A FEVERISH FEELING.

Wheat Fluctuates Somewhat, and Finally Closes a Trifle Higher.

Widely Varying Opinions of Grain Speculators on Future Probabilities.

Evidences Multiplying That There is Much More Corn on Paper Than in the Bins.

Considerable Realizing in Long Oats—Provisions About Steady—Live Stock Receipts Light.

The Pennsylvania Road's Cut on Emigrant Rates Demoralizes the Stock Market to Some Extent.

CHICAGO.

[Special Telegram to the Globe.]

CHICAGO, Jan. 19.—The cold weather and the effect it has on the movement of stocks interferes considerably with business on 'change, and there is somewhat of a falling off in the volume of transactions. Wheat to-day was naturally inclined to be quiet, and during the early part of the session fell off sharply, but recovered quite as sharply later and closed at 80⅝c for February and 86¾c for May, a gain over Saturday's close of ⅛c. Corn was quite firm, and though it suffered a slight decline early, rallied again and closed ¼c higher than on Saturday, at 38½c for February and ½c higher for May at 42⅛c. The feeling in oats was stronger, and May closed ⅛c higher at 31⅝c. Provisions were rather quiet but fairly strong, pork closing 5c higher for May at $12.57½, lard 2½c lower at $7.12½ and ribs 2½c higher at $6.42½.

The local sentiment in wheat was bearish this morning, and, as there were few buying orders in the market, the opening was at a shade lower for prices than on Saturday, 86⅜c for May, and ruled steady for some time. Eastern and foreign markets were easier and receipts were very light on account of snow blockades. The offerings, however, exceeded the demand. The markets eased off slightly, and about noon there was a more pronounced drop, May getting down to 85½c. Trade was quite liberal at the decline, when general buying to cover shorts caused a rally of 1⅝c, which was maintained to the close of the morning session. The cold weather was used as an argument against the increase of receipts in the near future and the local demand at the close of the regular session was brisk, but mainly from shorts. In the afternoon this side had another scare in the way of war rumors, which, though without confirmation, had the desired effect, and, aided by reports of the taking of forty boat loads at New York for export, caused further buying, which forced prices still higher, May closing at 86¾c, 1¼c above the lowest point of the day and ¼c above Saturday's close. Ellis and Lester were large sellers in the decline. The feeling among brokers is nervous, and it looks as though the market might move sharply either way, as temporary factors might force it. The situation is too strong to invite bear manipulation, and yet there seems to be no large interest who have any object in sustaining the market.

"Are there any good arguments," asks Dillingham, "for a new advance in the price of wheat? Are there any great bulls? I do not know of any. Does anybody else? There are some great owners of wheat, but they are not long on the market and not interested in manœuvering an advance. They have their holding sold for May or for some other month. In other words, while there are big men holders of wheat, these big men are not big bulls. Billy Murray, who was cutting a figure on the bull side has certainly sold out, so has Billy Linn, so has Roche and Lindblom. Kent has not been on the long side at all. Jones is said to be long, but, as everybody knows, is not clever as a bull, and never made much money in that role in this market. Neither Jack Cudahy nor N. B. Ream nor Hutchinson nor any other operator, big in the proper sense of the word, is playing the part of a bull just now. Ira Holmes has wheat. New York is believed to be bullishly inclined. The country is loaded up. So much for the purely speculative situation. Now for the situation aside from the attitude of local grain traders. Wheat for May and for Chicago is going at 86c. If an exporter had faith in wheat as an investment he could buy cash at less than 81c, put it into the holds of vessels and have it out of here as soon as navigation opens, say May, at about 81c, yet there are only two or three vessels in this harbor loaded up in this way. In other words, while the speculators, the simon pure grain gamblers, have got May wheat up to 87c, the simon pure grain handlers, the exporters, have not got faith enough in wheat to pay 81c for May. They are afraid to take the property at 5c per bushel under the ruling price."

"The foreign shipment of wheat," said an old and esteemed exporter, "is becoming played out. Traders who don't look into the subject believe there is something anomalous in the falling off of American wheat exports. The truth is that these exports have fallen off for good. Grain will never be shipped to the United Kingdom as it used to be for the same reason that live cattle will never be shipped east as they used to be—a more economical way has been found for making both these food products. The American wheat is going to Europe in the shape of flour, and live cattle in the shape of dressed beef. The live cattle men are kicking against the inevitable and so are the old-time shippers of wheat, when they try to keep up their drooping industries. I for one have abandoned the idea."

"Why," continued the speaker, "not long ago I was in London and started from there over the circuit I once made through England, Scotland and Ireland to sell grain. Half the traders I used to sell to I found out of business. They told me that the little mills they once had as customers had closed up or reduced their capacity. The miller in France who was first to introduce the roller system in the manufacture of fine flour, and whose flour used to bring the highest price in all Europe, has been ruined, I found, by the American roller-made patent flour. The export of American wheat as a great business has been superseded. Perhaps the export of flour may increase so as to compensate for the loss."

The speaker talked dejectedly. The group in which this speaker sat was all in a bearish mood.

Said one: "The average crop of American wheat is now 500,000,000. Why, in 1875 Peter McGeoch, who was running a great corner, was bursted because the announcement was made that the crop would aggregate 375,000,000 bushels. The improved machinery has reduced the average price of American wheat 15 per cent., so that, while it used to be reasonable to say that $1 was cheap for wheat, it is only now reasonable to say that 85c, under ordinary circumstances, is a fair price. With the visible supply 47,-000,000 bushels, with this decreasing as slowly as it is, with the stocks at Chicago and all northwestern points so large as they are, I believe that a decline is inevitable."

"We must get the visible supply down at least 15,000,000 bushels," said Robert Lindblom, "during the next three months, or there is no telling what might happen next spring or summer. California reports a large surplus yet on hand. Low prices and high freights have kept it back."

"The local situation," continued this trader, "is rather bullish. That is to say, the majority are long and favorable to an advance. If it does not come pretty soon a decline may result. Large failures last week disturbed confidence again, and many prominent dealers reduced their risks. The most prominent bull argument now is reduced acreage and probable damage to crops. In fact, it is the only one comprehended by the mass. A heavy snow storm has prevail over the wheat belt, and for the present all danger is removed. Renewed apprehensions can hardly be expected before thirty days, and we may have to depended on foreign advices and export demand to move the market up and down. The market seems to advance easier than it breaks, and the chapter of accidents liable to lower makes bears timid."

The strength in corn continues, and rather increases, prices ranging from ¼ to ½c over Saturday's closings. Foreign markets reported a slight advance, which helped to firm up prices here, the market ruling stronger and higher, with active speculative demand. It was remarked that this grain had more friends to-day than any other grain on the floor. Shorts were free buyers, the Adams, who had been short a large line of May, covering about 2,000,000 bushels, but at a loss. Baxter was a heavy buyer of long corn, while Kammerer was a heavy seller on the top, his sales aggregating as much as the Adams purchasings, the closes indicating an advance on the latest prices of Saturday of ¼c on February at 38½c, and ½c on May at 42⅛c. Receipts were light, and the opinion is growing daily stronger that the official estimates of the last crop have been too large, and that we shall never see anything like the amount of corn on the market that has been harvested and stored away on paper. Information from the northwest is to the effect that supplies of corn are very light in western Iowa, Nebraska and Dakota. They could not bring more than half the estimate. There is very little corn in crib, and farmers are selling scarcely any. They are feeding it to their stock, and many are compelled to buy. Under influences like these many are disposed to buy and many to sell, the latter disbelieving all the reports about scarcity, and looking for larger receipts at a later period.

Oats were steady and firm, the market opening higher, but became easier under free offerings. There was considerable realizing in long oats, but the quantities sold were quickly taken by shorts, and the price did not fluctuate widely. The closings were: January nominal at 27½c, March 27⅝c, May 31⅜c. The situations in oats and corn, as regards a large official estimate and an actual small supply are precisely identical, and one will be very likely to follow the other.

Provisions were generally higher at the opening, the bullish feeling being strengthened by small receipts of hogs and predictions of continued cold weather, which will cause diminished receipts for the week. Mess pork opened 7½c higher at $12.60 for May, sold off 10c, closing a shade under the opening figures at $12.57½. Lard was quiet and steady at $6.90@6.97½, March closing at $6.95. Quotations for May are nominally unchanged, opening at $6.42½ and closing at the same figure, a trifle higher than Saturday's closing. Ribs were stronger at the close, though there was no material alteration in values, the offerings being light and buyers offish. March opened at $6.25, sold at $6.20@6.27½, and closed at $6.22½@6.25. May closed at $6.42½, the highest point of the day, 2½c above Saturday's closing.

At the stock yards the receipts of both cattle and hogs were comparatively light, trains were arriving regularly and fairly on time and a substantial increase is anticipated for the balance of the week. Cattle were generally quoted higher and there was an advance of 5@10c on all sorts of hogs, fancy and closely assorted heavy selling at $4.75@4.80, with packers at $4.40@4.65.

The visible supply of grain on Jan. 17 as compiled by the secretary of the Chicago board of trade, is as follows: Wheat, 47,681,000 bushels; corn, 4,849,000 bushels; oats, 2,022,000 bushels; rye, 374,000 bushels; barley, 1,635,000 bushels.

Grain in store at Chicago Jan. 17: Wheat, 14,368,000 bushels; corn, 1,498,000 bushels; oats, 485,000 bushels; rye, 110,000 bushels; barley, 115,000 bushels.

CHICAGO FINANCIAL.

[Special Telegram to the Globe.]

CHICAGO, Jan. 19.—There was little to engage attention in financial and trade circles to-day, business of all kinds being merely nominal in character and quantity. The railroad situation, the grain situation and the general business situation invite any amount of prognostication, but warrant only a medium amount of present action and hence there is a prevailing disposition to wait and see how things will turn out before embarking into any vigorous prosecution of commercial enterprises. The money market, therefore, may be called inactive and steady. New York exchange was quoted at par, with only a fair outside demand. Orders for currency shipments were only medium, while receipts were pretty good. Sterling exchange was $4.82½@4.86½. The bank clearings were $8,016,000 against $7,055,998 Saturday.

NEW YORK.

[Special Telegram to the Globe.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 19.—The stock market was fairly active throughout the day, but somewhat demoralized, the Coalers, Grangers and Vanderbilts leading in the decline. All securities opened at the closing figures of Saturday, but almost immediately broke ⅛ to 1⅛ per cent. Manitoba was off, declining to 81, and St. Paul dropped below 72. Northern Pacific preferred was active and steady, while the common stock declined to 15, closing at 15¾. Everybody seemed to be bearish and lower prices were predicted, and when the break came accepted as a matter of course, and it was well into the closing hour before the situation changed for the better. Then it was given out that Northwestern had $2,000,000 surplus for paying its dividends in 1884, while its earnings for the second week in January increased $63,800, and there was some heavy buying of this stock. Vanderbilt was the reported purchaser and helped the whole list. There was an unusually large trade in Delaware & Lackawanna, and the stock touched the lowest figures for the year. The causes of the feverish feeling in the stocks during the day are explained by the demoralization of trunk line railroad affairs and the prospects of a war of rates, precipitated by the action of the Pennsylvania. It is known that the cut of $1 on emigrant fares to Chicago by the Pennsylvania is only an entering wedge, and it is believed that the cut will extend to all classes of fares and to freight rates of all sorts. The Pennsylvania people say the other roads have had all the cutting to themselves long enough and now they will find the Pennsylvania can go as low as any one else. The fact is, it has been determined to put a stop to the West Shore and wipe it out. The Baltimore & Ohio, the Erie and the Vanderbilts will join in the fight, and it will be a veritable slugging match. The coal company had a meeting at noon to-day to consider the action of the Pennsylvania company in refusing to join the combination. The attitude of the Pennsylvania is menacing, and the company say they propose to produce and mine all the coal possible. This sent Lackawanna to the lowest point touched, 84½c, a drop of nearly 30 per cent. in a month. It is thought that the action of the Pennsylvania will unsettle prices for some time, but that it will be a good thing in the long run. There were no failures or rumors of any to come. War talk across the water did not cause much comment on Wall street. The closing was dull and steady without any special feature.

BRITISH GRAIN TRADE.

LONDON, Jan. 19.—The Mark Lane *Express* in its weekly review of the British corn trade, says: The changeable weather during the past week somewhat retarded farming operations. The demand for native wheat slackened materially, and values were maintained with difficulty. Sales of English wheat for the week were 82,891 quarters at 34s 2d, against 58,680 quarters at 38s 9d the corresponding week of last year. The flour market was steady throughout the week. Fine grades of barley continue to advance, but ordinary grades are unimproved. The market for foreign wheats is slow and dragging and disappointing to sellers. Foreign flour was somewhat steadier, owing to the idea of smaller output at great milling centers in lakeside districts of America will lesson the exports. Maize in restricted supply and spot values nominal. Malt and barleys and Canadian peas higher. In cargoes off cost there was one sale, leaving the market bare. Owing to the adverse winds the market for cargoes forward opened strong, but closed weaker in the absence of actual inquiry. Quotations nominal. To-day the wheat trade was at a standstill. Flour steady. American maize lower, and round corn dearer, owing to scarcity.

A PLEASING PICTURE.

Cleveland a Safe Man—Moves With Precision and Correctness—Politicians Confused.

(Mobile (Ala.) Register.)

The account written of his interview with President-elect Cleveland by Colonel McClure, the veteran editor and publisher of the Philadelphia *Times*, is the most reassuring to the friends of honest government of all the newspaper light that has been thrown on what, of course, is known as the Cleveland policy. Colonel McClure has had a large political experience, has been thrown into intimate relations with a majority of the leading men of the country, is by nature a close observer, a man of intelligence and education and therefore an accurate man to attempt an estimate of Cleveland's capabilities and purposes. From his conversation with the President-elect the impression he had previously had of his solidity of character and singleness of purpose became more emphatic and more agreeable, as well, in other particulars. He says he found him frank in the expression of his views, manly in his bearing and withal a man of uncommon keen perception, traits of character of as great value in our public men as they are novel. He found him endowed also with abundant caution, not the caution of a man whose intellect works sluggishly, but the caution of the man who moves slowly, only to move with greater precision and correctness.

Col. McClure's pen portrait of the President-elect places before our eyes a safe man to hold the reins of government. It is, as we have already said, a reassuring picture. There is none of that flash about his political individuality to which we have been forced to accustom ourselves and which is so common in our public men that we have nearly come to regard it as an essential. It is not a wonder, therefore, that the President-elect is sort of a public curiosity. The truth of it is, our politicians don't know what to make of him. They hesitate to prophecy about things they supposed they knew all about. they hasten on to Albany with the single purpose of giving him the benefit of their great political wisdom, but when they get there and find themselves in his presence somehow or other they change their plans and content themselves with simply offering their respects on the salver of their own astonishment. When they come away the most they can say about their visit is that the President-elect made a satisfactory impression on *them*, emitting very shrewdly all reference to the change his very presence wrought in their carefully laid plans.

All that the public has learned of him since his election bears out the impressions of Colonel McClure. He has been elected President of the United States by the people, and "By gad, sah!" as John T. Raymond as *Major Bob* would say, he means to be the President. It is not a wonder, therefore, that the country has accepted the verdict of the ballot-box so graciously. All feel that he will make an admirable executive and that the good of the country will transcend the good of individuals. Colonel McClure says: "He is a natural business executive. He loves business fidelity, he believes in business methods and he will faithfully fulfill his publicly repeated pledge to conduct the administration of the government on thorough business principles. He does not merely look to business administration as the limit of his duty in enforcing honest government. He carries his business statesmanship to the extent of business legislation to promote healthy and enduring business prosperity, and madcap theorists who would revolutionize and destroy will be resolutely halted by President Cleveland, as will the jobbers and profligates who have so deeply stained every department of national authority." Colonel McClure has given us a very accurate and truthful picture of the man whose election to the Presidency will some day be quoted as one of America's lucky strokes of fortune.

Among the New York Shoppers.

[Clara Belle in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

In such crowds a pretty woman is an impossibility. Fagged out, angry, pale and utterly careless of the impression they are making, my sisters seem to unsex themselves. They do not turn into men, for men are responsible creatures, and there would be instant bloodshed if men behaved towards one another as women do whenever they are by themselves in great numbers. When a little ladylike-looking woman stepped on my dress and ripped it at the waist, instead of apologizing, she said: "Hold up your skirts, then, if you don't wish them torn." When I sorted out from among a lot of damaged china cups one that seemed not to be injured in any way, a woman such as I think most men would vow was an angel of sweetness and light grabbed it out of my hand, saying to her companion: "Oh, that's a perfect one; lucky I saw it. Another moment and that woman would have had it away from me." I saw a man pushed, elbowed, squeezed and trampled on until in desperation, and yet with perfect good humor he said to a huge woman who had planted an elbow in his ribs and was pushing with all her might: "Madame, please spare me! I have a family." Instead of appreciating the humor and respecting the gentleness of the man, the woman said: "You've got to take care of yourself like the rest of us." In a horse-car a little later I saw the same woman making tired eyes at a man to tempt him to give up his seat to her. I came out and and next morning, while at my toilet, discovered that I was black and blue on both arms. I said to myself that if I were a man and witnessed, as plenty of men do, the behavior of my sex under such circumstance, I should pray never to have such an experience repeated lest I lost my respect for the sex.

Simple Absent-Mindedness.

"Did you see the defendant drink?" asked the attorney of the witness.

"I did not," replied the witness.

"Why, then, do you think he was drunk?"

"Because he was on his way home from the convention, attempted to wind up his door-knob with a watch-key."

"Is that your only reason for swearing that the defendant was drunk?"

"Yes; but I think that is reason enough."

"Your honor, the court," said the lawyer, springing to his feet, "the witness is unable to distinguish between absent-mindedness and drunkeness. Such evidence as this is preposterous, and if entertained, would convict all of us. Why, even the court would not escape. Your honor knows that the court last night bit the end of a cucumber pickle, stuck it in his mouth, scratched a toothpick on his pants and tried to light it for a cigar. Of course your honor was thinking of a case——"

"Yes," said the court, "I was thinking of a case of beer. I was absent-minded. The case is dismissed.—[*Paris Beacon.*

When going from a warm atmosphere into a cooler one keep the mouth closed so that the air may be warmed though the nose ere it reaches the lungs.

PRAYING FOR SHOES.

A True Incident.

On a dark November morning
A lady walked slowly down
The thronged, tumultuous thoroughfare
Of an ancient seaport town.

Of a winning and gracious beauty,
The peace on her pure young face
Was soft as the gleam of an angel's dream
In the calms of a heavenly place.

Her eyes were fountains of pity,
And the sensitive mouth expressed
A longing to set the kind thoughts free
In music that filled her breast.

She met, by a bright shop-window,
An urchin, timid and thin,
Who, with limbs that shook and a yearning look,
Was mistily glancing in

At the rows and varied clusters
Of slippers and shoes outspread,
Some, shimmering keen, but of sombre sheen,
Some, purple and green and red.

His pale lips moved and murmured;
But of what she could not hear,
And oft on his folded hands would fall
The round of a bitter tear.

