SAGE'S CAREER.

The Second Richest Man in the United States.

An Income of Fifteen Dollars a Minute-His Personal Appearance and Early Ventures-How "Old Straddle" Made Money.

Special Correspondence. NEW YORK, February 9,-I desire in this letter to tell something about Russell Sage, or "Old Straddle," as he is

familiarly and euphoniously called on the street-certainly one of the most remarkable men of this generation. A man who began with nothing and has added to it till his income is at the very least tifteen dollars a minute, waking or sleeping, has lived a life which is worth study and full of absorbing interest. He is still quite young enough to double his property again; and there he lives in a big house up Fifth avenue, with no family but a frugal wife. The least remarkable thing about Russell Sage is that he is a self made manthat he began poor. This is the common lot of all Americans of genius to day, and it is almost uniformly true of prominent men in this city.

On Monday I called on the subject of this sketch at his office in the famous ramshackle of a building at No. 71 Broadway, looking down on Trinity's old churchyard. Jay Gould occupies the front rooms, Russale Sage the offices next, and then the Manhattan Railroad Company. There are not fewer than Fifteen Millionaries

in this old building, and their aggregate property would foot up over \$200,-060,000. There are probably twenty States in the Union, any one of which themen in this building could buy and pay every dollar down. From the side the door which I sought a small is wooden sign projected into the w hall bearing the name, "Rus-I entered, and was in an outer office, where a dozen clerks were netive behind desks, and several brokers walked anxiously up and down, pausig every moment to examine the tape that flowed from the ticking stock re-porter by the wall. My card was taken messenger presently returned and let me through to the room. room was plainly furnished, with lithographs on the walls, and Mr. Sage sat at a square table covered with thirty or orty piles of little envelopes as large as a visiting card, each pile belonging to separate broker and each envelope ring his name. There were so many of these piles that there was hardly com enough for the great speculator to

inclined to a bony aspect, chestnut hair grown thin at the top and combed forward over the ears, a long crooked nose that might have been slightly warped in following some elusive rumor around the wall street corners, small gray eyes that almost shut up when they you, a smooth-shaven face with brown ish-grayish whiskers around under his chin from ear to ear, like Horace Greeley and Peter Cooper, a plain black searf and a forty dollar suit of clothes. He has the nervous bilious temperament, active, strong, self-poised-the temperament possessed by almost all tie talks like lightning so fast that the words tumover each other-and he frequently goes back to pick them up.
"Well," said Mr. Sage, turning to me with a smile, "what do you want me to

t told him my errand. Very well," he said, "tell your readers that I am in good health and am

in being more explicit in response to a curio-ity that was complimentary, and finally, in answer to my questions he

was Elisha Sage, and I was the young-est of a family of five children. The others were all born in Connecticut before father moved to Oneida county and have one brother still living-a farmer up in this State. Of course my youth was one of more or less hardship like that of most country boys. I got some schooling every year when I was small, but at the age of fifteen I went to Troy and entered the small grocery store of my brother Henry as a clerk I had my board and

Four Pollars a Month Wages It was probably all that I was worth-

other boys of my age were getting. But I saved some of it. I knew value of money at that early age and I put away some of my wages every month. I was always ready for a 'swap,' and made some money that way, for I was usually lucky. School? I couldn't go the public school any more, but I hired a private instruc tor, who gave me lessons nights. After three years of this service I went into business myself there with my brother. Elisha Sage, and we dealt in groceries and provisions on a small scale. Our credit was good, for we always paid promptly, and we prospered. We so far as to buy a sloop to run to New York with country produce, and we made this pay, too. After two years more we dissolved partnership, and I went in company with Mr. Bates. We did a wholesale business. We went into grain and flour, and in packing beef and pork in the West. I was lucky always. Well, I kept getting deeper always. Well, I kept getting deep-and deeper into things, and making more and more money, till finally some here and took a hand with the boys. That's the whole story."

While in Tray Mr. Sage became on

of the founders and directors of the Commercial bank-the most profitable and successful bank ever organized in that city. When the several railroads between Buffalo and Albany were consolidated into the New Yerk Central about 1856, he made a good deal of money in the transfer of the Troy and Schenectady. The "pile" he pocketed in that single transaction is said to have been \$100,000. In 1855 the La Crosse railroad, now a part of the Milwaukee and St. Paul system, got Russell Sage to discount a note for S

In the Crash of 1837

that note went to protest. Steps were taken by bond holders to wipe out all outstanding obligations by foreclosure, but Sage organized a party of creditors who opposed the motion, and put in more money to save what was already in. So it happened that he was a large owner of stocks and bonds of the road when the rebellion opened and the tremendous advance in prices came. There were any number of lawsuits, but Sage came out on top. He had mettle and pluck. As they say out west, he had and in his gizzard."

For twenty years Russell Sage has For tweaty years Russell Sage has had quite a career as a politician. He was a Troy Whig alderman for ten years. He was county treasurer. He was a trusted friend of Weed and Seward and a member of several National conventions. He was in Congress from 1853 to 1857, and rose to commanding influence mainly on account manding influence, mainly on account of his personal skill in accomplishing desired results. A re-election was within easy reach, but he declined further honors, and soon after plunged into the vortex of Wall street. It may be re-marked incidentally that he always plunged in where it wasn't over his head. He brought here about a million dollars, which he did not risk in speculation, but lent to speculators on good security and shaved notes for solvent financial firms. A man who knows him well says: "Nobody ever

went to Mr. Sage with collateral to borrow money and went away empty handed, be the security

United States Bonds or a pair of opera glasses. On the other hand, nobody ever succeeded in bor-rowing anything of him without security." Mr. Sage made a heap of money a few years ago selling out the Atlantic and Pacific telegraph company to the Western Union.

It was not till about 1870 that Mr.

