CITY AND DISTRICT.

TWENTY-FOUR HOUR DIALS.

A Proposed Reform in the Method of Time-Keeping.

A MOVEMENT TO GET RID OF THE TIME-HONORED BUT INCONVENIENT "A.M." AND "P.M."—WHAT SCIENTISTS SAY ABOUT IT—STEPS TAKEN TO SECURE A UNIFORM TIME SYSTEM THROUGHOUT THE WORLD—THE VIEWS OF JEWELERS UPON THE SUGGESTED CHANGE IN THE DIALS—THE COST OF RE-ARRANGING CLOCKS AND WATCHES—OLD ENGLISH WATCHES WITH TWENTY-FOUR HOUR DIALS, &C.

Following close upon the adoption of the new standard time comes the suggestion that the old system of the division of the day into two 12 hour portions be done away with, and that, beginning at either sunset or sunrise, the hours be counted from one to twenty-four. Already the southern railroads have adopted this new method and it is probable that it will soon come into more general use. In order to ascertain what the opinions of the scientists and jewelers as to the feasibility and advantages of this change might be, a number of them were interviewed by THE STAR, and the results are given below.

THE OPINION OF PROF. NEWCOMB.

Prof. Simon Newcomb was found at his desk in the Nautical Almanac office, having just returned from a trip east.

"I think that it would be very convenient," he observed, as the reporter finished speaking of the proposed change, "especially when people travel. But the general introduction of such a system depends entirely upon the action of the people. This involves a change in what we all have been accustomed to, and it will, therefore, be slow in making its way into general use."

When reminded that on the southern roads this new system of reckoning the hours had already been introduced Prof. Newcomb said:

"In that case it will be comparatively easy to make the system a general one. The railroads ought to adopt it first, for there is where it is most needed. A great confusion in the time tables would be avoided if the terms a. m. and p. m. could be done away with. Some of the roads attempted to meet this difficulty by printing all the a. m. times in black type and the p. m. in lighter type."

"The true way, however," continued the professor, "is to substitute some thing that can be generally adopted, and the 24 system is a natural and convenient one. You see there would be no absolute necessity for changing the faces of the clocks. The change could be made on the time tables, and the faces of the clocks could still divide the day into portions of 12 hours. All that would be necessary is mathematical ability enough to substract 12, and I guess that nearly every one can do that on a pinch."

The professor smiled slightly and then cast a longing look at the papers piled up on the desk, and so the reporter performed the mathematical feat of substracting himself from his presence.

PROF. CLEVELAND ABBE'S VIEWS.

"The necessity for this change," remarked Professor Cleveland Abbe, pausing a moment in his work, "arises from the very appreciable disadvantage attending the present division into twelve-hour sections. The first of these disadvantages is obviously the necessity of using always in speech the word forenoon or afternoon, in order to identify the portion of the day to which the hour mentioned is to be referred. Then in writing, to place after the number of the hour the explanatory suffix, a. m. or p. m. Aside from these circumstances is the difficulty of distinguishing on a railroad time table the afternoon and the forenoon times. The change is a good one, and is a continuation of the policy of introducing uniformity into all matters of international moment. In Italy the twenty-four hour method prevails, and has been in use for a great many years. They begin at sunset and count from one up to twenty-four hours. In astronomical work this division of time is observed. On the other hand, the Chinese divide the whole day into twelve parts, each equal to two hours of our time."

"I see," continued the professor, "that the southern railroads have already adopted this plan."

"Is there an organized effort to secure the general adoption of this new system?" asked the reporter.

"I don't think that there is any particular effort being made to bring about this one thing," was the reply. "It is simply one of several reforms which have been set on foot to secure uniformity in time. The plan is not a new one, but it was thought best first to accomplish the acceptance of a plan of uniform time in this country before urging other details tending to this result. The uniform time standard has now been adopted universally throughout this country, and it will be found, I think, of great convenience to the people."

WASHINGTON THE EXCEPTION.

"You forget, perhaps," suggested the listener, "that in this city the new standard has not been accepted."

"That is true," was the quiet response, "and it was expected that there must be some legal recognition of the proposed change. At first the friends of the new standard wanted to go to Congress at once, and secure the adoption of the new time, and then try to introduce it into general use, but objections were made to this, as it was feared that a further delay might arise. The railroads, which are, of course, largely influential in such a matter, decided to adopt it, and they could do so, without the consent of Congress. It is necessary that the new time should receive the sanction of Congress, and I have no doubt but that it will be done."

"Does any system of uniform time prevail in other countries?" asked the reporter.

"Scientific men," responded the professor, "in their magnetic observations, as well as in observations of earthquake waves in the ocean, tides and meteorological phenomena, have employed uniform time over large portions of the earth. Navigators and explorers have, for the past two centuries, carried Greenwich mean time on their voyages and travels. During the past 35 years, in Great Britain, the Greenwich time has been used, and is recognized by law as the time. In Russia Poulkova time is employed as the standard time. In Switzerland and some portions of Germany a uniform standard of time prevails."

THE ERA OF UNIFORMITY.

"The geodetic convention now in session in Rome," resumed the professor, "is composed of representatives from all the governments of the world. The delegates are not only considering questions of uniform time, but of weights and measures, and other matters relating to international intercourse. Congress has authorized the calling of a convention to be held in this city in the spring, and to be composed of representatives from every nation, for the purpose of considering the feasibility of the adoption of a common time unit, to be applicable throughout the globe. The Secretary of State has sent out circulars with the view of ascertaining whether the different nations would participate in such a convention, and I think that it will be held. The object of the adoption of a common unit of time is to fix upon some line or meridian at which one day shall end for this globe and another day begin. It has been suggested by President Barnard, of Columbia college, that the zero meridian be placed at 180 degrees from Greenwich."

"To show how the system of uniformity reaches out towards perfection," continued the professor, "it is urged that the earth be divided into 24 time belts. Some also desire to make the divisions of time to correspond with the metrical system, which would divide the day into 10 hours and the hour into 100 minutes and the minutes into 100 seconds, and so adjust the standard section that 100,000 seconds would be equivalent to our 24 hours."

"Are all these things going to be done?" asked the reporter in some amazement.

A MILLENNIAL PROSPECT.

"Well," said the professor, his eyes mildly twinkling through his glasses, "some people think that all this sounds too much like the millenium for this sinful world, but you see the beginning has been made, and no doubt we will continue to make progress."