"What troubles you, child?" she asked him,
In a voice like the May wind sweet.
He turned, and while pointing dolefully
To his naked and bleeding feet,

"I was praying for shoes," he answered,
(Just look at the splendid show!)
"I was praying to God for a single pair,
The sharp stones hurt me so!"

She led him in museful silence,
At once through the open door,
And his hope grew bright, like a fairy [illegible]
That flickered and danced before!

And there he was washed and tended,
And his small, brown feet were shod;
And he pondered there on his childish prayer
And the marvellous answer of God.

Above them his keen gaze wandered,
How strangely from shop and shelf,
Till it almost seemed that he fondly dreamed
Of looking on God Himself,

The lady bent over, and whispered:
"Are you happier now, my lad?"
He started, and all his soul flashed forth
In a gratitude swift and glad.

"Happy?—Oh! yes!—I am happy!"
Then (wonder with reverence rife
His eyes aglow, and his voice sunk low)
"*Please tell me! Are you God's wife?*"

—[Paul Hamilton Hayne, in the Independent.

THE BUTTON.

When I was first ushered into the world I was as bright a bit of gold as you ever saw. Mind, I don't say I was solid, but there are few things solid in this world. I shone and glittered and shone until you'd have thought I was very valuable. I was for a button. There were dozens of us in bright rows on a card, and we were laid in a long box, quite to our disgust, for when one is handsome one likes to be seen; but it wasn't for long, for we'd not been in the case for a day when the cover was lifted and we heard the gentleman who had charge of us say:

"Here, Mr. Stitcher, is the very size you want, and the pattern, too, if I'm not mistaken."

"Your're right," said Mr. Stitcher. "Give me ten dozen of 'em."

Then ten dozen of us were cut off, and the tailor—for that is what Mr. Stitcher was—put them into a shopping-bag he carried, and walked off with us, but not before he had said:

"Those coats for the naval officers' ball will go home to-night, Mr. Thompson, but it's been a close shave to do it."

How we chuckled down in the bag at that! We felt that, indeed, we were aristocratic buttons if we were destined to adorn the dress coats of military officers, and when we were really fastened on the coats, as we soon were, we were prouder still. There isn't a handsomer coat anywhere than a naval officer's dress coat—soft and rich, lined with quilted white silk, as dainty a thing as can be made.

My officer was a tall fellow, with blonde mustaches, and he took great interest in the coat and took two glasses to look at its back when he had me on, when he said: "By Jove! not a wrinkle." Then he put a flower in my button-hole—mine—and away we went in a carriage, with white kid gloves on, to my first ball. How little I thought then that I should ever be old and tarnished. How much less that I could possibly drop off—but such was my fate. I was, unfortunately, the very last button sewed on, and the sewing was done in a hurry. Though I did not know it at the time, only one frail thread had passed through my shank. In the midst of a waltz that thread broke and I dropped off. I rolled upon the floor and was kicked about by the feet of the dancers.

If I had had a voice I should have screamed aloud, but you know buttons are mute. At last, however, I was rescued. A little, white-gloved hand picked me up and held me close, and slyly dropped me into a silk-lined pocket.

"I saw him lose it," I heard a pretty woman's voice murmur. "I know it is Mr. Mortimer's.

"Well, then, if she is a lady she'll return it," I said to myself.

But she did not.

That night I went home, not to a gentleman's room, but to a fair lady's. All alone in this room with me she took me from her pocket and k-i-s-s-e-d me. Never was I so surprised; but I soon found out that it was not for my own sake.

"I know you do not love me now, Mortimer," she whispered, "but you have worn this, and I will keep it." See kissed me again, and strung me upon a blue silk ribbon, and tied me about her white throat. All night I laid against her soft heart and felt it beat. I was not sorry that I had been lost from the officer's coat. Indeed, I detested him now, for, from what this lovely creature said to me, it was plain that he had made love to her, and at last jilted her for some one who had more money.

I made up my mind, of course, that I should be worn about the young lady's neck forever; and as I went a great deal into company, it was very pleasant to me; but I reckoned without my host. Youth is youth. Pretty soon the young lady ceased to talk so much about Mortimer. Another gentleman had come upon the carpet. Soon she was "engaged." On that evening I was hastily crammed into a box and heartlessly left there. Rose was married and went upon her bridal trip, and unless the lid of the box happened to be up I saw nothing of the fine doings.

When she had gone, her little sister came into the room one day, spied me, and carried me off; after that I was for a long time a doll's watch; I hung upon the gold thread about a china neck, and was carried all about the house, upstairs and down, even into the street sometimes.

At last—my destiny has ever hung upon a thread—that good twist snapped in two, and I rolled into a space between the paving-stones. There I lay deserted, forlorn and dirty, my gilding fast going, and no one even taking any notice of me.

It was the pavement outside a little park, a quiet, aristocratic place; ladies, dressed in velvet and costly silk, swept past; dainty children trotted by with white-capped bonnets. At last one day my lady came there; she who had worn me on her heart so long. She walked slowly up and down; one white hand was ungloved; upon it glittered her wedding-ring and its diamond keeper.

She looked at her watch.

"He is late," she said. Then she blushed rosy red, and whispered: "No; he comes."

"She is married," I said to myself. "I must be that it is her husband who is coming."

I looked through the leafy shadows of the park, past the innocent children and the pure sparkling water of the fountain, came my first owner, Mortimer.

They walked up and down together. Often their feet touched me. I could not hear what they said, but I saw how she looked. It was enough for me.

Again, had the poor gilt button but a voice how it would have cried out. But, alas, would she have listened to me, when she was heedless of the mute appeal of the wedding ring upon her finger? I fear not.

Often and often after that they had met there. It was springtime when they first came. In autumn when the leaves had rustled from the trees and carpeted the ground, they came there still. Now, she often wept, and he sometimes spoke almost angrily. I knew something terrible was about to happen.

At last, one morning Mortimer came to the rendezvous and walked up and down alone. Now he looked at his watch and wondered that she was late, for she was generally there long before he came to meet her.

Now, instead of her light tread came the rapid footfall of an angry man. I saw for a moment a face I had not seen since Rose's wedding day—the brown bearded face of her husband. An oath rang upon the air. I hearp the report of a pistol; then Mortimer fell across me, dead, and his life-blood dripped over my tarnished gilding.

After that a crowd, a bustle, men in the uniform of the police. The body was carried away. The rain washed the blood from the pavement. Still, I remained wedged in my nook, and on my breast one dry drop of that false heart's blood.

Years went by. There was no gilding left upon me. I was a bit of rusted metal—nothing more—and one day, a winter day, bleak, cold, miserable—a wretched creature staggered through the deserted park and sat down near me. She wore clothes that were mere shreds and tatters. Her face, not an old one yet, was miserably thin. Save for two flapping slippers her feet were bare.

She put her skeleton arms upon the cold stones add laid her head upon it.

"Here he died," she said. "Mortimer! Mortimer!"

And I knew Rose's voice. Oh, a faded and withered rose, indeed.

Then her eyes—dying eyes, I knew, caught sight of me. She put her finger under the crevice of the stone and lifted me out.

"How odd!" she said. "I wore such a button as this was once over my heart for a year because it dropped from his coat, strange I should find one here where he died!"

Then she took me in her hand. It closed upon me. Soon it grew cold.

Do you know, they are going to bury me with her? They could not wrench the hand open. Perhaps they did not try much. It was only a poor, unfortunate, nameless woman, who was found dead in the street. It did not matter.

BRAIN SURGERY.

A Remarkable Case That Alone Ought to Silence the Anti-Vivisectionists.

(London Times.)

While the Bishop of Oxford and Professor Ruskin were on somewhat intangible grounds denouncing vivisection at Oxford last Tuesday afternoon, there sat at one of the windows of the Hospital for Epilepsy and Paralysis, in Regent's Park, in an invalid chair, propped up with pillows, pale and careworn, but with a hopeful smile on his face, a man who could have spoken a really pertinent word upon the subject and told the right reverend prelate and great art critic that he owed his life and his wife and children their rescue from bereavement and penury to some of these experiments on living animals which they so roundly condemned. The case of this man has been watched with intense interest by the medical profession, for it is of a unique description and inaugurates a new era in cerebral surgery; and now that it has been brought to a successful issue, it seems desirable that a brief outline of it should be placed before the general public, because it illustrates vividly the benefits that physiological explorations may confer on mankind; shows how speedily useful fruit may be gathered from researches undertaken in the pursuit of knowledge and with no immediate practical aim and reveals impressively the precision and veracity of modern medical science.

This case, then—this impressive and illustrative case—is that of a man who, when admitted th the Hospital for Epilepsy and Paralysis, presented a group of symptoms which pointed to tumor of the brain—a distressing and hitherto necessarily fatal malady, for the diagnosis or recognition of which we are indebted to bedside experience and post-mortem examination. But while clinical and pathological observtaions have supplied us with knowledge which enables us to disect the existence of tumors of the brain, they have not afforded us any clue to the situation of these morbid growths in the brain-mass, and it was not until Professor Ferrier had, by his experiments on animals, demonstrated the localization of sensory and motor functions in the cerebral hemispheres that the position of any diseased process by which they might be invaded could be definitely determined. By the light of those experiments it is now possible in many instances to map out the seat of certain pathological changes in these hemispheres with as much nicety and certainty as if the skull and its coverings and linings had become transparent, so that the surface of the brain was exposed to direct inspection. And thus, in the case to which I am referring, Dr. Hughes Bennett, under whose care the patient was, guided by Ferrier's experiments, skillfully interpreted the palsies and convulsive movements which the man exhibited and deduced from them that a small tumor was lodged at one particular point in his "dome of thought" and was silently and relentlessly eating its way into surrounding textures. Not more surely do the fidgetings of the electric needle intimate their origin and convey a meaning to the telegraph clerk than did the twitchings of this man's muscles announce to Dr. Hughes Bennett that a tumor of limited dimensions was ensconced at a particular point of a particular fold or convolution of the brain—the ascending frontal convolution on the right side.

Very brilliant diagnosis this, it may be remarked and nothing more. A conclusion has been arrived at which, should it prove correct, will gratify professional pride; but as it cannot be confirmed or refuted until the poor patient is no longer interested in the matter, and cannot be made the basis of any active interference, no great advance has been made after all and vivisection has yielded only some barren knowledge. Until quite recently criticism of this kind would have been justifiable in a sense, but now it is happily no longer possible, for another series of experiments on living animals, undertaken by Professor Ferrier and Yeo, have proved that through our power of localizing brain lessons we may open a gateway for their removal or relief. The old notion that the brain is an inviolable organ with noli me tangere for its motto—a mysterious and secluded oracle of God that simply falls down and dies when its fane is descrated by intrusion—has been dissipated by these experiments, and we know not that under punctilious antiseptic precautions the brain, in the lower animals at any rate, may be submitted to various operative procedures without risk to life or fear of permanent injury. Emboldened by this knowledge, Dr. Hughes Bennett devised a way of helping his patient whose disease he had diagnosed with such remarkable exactitude, and gave him one chance, if he had the courage to embrace it, of saving his life and recovering his health.

The patient had the position in which he stood faithfully explained to him. He was told that he labored under a malady which medicines were powerless to touch and that if left unassisted he must die in a few months at latest, after prolonged sufferings similar to those which had already brought him to the verge of exhaustion and which could only be partially alleviated by drugs, but that one outlet of escape, narrow and dangerous, but still an outlet, was open to him in an operation of a formidable nature and never before performed on a human being, under which, he might perhaps sink and die, but from which he might, perhaps, obtain complete relief. The man who had faith in his doctor and no fine-spun scruples about availing himself of the results of vivisectional discoveries, eagerly chose the operation. On the 25th ultimo, accordingly, Mr. Godlee, surgeon to University college hospital, in the midst of an earnest and anxious band of medical men, made an opening in the scalp scull and brain membranes of this man at the point where Dr. Hugnes Bennett had placed his divining finger, the point corresponding with the convolution where he declared the peccant body to be, and where, sure enough it was discovered. In the substance of the brain, exactly where Dr. Hughes Bennett had predicted, a tumor the size of a walnut was found—a tumor which Mr. Godlee removed without difficulty. The man is now convalescent, having never had a bad sympton and full of gratitude for the relief afforded him. He has been snatched from the grave and from much suffering, and there is a good prospect that he will be restored to a life of comfort and usefulness. In that case he will be a living monument of the value of vivisection. The medical profession will declare with one voice that he owes his life to Ferrier's experiments, without which it would have been impossible to localize his malady or attempt its removal, and that his case opens up new and far-reaching vistas of hopefulness in brain-surgery. Many men and women will henceforth, there is reason to anticipate, be saved from prolonged torture and death by a kind of treatment that has been made practicable by the sacrifice, under anæsthetics, of a few rabbits and monkeys.

THE MAN WHO PULLS THE WIRES.

Graphic Sketch of Bancroft Davis, the Mephistopoeles of the Arthurian Reign.

It is always interesting to get at the real sources of opposition to a defeated candidate. There is one man in Washinton, writes the correspondent of the New York *World*, who has had more to do with bringing about Mr. Blaine's defeat than any other one man, not even excepting Dr. Burchard. This man is Bancroft Davis, one of the Judges of the Court of Claims. Judge Davis has been for a number of years a bitter personal enemy of Mr. Blaine's. The Judge is a very able, positive character, with a great fondness for diplomatic work. I never have heard the cause of the original difference between him and Mr. Blaine, but it is understood that their differences occurred in the diplomatic field. The Judge is a tall, square-shouldered full-figured man with a handsome, well-developed head, clear complexion, regular features and a carefully kept iron-gray mustache and a short, full beard. He is the pink of neatness in his dress, is a thorough gentleman in his manners, a writer of most vigorous English and a most valiant and untiring enemy. When Mr. Arthur was made President he could have retained without trouble the Garfield Cabinet with, perhaps, the exception of MacVeagh. Mr. Blaine, although he tendered his resignation with the rest, had in mind such a comprehensive foreign policy, that he would have been willing to have stayed. He would have willingly renounced all political ambition. If Arthur had seen fit to administer the Garfield estate as he found it, there are plenty of Republicans who believe that he would have been nominated at Chicago. One of the special reasons why Mr. Blaine was anxious to remain in the State department was because of his desire to complete the diplomatic correspondence which he was carrying on at that time for the purpose of securing certain modifications of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, so that this government would be able to obtain satisfactory control of the ship-canal now building at Panama. It is even said that Mr. Blaine had planned a visit to London in person. He had arranged to go to England just about the time that Garfield was shot and was confident that he could by personal negotiations secure the concessions he desired.