Sage began the novel methods of speculating with which his name is identified. He originated the system of "puts" and "calls" and "spreads" and "straddles" and now in a booming market it is no uncommon thing for him to take in \$1,000 in a single day for the "privileges" disposed of. He never offers them for sale and never accords a would be purchaser an audience. It must all be done through brokers. All offers for privileges are submitted in writing-not a word is spoken by the broker. He enters the magnate's office unannounced, lays a slip of paper before him containing the offer, and silently waits the answer. The broker's queer slip might be for a "put" as follows: "\$95-100 W. U. Tel. at 78-sixty days," the meaning being that \$95 is offered for a guaranty of 100 shares of Western Union stock-sixty days to run. It he concludes to issue the privilege he opens a small book and enters the transaction, while a clerk in the other office fills : blank and

The Magnate Signs it: If not he says, "Don't want it, don't want it;" or else answers by writing on

another slip of paper a proposition which he will accept. "You ask me if I would advise anybody to come here and go into Wall street." He stuck his eyeglasses on his nose and looked at me. "No, sir! Not nose and looked at me. "No, sir! Not the shrewdest man I know. I have seen hundreds-thousands-go down and lose every dollar. Some of my old acquaintances have come here and gone out of sight in no time. It seems, when I look back, as if I was about the only one of those who came here when I did and ss I did that has survived."

"May I ask your opinion of the pres ent financial situation?" I inquired of Mr. Sage.

"Certainty," he answered, and he pu his hands into his pockets and walked the room. "You may say that I think we may look for continued and increas-Ours is a tremendous ed prosperity. Ours is a tremendous country, full of riches not yet touched. The railroads are prospering and pay-ing large dividends. All the signs are favorable. During the next ten years the West will have a growth that will astonish her own people. The tide is turned, and there will be a boom this next summer. I am trimming my sails on that theory, and you can say so if you want to. More of my money is in railroad stocks than ever before, because I believe there is going to be a rise in all sorts of property." And I

DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADE

A negro boy at Jessup, Ga., the other lay, put a toy pistol to the back of his ister's head and pulled the trigger. The bullet passed through the girl's neck and she is not expected to survive. He didn't know it was loaded.

David Taylor, a lad whose home was in Issaquena county, Miss., while ex-amining his gun one day last week rested his foot on the hammer and looked in at the muzzle. His head was blown off. He didn't know it was loaded.

Matthew Anger picked up an old gun t Plaquemine, La., on the 19th inst., and laughingly pointed the weapon at a A charge of shot went flying through the boy's head to the hor or of young Anger, who surrendered himself to the authorities. He didn' know it was loaded.

Cal., Transcript, "a Grass Valley boy named Wilson picked up a gun, and, after an examination, concluded it was not loaded. He pointed it at a boy named Van Orden and it went off, the charge just missing the latter's head. There should be a law for the suppression of people who don't know how to e an "unloaded gun" He didn't know it was loaded.

Michael Baran was courting his girl, Miss Dvorak, in Baltimore, last week. n play he drew from his hip-pocket a seven-shooter. Pointing the weapon at Miss Dvorak, he rema.ked, "I'm going to shoot you!" and pulled the trigger. Fortunately, the weapon failed to discharge. Baran then pointed the revolver at his breast and pulled The ball lodged somewhere inagain. ide the ribs. He didn't know it was loaded.

Gottlieb Beck, an employe in the bakery of George Kober, in New Haven, was shot a few days ago by William Rabanus, a boarder with Kober. Rabanus was going out shooting, and ou looking at his pistol found a shell in the He pulled the trigger to see if it would explode, and as it did not he concluded it had been fired before. He went down stairs, where Beck was Rabanus pointed the pissifting flour. tol in sport at Beck, saying: "Your mon-ey or your life." Beck dropped the pretending to search his pockets, and said he had but a few cents. Rabanus pulled the trigger and the cart-ridge exploded. Rabanus, terrified, cried out, "Oh, God! I. didn't know it was loaded." Drs. Mailhouse and Hubrie extracted the ball from between the shoulder-blades, it entering at the abdomen. The physicians think he will die in a day or two. He didn't know it was loaded.

MODERN LOVE STORIES.

The French are the most in love with sentiment for its own sake, and have been from the days of Mlle, de Scuderi down-wards; and for the Germans, has not Schil-ler owned that they like it, and "the more er owned that they like it, and "the more tridling it is the more generally welcome it is?" But sentiment and the sentimental are much abused words. There is the sentiment of "The Bride of Lammermoor," for example, and the sentiment of "La Dameaux Camellias;" the sentiment of George Sand, and the sentiment of Charles Dickers. Exacter writers distinguish be-Dickens. Exacter writers distinguish tween sentiment and sentimentality; but most of us assign all the various phases of the melting mood to the former, and like or laugh at it, as the case may be, with

There is much the same vagueness, about a "love story." Of the modern love story, no doubt, as of the modern sentiment, we have most of us had enough, and more than enough. And yet was there ever a story told, to which the world has cared to listen in which love did not be sent to the story told. has cared to listen, in which love did not play a part? Have there ever been told love stories more charming than "The Tempest" or "The Winter's Tale?" more terrible than "Othello" or "Romeo and Juliet?" Goethe is said to have found this terrible defect in Heine, that he lack ed love-an accusation which a eaning writer has recently repudiated with scorn, because Heine loved his old mother and his young wife. That is not, of course, the sort of love Goethe had in his mind. Of a story of love, then, the world will never have enough; neither af-ter sgrenteen nor after seconty will it hall. ter seventeen nor after seventy will it pall. But a "love story," as our sentimentalists of either sex understand it, is a very different affair; between the conventional love story and a story of love there is all the difference that there is between a horse-

chestnut and a chestnut horse. TRUE REALITY

A Beautiful Baltimore Belle Ruined

Scores of Suiters Marries a Prominent Merchant and Takes to the Morphine Habit-He Kills Himself and she · Dies a Wreck.

ecial Correspondence of the Sunday Register BALTIMORE, February 10 .- Ten years ago no more beautiful woman walked the fashionable promenades of Baltimore than Miss Nannie G. Lynn. She was a pure representative of that fascinating type of female beauty that appeared to be the order of the day in this section of the United States. Blonde, bewitching, tall, of rather commanding appearance, with form developed to just the right degree of maidenly perfection, her figure alone was sufficient to bring many slaves to her presence. Her personal appearance was such that she could uncrown a king or make a stoic bow at will. As may be safely

surmised, she numbered

Her Anxions, Enger Suitors by the score. In the latter part of the month of May, 1874, this priceless gem in the matrimonial department of life was led to the hymenial altar by, at that time, a prominent young merchant of Baltimore, Colonel N. G. Pilson. He possessed a sufficient amount of the currency of the realm to support her in elegant style, and after a grand ceremony under the floral bell, and amidst the chants of the sonorous elergymen and loud peals of the expensive organ in an up-town fashionable Episcopal church, the loving and happy couple took a wedding trip to Europe, and began housekeeping in grand they style on Madicon avenue-one most aristocratic sections of this city. Here for a time peace seemed to reign supreme and happiness to have found her throne. But before a year had been numbered with the innumerable throng which had come and gone, the busband discovered