"Now, take this question of changing the division of the day into twenty-four hours, which you first asked about. I have already pointed out the advantage of such a change. The chief obstacle in the way of its at once being received into general use will, probably, be that it is something new, and that the people are not accustomed to it. That obstacle, however, can be overcome, and if the railroads use it in their time tables people will soon get accustomed to making the necessary calculations. The change of the clocks would involve expense, perhaps the introduction of a new wheel, and that would come about more slowly."

The reporter, at this juncture, concluded that he had about used up the extra eight minutes which the professor, in common with every one else, had gained that morning, and thereupon left him to his studies.

Prof. Abbe has always taken an active interest in matters of time reform and he divides the honor with Prof. Peirce, of Harvard, of having first suggested the hour belt system.

JEWELERS OPPOSED TO THE PLAN.

The jewelers of this city do not generally look with favor upon the proposition to do away with the present twelve hour division of time and adopt the twenty four hour system.

"It is but idle talk," said Mr. Moore, the Avenue jeweler, while discussing the change of time with a STAR reporter last evening. "There is no good to be derived from changing the division of the day. The scheme is utterly useless and impracticable, and would prove very unsatisfactory if adopted. Why, just think what the change involves. There are not less than thirty millions of watches with the twelve hour scale marked upon their dials now worn in the United States, many of them being very valuable. Then clocks; there's no end of clocks scattered all over the country. All these would have to be changed. They would have to have new dials and an extra wheel and other additions to the works to reduce the motion of the hands to one-half the present rate they travel around the dial."

"What would be the cost of this change?" asked the reporter.

"Not less than seven or eight dollars for each watch, though the work on the clocks would probably not cost quite as much. There, you have an item; thirty million watches to be repaired, at $8 each. Just think of all the watches in the country going to the jewelers' shops at one time. Oh, the change would be very absurd. Moreover, the time could not be reckoned with any accuracy upon a small dial; the watches would all have to be very large, or they would be inaccurate."

"Why would this be?"

"For this reason: twenty-four figures around a small dial would almost run into each other, and it would be difficult to tell when the hand was just on the dot. With the hands going so slow the least variance would mean a great deal in time. Say the distance between the hours is about the thirty-second part of an inch, then five, ten, or fifteen minutes variance could scarcely be discovered."

THE PLAN NOT A NEW ONE.

"The idea is not a new one," said Mr. Karr, upon whom THE STAR next called. "No, it is by no means a new idea; it was the method tried in England a hundred years ago, and discarded on account of its impracticability. Watches with the twenty-four hours marked upon their dial were very common at that period, but they were not satisfactory, and the number was reduced to twelve for the sake of convenience. That is the most rational and convenient division of the day."

"Are any of those watches now in use?" asked the reporter.

"Yes,—that is they are in existence; they may not be used. I ought to have one somewhere, but I don't know exactly where to put my hand on it. However, here is one of the dials, which will do as well," he said, as he took from a little box a large white porcelain watch face, marked with the "twenty-four" hours, and stamped "chronometer, Finer & Nowland, London." This, he said, was 75 or 100 years old, and had been superseded by the 12 hour dials. He thought it very foolish, he said, to talk of adopting the 24-hour scale; it was far less accurate and less convenient than the twelve.

A NEW KIND OF A CLOCK.

One twenty-four hour clock has been invented which has a double dial consisting of two concentric circles—one to mark the time in the style in present use and the other on the 24 hour plan. By a very simple calculation the hour hand will only move half as fast on the old clocks, and the dial on which the old style time is marked will have two sets of twelve numbers, so that when the hour hand points to 13 on the new style dial it will mark one on the old style, and so on until the 24 and second 12 come together at the close of the round.

WASHINGTON AND THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

Better Facilities Wanted For Getting Out and In.

To the Editor of THE EVENING STAR:

Recognizing the fact that the only way to speak to the people at large is through the press, I therefore take this method of calling the attention of men of business, men of capital, all classes that have any interest in the present welfare and future prosperity of this, the capital city of a grand country, to the fact that there is no city with one-tenth the population or wealth that Washington has, and some even without the advantage of being the capital of a county, but what has better facilities for getting in and out than Washington. The country is rough, roads the poorest in America—in dry weather dusty and in wet weather muddy. About all of the people who can get away from the city are really forced to go to distant parts, and those who cannot go so far owing to the nature of their business have to remain or send their families to places so distant, and where living is high, and be separated from them; whereas, if there was cheap and rapid transportation to the various sections of the surrounding country they would take advantage of such facilities to live in the country and be practically in the city at the same time. Persons of moderate income could secure a home near the city where lands are cheap; business men could locate their families in the country during the summer and be with them every night, returning to the city in the mornings in time for business. If property owners think that such an arrangement would reduce the value of their property such is not the fact, as I have seen in many large cities, where scores of accommodation trains are run daily—on Sundays church trains—to accommodate just that class of people. And the more such facilities are provided the greater do those cities prosper. Now I would make this suggestion, build narrow-gauge railroads, radiating in all directions, extending as far into the country as would seem wise; they can hardly go too far. Manage them economically, run them, in fact, for the benefit of the people and the city, and there is no doubt but the stockholders would reap a rich reward. A narrow gauge road can be built much cheaper than the standard gauge, making shorter curves, saving expensive cuts and fills, climbing steeper grades than the standard gauge roads. I have served a great many years on railroads and helped to develop facilities for the movement of city people who wished to live in the country contiguous, and know the many advantages in such arrangements. I throw out these suggestions with the belief that if public spirited men should take hold of the matter many advantages to all classes, and very fair dividends, would be realized. Push the thing along, you newspaper men, for your interests are in every way identical with all others.

There are many advantages I could mention, but space forbids, and will let others give their views. "MILES GREENWOOD."

Visible Speech Again.

Correspondence of THE EVENING STAR.

LEESBURG, VA., Nov. 10, 1883.

The recent articles in THE STAR on "Visible Speech" recalls some experiments made here in a small way by a teacher who invented an alphabet for the occasion, to teach his pupils to articulate clearly.

The principle of his alphabet was to have characters which would be rough pictures of the position of the vocal organs, so that a child would put his mouth, tongue, teeth, throat, etc., in the position pictured on the board and let the sound come, and the word would be pronounced.

