

## COFFINED, BUT ALIVE

George Wellington, an Indiana farmer, had a gathering of friends at his house. He was a man of 48 years of age and of robust health, and on this evening it was noticed that he was in particularly good spirits. After the guests had departed he remarked to his wife that he felt more like singing and dancing than going to bed. They retired about 11:30 o'clock, and she was asleep before midnight. The sequel is told in the New York Sun, as follows:

The farmer was always out of bed at 5 o'clock, but on the morning following the party the wife awoke at 6 o'clock and found him still sleeping. When she attempted to arouse him she discovered that he was dead. A doctor was sent for, and he arrived in the course of an hour to pronounce it a case of heart disease. He said the man had been dead three hours when the wife awoke. The undertaker came and prepared the body for burial. It was remarked that the corpse retained a life-like appearance and that none of the limbs grew rigid, but the other two physicians called in vigorously combated the idea that he was in a trance and might be restored to life. Nevertheless, the wife and sons had a secret hope that death had not really come to him, and the funeral was put two days ahead. During the interval the corpse was constantly watched for returning animation, but nothing occurred to delay the funeral arrangements.

The burial was to take place in a country graveyard, and most of the vehicles gathered at the house belonged to farmers. The usual ceremonies took place over the dead, and the coffin was brought out and placed in the hearse. While the procession was forming a team attached to an empty wagon came down the road running away. The wagon collided with the hearse, and the latter vehicle was upset and the coffin flung out. Four or five men ran to pick it up, but before a hand had touched it a voice was heard, saying:

"For God's sake let me out of this!" The people at first moved back in affright, but as the voice continued to address them the coffin was righted and opened, and Wellington was found struggling to get out. With a little assistance he pulled himself out of the box and walked into the house and sat down in a chair. In half an hour he had his clothes on and was moving around among the amazed people, to whom he related this experience:

"I did not fall asleep until some time after midnight. When I awoke the clock was striking 5. I made a move to get out of bed, but to my great amazement, I could stir neither hand nor foot. I had the full use of my ears, but I could not open my eyes. I argued at first that I was not yet wide awake, but when my wife shook me and called me by name and I could not respond by even moving an eyelid I became satisfied that I was in a trance. My mind was never clearer, and my hearing was painfully acute. I made effort after effort to throw off the great weight which seemed to be holding me down, but I could not bend a toe or crook a finger. However, it was only after the doctor had pronounced me dead that I felt any alarm. Up to that time it had seemed as if I could soon manage to get rid of the weight. Had a pistol been fired in the room I am sure the spell would have been broken. After the doctor's ultimatum I felt that I should be buried alive. But was I alive? All of a sudden this query flashed across my brain, and I was troubled more than I can tell you. As I had never died before, how was I to know the sensations? Could the dead hear and think? Was the mind of a corpse in active operation? It was a problem hard to solve.

"Not a word was spoken near me which I did not catch and fully understand. There was a great deal of weeping, and I failed to satisfy myself as to the cause. I had died, but it did not seem as if this was a sufficient excuse. When my wife bent over the coffin, and sobbed, and groaned, and refused to be comforted, I did not feel bad with her. On the contrary, her action surprised me. When the two other doctors pronounced me dead I made up my mind that the spirit of the dead ascended to heaven, and that the dead were dead in mind as well as body. It was a base deception. I felt indignant that it was so.

As an instance of acuteness of my hearing let me explain that after I was placed in the coffin the receptacle was moved over to an open window in the parlor, where it was supported on sawhorses. Two of my neighbors took seats on a wagon-box in the barnyard, fully 200 feet away, and for an hour conversed with me in ordinary tones of voice. I did not miss one single word of the conversation, as both afterwards admitted. I could hear every tick of the kitchen clock, and much of the conversation of the women in the up-stairs rooms. On the night previous to the funeral, about 10:30 o'clock, and while the two men sitting up with the corpse were reading, I heard two men climb the fence into the barnyard, across the yard, and enter the barn. After a few minutes they came out, and I heard the jingle of something carried by one of the pair. I could not make out what was going on, but learned afterward.

The two men stole a horse from a field opposite my barn, and they entered my premises in search of a bridle. "I heard the people assemble for the funeral, and as I caught a word from this one or that one I identified them by name to myself. I listened closely to the sermon, but when the minister spoke of me I could not take it as personal. It was as if the name and person belonged to some one I had known years before. I knew when I was carried out and placed in the hearse, and I am certain that I heard the clatter of the team running away before anybody sighted them. When the people began to call out in affright I felt that

same fear of being hurt than any live man does. I heard them trying to back the hearse out of the way to let the teams go by, but they were not quick enough. As the collision came my eyes opened and my speech was restored, and from that moment I was all right."

