A LAST INTERVIEW

Carpenter's Talk With Ex-President Hayes.

HIS BEAUTIFUL HOME. LIFE.

Interesting Reminiscences — Daniel Webster and Henry Clay—How Tom Corwin Died.

Correspondence of THE MORNING CALL.

Two weeks ago THE CALL published the first part of my interview with President Hayes and to-day I give you the remainder. It was the only long interview that was ever held with him as ex-President, and it contains the last words which he has given to the public. When I met him at his home in Fremont, Ohio, a few weeks ago President Hayes had the best of prospects for outliving the century. He walked from his house down to the hotel, a distance of more than a mile, and his step was brisk and he came into the hotel looking fresh as a daisy. It was a biting cold day and his cheeks, rosy with the cold, shone out against the silver of his hair and whiskers and his blue eyes fairly sparkled with life. During my stay with him I was again and again surprised at his wonderful intellectual and physical health, and I could not realize that he was 70 years of age. While I was at Spiegel Grove my photographer took several photographs of him and these are undoubtedly the last photographs that were ever made of General Hayes. He gave me license to photograph everything in his house from attic to cellar, and I took pictures of his library, his dining-room and a number of other rooms. Before I left he gave me a photograph, which he said he liked better than any other. It was taken about five years ago, but he aged so slowly that it is a good likeness of him at the time of his death. Much of my time at the house was spent in sitting with the President in his sanctum sanctorum, the bedroom which he and Mrs. Hayes occupied. It was here I think that he died, and here he spent a great part of his leisure hours. The room has many portraits of Mrs. Hayes, and the drawers in his bureaus contained thousands of photographs, a number of which represented groups in which was Mrs. Hayes. He seemed to like to speak of his departed wife, and he referred to her again and again during my stay. He told me that he had to keep busy and to fill his life full of work to prevent himself from brooding upon her loss, and I found, through my talk with him and with his Ohio friends, that he was one of the busiest men of the country.

President Hayes was by far the most respectable of all our ex-Presidents. His life as I found it at Fremont was an ideal one, and it did honor to the great office which he had held. He never allowed himself to drop into being an existing nonentity, and his days were spent in doing good. He was connected with nearly all the great reforms of the race and of the country. He spoke to me of his prison work and he talked enthusiastically of the movement for giving industrial education to the colored children of the South. I found his mode of living perfectly simple and unostentatious. There was no red tape about Spiegel Grove, and he told me he answered every letter he received. He did good in a hundred ways which I cannot mention here, and he had the highest ideals of life and duty.

I was charmed with his relations to his family and with his ideas as to the value of his time in comparison with the value of money. He was worth many hundreds of thousands of dollars, and his estate was one of the great ones of Ohio. Still, he did not allow his time to be eaten up by its cares, and when I asked him some question which related to money-making he said:

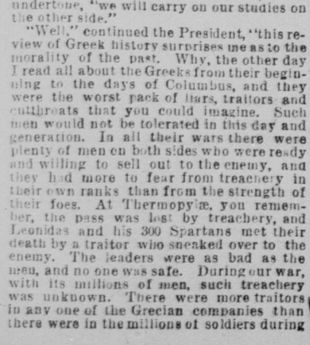
"I do not allow matters of that kind to bother me. I have given all my business over to my boys, and I call upon them whenever I am out of funds. To-morrow I expect to make a trip to Baltimore, and in the morning just before I start I will get down to the bank and ask Rud for some money. I will probably say to him: 'Rud, I am going to Baltimore, and I think I had better have about $200 for the trip,' and just as like as not Rud will answer: 'Father, that's too much; I don't think you need more than $150.' And I suppose I will take it. That's the way I used to do with him, and that's the way he does with me now."

And with this the millionaire ex-President laughed, and the conversation turned to other matters.

I spent some time with Rutherford B. Hayes Jr., or "Rud" Hayes, during my stay. He is cashier in one of the banks of Fremont and is a manly young fellow of, I judge, about 30. Like the rest of the Hayes boys he is a good business man, and I found that President Hayes was proud of his children.

They are all of more than ordinary ability and every one of them seems to be possessed of practical common-sense. Webb Hayes is a very successful lawyer in Toledo, and Webb's boy, Sherman Hayes, is as bright a little four-year-old as you will find in the country. He grabbed his grandfather around his knees when he came into the house during my stay, and President Hayes told me little Sherman was the best of all the things he had to show me. Another of the Hayes boys is connected with a large factory in Fremont which manufactures the carbons which are used in electric lights all over the country, and the youngest son promises to be a bright, energetic business man. Miss Fannie Hayes, the President's only daughter, is the head of the household at Fremont. She is now a charming young lady, and the fact that she played in the White House when her father was President has not affected her manners. She is well educated and accomplished, is a splendid housekeeper, and she has kept the large establishment at Spiegel Grove for years in apple-pie order.

Speaking of Miss Fannie Hayes recalls a curious conversation which I had with President Hayes as we sat together with the family at luncheon. The lunch was served in the dining-room. Miss Fannie



Tom Corwin of Ohio.