A Terrible Secret. He had daily the most undoubted evidence that his beautiful wife, the angelic creature which he had grasped from so many outstretched masculine hands, was a slave to the terrible opium habit. In other and more significant words she was a morphine maniae. It seems that a short time before her marriage she was afflicted with a very pain-ful iliness. To quiet her and soothe her sufferings her physician, one of the leading medical lightsof Maryland, had given her morphine. When she re-covered her usual health, which she dld

in the course of a few weeks, the craving for the drug still continued, as is often the case, and she became in the habit of buying it at various drug stores. The fatal appetite rapidly grew, and as has been stated before, the happy husband had not had what he supposed to be a priceless treasure a year before he discovered the awful truth. Then commenced on his part, a long series of fruitless efforts to conceal the terrible fact from her powerful and perverted appetite. Earnest reason; logical extulation and loving entreaty were first tried. All, all in vain. She would promise reformation, but would soon again take the temporarily entrancing Then the husband sent her to a prominent institution in a northern city, where they profess to cure this aw-ful disease. He kept her there nearly

bureau, in his wife's room. For sever-days prior to this time he thought she

acted strangely, but attributed it to

temporary nervousness. When charged

with again using the drug, she weeping-

and herstill beautiful face pressed close

to his begged his forgiveness, promising

him that it would never occur again,

and he, man like, under the existing

as may be amagined, she did not keep her earnest promises. She still contin-ued taking the drug. Matters went from bad to worse. It began to be

noised about among their numerous mutual friends that she did as she did.

One night when she was out on the

street she became so much affected by

the now larger doses of morphine which she had taken that day, that

she was actually arrested by the average

astute American municipal officer un-

within the dirty and gloomly confines

and appearance next morning before the police magistrate was such that she

attracted the attention of the indus-

trious dity reporters, and the details of

English rhetoric and chaste significant

This Sad Blow

almost broke the living husband's

heart. A year after this sad event, and

five years after their marriage, a more

terrible calamity occurred which was the final drop that filled the poor tel-

low's cup of woe to overflowing. Their only child, a bright little girl, aged two years, was scalded so badly that she

life, the husband lost all hope, and

sought the aid of King Alcohol.

his brains out, leaving the following

Pathetic Note:

"Optum has directly ruined my wife. I have everything that mortal man could do to save her, but all in vain. Optum has indirectly ruined me. Had it not been for the fatal appetite, I could have saved her. I would never have tasted whisky, and had I never drank i would not be where I am nor fill a nameless suicide's grave. I love her

fill a nameless suicide's grave. I love her vet, devoutly and passiona'ely. May God in his infinite love biess her, and may we meet where there are no tears, where there is no sorrow. For without her there would be no

usher my soul."
The Young Widow Made Another At-

to stay the terrible appetite after the

tragic death of her husband. Kind

friends rallied around her and assisted

her, and for a time it really seemed as

flend. However, six months after his

funeral she was discovered one day in

her poorly furnished room almost un-

conscious from the effects of opium, and

several large pieces of the crude arti-cle was found upon a table beside her.

When this became known among the

kind friends who were helping her.

they almost without exception at once deserted her, and in a few days she

stood upon the threshold of extreme

penury-upon the brink of actual star-vation. At this particular crisis in her

life a wealthy young married lady of Baltimore heard of her pitiable condi-

tion. This lady had been a school com-panion of the morphine eater when both were young misses at St. Mary's Hall, the fashionable school for

young ladies at Burlington, N. J. She had lost sight of her for a number of

utter destitute and sad plight, she re-

tempt

heaven for me in whatever will come in that life into which a few minute

if she had actually conquered

To Quench His Domestic Auguish

behavior

of the station house cell. Her

adjectives in the local papers.

ing arms entwined around his neck,

ly confessed that it was so, and

circumstances, did as she wished

a year and spent money in his efforts in this direction with lavish hand. She "The other day," says the Novada, al., Transcript, "a Grass Valley boy returned home at the expiration of that time apparantly cured. For a few happiness once more reigned supreme in that household, when suddenly one day the husband was horri-A Bottle of Morphine in one of the private drawers of the

Sentiment Degenerating Into Sentimentality—Heine's Defects as an

Saturday Review.

May I find a woman fair,
And her mind as clear as air;
If her beauty goes alone.
Tisto me as if twere none.
May I find a woman rich.
And not of too high a pitch;
If that pride should cause disdair.
Tell me, lover, where's th) gain?
May I find a woman wise,
And her faisehood not disguise;
Hath ahe wit as she hath will,
Double arm'd she is to ill.
May I find a woman kind.
And not wavering like the windHow should I call that love mind
When 'tis his and his and thine?
There is beauty, love and wit;
Ilsppy he can compassit,

the poor sufferer to her own luxuriously A WRECKED LIFE. furnished home in her carriage. Here she was surrounded by every comfort imaginable, and nothing she desired

was denied her except

By Morphine. The Daughter of a Leading Family with

The One Fatal Curse. This kind-hearted, wealthy young lady, kept the victim of opium fastened in a handsomely furnished room in her house for three months, and had strong hopes of effecting a permanent cure when, one day, the young widow was found in a helpless condition on the floor of the apartment. The family physician pronounced the cause of the mysterious illness to be solely morphine. How she succeeded in obtaining the drug will never be known, asshe refused to tell, but it is supposed some of the colored servants, to whom she was very kind, moved to compassion by her earn est entreaties, secretly procured the opium in one of its many forms for her. After several exhibitions of this kind, and many broken reformation promises on the part of the now wretched woman, the husband of the kindly disposed woman turned the once beautiful blonde belle out of the house, and she had 'no where to seek shelter except the resorts of the depraved of her sex. To one of these places she went, and after a brief sojourn there, on account of her loss o beauty and attractiveness

She Was Again Turned Into the Street Nothing now remained for the man and woman forsaken creature but a charitable home, and after being almost starved for lack of food and almost frozen by being without shelter, on the 25th day of last month-when it seemed as if all the world was filled with holiday joys and mirth held high carnival even in the remotest corners of the earth-she was admitted to an in stitution of this kind. The once lovely face had now so changed that there was not even the shadow of a resemblance between its now hideous distortions and contractions, and the lily and roses commingled, and the beaming blue eyes which charmed all

only ten brief years ago. And the stately, graceful figure, once so envied by every woman who saw it, had now shrunk into a mi serable burlesque upon what it once had been. A few days ago the sorrowful and eventful life brought to a close by the advent of the king of terrors. A few hours before her death she feebly wrote the following sorrowful note which shows that she was only too glad to escape from the woes of her life and the anguish of her

Her Last Words of Anguish Her Last Words of Anguish.

"I have not only ruined my life, but I have ruined that of my loving husband, and am truiy his murderer; just as much so as if had personally dealt him a death blow; had killed him with my own hand. I am going to die in a very few hours, and am thankful to Gcd that the end to my wretched, weary existence has come at last. My only hope now is that I will meet my dear husband in the next world, whatever that may be for me. Onium ruined me, and by destroying me the next world, whatever that may be for me for imprined me, and by destroying me killed him. Acter acquiring the fatal appetite for that damnable drug I could never resist its terrible seductions. Great God, how I have suffered, how I have wildly fought, but all in valu—all in value. See what I am, how I die, and what I might be and my dear

for that awful appetite. I Do Not Fear the Hell ministers talk about in the next world—the world I very soon shall be in—for even in its worst aspect it cannot be a more terrible hell than I have suffered here for five years past. Oh if this is made public, if it should happen to get into the papers, girls, women, you of my own sex who read it, I beseech you never touch oplum in any one of its many seductive forms. No matter what your family doctor may say, never, never think—"

Here the Note came to an abrupt termination. The wretched sufferer's strength had evidently failed her at this moment and she could write no more. Her hand was stilled forever by the icy touch of death. She was quietly buried by the authorities, and the once beautiful blonde Baltimore belle, of only ten years ago, now rests beyond all the cares and sorrows of her bitter life of anguish in a nameless pauper's grave.

THE ROMANCE OF ACTUAL LIFE.

How Frelinghuysea Won his Bride. From the Chicago Tribune "Cecile!"

"Yes, papa." She arose—a brown-eyed, brown-aired give with a raregrace and sweetness in her manner-and approached. Pierceval Deadwood pushed aside the mass of papers that lay on the desk beand gazed steadily, almost fiercely, at his daughter. She returned the gaze with a timid, hesitating, Maycorn look, while the rosy blushes of maiden modesty chased each other rapidly across her fair young features and leaped outward into the great Beyond.
"What brings your Frelinghuysea so often." asked the old man.

"His feet! I suppose," was the answer, in low, shrinking tones. "I noticed that he had them with him the last time he called"-and the girl shrank instinctively against her "I want no nonsense," replied the ther. "I have called you here to You must

talk about your future. make a wealthy marriage." "Papa! "Do not interrupt me," he continued. I have spoken my piece, and have der mistaken supposition that she was really intoxicated. She spent that night

aly to add that I am a Hard Man from Wayback." Sobbing as if her heart would break 'ccile went slowly to the sofa and set lown with a dull, sickening thud.

Suddenly she arose. "I love Hasold Frelinghuysea, she said, "and I will arry no other man.
Two minutes later she was doing up the whole sad case were sped in glowing her back hair.

"You are sure you love?" "Can you doubt me?" asked Har-

She had broken her bustle.

"Yes," replied the girl, "I can, but have decided not to"—and, kissing him warmly, she went away.

Spring in Coshocton. Pierceval Deadwood is again seated at his desk. "You expect young Frelinghuysea to-

died in a few hours. After this sad event, and finding that it was utterly impossible to free his wife from the terday?" he says to Cecile.
"Yes, papa."
Even while they are speaking the door opens and Herold enters.
"Have you come to redeem your prorible malady which was the bane of her usual results followed with speedy and

nise?" asks the old man scornfully. destructive steps. He soon lost his wealth, and his business became so in-volved that he made a heavy mer-"I have" is the reply, and Harold laces \$50,000 in bonds on the desk. "How did you get this money, and cantile failure. This once blessed and happy couple sank lower and lower in brawing himself up proudly, Horold nswered: "I have been doorkeeper the scale of degradation. In Septem-ber, 1881, the poor fellow one day blew in a New York walking match.'

"Not Guilty."

Wall Street News. A member of a church organization in Wisconsin was last fall charged with gambling in stocks, and brought up before a committee for investigation. The trial began by the deacon asking: "Brother Smith, the charge is gamb-ling in stocks."
"Yes, sir."

"And you plead not guilty?" "No, sir, I plead guilty."
"Then you do buy and sell stocks, peculate in wheat and oats, and sell

"I do, sir. Didn't I give \$1,000 in cash to help build this church? "Well, I scooped that in on a little deal in pork. Didn't I pay in \$500 on the organ?

futures in pork?"

"That was part of my profits on a pec in oats. Didn't I foot a deficiency f \$400 in the minister's salary this "That came from a rise in stocks

"That came from a corper is oats Haven't I whacked up on the orphan asylum, the new bridge, the park and

Didn't 1 chip in \$700 toward the parson-

the fire engine?"
"You have." "Well, that means more corners, and holding on till 1 felt my hair growing gray. Gentlemen, I will step out for a noment and let you reach a verdict. He stepped, but it was only thirty seconds before he was called in and conmembered the many happy hours they had spent together during the joyous gratulat days of their girlhood, and at once took guilty." gratulated on the verdict of

Too Much for Thirteen Families. If reports are true we really have haunted house within the limits of the town, though not far from the boundry line separating us from Plymouth. Families have moved into it, but with out much eeremony have moved out again in a few days. A well-known teamster says he has moved thirteen families into and out of that house. It is said that mysterious noises are in-variably heard at night, such as scratching and pounding in the attic, the slammering of door and violent opening and shutting of windows. An old and squeaky pump works up and down at intervals, as though impelled by some invisible agency. When a person goes invisible agency. When a person goes up or down stairs in the night in search of the source of these mysterious noises it is said that footsteps seem to follow him on the stairway, but nothing can be seen to account for them.

A (at on a Ghost's Shoulders.

Many persons who live on Temple street hill in Paterson deelare they have seen a ghost wandering in the streets. The Rev. Mr. Hovenburgh, who has seen the alleged apparition, has no doubt it is a human being. It is described by others as dressed in a long white gown with a white cowl, and with a cat seated on one of its shoulders. It loves best to walk on Friday nights, and it has the faculty of disappearing in a mist when cornered. A search party divided and vainly surrounded it a week ago last Their faiture to grasp the glost stirred others to search on Friday, when a large crowd made the hills noisy with their energetic investigatiens, which were kept up until 1:30 in the morning without definite results. There were frequent cries of "There it goes!" by young men who threw themselves out on picket duty, but every time the main body of investigations advanced to a spot whence it had been seen the ghost had disappeared.

A Haunted Jail. The jail in Sussex county, N. J., is

said to be haunted. In this place the alleged ghost, however, confines himtelf to one cell. This cell was occupied by the murderer Frederick Criff for some time before he was hanged. number of prisoners have been confined in it, but all asked to be removed, becaused they heard some one walking at night in the cell with heavy boots, preventing them from sleeping. Two persons from the city, who knew nothing about Crill, were recently placed in the cell, and in the morning asked to be given another cell on account of the ghostly wanderer annoying them. A few nights ago the inmates of the jail were aroused by a loud noise. Upon investigation it was discovered that a prisoner had been put into this cell and that he was throwing coals at some one who was walking up and down in it. The present occupants of the cell are two chicken thieves and they are the only prisoners who have not been seriously annoyed. They declare that they hear walking at night, but that it does not disturb them.

A Haunted House New York Dispatch to the Milwanker Sentiael The ghos's have been playing more

annoying pranks in one of the French flats in East One Hundred and Twentyfourth street out than the other visitors in One Hundred and Sixteenth street. where there is also a haunted house. A physician was called in haste last night to attend a well known lady who lives in this house. He found her in hysterical convulsions. The entire household was excited, and the husband said that at about 10 o'clock the bell rang. The servant went to the door and pulled the lever that throws back the catch to the outer door. Nobody entered and the servant went down from the third floor to shut the door. As she was going down the last flight of stairs, the door closed with a loud bang and the servant screamed and turned to run back. As she turned the second flight of stairs she felt a strong current of air and the gas in the halls was blown out. Thoroughly frightened the girl ran to her mistress and breathlessly told her what had happened out. Wen girl While she was talking all the bells in the house were rung four times in rapid successsion. The janitor attempted to light the gas in the hall, but it was blown out as fast as he could light it The hall chairs and the mats were thrown about by invisible hands, the bells were rung in rapid succession, and there was a general row all through the house for nearly a half an hour. The servants were terrified and many declared that they would not sleep in the nouse. Many of the ladies were frightened, though after the gentlemen came became reassured, except the one before spoken of. A sharp watch was kept during a portion of the time. The bells were ringing, but no one could be detected, neither was one found in the ball. It was stated to-day that one of the occupants of the house is a medium. The owner of the property informed her that if any more ghosts annoyed the other occupants of the nouse she must find quarters elsewhere. She declared in the most solemn man ner that she had nothing to do with the manifestations, knew nothing about them, and, in fact, was attending a wedding at the time specified. Every precaution has been taken to keep the occurrence secret for fear of creating a panic or injuring the property, for some who have heard the story believe the house is really baunted and preparations for keeping a careful watch to-night have been made.

A WORKING CHURCH.

What Trinity Parish, New York, Does With its Half Million Income.

It does not seem very long when Trinity, St. Paul's and St. John's, with half a dozen elderly clergymen working in the easy-going, old-fashioned way, made up the substance of the parish which was the spiritual home of the oldest representative church families. The parish at this time busied itself with extending the interests of the church very generally throughout the State. The change that has taken place is radical and significant. Now the parish mainly concentrates its ener-gies and resources for its own immedi-ate neighborhoods. The lower part of the island, nearly stripped of ecclesias tical organizations, has fallen to its the charge, is mapped out into districts and thoroughly plied with systematic, organized missionary labors. Now, besides there are Trinity Chapel, St. Chrysestom's, St. Augustine's, in East Houston street, near the Bowery, in the heart of festering profligacy; While St. Luke's, Hudson street, on the west side, is virtually an adopted mission chape and centre of fresh operations. In each of these eight churches and chapels is found a compact, thoroughly active body of working priests, parish schools, mothers' societies, numberless guilds adapted to the edification of both sexes and all ages and conditions, relief agencies for the discouragement of profilgate mendicancy and the quick, intel-ligent succor of the needy and distressed with infirmaries where the sick and disabled find care. These labors of love and charity are supplemented by devout and experienced sisterhoods, not to overlook the co-operation of laymen and women acting under official tion. There are found throughout simplicity, directness and thoroughness and the new regime of personal, ceaseless work as the first and most important of church duties subordinating the old fashioned notion that mere pulpit elo quence was the main thing-almost a fficiency in itself. Services are multiplied to suit the requirements of differ-ent kinds of people. There is even a serent kinds of people. There is even a ser-vice in German at Trinity on Sanday

mornings.

Besides all this there are three great surpliced choirs, where chare's music is tudied and exemplified with excep tional intelligence and irapressivenes and in the remaining stations and chap els effective provision for the devou d to the edification of the congrega-

tions. About twenty-five clergymen are working directly and indirectly with and under the rector. There are 100 choristers, 10 organists and choir masters, 19 parish school teachers in the seven parish schools, educating without charge 820 scholars, 254 Sunday School teachers, having care of 4,391 children, 1,053 baptisms, 490 confirmed, 4,674 communicants and 155 industrial school teachers, with 1,771 pupils.

The various collections and contribu-

tions from the several congregation amounted to more than \$80,000. The vestry appropriated for strictly parish purposes, not including ministrations, music and salaries, nearly \$11,000, and for purposes outside the parish nearly \$43,000. The statistics of Trinity Church Association, a voluntary and independent society, alone are a most edifying ehapter in this history, providing a mission house, a physician and dis-pensary, where more than 3,000 patients are treated; a kindergarten, a training school for girls in domestic service reading rooms for mem, guilds, free entertainments, lectures for the poor, a easide home for children, a relief bu resu and a kitchen garden. The asso ciation expended nearly \$13,000 in their various activities. Indeed, there are not many dioceses where such an ag-gregate of telling, fruitful church work kept up with increasing ratio year after year.

RESULTS OF EDUCATION.

Financially Considered by the Sarcas tic New York Graphic. A .- Rich cattle king. Attended chool in his boyhood about a year Able to add and multiply, but not to parse. Somewhat misty in history and eography. Thinks the East Indies oin Siberia somewhere, and that William the Fourth and William the Conqueror are identical. But is worth two mittions, and will be worth a third in two years. Understands his business and has under him three former col-

legiates beloing to keep his accounts. B.—Father and mother "scrimped and cheese pared" to give their only son and darling boy B, an education. Went through college and graduated with honors. Is now 40 years of age and laboring in a rich publisher's office

at \$15 per week making school books. C.—Picked up the fragments of an education at a New England red country school house at the "corners." always prompt in the dollars and cents arithmatical department, and but little else. Went to California at an early date, bought city lots for taxes, and is now one of the millionaire pillars of so-ciety and the church in San Francisco, his opinions on the literary merits of 'our minister's" sermon are quoted and feared-and in private laughed at.

D.—At an early age showed a deep incitination to study. Observing friends sent him to school and thence to college. During his four years collegiate ourse he lived at \$4 a week. Starved his stomach permanently into dyspep sia. Wore is clothes threadbare they ceased to protect him from cold, whereby he left college with honors and the consumption. Went into the ministry and preached to a rural congregation for \$250 per year. Died in the poor

Never could be made to go to school regularly or apply himself to his books, buily among his fellows and the terror of all the quict people in the Run away from at home at 16, leaving a bad name behind him. heard from for fifteen years, but turned up at last as a rich Western railroad up at last as a rich contractor. Came home and gave his studious elder brother, who had been through college and knew all about it, a situation at \$500 per annum, he was thankful to get. E. still spells pork "p-i-r-kl"! F. - College graduate. People

off, but not millionaires. F. graduated six years ago. Doctor, Has done nothing since but live at home. Never earned a cent in his life. Proposity Never

G.-Kicked into the street at 6 years of age. Peromes a newsboy. Then a A lar-iender in San Francisco. Thene a sale on preprietor and is now a 'lead-No schooling at all. Went through college. Come Went into his uncle's house, unlearned a great deal taught him by his professors. Learned in its place men, things, affairs and human nature." Observed closely, Saw which way the cat jumped. Cut his financial eve-teeth and is now a wealthy sin et man.

A Parson's Faith in Grace. A few days ago a minister on one of the Western roads sat down to his

dinner at a station restaurant, pending over his plate, murmured a silent grace Always do that?" inquired a roughlocking specimen who sat beside him. "Yes, my friend," replied the domi-

know how much good it does." "Does it do the grub any good?" isked the stranger, becoming interest-"If it was going to do any good at all I should want it to commence the grub."

"It certainly does," returned the parson carnestly, hoping to make a con-Think that piece of bootleg has been

cuefited?" and he pointed at the domime's dish. e's dish.
"I think so," said the preacher, sinerely; "I think there is no doubt about

"And is it a thing you can make work right straight along, or is there a limit to the game?"
"It never fails," persisted the minister, who had an especially nice steak

before him.
"Then!" exclaimed the stranger, grasping the parson's plate and substi-tuting his own dish of doughnuts and beans, "you pray this business of up to a square meal, while I get away with the grub already sanctified. Go it, stranger! Don't leave off a lick on my account, and if you make the rifle you can bet your eternal fortune is made right on the line of this road? And any nan what can tone a bean dinner up to a satisfying meal can't go broke in this country, not while the raw material helds out and my mouth is in order!" But the parson finished the beans and doughnuts in silence, and the stranger wrapped up the "sanetified grub" the jurther suggestion that if the dominie missed his grip on that plate there were plenty more beans in the cellar for

him to practice on until he struck the combination. A discourteous Legislator: An Ausin merchant says that Colonel Harris the merchant says that Coheever, a member of the Legislature, is the champion impolite man of Texas. "What did he do that was impolite?" we asked. "I methim on the avenue," replied the merchant, "and he did not lift his hat to me, and it is the same hat I sold to him on credit during the last session of the Legislature."—Texas

siftings. DRIFAL TO THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Chicago Tribune. The red wine rose to the brin

"Prink, sweetheart; drink to him Who wins in the battle of itle. and restabut after the strife! Gayly she raised the bowl. And drank, while her ardent soul Streamed through her eyes, as she said:

I drink in the wine so red. Health to thee hard bestead In the glorious battle of life; Rest will be sweet after strife. Kefilled his goblet again . And his eyes were dim with pain ;

"Drink, sweetheart; drink to him Who falls in the battle of life," Trembling she raised it up. It is beautiful, brimming cup-It tipped, and the ruby tide Washed o'er the vessel's side.

"Love, failure is not for thee, "Love, failure is not for thee,
In this an omen, "se,"
Bhe c ted while her tears fell fast,
"The time for doubting is past,
And not in wine, but in rue,
In sombre not brilliant hue,
We drink to the pease of the deat,
And who falls in the battle of life—
In this circious battle of life."

—From "La Presage," by Jaka Welly.

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A CLOUD OF CAVALRY.

How Sheridan Rode From the Wil derness to Richmond in 1864.

Captain N. D. Preston, formerly of

Ten Thousand Troopers—Music In Givous Marshaling The Host—Incidents of the March-- Panic--Under Quick Spur.

the Tenth New York Cavalry, has written an account of what he saw, heard and felt during the raid of the Cavalry Corps into the suburbs of Richmond in May, 1864. From his article the following extract is taken: As nothing was to be gained in our remaining in the woods, our brigrade gradually fell back to our original position near Todd's Tavern, fighting continually as we retired. Before dark we had settled down behind such temporary breastworks of brush and rails as we could hastily collect in the edge of the woods, while the enemy took position in the woods in our front, an open space of meadow intervening of about twenty-five rods across. We could plainly understand the words of the Confederate officers to their men in making their dispositions. When both sides had settled quietly down in their places one of our ands struck up a national air. Music never before nor since sounded so sweet to the writer as on that night. Perfect quiet reigned, and when the last strains had died away in the distance there grose a responsive air from a Confederate band in the opposite woods.

theers arose from our line as they struck up "Dixie." But when our band followed with "Home, Sweet Home," every voice was hushed. The eyes of brave men moistened, as they were earried back in memory to the scenes of their childhood, and when the las notes of the soft music floated, like sweet incense on the air, but a few moments before laden with the missiles of death and the cheers of the victorious and the groans of the wounded, cheers went up from sympathetic hearts that told plainly of the existence of warm and susceptible natures beneath the rough exteriors. It was an oc-casion long to be remembered. As we lay there upon the ground, listening to the music from the bands and enjoying, in our imaginations, leaves of absence with "loved ones at home," the pick and spade was busily employed by our infantry only a few feet behind us in the woods, rearing earthworks, but so quietly was the work performed that we were in ignorance o heir presence. Generals Grant and Meade had their headquarters, temporardy, at Todd's Tavern, while the movement of the army towards Spottsylvania was progressing. A Midnight March.

It was, perhaps, 9 o'clock when we were ordered into line and marched quietly back to the tavern, where ou were in waiting for us, and, ing, the march back upon the mounting, the march road over which we had advanced three days before was taken up. We had proceeded far in the darkn found the road in our front blocked by the immense ambulance trains from the front, bearing the wounded to the rear. We were compelled to march through the dense jungle on either side of the road in single file, now bending forward on the pommel of the saddles to avoid coming in collision with the limb of some tree, and then clos ing our eyes and plunging headforemost through a clump of briars. Meantime the most, hearirending cries were card continually from the ambulance, telling of the terrible sufferings of the inmates. The flicker of light from an occasional lamp on the seat by the side of an ambulance driver made the darkness around us appear the more intense as we floundered through the mud and briars. In our rear we could hear continued strife be tween the opposing could we be going and for what purpose were we marching to the rear at mid-

night?
The cavalry corps was soon assembled in the field in solid columns of brigade fronts. It was one of the most impressive sights I ever beheld. great mass moved and swayed like a field of grain in the breeze, their sabres flashing in the morning sun. The drooping battle-flags hung lazily to their toroning batternags and task of the staffs in the quiet air. Tattered and torn, they told a silent story of long service and bard usage. I had never before been able to take in the entire corps at a single glance. Here were gathered about ten thousand veteran horsemen; a perfect sea of men and horses; a grand and sublime spectacle. A limited number of ambulances were to accompany us. Supply trains were cut down to the least possible number. The sails were being close reefed and the ship prepared for a voyage, the nature of which was only known to the pilot and his assistants.

Forward With Flashing Sabre. Every preparation having been per feeted the grand movement was begun Preceded by General Sheridan and his staff the command broke from the right into column of fours and marched the direction of Fredericksburg. Torbert's Division (under the comman of General Merritt, General Torbert being sick) took the advance, Wils Division in the centre and Gregg's Di-vision in the rear. The men who were left behind gathered by the roadside and cheered us as we passed them. All kinds of speculation was indulged in as to our destination and purpose; but it was pretty generally thought we were going to Fredericksburg to intercept Stuart, who was reported marching for that place to destroy our trains and supplies. After marching about two miles in the direction of Fredericksburg we turned abruptly to the right, and crossing the Ny river moved directly across the flanks of the two armies. We then struck the "old Telegraph road" and continued on in the direction of Childsburg. The conflict which was going on between the two armies grew more and more to our right and rear as

we continued to advance.
Suddenly the men seemed to catch the inspiration that we were on a raid The liveliest interest was manifested by all that we might get a good start the first day, lest a force from Lee's array might be thrown across our frost an retard our progress or entirely defeat our purposes. Clouds of dust are se from the moving column, giving notice to the distant enemy of the attempt to gain his rear. About 11 o'eleck A. M. we passed an old negro leaning against the fence by the roadside, Harwanasked what road we were traveling on.

"Direc' road to Richmond, mass'r,"
was the reply. This bit of valuable
information was received by the troops with cheers. During the succeeding days of the raid every road upon which we marched, in whatever direction it ied, was facetiously eaded by the men "the direct road to Richmond," the only exception being after the desperate struggle inside the fortifications of Richmond, when the boys began to inquire anxiously for "a direct read from Richmond!" The day was very sultry, but the march was pushed forward with energy. Early in the afternoon our flankers were attacked by Wickham's Brigade of cavalry.

A Daying Dash at we. We at once haited and began prepar-ations for action, but a staff officer came galloping from the front and ordered the command forward. To close the gap in the column occasioned by the brief half we were compelled to take to the trot. This seemed to encourage the enemy, who evidently thought we were hastening to get away from them. We kept up a running light for some distance, using the pistol and carbine. Finally, calling the energy came charging into yelling, the enemy came charging into the Sixth Ohlo Cavalry and up to our hatter, moving with that regiment. A apad to hand conflict onsued, one of

fellows demanding the surrender of one of the gunz, as he leased forward on his horse to grasp the bridle of one of the the horses. The whole affair was so sudden and unexpected that for a mo-ment our men seemed bewildered. ment our men seemed bewiever.
But it was for a moment. The brave
fellows were all hilled or captured in
less time than it takes to tell it, among
the latter General Ruggles' Adjutant
General. General Ruggles himself escaped. It was a most audacious move
for so amall a body of men to make.
The heavens were lit up late into the

for so small a body of men to make.

The heavens were lit up late into the night from burning buildings, the occasional flashes presenting a weird appearance to us, encamped about two miles to the north. We hastily prevared a cup of coffee, which, with the ready hard tack, served lor supper, after which I lay down up on the ground and drawing the land ets around me sought sleep and rest. The chilly atmosphere and the excitement of the day kept me gasing at the Mars overhead and thinking of at the Mam overhead and thinking of the chances of the morrow until about the chances of the morrow until about midnight before my eyelids would close. The morning of the 10th was, to use a Fourth of July expression, "ushered in by the firing of cannon." During the night the enemy brought a battery into the woods on hill above us and "while the dew was on the grass," the "whizhele in correct balls in corr midst. z.bang!" of several shells in our midst brought us all to our feet. One of them struck close to me, throwing the dirt all around and bounded through the trees near by and into the river beyond. Although several of the shelistell in our midst, no one, so for as I could learn, was seriously in jured. A Hat Day's Boreb.

Perhaps we did not exercise the usual care in rolling our blankets that morning. We packed our effects in good shape, however, and resumed the journey without waiting for breaktast. As the sun rose the weather became opens sizely hot and the clambs of dust see pressively hot and the clouds of dust so dense that it was often impossible to see the horseman immediately in front.
During the alternoon my regiment was
detailed to picket the right flank during the passage of our brigade. We re oined the command in the evening at Ground Squirrel Bridge, and with the rest of the brigade encamped on the south side. The bridge was burned south side. The bridge was burned after all our troops had crossed, and in-fancied security we unsaddled and groomed our horses, cooked suppers, and enjoyed an undisturbed

Our men were all engaged in caring for the horses, cooking breakfast, pack-ing up, etc., when there suddenly broke upon the dead air of the suitry morning several reports of carbines discharged in quick succession in the direction of the river. All merriment was bushed in an instant, and anxious glances were east toward the river. But the Maine cavalry, a regiment whose repu-tation for valor and discipline was second to none in the corps, was on duty there, and we felt sure they would be able to hold in check any force brought against them. This confidence was for once mi-placed. The discharge of sn all arms was quickly followed by the "rebel yell," and the next instant the First Maine, broken and disorganized, came flying through our camps, closely followed by the enemy. It was a complete surprise, and the usual result of a surprise followed.

Panic and Skedaddle. A panic prevailed for a time. Bareheaded men mounted bareback horses and in many cases without reference to ownership; pack mules were ridden double, and in one instance a negro servant, wrapped in the panoply of an officer's uniform, shoulder-straps and all, mounted on a fine charger, leading all, mounted on a fine charger, leading an awkward squad in the advance to the rear. Breakfasts were left cooking over the fires, blankets left spread on the ground, and a general skedaddle followed the first alarm. In the midst of the surging mass which choked up the road through the woods to our rear the tall form of Colonel J. Irwin Gregg was prominent endeavoring to bring order out of chaos. A small opening by the roadside in the woods presented a favorable opportunity for the formation of a few men.

I reined my horse out and called for

volunteers to charge the advancing foe. There was a ready response to the call. Nearly every man belonging to my own regiment had fallen back across the open space to the right of the road, and I found my present associates nearly all strangers. Among the first to fall into strangers. Among line was Captain Division Provost Marshal, as gallant as officer as ever drew sabre. ately asked him to take command, but he declined, and taking his place in line urged others to fall in. It was line urged others to tan his something of a Falstafflan group—comcers, privates and musicians, tall men and short, native and foreign born-no three men from the same regiment, but all "good men and true." of our retreating troops passed we charged down the road.

Under Quick Spar. In the confusion and general tumoit the command to "charge" was respond-ed to with a genuine Yankee coeer; ed to with a genuine Yankee coeer the rowels were pressed into the horses the rowels were pressed into the horses flanks, and through a cloud of dust we sped to the attack. There were but few of the enemy in close pursuit, but they outnumbered our charging squad at least three to one. The lively cracking of carbines and revolvers in front of us, the singing of the bullets by our ears, the plunging headlong of a wounded hope or the frantic endeavor of some root wounded upon te, get out of the poor wounded man to get out of the way of the charging troops, were inci-dents of a momentary nature. We re-ited confidently on the sabre for success, and we did not reckon amiss. The charge was insignificant in the numbers charge was insignificant in the numbers engaged, but the glory was just as great in the success achieved as though participated in by the susands. Several of the enemy were placed horse-de-combat, two or three of our men wounded slightly. A pussing bullet sut my lipsufficiently to draw the blood. In the public list that the state and hat but melee I lost both sabre and hat, but I found a much better hat, left by one

The Coons of England I wonder if Albert Edward ever has an opportunity to show his pretty sweet-hearts the costly bamble which he will probably one day wear. The crown of England is a beautiful jewel sparkling with stones worth half a million dollars. There are twenty diamonds round the circle, worth \$7,500 each, making \$150, circle, worth \$7,500 each, making \$150,-600; two large centre diamonds, \$10,000 each, making \$29,600; fifty-four annalier diamonds, placed at an angle of the former, each \$200; four crosses, each composed of twenty-five diamonds, \$90,-600; four large diamonds on the top of the crosses, \$20,000; twelve diamonds contained in the fleur de lis, \$50,000; eighteen smaller diamonds contained in the same, \$10,000; pearls, diamonds, etc., upon the arches and crosses, \$56,000; cighteen smaller diamonds, \$25,000; CCO; nlee 141 small diamonds, \$25,000 wenty.six diamonds in the upper cross \$ 5,560; two circles of pearls about the rise, \$15,000

A Team Duel & the Benth.

On Wednesday Nubby Polsom and Jim Willis, two Choctawa, met at the store of Wright & Perot, at Kiomatia, on Pad river, in this county. They had long been deadly enemies, and a meeting meant fight, and a fight maant drath. On sight the battled opened and quite a number of shots were fired by 1 oth parties. Willis was shot through the body four times and was borne bleeding and almost lifeless across the river, where, it is said, he shortly afterward expired. Folsom was wounded Clarkwille Times. werd expired. Folsom was very seriously.

THE ANGEL WITH THE OVERSOAT.

the I believe in angele? Yes; And in their proviling to and in I entertained one long ago, In guine of age and nore distress.

Perhaps in years that are to be That angel will return; and yet I some tipes fear he may force! To being my overced to me