## THE GRANTS AT HOME.

Long Branch Letter to the Philadelphia Times.

Until late one evening I sat upon the porch of an historic residence, looking out upon the almost untroubled sea and within upon the room where the great man who once dwelt there began the last and most remarkable work of his life. I was seated with a family group, recalling vividly the important and stormy past as it contrasted with the peaceful yet serious present. The conversation drifted slowly and soberly about that past and the memory of him whose life and associations have filled it with wonderful play and incident. It was the Grant cottage where I spent my evening, cordially received by Mrs. Grant and her eldest son, Frederick, who, with his pleasant, handsome wife and their healthy, merry, romping children, are residing in the quiet-looking, simple-appearing dwelling, the occupation of which by President Grant when living gave to this place its earliest renown and made it the nation's "summer capital."

When I was last here the great soldier, and also a greater citizen, was among us, apparently strong, and evidently hopeful and confident of a future of quiet and dignified usefulness. He was honored then by all; yet he was never so loved and revered as now that he was gone. The nation recalls the struggle of the last months of his eventful life, when he sought to clear his name and yet leave those he loved with the means of independence about them. Mrs. Grant is looking very well—still the strong, matronly woman, and dignified, yet forceful, lady the American people long since learned to respect. Col. Grant is quieter and easier in his manners and speech, and shows a deeper thoughtfulness and reserve force than formerly. It was a quiet evening, full of sober associations, that still were not unduly sad. I felt in all the talk the presence of a sentiment there, untouched with restlessness and bearing a still feeling of confidence in the associations and memories of the father and husband whom they mourn and revere. The merry voices of the happy children filled the parlors and piazzas with a sound that had evidently brought peace and content to the lady who sat there, the honored matron of a famous household. Col. Grant is working hard at various things and is mindful always of what he deems imperative obligations.

### THE GRANT COTTAGE.

The Grant cottage stands simple and unpretentious, looking like, what it is, a pleasant summer home, without ostentation or glare. It stands amid two miles or more of villas, many of which are otherwise, that from the west end line Ocean avenue. From this roadway the Grant cottage is partly hidden by a small grove of firs and other shrubbery, in the midst of which are the stables and lodges. A large sweep of lawn, set off by a few large vases filled with brilliant-hued flowers, bring the visitor over a gravel walk and drive to a plain structure of wood, with sloping roof, broken by dormer windows. The building is colored in gray and reddish brown, which harmonize well with the soft color tones of earth, sky and sea. Broad and graceful piazzas on three sides set off the plain building. The entrance, which faces the avenue, is let in deeply, so as to form another piazza on the hall floor and a deep balcony on the second, now all brilliant with a mass of radiant flowers. The establishment is necessarily smaller than in the General's lifetime. The stables show this, but everything is well kept and cared for. A quickset hedge, thick and well trimmed, runs with the public walk and part of the way on either side of the grounds, below which a neat wire fence separates the Grant place from the stables of one of George W. Childs to the east and from a very rich man's residence to the west. Gen. Grant's favorite lounge was on the side facing the ocean, and there the family sat until quite late last evening. Within the residence is simply yet neatly furnished, though there are many evidences of the great position filled by him who has passed away.

It is an historic family group that fills it, and around them are souvenirs that indicate the unique place its head occupied in more than national affairs. A superb portrait of the general, draped with the national flag, fills the eye. On the floor of hall and salon are seen a number of superb robes and skins—tigers', lions', panthers', etc.—trophies probably of that famous journey around the world. Other evidences are to be noticed, but my interest centered on the living.

The conversation was cheerful and not notably reminiscent. It recalled to me more than to the family, doubtless, my last visit to and conversation with Gen. Grant in this home of his personal choice. Mention was made of the absent sons and dates were given of the expected visits of themselves and families, and there was tender mention of the absent daughter, Nellie, the beloved one of this strongly united family.

"We have just received an interesting letter from sister. She writes cheerfully of her English home and surroundings. She draws us a vivid picture of her new house in London, in which she will spend the winter. She writes of the delight of her country home and tells us that next summer she and her husband, with their children, will pay us a visit. She is as much American as ever and loves to return to her native land. But her life abroad is a cheerful one and she seems happy in it."