Hayes sat at one end of the table and "Rud" took the place of host at the other end. At the right of Miss Fannie sat President Hayes with your correspondent next to him and further down the table on either side were the other members of the family, including Mrs. Webb Hayes and her little boy Sherman, who, in a high chair, had his seat next to his aunt Fannie. At the beginning of the meal the President asked me if I would drink Apollinaris, and upon my saying "yes" he went out and brought in a bottle and filled my glass with his own hands. During the meal the conversation turned to Russia, from which country I had just returned, and we chatted of Tolstoi's ideas for the improvement of the world, and I asked President Hayes whether he thought the world was growing better as it grew older.

He replied: "Of course it is. The people of the world are better and purer every year. Why, the old Greeks were the greatest scoundrels who ever existed. By the way, I have been studying a good deal of the Greeks lately. You probably have not heard of it, but I am a college student. My daughter Fannie and myself are both freshmen in the Chautauqua University course and we will graduate in 1896. That is, if we don't die."

"Oh, if we die," said Miss Fannie, in an undertone, "we will carry on our studies on the other side."

"Well," continued the President, "this review of Greek history surprises me as to the morality of the past. Why, the other day I read all about the Greeks from their beginning to the days of Columbus, and they were the worst pack of liars, traitors and cutthroats that you could imagine. Such men would not be tolerated in this day and generation. In all their wars there were plenty of men on both sides who were ready and willing to sell out to the enemy, and they had more to fear from treachery in their own ranks than from the strength of their foes. At Thermopylæ, you remember, the pass was lost by treachery, and Leonidas and his 300 Spartans met their death by a traitor who sneaked over to the enemy. The leaders were as bad as the men, and no one was safe. During our war, with its millions of men, such treachery was unknown. There were more traitors in any one of the Grecian companies than there were in the millions of soldiers during the whole civil war, and the standard of patriotism and honor is higher to-day than it has ever been before. This is so in every sense of the word, and you will find it the case in business, in politics and in society."

President Hayes paid no attention to politics after he left the White House, and he did not meddle with party matters. As we walked through the grounds after lunch, however, he chatted with me about his Southern policy, and he told me that he was thoroughly satisfied that it was the proper one for that time and the future. He said his Southern policy had long been accepted by the country as being correct, and that though the force bill entered into the last campaign every one knew that it amounted to nothing, and it cut no figure in the making of votes. He was very decided as to the length of the President's term, and he told me that it would be a good thing for the country if the term could be extended to six years and the President be made ineligible to a second election. Said he:

"Half of the bad government of the past has resulted from the possibility of the President securing a re-election. If he has been once President his old officials feel bound to work for his renomination and re-election if he should ever be a candidate in years to come. I think it would be better to limit the President to a single term even if the duration of that term be left at four years, as it is now, and I think that such a limitation would reform the civil service and make it more efficient than it can possibly be under the present rule."

Much of my time with President Hayes was spent in his library looking with him over his thousands of books and taking peeps into his valuable papers. He showed me drawers which contained autograph letters from the distinguished men of the world, and he has left thousands of letters which are full of unwritten history. His conversation sparkled with reminiscence, and I asked him if he would not leave something in the shape of a book of memoirs, and whether he had arranged as to the publication of his papers. He replied:

"No, I am doing no literary work of that nature, and I doubt whether my papers will ever be published. I find my days so full that I have not time for an autobiography. I have all my life kept a diary or sort of notebook in which I jot down from day to day things which interest me in the way of events and thought. A large part of my intellectual life has, I suppose, gone into this set of books, and I keep the work up still." Here President Hayes showed me one of his diaries. It was a little notebook about an inch thick and of the size of an ordinary octavo volume. The writing was in the fine hand of President Hayes, and as I looked at it he went on: "You note that much of the matter is personal matter about myself and family, but there is in addition

THE DINING-ROOM AT SPIEGEL GROVE.

to this quite a number of items about public affairs, and I find it very interesting to look back over the notes which I have made in some of the exciting times of the past."

Speaking of President Hayes' diary made me think of that of John Quincy Adams, and I asked President Hayes if he was acquainted with it.

"Yes," he replied. "I am the one man who has read it. It is full of interest and it contains a great amount of history. By the way, I once met John Quincy Adams." President Hayes went on. "I saw him when I was East attending law school. I studied at Cambridge and some of us boys decided to see all the great men we could. We went into Boston and called upon the various dignitaries there, meeting Rufus Choate, Edward Everett and others. One day we made up a party to go over to Quincy and call upon John Quincy Adams. We found him at home, and as we entered we introduced ourselves by saying that we were Ohio boys, and that we had come over to Quincy with the hope of meeting him and shaking his hand. Mr. Adams received us very kindly. He was sitting in his library writing upon a speech which he told us he was soon to deliver in Ohio. 'An observatory,' said he, 'has been erected on a mountain near Cincinnati and I have been invited to make a speech at its dedication. I have been working on it for the past three weeks and I have just struck the last blow on the anvil. If you boys would like to hear it I will read you some of it. It will do me good to read it and it will not hurt you. I will not tire you, however, and I will only ask you to listen for fifteen minutes.' He then took out his watch and laid it down in a chair beside him and read the last fifteen minutes of his speech. It was a good one, and in it he used an expression about which he spoke to us. That was that 'Observatories are the watchfires in the sky which light the road to knowledge.' 'I have,' said President Adams, 'been laughed at and abused for using that expression before, but I like it and am going to use it in this speech. I am told that they are going to name the mountain after me and it will be called Mount Adams. By the way, what kind of a mountain is it?'

"I here told Mr. Adams that I came from Cincinnati and that the place where they were going to put the university ought to be called a hill rather than a mountain, and I described where it was located in respect to the city. He did go to Ohio and make his speech, and the hill was named Mount Adams, and the observatory was placed upon it. As manufacturing grew, however, the smoke obscured the view to such an extent that it became practically useless as an observatory, and it has been abandoned. I think one of the most interesting parts of John Quincy Adams' diary is that which contains his description of this trip to Ohio."

"Who, General Hayes," said I, "do you consider the greatest of our Presidents?"

"I think," replied President Hayes, "that Abraham Lincoln was the ablest and the greatest of them. He was the broadest minded, he was closest to the people and he was our most representative American. Next to him, I suppose, comes George Washington. But Washington had a tendency to admire English ways, and he was not the typical American that Abraham Lincoln was."

"I suppose you knew President Lincoln quite well," said I. "Can you give me your idea of him?"

"Yes," replied the ex-President, "I had some acquaintance with Abraham Lincoln. I knew him when he was a young man just on the edge of his prime, and I have a picture here which shows him as I knew him then."

(President Hayes here showed me a large photograph taken of Lincoln when he was a young man.) As we looked at it he went on:

"This, you see, is a far different face than that of the Lincoln of the war. Lincoln at that time had no beard. His face was full and free from the lines of care and worry. He always wore his hair ruffed up as it is here, and he was really a not unhandsome young man. The first time I really became acquainted with him was in 1858, during his campaign tour in Ohio. He had acquired a reputation through his debate with Stephen A. Douglas, and he was already a rising man. We had a close contest in Ohio that year. William Dennison was the Republican candidate, and he was opposed by Rufus P. Ranney of Cleveland. You must remember him. He was one of the war Governors of Ohio, and when Lincoln called for 10,000 troops he sent 30,000 instead, and sent men to Washington to urge their acceptance. Lincoln made him the Postmaster-General in 1864, and he died, I think, about ten years ago. Ranney was a great lawyer, and as such was very popular. He was in some respects the superior of Dennison, but Dennison was the shrewder politician. The situation was such that we wanted outside speakers, and we called in Lincoln to make seven or eight speeches for us. When he came to Cincinnati to talk I met him and showed him to his hotel. After we had talked a few moments he told me that he would like, if possible, to be left alone during the afternoon, and that he would prefer that no cards be sent up to him.

"'You mean by that, Mr. Lincoln,' said I, 'that you want to receive no one whatever. Well, I will tell the clerk to say to all who call that you are engaged,' and upon this I rose to go.

"'No, I don't mean that,' he replied. 'I mean that I don't want to see strangers. I want you to stay with me and we will have a chat together.'

"I then sat down and the conversation soon turned to the debate with Douglas. Lincoln was full of it at the time and he told me the whole story, describing the situations very dramatically. As he went on in his talk I could see that the President alluded to had already begun to buzz around his head; that he was studying the signs of the times, and was ready to take advantage of anything that might arise. He was very modest about his statements and he proposed everything for the sole advancement of the party; but the logical conclusions from all his statements seemed to the selection of himself as the Presidential candidate. I had seen him before this when he came to Cincinnati to argue a case there in connection with Edwin M. Stanton, and in which Stanton was said to have snubbed Lincoln. I was connected with the case and I remember him, but I do not recall anything about his being snubbed.

"Do you know," President Hayes went on, "that Abraham Lincoln was in many of his ways like Henry Clay. I had seen Clay some time before I had heard Lincoln speak, and my first thought as I listened to him was, 'Here is Henry Clay over again.' The two were very much alike in their speechmaking. Both were earnest, simple and easy to understand, and their methods of reaching their hearers were much the same."

"When was it that you heard Henry Clay last speak, Mr. President?" said I.

"It was when he was an old man. He spoke clearly, melodiously and forcibly, and his manner was that of talking quietly to his friends except at the last, when he warmed up and closed in a burst of eloquence which contained something of the fire he always exhibited in his prime. It was about the same time that I heard Webster. He was the very reverse of Clay in his manner of speaking, but like Clay he did not warm up until the close, when he ended in a powerful effort. I remember he spoke in the open air, and shortly after beginning he begged the pardon of the people for putting his hat on his head. He said, 'I am an old man now and I know you will excuse me for wearing my hat.' He talked for two hours, and it was during this speech that he denounced those who were trying to read him out of the Whig party. It was about the time that he left Tyler's Cabinet, and he had many enemies for his action in remaining in it. He said: 'I warn these gentlemen who are trying to read me out of the party. I belong to the party of Washington, to the party of Hamilton. I am a Whig, and I warn those who are trying to read me out of the Whig party that they had better be careful or they will find themselves outside of it.'"

"I suppose you have known all the great Ohio men of the past, President Hayes?" said I.

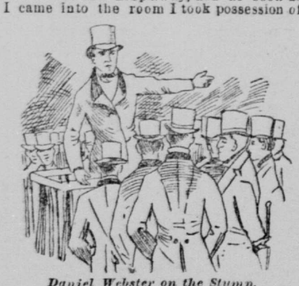
"Yes; I knew Edwin M. Stanton quite well, and I was well acquainted with Ben Wade and Tom Corwin."

"Tell me something about Corwin," said I.

"He was, indeed, a wonderful man and a wonderful orator," was the reply. "He was in the field of oratory what Joseph Jefferson was on the stage. He was the best story-teller I have ever known, and his power as a speaker was such that I have heard him make the same speech over and over again, and it seemed each time fresher and more interesting than before. I have heard Jefferson many times in the same play and he was always fresh and new. I could see him a hundred times in the same part and not tire me. It was the same with Tom Corwin. He was an actor as well as an orator. He had the most wonderful facial power of any man I have ever met. By the mere movement of his features, without uttering a word, he could throw an audience into tears or convulse them with laughter. He could imitate any one, and I have heard it said of him that he was the only man on earth who could move his ears and his nose at the same time or separately at will while keeping the rest of his features in repose. Speaking of his powers of imitation, I remember one speech which I heard him make during the great campaign in which Zach Taylor was elected, and in this speech he imitated Zach Taylor, Martin Van Buren and Lewis Cass. At the start he spoke of the three by name, but as he went on he dropped the names, and by the mere imitation of the voices and actions of the men and by throwing into his voice and gestures their well-known characteristics, he gave his ideas of them. When he spoke of Van Buren his voice became oily, and he appeared to be the gentlemanly diplomatic politician. He made the index finger of his right hand go up and down through the air, illustrating the galloping of a fox, and without mentioning Van Buren's name that fox-like statesman was apparent to all. When speaking of Taylor he put on the fierce features and bluff tones of old Zach, and when he referred to Lewis Cass his appearance brought out the Whig idea of him as a money-lending, grasping politician. About this time there had been a story published concerning Cass, which stated that while he was civil Governor of the Northwest Territory he had taken a poor woman's cow because she could not pay her taxes. Corwin brought out the idea by making his hand move in and out like the running of a cow, and when he spoke of Cass his face was the personification of that of the ideal Shylock. Corwin was one of the most wonderful talkers I have ever met. He was the center of every crowd he entered, and if he were here with us to-day he would monopolize the conversation and would talk for hours. We would be glad to listen to him, and it was so everywhere even to the time of his death."

"You were present at his death, were you not?"

"Yes," replied President Hayes, "and I shall never forget it. It happened in Washington in December, 1865, at a reception at which a collector of the military debts which the General Government owed to Ohio gave to the leading Ohio men at Washington. This man lived on F street, in what is now the most business part of the capital. His rooms were comparatively small, and it was known that the assemblage would be large. We knew there would be no chairs. Corwin was not well and he could not stand for any time, and he told me before the event that he would not and could not come. I knew, however, that he couldn't keep away, and as soon as I came into the room I took possession of



Daniel Webster on the Stump.

the only chair in it, and though there were older people in the room I decided to hold it for him. I pushed it back into a corner and sat down in it and waited for Corwin. The room was soon filled and the assemblage was a noted one, for Ohio was then, as always, very strong at Washington. There was bluff Ben Wade, who was still in his prime, and near him stood Salmon P. Chase, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. The two Sherman brothers, the general and the Senator, were there, and among other military men were generals Bob Schenck and Phil Sheridan. We had then some of the strongest men in Congress from Ohio, and all the Ohio members of the House were there, and among them James A. Garfield, Shellabarger and Bingham. These and many others were chatting together in different knots about the room when Tom Corwin walked in. He had stayed at home as long as he could, but his old colored servant woman, knowing he would want to come, had laid out his clothes for him, and as the time approached she told him to get up and go. He was lying in his bed reading 'Cicero de Senectute,' or 'Cicero on Happy Old Age,' in the Latin, and he laid the book face down on the bed and dressed himself and came. As he entered the room a cry went around, 'There is Corwin! Corwin!' and every one rushed forward to greet him. I can see him now as he walked through that room, his face shining and his eyes glistening, and I can almost hear his voice as it rang out when he said 'Gentlemen, we are all boys to-night,' and made an apt quotation from Cicero. I caught hold of him and asked him to take my seat. He resisted, but I got in front of him and slowly but surely forced him back into it. Then the crowd gathered around him and he began to talk. In three minutes the other corners of the room were deserted and the party had all gathered around and were listening to him. Men were down on their knees to get to hear him and to let those behind them see over their heads. This was the case with Garfield and Schenck, and later in the evening I remember that Ben Wade stood just behind Garfield. Corwin had recently returned from Mexico, where he had been Minister, and in response to questions he talked for an hour or more about the country, while these people hung on his every word. In poetic language he described the beauties of the Mexican country, and he gave glowing pictures of the beauties and graces of the senoritas. He curdled our blood with his tales of the brigands, and he kept the crowd laughing most of the time and once or twice moved their tears. When he was in the midst of his jesting Ben Wade, who had been listening intently and now and then bursting into a horse laugh after all the others were through, suddenly asked:

"'They say, Corwin, those Mexicans want to be annexed to the United States. What do you think of that idea?'

"Corwin's face changed from gay to grave, his eyes became serious and every one bent forward to hear what he might say. He raised his hand and attempted to speak. His lips moved, but no words came, though his hand still moved in gesture. Then it was seen that something was the matter and we moved back to give him air. He raised himself suddenly from his seat, reached forward his hands and fell into the arms of his friends. We carried him into the next room and laid him upon a bed and he never spoke again. He had been struck with paralysis and that night he died. He was a great man and we all loved him and admired him. He was one of the best classical scholars of his time and he was fond of reading the classics in the original."

As President Hayes thus chatted of Tom Corwin's last words death seemed to be afar off from him, and I recalled the fact that Corwin had that night told the story of a man who died, as he did an hour later, of paralysis of the heart. Now Hayes tells the story of Corwin's death, and within a few weeks he falls in the same way from almost the same disease, neuralgia of the heart. The coincidences of the story of life and death are indeed strange!

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Washington, Jan. 22.

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

Items of Interest to Members of Many Denominations.

Rabbi Isaac M. Wise, the president of the Hebrew Union College, has delivered a remarkable discourse in defense of the Presbyterian Dr. Briggs' doctrine of biblical inspiration. He maintains, as a Jewish theologian, that the Christian idea of the divine origin of the language of the Bible is not in accord with the faith of ancient Judaism, and he appeals to the Talmud in support of this allegation.

Miss Lena Aronsohn, a handsome and intellectual Jewess of Hot Springs, Ark., has decided to renounce the world and live for the faith of her fathers. She will serve seven years in a Hebrew convent in Cincinnati, and then enter religious ranks as a rabbi. Financial misfortune and sorrow over the death of her mother have influenced this step.

The Rev. J. P. Hearst, formerly of the Japan mission, and during last summer supply of the Presbyterian church at Santa Rosa, Cal., in the absence of the pastor, the Rev. C. B. Pitblado, has accepted an invitation to supply for one year the church at Hastings, Minn., until recently the pastoral charge of the Rev. R. M. Donaldson.

The Rev. Dr. H. M. Field, the editor of the Evangelist, is to sail for Gibraltar February 4. He will spend several weeks there and in the different resorts on the Barbary coast, partly, as he says, to get rid of the echoes of the Briggs trial and partly to get material for a third volume of impressions of Northern Africa.

The Sisters of Charity, Ballaghaderin, County Mayo, in order to stem the tide of emigration which annually drains that part of Ireland, have opened a hosiery factory in connection with their convent, where employment is given to a number of people. The nuns are most anxious to enlarge their industrial premises.

Saturday, January 7, Rev. Dr. Henry S. Jacobs of B'nai Jeshurun congregation, New York, closed his active administration. He preached his quasi-farewell sermon, having been appointed "Rabbi Emeritus." Dr. Jacobs landed in New York thirty-nine years ago. He has celebrated his jubilee in the ministry.

The American Catholic Archbishops, at their recent conference, voted to invite the Basilian monks to establish themselves in this country and assume charge of the United Greek parishes, which are becoming quite numerous in certain sections of the country, notably in Pennsylvania.

At the Franklin-street Presbyterian Church this week, each evening, except Saturday, there will be special preaching services, in which the pastor will be aided by Dr. Mackenzie and others. Communion service will follow on February 5.

A religious census of Australia just completed shows 1,485,066 members of the Church of England, 80,118 Catholics, 493,369 Presbyterians and 364,594 Methodists. These are the four most numerous denominations.

On June 4, 5 and 6, 1893, the convention of Catholic societies of Ohio is to be held in Cincinnati, and it is the intention of the chief officers of these societies to invite all the Catholics of the State to attend.

The new President of the Swiss republic, who has held the office during six previous terms, is a Calvinist clergyman and was regarded until lately as one of the best all-round athletes in Switzerland.

The Presbytery of Chicago has taken an advanced position. On a vote of thirty-six to thirty it decided in favor of a revision of the Confession of Faith according to more liberal and popular opinions.

The Rev. Dr. Easton, pastor of Calvary Church, is improving in health, after a tedious illness, and hopes soon to be out again. Professor H. C. Minton, D.D., continues to supply his pulpit.

Extensive preparations are being made for the fortieth anniversary of the Y. M. C. A., which will be observed at Metropolitan Temple Monday evening, February 6.

The Rev. J. W. M. Williams, D.D., has been pastor of the First Baptist Church in Baltimore for forty-two years, and is still serving that congregation actively.

The Presbyterian Church at Hollister has made rapid progress during the past year.

INSOMNIA.

Its Cause Mental Overwork and Strained Energies.

Dr. Wm. A. Hammond in North American Review.

Now, it happens in this stirring age of ours that men—and women too—are so much intellectually worked, or so emotionally disturbed, that their brains have more to do than they can accomplish and yet preserve their normal balance. Mental work, whether it be simply perceptional, intellectual, emotional or volitional, requires that an increased amount of blood shall flow to the brain; hence, during mental exertion of any kind, the cerebral vessels become distended owing to the increased volume of blood they contain, and they remain in this condition as long as the exertion is continued. If it is too intense, or if it be persevered in for too long a period without there being alternations of rest, the vessels lose their contractibility, and remain in a permanently enlarged state. They are, therefore, not able to contract so as to produce sleep. A state of cerebral congestion is established and wakefulness is the result.

Such persons go to bed perhaps feeling as if they would sleep, but no sooner do their heads touch their pillows than their minds become inordinately active and they lie awake hour after hour recalling the events of the day or else indulging in the most preposterous thoughts. The blood vessels will not empty themselves, simply because they have lost the power to do so. They are like the indiarubber bands that we put around big packages and leave undisturbed for a long time. We try to use them again and we find that the elasticity which they once possessed has gone.

Construction of Locomotives.

New York Sun.

The number of locomotives built during the past year has fallen below the figures for the two preceding years. Thirteen companies last year constructed 1882 locomotives; fifteen companies in 1891 constructed 2300, or 418 more. Taking twelve companies from which reports have been received for both 1891 and 1892, it found that in the former year 1963 engines were built against 1703 in the latter. In 1890 thirteen companies built 2240 locomotives, that year being the best of the three. As regards freightcars, forty-eight companies turned out 93,293 cars in 1892, a figure that compares favorably with the 95,514 built by fifty companies during the previous twelve months. The forty-two companies reporting in both years made 90,340 cars in 1892, and 77,620 in 1891; while their output of passenger cars was 3795 and 1636, respectively, for 1892 and 1891. Judging from these returns, it appears that the car business has been better than the locomotive, although neither shows the expected increase on account of Columbian Exposition traffic. It must be remembered, however, that the railway companies themselves are large builders, and if their returns were public, a different showing might result.

Definition of Cheek.

Texas Siftings.

Hans—Vat means dot ven dose Americaners say dot a man has some cheeck, or some galls, eh?

Fritz—I dells how dot vas. Some time ago I lends my friend Schmidt von hundred dollars. He bays me not a cent pack. So I prings suit dot court in, und I vins my suit. Den Schmidt he comes to me mine office in.

"He prings you dot money pack?"

"Not mooch, but he wanted me to lend him $50 more to pay his lawyer and dose gosts. Dot ish vot dose Americans calls some cheeks and galls."

Mutually Agreeable.

Chicago News-Record.

Mr. Borey—Oh, how I should love to seek the sunny south in this chill weather.

Miss Dibbsey (upon whom he has been calling regularly)—Oh, how I should love to have you.

A RADIANT PLAIN.

The Surface Sparkles and Trembles Like Silver.

A GREAT MICA DEPOSIT.

The Story of Its Discovery as Related by an Old-Time Prospector.

Correspondence of THE MORNING CALL.

The wonderful stories related by that erratic individual Arthur Higgins, alias Gold Dust Arthur, who came to Spokane, Wash., like a comet blazing in the glory of diamonds and gold and then went out of sight as suddenly as he came—these stories are entirely without foundation. Higgins stated to a reporter that he had discovered a vast plain or basin in the Cascade Mountains which was completely filled with a deposit of pure platinum, making the surface appear like a sea of frosted silver.

Since these extravagant yarns were given currency, the writer, believing that there was something more than Higgins' imagination at the bottom of them, at once began an investigation among the prospectors who frequent the Cascades during the prospecting season.

One of the oldest and best prospectors of the northern range of the Cascades is Jens Pedersen, a hardy Norwegian, who has spent thirty years among the hills. During the winter months he lives in a rough log cabin on the Columbia at the point where the Wenatchee River empties its waters into the former stream. And in this cabin the writer found Jens Pedersen one afternoon during Christmas week when earth and air and sky were white with snow.

The grizzly old prospector received the half-frozen newspaper man with the usual hospitality of the old pioneers.

After the writer had been warmed and fed and irrigated with hot whisky the subject of recent mineral discoveries in the Cascades was brought up. Pedersen's deep blue eyes sparkled with delight when he learned that he had secured in his guest an appreciative and attentive listener. He was a fluent talker and spoke English without any noticeable foreign accent. When the matter of Higgins' great platinum plain was mentioned Pedersen was much amused and laughed heartily.

"I'll tell you all about that," he said, when his fit of merriment had subsided, "I know something about that fellow, Higgins, and I have laughed a good deal over what I've read about him in the newspapers—his great gold, silver and platinum discoveries. He is a sort of fly-up-the-creek cuss, not much account. He is no good as an all-around prospector, because he doesn't know the difference between yellow mica and virgin gold, nor white mica from native silver or platinum."

"What kind of a place is this plain or basin which he claimed is full of platinum and was discovered by him?" the writer asked.

"It is one of the great wonders of the mountains," replied Pedersen. "But Higgins was by no means the first discoverer of it. I stumbled into that remarkable basin three years ago and made soundings there. It is a magnificent, a thrilling sight to stand on its mountain border on a clear summer's day and look across the smooth sloping plain as the sun makes the surface burn and sparkle and tremble like a sea of boiling silver. But the mineral is worthless, and for that reason I have paid very little attention to it since I made my soundings."

"Where is this basin situated, what are its dimensions, and what does it contain in the way of minerals?"

"The basin can be most readily reached by following the south fork of the Wenatchee River and rounding the base of Mount Stuart, then turning due north, gradually ascending for a distance of about fifteen miles. It was by pursuing this up to three years ago untraveled route that I first discovered the great mica basin. I had reached the top of a high and barren elevation that circled to the north, northwest, south and southwest, I being on the eastern rim, so to speak. It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and the sun's rays came slanting just right for a most magnificent effect. As I reached the summit of the elevation already spoken of I was almost blinded by the radiant sea that stretched out before me. The entire surface of the basin was blazing with reflected light like the sun itself, and straight before me, between me and the sun, there seemed to be suspended a gigantic bridge of colors, gold, amethyst, ruby, and all the lights and shades of the rainbow.

"It was fully half an hour," continued Mr. Pedersen, "before I had sufficiently recovered from my astonishment to act rationally in the premises. Finally, when I had fully enjoyed the novelty of the scene, the spirit of the prospector arose within me and curiosity asserted its sway. Taking with me my small pick and a long steel drill, I descended the slope, which is composed of bare rock, and was soon on the surface of the glittering plain. The basin is nine miles across, almost circular in form, and its bottom dips considerably to the southwest, where it opens into a winding canyon, the bottom of which is covered with mica deposits. The slope of the basin's bottom insures a clean washing of its surface by rains and the water that comes from the melting snow, hence its clearness and brilliancy. It did not take long to ascertain that the substance on which I was walking was mica, and knowing that this mineral is valuable if found in the proper condition I began to investigate the vast deposit. But to my great disappointment I found that it was crumbled, small and scaly and entirely unfit for the mechanical uses to which that mineral is put.

"On the following day," he went on, "I walked to the very center of the basin and opened a prospect hole five feet deep, but without any better result. The mineral grew softer as I went deeper into the bed of it and seemed to have been in a state of active ferment at some previous period, clearly indicating the presence of a large percentage of alkaline salts. Without spending any more time and labor in digging a useless prospect hole, I still determined to sound the ground as deep as possible with my drill. Acting on this idea I set the drill into the bottom of the prospect and went to work. It was easy enough to sink it. In less than two hours I had the drill down six feet and the substance through which I was working seemed soft as wax. Suddenly, as I made an extra hard stroke the drill slipped from my grasp and went almost out of sight, having descending fully four feet at one blow. Enough of the instrument projected, however, to give me a hold and I at once withdrew it. From the tip four feet up it was covered with a gummy fluid that immediately congealed in the atmosphere and formed a coating of snow-white flakes, very like the substance that composed the surface of the basin." Here Mr. Pedersen paused, lit his pipe and drew several long draughts.

"Well, what was the value of your discovery?"

"Humph! Well, I'll tell you—there's no harm in that," he replied. "I secured specimens of the gummy stuff as well as the surface deposit. I sent them East for analysis and spent $75 in doing so. One of the best chemists and metallurgists in the United States did the job for me. In about six weeks I received an answer giving the result of the assay, which was to the effect that the mineral I had sent contained a large percentage of mica, some borax, some sodium, three or four different kinds of unnamable natural acids, a little calcium; and closing the report was the cheering information that, owing to the peculiar composition and condition of the mineral, it was worth in the commerce of the world—not one cent. As I said, it cost me seventy-five hard-earned dollars to find this out.

"As for Gold Dust Arthur Higgins," he added, "he is quite welcome to claim this great deposit of platinum, notwithstanding the fact that I discovered it long before he ever tried to prospect in the Cascades."

Spokane, Jan. 24. ROBERT ST. CYR.

FACTS ABOUT LONDON.

Statistics of the World's Greatest City From Recent Returns.

Pall Mall Gazette.

The total population of the county of London on the 6th of April, 1891, was 4,231,431, the increase in ten years being 397,297, or 10.36 per cent. The number of inhabited houses was 557,134, an increase on 1881 of 68,249, or 13.96 per cent.