For example the word "man" was written on the board in these characters and the pupil was told to put his lips, tongue, teeth, etc., in the relative positions pictured and let the sound come—no intimation was given what letters these characters stood for, and in some cases the boys readily pronounced the words indicated—as in the word "man." The first character looked like our B without the vertical line at the back: *the pupil closed his lips*—the next character, like an A turned sideways, opening to the right, the pupil *opened his mouth*—the last character was like an N turned sideways, *left* side up, *right* side *down*—looking like roof of mouth with *tip* of tongue pressed against it, lips slightly apart, character open at the back indicating nasal escape of air. The pupil put his vocal organs in that position, and was surprised to find that he had pronounced the word "man," with a slightly affected drawl to the a. If any unprejudiced observer will examine the capital letters of the Greek alphabet he will be surprised at the likeness between certain letters and the position of the organs of utterance in pronouncing them—notably *sigma*, point of tongue close to opening of the teeth, as in hissing; *theta*, point of tongue *between* the teeth, as in pronouncing the words "the," "thin," and the close of the word "*teeth*;" *omikron*, the open mouth; *omega*, if turned sideways, the *wide open* mouth, (though this may be only two omikrons joined together, denoting long o.) I won't bore your readers with any more, only *beta* (our B) represents closed lips and back of mouth stopped, no escape of air at all—a nearly perfect mute.

Our Roman letters also show like resemblances. W.

INTERVIEWING GEN. BUTLER.

The Washington Headquarters of the Governor of Massachusetts.

THE EXPERIENCE OF THE STAR REPORTER IN GETTING AT THE VIEWS OF THE GOVERNOR—HE EXPLAINS HIS CONNECTION WITH THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL—BUT DECLINES TO DELIVER HIMSELF OF ANY POLITICAL UTTERANCES.

The stately granite residence of Gov. Benj. F. Butler, on New Jersey avenue, looks down contemptuously upon a small squatty brick structure in its rear. That mean-looking little building is the office of the noted politician and lawyer. A STAR reporter, who was sent in quest of Gov. Butler, was directed to his office. The front door was open, but there was neither bell nor knocker with which to herald one's approach. Peering into the hall, a small tin sign, bearing the word "Private," was observed upon the door of the first room. A door further down the hall indicated another room, and it bore a cheap tin sign with "Gen. Butler" painted upon it. At this door the reporter ventured to knock, and a sort of tremulous "come in" was uttered from within. Entering, THE STAR man found himself in a room about the ordinary office size, dingy and poorly furnished, like the office of a western frontier lawyer struggling against adverse fortune. It was cold and cheerless. One of Gen. Butler's clerks sat writing at a table, with an overcoat buttoned up to his ears, and it was his voice, shaking with cold, that had bade the reporter enter.

THE GOVERNOR ARRIVES.

The reporter was invited to await Governor Butler's return. About a quarter past ten a. m. Governor Butler and his partner, Mr. Barrett, entered together, but the former went direct into his private room, without bestowing so much as a nod upon any of the several gentlemen who had assembled during his absence for the express purpose of seeing him. A half hour passed and yet not a sound came from the inner sanctuary. Nor did any of the visitors manifest impatience; they seemed to know the man and to understand that they must bide his time. At last a bell summoned the office boy. "Call Captain Grant," said the governor, as if ordering the summons of a witness. Captain Grant had his interview, followed in order by the others, the office boy preceding each one to learn the governor's pleasure, until THE STAR man's time came. The reporter entered the private room and discovered the governor scanning closely the card he had sent in.

DON'T CARE TO SAY ANYTHING.

Looking up, the general extended his hand half mechanically, but said not a word. "Governor," began the scribe, "THE STAR has sent me to obtain your views upon some questions of public interest, as your opinions and suggestions are always interesting to the American people." Gen. Butler darted a sort of disdainful look upon the would-be interviewer, as if to say: "Young man, you might catch some statesmen with such taffy, but you are wasting your sweetness now." He didn't say this, however, but, instead, remarked, somewhat bluntly: "Four gentlemen of the press have been to see me already, but I believe there's nothing I care to say at present, unless (after an instant's hesitation) it be to correct the report, extensively published, that I was the author of the civil rights bill."

"May I say that?" inquired the reporter.

"I'll give you the means to say it authoritatively," replied the governor, as he picked up a volume of the *Congressional Record*. "You can take it from the *Record*."

THE SANCTUM.

While the governor sought the page he wanted the reporter took some observations of his sanctum. It was more neat, more comfortable, than the other room, but still very poor quarters for a man worth millions. The middle portion of the floor was covered with a faded and much-worn carpet, thread-bare in some places. The governor's desk was plain, as were all its surroundings. Several portable stands of law books stood near his desk, and an old-fashioned bookcase, well filled with legal volumes, occupied one corner. A good fire burned in the grate, and the general, seated in the only comfortable chair visible, was drawn up in front of it. Not a picture of any description hung upon the walls. They were as bare as the day the building was completed.

THE GOVERNOR'S RECORD ON THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

"Ah, here it is," said Gen. Butler. "I read from the *Congressional Record*, volume 3, part 2, second session 43d Congress, February 3d, 1875 (reading): 'The House resumed consideration of the civil rights bill.'"

He then read the proceedings of that day, showing that he (Butler), by instruction of the judiciary committee, yielded for a motion to substitute the provisions of the Senate civil rights bill for the bill then pending in the House. It being decided that the provisions of the Senate bill could be substituted, Gen. Butler addressed the House, saying he did not rise to discuss the principles of the bill. He continued:

"Of the justice of the principles of the bill I can have no doubt. I cannot understand how there can be a class of American citizens entitled to all the privileges and immunities of American citizens who can be or ought to be deprived of any privilege or immunity or right that appertains to any American citizens." He scouted the idea that social equality was intended or thought of, and said "social equality is not effected or affected by law." In his remarks to the House Gen. Butler contended that there was no social association in meeting people at inns, in the cars and in theaters. He said the question of social equality was dragged in to prejudice the bill, and added: "This whole argument to prejudice I desire once for all to repudiate. I put this question upon a strict basis of right. This question will clear itself—make itself entirely right if it can be let alone and taken out of the dominion of politics."

HOW THE BILL WAS PASSED.