There was much relief in this simple statement made by Col. Grant in the case of our evening's chat. He said much more, but this is the gist in my own way of his reference to this family

matter. None of it was intended for public view, but I am taking the responsibility of writing some facts in relation to the present life of Mrs. Sartoris, in the hope of arresting the wildly extravagant romances of her domestic unhappiness, which are periodically put in circulation. The avidity with which they are read and copied shows the strong interest which the people take in this interesting woman. The reports of her marital unhappiness are without foundation. I have often thought that our people were disposed to believe them to be true, because they have rather resented her capture by an Englishman. In many respects her marriage was a disappointment. Not to her, perhaps, but to her near friends and the large circle without. It must be remembered that she was the most popular young lady ever in the White House. I recall her as a girl with short dresses, the pet of a large family and of every one who came near her. Yet she grew to womanhood, a calm, self-possessed, sensible girl, in no way affected by the circumstances of her father's position and the glamour and attention it threw around her. Every one expected her to wed an American among the first in the land. Secretly every one has resented the fact that she did not. A lady of strong character said to me to-night, that "if she was not unhappy she deserved to be for marrying a foreigner."

### CRUEL GOSSIP SET AT REST.

It is this sentiment, bitter as it seems, that has accepted the imaginary statements which some reckless gossip has set afloat. The fact is that instead of being poor Mr. Sartoris, senior, is wealthy. He is thoroughly devoted to his American daughter. Her husband is the only son, and as such must be, some day, the heir to a very large estate. But in the meantime his income is ample, and a friend who knows the facts says that he does not believe that there was ever a serious difference between Nellie Grant and her husband. The reports of such disagreements are very distressing to the family, already so deeply afflicted. These things have prevented Mrs. Sartoris from returning home during the present year. It was not convenient for her husband to come, and lest her coming alone should open a new field for gossip about her family affairs she has denied herself the pleasure of a summer's life at Long Branch, amid the scenes of her early maidenhood. Next year her whole family will rest here by the sea, where once she was the centre of a large circle of great friends.

### The Real E. A. Poe.

"Templeton" brings out this reminiscence in a letter to the Boston Herald: Edgar A. Poe was invited to deliver a poem in Boston at an opening of a course of lectures—a course, by the way, of which Emerson's series, published under the title "Representative Men," formed a part. Poe, with his usual shiftlessness, neglected to write this poem, and brought here at the last moment one of his youthful effusions which he had had several years in his portfolio. This was not the worst of his difficulties, for, as the evening approached, it was doubtful if he would be able to appear on the platform at all. He went out to drive with some friends in the afternoon, and there he took too much champagne and became very drunk. The problem was to sober him off before the evening was reached. This was in a measure accomplished by various processes, the last of all which was I running him up and down an unfrequented street between two gentlemen who volunteered for the purpose.

There was a lecture to be delivered, which occupied over an hour, before the poem was reached, and by that time Poe was in a condition to recite it. It was an incoherent affair, and the audience listened in amazement, at a loss to know what it meant. After it was over the whole thing was so dead a failure that, to compensate the people present for their disappointment, it was announced that Mr. Poe would recite his own poem of "The Raven." This he did, and very effectively. I was present, and remember the scene well. Poe was then a handsome man, with an intelligent brow—much like the portraits of Hawthorne—and dark, dreamy eyes, which well befitted a poet. His voice was clear and musical, and he declaimed the poem with much feeling. The next morning the papers exposed the sham of his alleged poem, and the state in which its author had been, leaked out. Poe was very mad with Boston, and braved the thing through in a characteristically reckless way. He published an account of the dinner at which he was overcome and gave the names of those who were present at it. Mr. Whipple, Mr. James T. Fields and others were of the number. Nobody blamed them who knew the circumstances, but they did not like the notoriety. Mr. Whipple remarked that it was almost the first time that he had drank a thimbleful of champagne in his life.

### How to Grow Thin.

The "beefsteak and hot water cure" for obesity is thus described by Dr. Solomon Smith in the Lancet: "This course consists in drinking nothing but hot water, and eating nothing but animal food for seven weeks. The water is taken in four doses daily at a temperature of from 130 to 150 deg. Fahr., on an empty stomach, and at least one hour before a meal. The daily average of solid food is five pounds, chiefly lean beef; a little boiled codfish occasionally.

A patient describes the effect of this treatment as follows: "Two years ago I weighed (dressed) 16 st. 4 lbs., and my figure was of tubby, aldermanic contour. I am now 13 st. 2 lbs. My waist girth was 44 1/2 inches; now it is 35 inches. I suffered from chronic heartburn; I have had none of it for fifteen months. I went in daily fear of painful kidney attack; I have not had a symptom of it since I began the hot water. I sleep better and do both my mental and physical work more easily, and in fact, feel a much younger man than formerly."

## PERVERTED AFFECTION.

I.

A young man of about thirty years of age stepped slowly along one of the principal streets of the metropolis. He was of an elegant and interesting presence. He gazed absent-mindedly into the show windows to the right, and seemed lost in thought.