The total expenditure on the local government of London in the year 1889-90 was £10,726,000, or as much as an Australian colony. This was equal to £2 10s 8d per head of population. The rates were levied upon a ratable value of £31,586,000, so that the amount per £1 was 6s 9d, but the ratepayer only paid 4s 10d of this amount. The central rates fall equally upon all the parishes, but the rates for parish purposes are very unequal, ranging from 3s 9¾d down to 1s 0¾d. For imperial and local purposes combined London pays in taxation approximately £17,000,000. The Inland Revenue returns show that the total incomes earned in London amount to £123,513,000, so that the burden of taxation amounts to 14 per cent. The balance of the loans outstanding at the end of 1891 was £48,032,000.

On January 1, 1891, the paupers numbered 112,547, and the cost of pauperism was in 1889-90 £2,340,000, the cost of each pauper being £21 16s 1d.

The number of persons committed for trial during 1889-90 was 2906, while 109,748 were convicted summarily. The habitual offenders known to the police not committed during the year numbered 2392. The total represents a percentage of 2.7 in the whole population. The cost of the police was £1,799,000, or £15 12s 9d per head of the incriminated class. Industrial schools cost £20,652.

In the schools of the metropolis the pupils numbered in 1890-91 652,354; the total cost of the board schools was £1,960,000, of which £1,272,000 was thrown on local rates.

The death rate in London in 1891 was 21.4 per 1000 of the population, which compares favorably with other large towns, Liverpool rising as high as 27 per 1000.

The open spaces in London, without reckoning the disused burial grounds, extend to 5449 acres. Besides, there are open spaces on its borders which bring up the total of parks accessible to Londoners to 22,000 acres.

The fires in the metropolis in 1891 numbered 2802, of which 193 were serious. The lives lost numbered sixty-one, thirty-one of these having been taken out alive. The total cost of the brigade was £120,723, or 6¾d per head of the population. The fire insurance companies contributed £27,196. Property was insured for no less a sum than £806,000,000.

FORBEARANCE.

Nay! let it pass!
'Twas but a hasty word,
Unthinking uttered as unwilling heard—
Although upon my ear it strangely jarred,
A lifelong friendship shall not thus be marred;
Nay! let it pass!

Nay! let it pass!
I will not answer so,
Lest words on words to greater difference grow;
Unguarded moments come to all—to me
Oft needs the trust of loving charity;
Then let it pass!

Then let it pass,
And not a thought remain
To pain my heart or give another's pain;
Let hearts be true, and let the friendship end
That bears not with the failings of a friend.
Yes! let it pass! JAMES ROCK.

TAPESTRY ROOMS AT WINDSOR

Not Large, but the Most Interesting in the Castle.

Philadelphia Times.

The Grand Duke and Duchess Sergius of Russia were treated with extreme courtesy by the Queen at Windsor, and were lodged in the charming suite of apartments known as the tapestry rooms, the windows of which look straight down the finest avenue in Europe. The rooms themselves are not very large, but they are about the most interesting in the castle, for they are always allotted to the most distinguished of the guests of the Queen, her most intimate friends or members of the royal family. It was in the tapestry-rooms that the late Emperor Frederick and his English wife stayed during the jubilee week in 1887, and more interesting still is it to recall that it was in these same rooms that they spent their honeymoon nearly five and thirty years ago. The Empress still has the rooms allotted to her when her Imperial Majesty visits her mother at Windsor, and among the other distinguished visitors to the castle who are also located in the same apartments is the Empress Eugenie, who is now one of the Queen's oldest as well as dearest friends, and confidante. The rooms contain some very fine pieces of old Gobelin tapestry, and there are some wonderful bits of old china, one very curious being a spray of white thorn in full flower, made in Worcester porcelain, which was presented to the Queen when a girl by the workmen on the occasion of her visit to the factory with her mother, the Duchess of Kent. It was at the time impregnated with the scent of the hawthorn bloom and, although so many years have elapsed, it is said still not to have wholly lost its fragrance.

HE WENT INSANE.

And There Was Ample Justification for His Doing So.

Chicago News-Record.

I had just taken my seat in the car when an elderly gentleman entered, closely followed by a young man of decidedly fashionable aspect. They secured seats near mine and were soon absorbed in their newspapers.

Finally the elder lowered his paper and said: "By the way, Frank, what has become of Singleton? I haven't seen him for some time."

"He was adjudged insane and is now in an asylum," said Frank.

"Can that be possible? Why, what was the cause?"

"Oh, he was a crank, and his mind was continually agitated in his frantic endeavor to start some new society fad. When Mrs. B—— gave her first dove-dinner his actions and efforts to counterbalance it by some new wrinkle of his own were a source of great amusement to all the fellows. He finally dropped that, and everything went smoothly with him until Miss Richly gave a pink tea. Singleton's wheel again started to revolve, and he issued invitations to all the fellows to attend a white breakfast, to be given at his home."

"Did you go?"

"Yes."

"Of what did the breakfast consist?"

"White bread, celery and absinthe."

"Well," said the old gentleman, as he arose to leave