Bancroft Davis, through his old diplomatic relations, heard of the *coup de theatre* that Mr. Blaine had been planning and he was the chief influence in urging Mr. Arthur to form a new Cabinet. Davis had met Arthur in New York and knew exactly how to get at him. It may be that Mr. Arthur would not have retained the Garfield Cabinet under any circumstances, but it was Bancroft Davis who first pointed out to him the folly of trying to keep Mr. Blaine in the Cabinet by telling him that he would be completely overshadowed by the sensational developments of the State Department. Mr. Arthur is very conservative and timid. He is very much afraid that some one will say that he is being run by a man greater than himself. That is the secret of his rupture with Roscoe Conkling. He would not take the slightest bit of advice from the ex-Senator for fear that the public would think that he was still one of Mr. Conkling's lieutenants. Bancroft Davis is a gentleman and a man of high standing in society. He was shrewd enough to discover Mr. Arthur's social aspirations at the very start and introduced him to the Frelinghuysens. Judge Davis is related to this family by marriage through John Davis.

The second part of the play began when the Cabinet came to be reorganized. Davis resigned a life position on the Court of Claims to take the position of Assistant Secretary of State. He could have been Secretary of State if he had so desired. But he has no private fortune and he could not afford to give up his life position on the Bench without receiving an equivalent somewhere else. It was planned that he was to go into the State Department and the President was to try to make the post of Assistant Secretary of State a permanent one, corresponding to that of Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs in England. The President accepted his resignation as Judge, but held the place open for him one year while Davis was in the State Department. Congress refused to establish the office desired, so at the end of the year Bancroft Davis went back to the Bench again But in the year that he was in the department he developed an enormous amount of material against Blaine. He was the moving spirit back of the investigation in the Peruvian affair. He put his vigorous hand upon the newly budded Blaine foreign policy and throttled it.

Since his retirement from the State Department he has practically controlled the spirit and policy of that department and has prepared all of its papers touching upon matters of any importance. Mr. Frelinghuysen is too old and too near mental breakdown to originate or to carry out any kind of a policy. His son-in-law, the Assistant Secretary of State, is an amiable young man, of quiet manners and gentle ways, but he has no knowledge of diplomatic affairs and has had absolutely no training for the business of the State Department. He is in reality the secretary to his kinsman, Bancroft Davis.

Judge Davis is the author of the vigorous foreign policy which has been so suddenly presented in the last moments of the moribund administration. In looking over the political situation last fall he made a miscalculation as to the result of the Presidential election. He thought that his old enemy, Blaine, was going to be elected. Through his familiarity with the State Department he knew what Mr. Blaine's foreign policy probably would be. To take the wind out of his enemy's sails he developed the treatise which have been hurled in a lump at Congress. He was the most potent element during last fall in preventing the President's taking any part in the campaign. He really is entitled to more credit for the defeat than Dr. Burchard and as he has not been mentioned before in this connection on account of his extreme modesty, it is but just that he should be brought forward to perfect the record of history.

False French Crown Jewels.

[Paris Figaro.]

Among the crown diamonds recently on exhibition was a jewel false, at least in part. It seems that Empress Eugenie wanted, one day, to appear with *eclat* at one of the *fetes* at the Tuileries. Some unmounted diamonds and fine stones were borrowed from the crown casket. After being carefully described and weighed, they were sent to a very skilful jeweller, who, by adding some false pearls, made in a few days, a splendid ornament for the corsage. It was only a simple design for a jewel which was to be constructed later on, according to this model. However, as each piece remained in its place, the Empress gave instructions not to take the jewels apart. The genuine piece, which would have cost several million francs, was never made. When the crown diamonds were inventoried, the experts chosen were not deceived. They gave an estimate only on the brilliants and emeralds of this ornament and said nothing about the pearls in their report. We have on exhibition in our office the photograph of this piece, about which there has been recently a good deal of gossip.

Sam Old Fool Joke.

A young lady of Olneyville had been sitting in a chair and arose to get something, and as she attempted to regain her seat a young friend quickly withdrew the chair and allowed her to sink heavily to the floor. The next day she was taken ill, and a physician was summoned, and for two months he has been applying bandages, plasters, etc., to save the young lady, who is 18 years of age, from permanent curvature of the spine. As it was, her body became bent, and gave her friends great alarm. It will be five years before all danger of spinal disease will be removed.—[Providence Journal.

"I would not live always," said the psalmist in a moment of poetic rapture. "I would not either," said Josh Billings, irreverently. So we say—but then while we do live let us hold on to our health and spirits. The surest way to do this, is to lay in a supply of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Try it.

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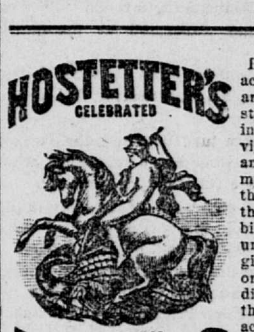

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