"Good morning, Edmund," called a gentleman apparently ten years his senior and of compact figure, with a full black beard, who was coming towards him. "This is the first time I have seen you since your marriage, and it confirms the sad aphorism that a young husband forgets nothing more easily than his friends. Do not interrupt me, for I intend no reproaches, since I am aware of your happiness. You have married the prettiest girl in town, and I think you are too sensible not to agree with me when I say her money is no drawback. Poverty makes no one happy, and riches do no harm, you know."

Over the handsome face of Mr. Edmund Hagen, the person addressed, flitted a weak smile.

"Doctor, I do not say that you are not right," he answered; "but money cannot do everything. I am happy, yet—"

He did not finish the sentence.

"Yet?" repeated Dr. Henry Brose, who was a physician of note. "This word betrays the fact that your happiness has some sort of unpleasant after-taste. What do you mean by this 'yet'?"

"Nothing—nothing!" said Hagen. "This won't do," continued Brose. "I do not require a confession; but an old friend should not be cut off short in this way. Where does it pinch?"

"Nowhere—nowhere!" cried Hagen, half out of humor. "My happiness would be complete, were not the mother of my wife—"

"Aha! The mother-in-law!" broke in the doctor. "You have always described her to me as a most excellent person."

"She is all that! I consider her a paragon of a woman and mother."

"My dear Hagen, then I do not understand you."

"My wife is an angel. Every day I learn to esteem and love her more," continued Hagen. "My mother-in-law is a very excellent woman; kind, compliant, self-sacrificing. She does everything to please me, yet—"

"Again that mysterious 'yet!' broke in the doctor. "Pray, speak intelligibly."

"I do speak intelligibly," said Hagen. "She fosters and cherishes me as her own son and favorite. Every morning she prepares for me the most delicious coffee; at noon she selects for me the most delicious tid-bits; in the evening she cuddles me like a child, she spoils me!"

"Well, that is not so terrible," said Brose, laughing.

"But she never leaves us alone together!" burst out Hagen at last.

"That is unpleasant."

"She means it all right; but it is very painful for me," continued Hagen. "She loves my wife distractedly, because she is her only child, and this reconciles me to the conditions again and again; but this love becomes uncomfortable, since my wife cannot separate from her mother either. I rejoiced like a child in anticipation of our wedding trip. I had to give it up because my wife insisted that her mother should accompany us."

"You acted very prudently," said Brose, in his dry, earnest manner.

"Yes, I was defrauded of my wedding trip, and now I am being swindled out of my honeymoon!" continued Hagen, even more passionately. "My wife cannot part from her mother, nor the mother from her child. I have often the feeling as though I were not the husband of my wife, or master in my own house!"

"Edmund this is a bad state of affairs," said the doctor, stroking his beard with his right hand. "You are all of you suffering from too much, and, I may add, perverted, affection. But I have an idea! How would it do to marry your mother-in-law to some body? She is not forty yet, is well preserved, a handsome woman, and, to one who had not seen her certificate of baptism, she would appear thirty at the most."

"Are you mad?" cried Hagen.

"Why?"

"My wife is the only heir of her mother, to whom the entire property belongs. Should she marry again we might perhaps be left with a trifling inheritance."

"You are right. Let us not get her married, then. But I would willingly be of assistance to you in this crisis of your callow marital felicity."

"You can!" said Hagen. "Visit me this evening—frequently—every evening! My mother-in-law is a refined, cultured, amiable lady. Entertain yourself with her. I am certain you will not pass the time unpleasantly. I know you like Rudesheimer. Have an excellent vintage of this brand. One, two, three bottles at your service every evening. I will see that you have the very best Havanas, and you will have no other duty than that of entertaining my mother-in-law, so that my wife and I can have an hour to ourselves. Are you agreed?"

"Of course!" cried the doctor laughing.

"And you certainly will come this evening?"

"Certainly!"

"And the following evenings, too?"

"Every evening! It is no great sacrifice."

"But you are doing me a great favor," said Hagen, while he grasped his friend's hand and pressed it warmly.

"You are putting to flight the only cloud that thus far has troubled my happiness."

"I will bring back the sunshine. You will be satisfied with me," answered the doctor.

"But you must not betray by a sin-

gle word the fact that I have occasioned your coming."

"My dear Hagen, have you ever found me so weak as to gossip more than was good?"

"No, no! You are coming this evening, then, as though making a chance visit?"

"Assuredly! My way leads me past your door. I will call in just to see how my old friend is getting along. Or if you have no family physician I will come as such."

"That will be better—do that!" cried Hagen, joyfully. "I will present you to my mother-in-law as the most accomplished physician to be found anywhere."

"In saying that, you will say only the truth in my opinion," answered Brose, jokingly.

"Well, an revoir!"

The friends parted.

II.

Edward Hagen occupied, with his young wife, her mother's villa, which stood in a magnificently laid out, park-like garden; a short distance outside the city gates. Mme. