our sales of yearlings are becoming more and more attractive and remunerative every year, and the amount of capital invested in the breeding and racing of thoroughbreds would astonish persons not familiar with the facts.

Unless horse-racing should receive an unwise check in this country we shall soon have as many wealthy patrons of Turf as are to be found in England, and horses that will outrival the victories our American racers have already achieved in Europe. When such citizens as August Belmont, Gen. Hooker of Tennessee,, William R; Travers, Commodore Kittson of Minnesota, R. W. Cameron, the Lorillards R. A. Alexander of Kentucky and other large owners enter into business with energy and zeal, and when we import such horses as Leamington, the sire of Parole and Iroquois, it is certain that we shall not long remain in the rear of England in Turf matters.

All that is necessary is to keep the stables honorable and clear of tricks and the jockeys honest. Good rules and capable judges will effect this. In England the government extends to the breeding of thoroughbreds and to racing events all the encouragement in its power, and the owners of racers embrace the highest people in the land. The "Derby Day" is a national event and a general holiday, and it is considered the duty of the court to aid the principal races of the season by its presence. The "Royal Stand" is an institution of the race-tracks. We ought to exercise a similar liberality here. The idea of any narrow-minded, bigoted crusade being made against horse-racing is absurd. We might as well make war upon yachting. The Turf is getting to be an American institution, and it is one which ought to be encouraged as it is in European countries.

His Spirits Dampened.

Traveller's Magazine.

The train halted for a few minutes at the station and a young man who had been entertaining two fair maidens with his cultivated conversation during the last run rushed out and disappeared behind the door of an adjacent saloon. He swung himself on the car just as the train started and pantingly resumed his seat and the abruptly interrupted chit-chat.

"Gracious!" exclaimed one of the girls, "How frightened you look!"

"Do I?" he gasped. "I don't feel so. I only went out to see a friend."

"You must have met a wicked ghost," she said.

With a puzzled look he murmured: "Why that's absurd. You know I don't believe in the supernatural."

"Perhaps not," she retorted with the faintest suggestion of a sneer, "but your breath is awfully suggestive of bad sptrits."

The youth muttered something about malaria, and concealed his pungent exhalations behind a paper.

WASTED SYMPATHY.

Mourned As Dead Four Years—Flowers On His Grave.

Cleveland, Ohio, Special.

A strange case came to light here. Four years ago an Englishman named Hembridge about thirty-five years old, who boarded with James A. Atkinson, in St. Clair St., mysteriously disappeared, leaving behind him a trunk containing about $50 worth of clothing and other articles. He was last seen about dark near the river in the evening on which he left his boarding house. Three or four days afterward a swollen and disfigured body was fished out of the Cuyahoga and taken to the morgue. Friends and companions of Hembridge visited the morgue and identified the body as that of the missing man.

Hembridge was a good singer, boon companion and a hail-fellow-well-met generally, and his untimely end was sincerely mourned over by his friends. They flocked to the morgue, wept and lamented over the dead and gave him a decent burial. The body was interred in Woodland Cemetery and so deeply did the family by whom Hembridge had been employed, Bingham by name, regret him that it had been their custom to visit the cemetery regularly and lay flowers on the grave.

A day or two ago while Landlord Atkinson of the Sherman House, in Water-st., was seated in the office Hembridge walked in. He explained that when he left his boarding house four years ago, he got a little intoxicased, fell in with some friends and went to New Orleans, where he has since been employed.

Dog Trains in Idaho.

Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

During the day of my arrival I saw a few men sweating under the labor of pulling two sacks of flour on a toboggan and several dog trains. These dog trains are amusing, if not admirable, as means of transporting freight. They are made up of Indian dogs, collies, mongrels, scrub yelpers, Newfoundlands, and mastiffs, with now and then a bull dog. The driver goes behind and urges them on with snowballs, now and then finding it necessary to go forward and make a lazy cur work up to his collar by giving him the bight of a packing-rope. Poor brute! Probably it is his only bite of any kind for many hours. I asked one dog-team man what he fed to his dogs and he said:

"Tallow and Indian meal."

"Are they trained?"

"No; we pick up all sorts of dogs and work them in very soon by putting a good dog on the lead."

"Do they never balk?"

"No; dogs is the ——— fools in the world, while they is the sagaciousnest of animals. Why, when them dogs near about pull their toe nails off comin' up a steep hill, they bark out their delight when I go up and pat them on the head and call them 'good dogs.' Horses nor no other animals won't be fed on such taffy. Why, these dogs will stand st to be cussad for miles and then be tickled to death at a pat on the head."

So he rattled on about the dogs. The merchants say the dog teams spoil goods like the mischief. They are all the time tipping over and rolling them around. The latest method of packing has been developed to-day. Two fellows came into camp with two sticks and a crosspiece, upon which were piled flour sacks and bacon, the ends of the sticks resting upon the shoulders of the carriers. The days of the toboggan are pretty much ended. There is snow enough, but it is not evenly enough distributed to be of any use. The toboggan has loomed up during this Cœur d'Alene excitement and hae found its way into literature to a remarkable extent. The men who have been most intimate with it will cuss the toboggan for the remainder of their lives.

The Army Poker Club.

A Washington Special to the Pittsburg *Commercial Gazette* says: The court of chancery inquiry ordered yesterday by President Arthur at the request of at the request of Secretary Lincoln, to investigate charges made against Gen. Swaim, has created a breathless interest among at least one class of men in Washington. The class most deeply and closely interested in the outcome of the affair is that which has long been known in Washington as the "Army Poker Club."

It is a somewhat mysterious but tangible organization, and it is safe to say that it has been at the bottom of every scandal which has broken out in this city for many months past in which an army officer has figured. Time and again these officers with nothing to do in Washington but kill time, have been in trouble over duplications and tripiications of their pay accounts. In each one of the cases it was charged, and with apparent truth, that each of these unfortunate officers became involved in debt through his connection with the fascinating "Army Poker Club."

Gambling is not licensed here, and all of the well-known houses have been closed by the law. These army gatherings take place in officers' rooms, and are of course never molested. Bateman & Co., who make the charge against Swaim now, are a firm of respected bankers, but it has always been an open secret that one of their main branches of business was in lending a helping hand at a good per cent. to struggling officers who had faleln into the wiles of the celebrated Poker club, It has also been in everybody's mouth and in several newspapers that Swaim acted as agent to steer these needy ones into Bateman's office. The secretary of war knew of these charges and hence was very willing to order an investigation into Swaim's conduct, and at the same time rap that gentleman over the knuckles for not calling for the investigation himself. Swaim was promoted to his present exalted position of judge advocate general of the army by President Hayes over the heads of more than twenty ranking officers, as one of the last acts of his official life. Swaim, however, has never been regarded even by his friends as a man of proper dignity or standing to occupy the important position which he does. If the court of inquiry is not made up of members of the Poker club itself, their history and proceedings will probably be gone into, in which case many startling and interesting developments are looked for.

For The Household.

Quotations and mottoes are used on every thing.

The latest screens have a frieze of netted cord with ravelled ends.

First class upholsterers make coverings of oil silk for the finest furniture.

Dark bamboo tables, with unpainted tops have brass rods now supporting the legs.

Sliding doors are in all new houses to obviate the necessity of unhinging them to hang portieres.

Panels are embroidered on fine turkish towelling with male figures dressed in the time of Louis XVI.

A small painting of a young lady's head on plush is framed in white kid, painted with metallic colors.

Ladies are buying cottage furniture before it is painted to cover with cretonne or decorate as they fancy.

The new embroidered glove boxes for the sixteen, button gloves are as long as the drawer they are kept in.

Butterflies and birds are now embroidered in Russian and cross stich on canton flannel for beds spreads and shams.

Novel menus are painted on brown glass, lined with satin, and bound with white silk cord, like Christmas cards.

A bunch of pond lilies on a large bow of light green China silk looks well on the upper left corner of a silvered picture frame.

Some screens are made with the lower half painted or embroidered, and the upper portion with plush curtains, hung with small rings on brass wires.

One of the prettiest hand-bags is made of seal, a dull shade of crushed strawberry, with a disk of Japanese metal and a tiny turtle fastened in opposite corners for ornament.

Compliments to Congress.

John Swinton's Paper.

It is perfectly true that congress is full of lawyers, corporation agents, party hacks, railroad directors, political sharpers, bankers, landlords, wire-pullers, capitalists, land jumpers, contractors, mine and mill owners, coupon-cutters and millionaires.