"You see," said the general, closing the *Record*, "I carefully avoided any expression of opinion as to the constitutionality of the bill. Now, then, to explain all this you will understand that the Senate bill was on the Speaker's table, and, as the session was drawing to a close, we would not have been able to reach it in the regular course of business. By substituting the Senate bill—the provisions of it—that was passed, it went back to the Senate, passed that body, and so became a law. Well, then," continued the general, reverting again to the *Record* where he had left off reading to make this explanation, "the debate went on and we got into a general scrimmage. Some man called me a murderer," and at this the general laughed in a peculiar chuckle that shook him all over, as if he relished the wordy combat even at this distant day. "Yes, he said I murdered a man in New Orleans. I replied that I hung one man and I gloried in it, and that I made a mistake in not hanging more," and this seemed to please him more than the other, for he tucked down his head and shook all over for the space of half a minute.

BUTLER AND TILDEN.

Having cleared himself of the imputation of drafting an unconstitutional measure, the governor intimated that he was done with the reporter. But the latter was not satisfied to quit without getting something about politics. The governor could not be moved, however, from his position. He would not be drawn into delivering himself of any opinion. At last the reporter thought to provoke him into saying something, and so he fired off, "And so, governor, it was Tilden and his influence that defeated you?"

"I've never said so," was the reply, uttered in a dogged manner. "I've never made that charge. I neither make it nor deny it. No, sir; I have said I have no political views for the press just now. Good morning."

The Wicked Clerks Must Go.

To the Editor of THE EVENING STAR:

In connection with the recent recommendations of the Commissioners in relation to the evil effects of buying lottery tickets, allow me to suggest that they go further and ask that all government clerks be discharged who chew tobacco or say *bad words*. There are hundreds of clerks in the departments who chew tobacco, smoke and swear; there are hundreds who never go to church or read the Bible. Now every sensible person knows that no man who chews tobacco or swears can properly attend to his work.

What a blessing it is for the young men of this community that they are watched over so zealously by our dear good Commissioners; few cities are so fortunate.

It is to be hoped that the heads of the different departments will turn out all the bad, wicked, naughty people.

The wicked men must go. MORALITY.

We read in a western market report that "Colorado stock is thin this winter. If it means mining stock, we believe every word of it without looking up references.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

GRAVEYARD FANCIES.

Sights and Sounds in a Cemetery.

A CHEERFUL CHAT WITH A GRAVE-DIGGER—THE SEPULCHRAL AND PROPHETIC HOOTING OF MIDNIGHT BIRDS—STRANGE THINGS SEEN BY AN OLD VETERAN OF THE SPADE—SCENES FROM LIFE DRAMAS ENACTED AMONG THE TOMBSTONES, ETC.

"Did I ever see anything strange about a graveyard? Well, I guess if you had seen as many strange things as I have you'd not be asking me such questions." The speaker leaned upon his spade and eyed THE STAR reporter curiously. "Strange things? Well, I should think so! I've been digging graves here nigh onto twenty years, and I should think in that time I'd had opportunity enough to see 'em. Strange things! Strange in more ways than one. It's all strange. Strange folks are buried here; strange folks come to the funeral; strange folks come to visit the graves afterwards; and stranger still are the things that happen when every one is gone away and the gates are shut for the night—when long shadows stretch across the gravel walks and the white stones stand out against the gray sky like so many dead people getting out of their graves in their shrouds. Then it's so awfully still. I've lived in that little house out there by the gate, as I said, nigh on to twenty years, and I've never heard a sound after dark except the screeching of the owls. Speaking about owls, it's a mighty wonder how they like to stay about a graveyard."

"Do they stay around much?" asked the reporter.

"Why, yes. It seems like the graveyard is their natural element, especially when there's lots of big trees and ivy-grown vaults. To hear an owl hoot in the night here, as I do sometimes, when everything is still, would make your blood run cold. They don't keep it up right along through the night, so you can get used to it; but it will be quiet for a long time—so still that you get almost afraid to breathe, and the falling of the leaves startles you—then all of a sudden you'll hear a long hoot-too-toot and a dull rushing in the air, as a big owl sails by and drops down upon a vault beneath the hill. Then all is still again—as still as them that's buried there."

"I can always tell when there's going to be a busy time here," he continued. "When the owls are particularly plenty and keep up an awful hooting during the night, I look for the funerals next day. They always come. When the owls hoot it means funerals."

"I don't like owls," the old man went on, scraping the red clay from his spade with the toe of his boot. "I don't like 'em; they don't mean good. Dead people are good enough in their way, I get used to them. But owls are a kind of half-dead and half-alive bird, and if 't'warn't that I knew that they can't get at 'em, I'd believe they lived on dead people."

PEOPLE WHO GO TO FUNERALS.

"Don't you see any strange things besides owls!" asked the reporter, seeing that the old man had run off at a tangent, and was likely to talk about owls all the evening.

"Yes, lots of 'em. Strange people come here. Some people seem to have a kind of liking for graveyards," he replied, looking at the reporter as if he thought he might be counted in that class. Then, being convinced that he had never seen the scribe before, he went on: "Yes, there are lots of people who I know have no friends buried here, and I don't believe have any dead ones in the family, come here and go about sighing and looking miserable over all the graves that have big stones. Then they go out as if they had had a treat. Then there are other people who go to all the funerals. They always go with the mourners, and cry and take on as if they had lost a dear friend, and when its all over they go away and wait for the next. They are always on hand, and I get to know 'em right well."

"Don't many people come here who do not take any interest whatever in the place for its associations?" asked the reporter. "Lovers, for instance, who come here to find some secluded place where they can talk without being interrupted?"

"Oh, yes; there are lots of lovers. I can always tell them when they come in. They walk very slow and close up to each other, and as soon as they get into the grounds they make for some secluded spot, as far from the gate as possible. Then they try to look as if they got there by accident. Oh, yes; there are lots of 'em. But new couples are coming all the time. The old ones get married and then they never come back again until they have to, as sometimes they do."

"It's awful sad then," he added, as he bowed his head and looked thoughtfully into the deep hole he had just been digging. "Yes, it's awfully sad when one of these lovers dies; the other takes on so awfully."

A DRAMA FROM LIFE.

I remember when I first came here, nigh on to twenty years ago, there was a young couple used to come here regularly every Sunday afternoon. They were always so sweet and loving to each other—so romantic. They used to stroll around the paths, talking very low and earnestly, and always seeming so happy in their quiet way. They seemed as if one could not live without the other. They weren't like the others, who make love just for fun. I used to watch them all the time, but they did not know it. They never saw anything but each other at these times. Yet there was something kind o' sad about them that fascinated me, and I took a deep interest in them almost without knowing it."

As he went on, the old man's voice became subdued and tremulous. "One Sunday I missed them. The next and the next, and they did not appear. One day after that there was a funeral. I could tell it was a young person. Then, when the mourners got out and stood by the grave, I saw my young lady among them. She wasn't crying, but she was in deep mourning, and looked awfully pale. Then I knew all. They went away, and I could hardly keep from crying myself as I shoveled the clay down on the coffin of my young man. Well, the next Sunday she came all wrapped in a black veil, and staid by the grave until it was almost dark. It was cloudy, and had commenced to sprinkle a little, but she did not seem to notice it. So I went up to her and told her it was time to shut the gates and she would have to go. I can never forget the way she looked as she left that grave. Sometimes I see that white face at night. No, she was not crying. She went away and I never saw her again, but that morning as I cleaned off the new grave I picked up a bit of paper with something written on it. It was poetry, and she must have written it while sitting there. It had been in the rain all night, but I dried it out and folded it away in my wallet, where it has been ever since." Here the old man took from his wallet a piece of folded paper, which he unfolded carefully, as if a sacred thing, and silently handed it to the reporter. There, written in pencil in a delicate woman's hand, but so dim that it could scarcely be read, was this curious dirge:

Let not the moon to shine;
Darkness alone is mine,
Here will I sit and twine
Wreaths for his head.

Let not the stars to peep,—
See ye, the heavens weep!
Leave me alone to keep
Watch with the dead.

Let not the flowers bloom:
They can not clear the gloom
That hangeth o'er the tomb—
My love is dead.

Let there no music be,
Save the sad cypress tree,
Singing a dirge to me—
A dirge for my dead.

Thou drinkest in the light
Of all my hopes, so bright,
Yet thou art black as night—
Thou cruel grave!

My love is dead
And under his head
Lieth a pillow of damp cold clay.
O! death, thou art so cruel,
To take my love away.
O, cruel Death!
O, jealous Death!
To take my love away.

Let not the moon to shine;
Darkness alone is mine,
Here will I sit and twine
Wreaths for his head.

The old man became silent and the reporter left him leaning on his shovel looking into the empty grave before him.

Arrangements are being made to form a joint stock company to run the Scottsville, Albemarle county, agricultural fair annually. The last exhibition was a complete success.

Mr. W. W. Pigg killed a swan on his mill-pond last week, which measured over seven feet from tip to tip of her wings. Her plumage was as white as the driven snow, and she presented a most graceful and beautiful appearance as she swam on the pond.

The authorities of the Norfolk and Western railroad—the president and each of the directors—have been summoned to appear in the U. S. Circuit Court, at Norfolk, on the first Monday in December, to answer in the suit against the company to compel the transportation of dynamite over its line.

THE RICH MEN OF AMERICA.

How Vast Fortunes Were Made.

MILLIONAIRES WHO HAVE ACCUMULATED THEIR MONEY IN ALL SORTS OF ENTERPRISES—MEN WHO HAVE STARTED POOR AND HAVE GROWN TO BE WEALTHY.

The rich men of New York—the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Astors—everybody knows about. The New York *Sun* has got together an interesting collection of stories about the rich men of other cities, men who have not such a national reputation. There is no one in Philadelphia, according to the *Sun*, who is particularly noted for his wealth. The average Philadelphian would be puzzled to tell who are the richest citizens, but in 3d street, where the brokers are accustomed to sizing up fortunes, the wealthiest men are reported to be Mr. William Weightman, Mr. Frank Drexel, and Mr. I. V. Williamson. These gentlemen are supposed to be worth ten or twelve million each. It is curious that not one of these men has a hobby of any sort. All live comparatively quiet lives. They are not fond of fast horses, of yachting or of coaching. Their names are never mentioned in public meetings and they are never heard of in politics. Mr. Weightman has made his money out of quinine. The firm of Powers & Weightman for a long time practically had a monopoly of this business. Old Mr. Weightman can be seen in his shirt sleeves at almost any time in his chemical works, at 9th and Parrish streets. Mr. Powers is dead. Mr. Weightman has grown up in the business, and a visitor at the works would not know him by his dress from the foreman of a department. His fortune must be accumulating rapidly. He may give away money, but if so he does it in secret. He makes no donations in public. His daughter is the wife of R. J. C. Walker, of Williamsport, Pa., an ex-Congressman. Mr. I. V. Williamson is a different sort of a man. He is a director of the Philadelphia and Reading railroad. In early life he was a dry goods merchant and invested his money in railway stock. He never purchased on margins. His plan was to buy stock outright when there was a break in the market and hold it. He has been very successful. Mr. Williamson is a very benevolent man. He gives a great deal of money to all sorts of charitable institutions. Mr. Francis A. Drexel is at the head of the banking house of Drexel & Co. He lives in a handsome house in Walnut street, above 15th. His life is very quiet. He is passionately fond of music and is never happier than when seated at his organ and surrounded by a large collection of musical works. He is a devout Catholic and gives largely to charities, but always through church channels.

A BENEVOLENT MAN AND A MISER.

The richest man in the District of Columbia is probably the venerable W. W. Corcoran. His great start as a capitalist was made during the Mexican war, when he bought government bonds when they were far below par and held them till they were redeemed at their face value. Since this fortunate speculation he has spent his business life in banking and in the care of his property, which is reported to be worth $3,500,000. Of late years, however, the active management of his affairs has been in the hands of an agent, himself an aged and wealthy man, while Mr. Corcoran has indulged his taste for art and fondness for public charities.

It would be difficult to find two men more unlike in disposition and habits than Mr. Corcoran and the man who is supposed to be his rival in wealth, Joseph A. Willard. Mr. Willard alone knows how much he is worth. The conjectures of well-informed citizens vary by millions. Some guess he is not worth a million; others believe he is worth anywhere from five to ten millions. "Joe" Willard is an odd character. He lives all alone in a plain old-fashioned house in 14th street, near F street, which is always kept closed. He has no friends and no haunts, takes part in no public or business enterprises which involve social relations, indulges in no sports or social engagements, never goes to church, has no family, except one son who lives away from home; never speaks with his two brothers, Henry and Caleb, with whom he quarreled long years ago, and, in short, meets the world at as few points of contact as possible. His sole aim apparently, is to accumulate money, and in this he has been marvelously successful. He owns one half of Willard's hotel and a large quantity of real estate in the District, and is the largest holder of government bonds in Washington. Few residents of Washington have ever seen this odd millionare, for one of his eccentricities is to rarely leave his house in the daytime. After nightfall, however, it is his custom to sally forth and walk about town to inspect his property, and Mrs. Grundy observes that he always goes back into his house by the basement door and then bolts everything carefully up for the night. He attends to his rents himself and as fast as he collects his money goes to a bank or the Treasury and buys government bonds.

GREAT FORTUNES IN BOSTON.

The names of rich men of Boston stand in about this order: Fred. L. Ames, John M. Forbes, Joseph B. Thomas, J. Montgomery Sears, Benjamin P. Cheney, Augustus Hemenway. The list of plain millionaires contains some one hundred and eight names, according to the assessor's lists, a ratio of just one in one thousand of the number of persons assessed. Mr. Ames is the only one whose name is familiar to the public and he is known chiefly as the son of Oakes Ames and the brother of the millionaire lieutenant governor. The best estimate of Mr. Ames' fortune makes it between $22,000,000 and $25,000,000. He is assessed for $15,000,000. He is a quiet, unassuming business man, about fifty years old. The nucleus of his fortune, some five or six millions, he obtained by inheritance, and his chief aim has been the development of his father's great enterprise, the Union Pacific railroad.

Business men estimate John M. Forbes' wealth at about $15,000,000. He is a man of whose personal life his business associates learn but little. He is an old-fashioned Boston merchant. He made money first in the carrying trade, then in the commission business, and the bulk of his fortune in western railroad enterprises. Mr. Forbes' residence is a fine old country seat at Milton, whence he often drives in to Boston office. His summer house is a most delightful spot on the island of Naushon, in Buzzard's bay.

J. Montgomery Sears is one of the youngest of Boston millionaires. He is not yet 30, and on attaining his majority he received his millions from the administrators of his father's estate. Not long ago he was made the victim of a most surprising attempt at blackmail. This is the first public allusion to the case that has been made, and the detailed facts are almost beyond reach. This much is known, that enormous demands for cash were made, and a plot to place Mr. Sears in a compromising position was laid with great skill. The blackmailers spent some thousands of dollars in preparing it and carried on a voluminous correspondence with their intended victim and finally lost all they had risked and fled from the country. The chief of the conspiracy was driven mad by the failure of his great strike for riches and is now an inmate of an American insane asylum. One or two of the leaders of the conspiracy were the most dangerous of Parisian blackmailers, and part of the plot was laid abroad and Mr. Sears' detectives were compelled to make one or two trips to Paris before the conspiracy was fully broken up.

RICH MEN OF THE WEST.

John D. Rockefeller is the richest man in Cleveland and is worth in the neighborhood of $15,000,000. Every dollar of this vast sum was made, directly or indirectly, out of the Standard oil company. Mr. Rockefeller is forty years of age and comes of Scotch ancestry. When a young man he was a commission merchant. He started a small distillery as an experiment, the nucleus of the Standard oil company. He is superintendent of the Second Baptist church, and his wife, a former school teacher, teaches the infant class. J. H. Wade is the second richest man in Cleveland. He is worth perhaps $5,000,000. He was originally a poor carpenter. Forty years ago he became an amateur photographer and portrait painter, and thirty-seven years ago he took the first daguerreotype ever made west of New York City. Mr. Wade was the originator of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

Few persons familiar with the great estates of Chicago will question the statement that the largest is that of Cyrus H. McCormick, which is estimated by financiers at from $10,000,000 to $15,000,000. He made it in manufacturing reaping machines. Probably the second in rank is Marshall Field, who is not over forty-eight years of age. He is a native of Conway, Mass., and at an early day entered a dry goods store. When Potter Palmer, during the war, decided to abandon mercantile life Mr. Field had $35,000 or so with which to purchase the chief interest in the valuable plant. It soon became apparent that he had financial abilities of the highest order, and he now stands at the head of the merchant princes of Chicago. His wealth is estimated at from $4,000,000 to $7,000,000. There are many shrewd business men who insist that the second richest man in Chicago is Philip D. Armour. He has had some wonderful strokes of luck and has been known to hint that he had $10,000,000 in cash with which to work corners. It is quite well known that he has been caught on the losing side this year to the tune of millions. But for this he would probably take the second instead of the third rank. He has made his money pork packing.

Alexander Mitchell is by all odds the richest man in Milwaukee. He is, in fact, the richest man in the northwest. His wealth is variously estimated, all the way from $30,000,000 to $50,000,000. He is certainly worth about $15,000,000 in solid property. Mr. Mitchell is a short Scotchman, with a round ruddy face, and is a good liver and a man whose one great hobby is business. He cannot exactly be called self-made, as he was backed by a great corporation, which furnished to him the means of embarking in the banking business. Still, thirty years ago, when Milwaukee was a struggling village, he occupied a little office, which for many years he swept out and took care of himself. Half of his wealth was made in the banking business and the other half out of railroads. He boasts that he never made a dollar by speculation.

Henry Shaw, of St. Louis, an Englishman, is worth $7,500,000. He is a bachelor. The foundation of his fortune was laid in the fur trade, but the bulk of it was acquired by fortunate land investments. David Sinton, who is worth, perhaps, $5,000,000, is the richest man in Cincinnati. He made his money in the manufacture of iron. John Hill, of St. Paul, president of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba road, is worth probably $9,000,000. Three conservative men, two of them presidents of large banks, gave estimates of Mr. Hill's wealth, which averaged $9,500,000. In answer to the question, "Who are the richest men in St. Paul?" all but one put Mr. Hill first. Dennis Ryan came second, with no definite figures. One banker said: "All we know is that he shows immense money at times. He is a mystery." Commodore Kittson, (owner of Johnston, 2:10,) came third, with about $3,000,000.

RICH MEN OF THE SOUTH.

There are a number of rich men in the southern states. The richest man in Baltimore is the venerable but vigorous founder of the Baltimore *Sun*, Arunah S. Abell. It is difficult to say how much he is worth; not less than a dozen millions certainly, and the amount of his fortune is variously estimated at any figure up to $20,000,000. The second largest purse in Baltimore is probably carried by Ross Winans, the son of the famous Thomas Winans, who made a matter of $20,000,000 in building railroads for the Czar of Russia, and left as much to his children, Ross and Celeste, when he died some ten years ago. This fortune has not been allowed to grow less. Mr. Winans has recently built himself a castle in St. Paul street.

James B. Pace is the richest man in Richmond. His fortune is estimated at $1,200,000, and all of it has been made since the war out of tobacco. His absorbing interests are the Methodist religion and politics. Charles E. Whitlock is ranked as the second richest man. His wealth is estimated at $750,000. He made his money by saving his earnings while a clerk for ten years, and then cautiously embarking in the lumber business.

Mr. William B. Smith is generally conceded to be the wealthiest citizen of Charleston. He is rated at between one and two millions, although he is down on the municipal tax books at only $275,000. This, however, does not include his bank stocks and other non-taxable property. Mr. Smith has three daughters, all married. He owns a wharf or two and carries on the business of a cotton factor.

By popular opinion, as well as by the record of the assessment rolls, Col. Ed Richardson, president of the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition, is declared to be the richest man in New Orleans. A large part of his wealth is in plantations in Mississippi, but he owns much real estate, and the firm of Richardson & May, cotton factors, of which he is senior member, pays taxes on a capital of $3,000,000. Col. Richardson is a native of North Carolina, and was born in 1818. He became a clerk in a dry goods store in Danville, Va., in 1832.

The American Boy.

From the Chicago Journal.

What shall be done with the boys? is one of the most important questions that now confronts the American parent. The American father is censured by every census report for not raising more children, and invidious comparisons are made between his own and the family of the foreign-born citizen across the street, while for his own part he is at his wits' end to know what he shall do with the two or three rollicking young fellows already on his hands. If he is wealthy, and would be glad to see the boys go through college and adopt some one of the "learned professions" for a livelihood, the youngsters are either opposed to it themselves on general principles, or those polite callings are all so full already that there is not room even in the upper stories, where Daniel Webster is quoted as saying there are always plenty of vacancies.

If he thinks of teaching them trades he is met with still greater opposition. He can find plenty of colleges and universities in the land which will gladly undertake the pleasing task of graduating his boys for a reasonable consideration in ready cash, but if he wishes to apprentice them to some useful employment he finds opposition where he least expected it. His plan is objected to, first, by the family, who do not wish to have them engage in a service that is classed as manual labor, and, while the boys do not care to become lawyers, doctors, or ministers, they would like something light and respectable—the last term meaning the kind of employment that involves a good living, the wearing of good clothes, and the admission into good society on an equal footing with the best of people. But the American parent finds upon investigation that all these pursuits are quite as full as the "learned professions," and unless he can get situations for his boys through favoritism, or by reason of his own social position, he is thrown back upon the trades, or the young gentlemen grow up in idleness and are wasting the formative and most important period of their existence.

And if he settles down upon a trade that requires two or three years of apprenticeship before the learner is proficient in it and has mastered all its details, the boy is destitute of the required tenacity of purpose requisite to accomplish the work, or perhaps the trades-union will interpose its objection, and its opposition often settles the matter. Men who understand only one kind of business and expect to do their life work in it have a natural repugnance to seeing it overdone, and are naturally jealous of all sorts of competition in it, and to keep others from learning it is one of the ways in which they butter their own bread. The consequence is that two results follow, namely, first, that there is a large number of American fathers who are still puzzled with the conundrum, "what is to be done with our boys?" and secondly, the American manufacturer is compelled to go to Europe for skilled workmen.

A gentleman who is engaged in silk manufacture in this country writes to a New York paper in explanation of the employment of so many foreign artisans in the silk business, and says that it is one of the necessities of the situation. He finds our young men and women objecting to spending two or three years in becoming expert in the business. Of course every one with common sense sees that we are making a great mistake in not preparing ourselves to fill the ranks of skilled labor in every department where it is needed from the ranks of our own people, rather than to be obliged to depend on our too willing neighbors across the sea. And herein is another strong argument for the tariff protection of our home industries, because by such a policy the list of employments is largely increased, the opportunities for young men are greatly multiplied, and the problem in a measure solved—"What shall be done with our boys?"

Copper Roofing.

The decline in the price of copper is likely to lead to the increased use of that metal in building. At present the material for a copper roof costs, at the outset, only about twice as much as tin, and as the latter must be repaired and painted about once in three years, and in 15 or 20 years must be renewed altogether, the copper, which never needs painting, and is practically indestructible, is much the cheaper material in the end. There are at Boston many copper roofs, put on about forty years ago, which show no signs of deterioration; and the metal is still much employed in that city for cornices, gutters and rain water pipes, as well as for covering bay windows, and in many other ways, in place of galvanized iron, which is much inferior in beauty and durability and not very much cheaper. The copper has the additional advantage of needing no paint, so that the delicate lines of artistic work are in no danger of being filled up, and the metal increases rather than diminishes in beauty, by the slow formation of a bluish green patina over it. For flashings, as well as other portions of roof work, copper is much superior to zinc or tin, and with the aid of a certain amount of lead the most difficult problems in roofing can be successfully and permanently solved.

A MANUAL LABOR SCHOOL.—An effort is being made to start a manual labor school in Baltimore, in connection with the public school system. It will be open to boys in the grammar schools. Intellectual and manual training will be united. The instruction will include drawing, arithmetic for mechanics, geometry and English composition. The manual training will be confined the first year to working in wood.

Pay your taxes or get into the army is the law in Madagascar.

A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

The First Electric Light With Underground Wires a Dazzling Success.

From the Philadelphia Press, November 14.

After fighting the most formidable obstacles for ten months, the Philadelphia sectional electric underground company succeeded last night in establishing the claim it made when the proposition to convey underground electric light, telephone and telegraph wires was first made to city councils. W. H. Johnstone, president of the company, promised to have a sample electric light on Chestnut street, with the wires underground, three days after the street was opened for laying the conduits. Work was begun on Saturday night, and at 9 o'clock last night there were three lamps in successful operation; one at 9th and Chestnut streets, one on Chestnut street, above 9th, and one at the southwest corner of 10th and Chestnut streets. The light is perfectly white, burns steadily without the suspicion of a flicker, and for the practical purpose of lighting the street is as superior to the overhead lights as they are to the gas lamps. The problem of preventing induction appears to have been solved, and the fate of the network of wires in the air determined.

The light furnished for the initial experiment last night is supplied by the Underground electric light and power company, a corporation that simply uses the conduits as a vehicle for carrying its wires. It uses the system of the Excelsior company, of New York. The Underground company will continue to lay its conduits until stopped by the frosts. It is confidently expected, however, that before December 1 the area inclosed by Chestnut, Market, Front and 15th streets will have the wires underground. In front of every building there will be a "hand-hole" in the conduit, so that the wire can be drawn out, coupled and the lighting apparatus made complete inside of an hour.

A Better Type.

From the Craftsman, Nov. 17.

It is refreshing, now and then, to hear of acts of kindness on the part of employers, which, though rare, prove that some men do not deem it necessary to acquire wealth by altogether shutting their heart against the kindly feeling which the right thinking man should have for his neighbors. There are employers—perhaps many of them, although it is not apparent—who consider their workmen in one sense partners in their business, and never neglect by kindly acts and friendly sympathy to show that they take a sincere interest in their welfare. They show this not alone by kindness and good treatment, but in that most substantial manner, through the medium of hard cash. Remember Childs, the prosperous owner of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, who promptly declined to take advantage of untoward circumstances which compelled the printers of Philadelphia to reduce their scale from 45 to 40 cents per thousand. Mr. Childs remarked, when the reduction was brought to his attention, that he considered his printers entitled to all that was being paid to them, and instructed his foreman to estimate and make out the bills at 45 cents a thousand. And that is still the price paid on the *Ledger*. Such an employer surely deserves his prosperity.

The proprietors of the EVENING STAR, of this city, also have a record they may well be proud of, as regards their treatment of old and faithful employes. No salaried man in their employ has ever been docked for a day's time lost by sickness, although in one case at least such illness extended over a year, and we know of our own knowledge that at one time, for about six consecutive months, not less than $88 a week was paid out every Saturday to faithful men who were slowly nearing the grave after years of faithful service. We honor the proprietors of THE STAR for the spirit which prompts such action, and are glad of the opportunity to publish it to the world.

It is a notable fact, by the way, that the fullest measure of prosperity generally rewards the enterprise of such employers, while a large proportion of the skinflints, who would grind their workmen down to pauper wages, sooner or later are overtaken by what they may call "hard luck," but which more properly may be termed "retribution."

The Albatross.

The friendship of strange and apparently incongruous animals is well illustrated by the albatross, which is of a most voracious disposition and tyrannical nature. He is one of the largest and most formidable birds of Africa and America. When its wings are stretched they sometimes measure twelve feet from tip to tip. He lives upon fish and smaller aquatic fowl. They have the strongest and most unaccountable friendship, however, for the society of penguins. They always choose the same places for breeding, which is some distant and uninhabited island, where the ground slants to the sea, as the penguin can neither climb nor fly. In the Falkland Islands, which are in the South Atlantic, which the birds had undisputed possession of for many years, these birds are seen living together in the greatest harmony. Their nests cover acres of ground, and are laid out with the regularity of a plantation. In the middle on high the albatross raised its nest on sticks and long grass about two feet above the surface; round this the penguins make their lower settlements or rather holes in the ground, generally eight penguins to one albatross.

Though most birds perch on limbs when they sleep, or crawl into holes in the ground like the wren, which is found in the hole of the prairie-dog of the plains, the albatross is said to sleep, in the air. At night when pressed by slumber, they rise into the clouds as high as they can, then, putting their head under one wing, they beat the air with the other, apparently like the girl of the song on the flying trapeze "floating through the air with the greatest of ease." Soon, however, the weight of their body only half supported brings them down, and they are seen descending with a pretty, rapid motion to the surface of the sea. They then put forth fresh efforts to rise again, and alternately ascend and descend at ease. Not unfrequently while in this sleeping state they fall on shipboard, and are easily captured!

During the late war, when General John Marmaduke, of the confederacy, was transferred from the army of Virginia to the army at Tennessee, some of the soldiers of the latter army were talking about the new general and wondering what sort of a looking man he was. Only one of the group had seen him, and his description was that he was a great tall fellow with white hair. "Why, he's an albatross," he said. He meant albino. The story got out and some of his officers used to annoy him considerably by calling him the "Albatross General." The general had very white hair, ruddy complexion, was six feet three, and only weighed 119 pounds.

About Growing Old.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

Our esteemed contempory the *Sun* takes exception to the idea that a man is necessarily old at the age of 70; and the exception is well taken. Three score and ten is merely a ripe manhood for one who unites a cheerful spirit with vigor of body and mind. There are many septuagenarians better entitled to be called young than some men of 45 or 50. Old age, properly so called, does not supervene in any case where all the faculties have been preserved by judicious exercise and a careful observance of the laws of health. Until the vital powers begin to decay, until the spirits lose their exuberance, until the step falters and interest in surrounding things shows signs of failing, a man cannot with propriety be called old. The lamented Peter Cooper at 80 would have scorned the aspersion. David Dudley Field in his 79th year retains the vigor and freshness of middle life. Charles O'Conor at about the same age defied the efforts of half a dozen doctors to kill him, and the veteran Samuel J. Tilden still preserves the playful disposition even if he does not possess the physical elasticity of the lamb. No, old age is not so much a matter of years as of temperament and feeling—of mental and bodily condition.

Yes, Good for Something.

From the Philadelphia Call.

"Are advertising circulars addressed to houses any good?" asks one of our readers. Yes; circulars are very good—for the job printer. They show his taste and skill, and add both to his reputation and revenue. But for advertising purposes circulars are of little if any value. They are the cheapest method of advertising—so cheap, in fact, that those who receive circulars treat them accordingly. No matter if on the mailed envelopes are "Immediate," "Personal," "Important," "Don't Throw This Away," "To The Lady of The House," "Special Dispatch," "By Telegraph," etc., etc., the *circular* within is readily suspicioned by the recipient. He tosses the unopened envelope out of his mail, or if he opens it he barely glances at the circular as he throws it into the waste-basket.

But after all advertising circulars are some good to others than the job printers; they may please the children who pick them up and paste them away in scrap-books, which in a few days go into the dark closets with forgotten dolls and toys. Therefore, in this philanthropic point of view we answer our inquirers that advertising circulars are of some good—they make money for the printer and often amuse the children—if they happen to rescue them from the servant's quarters.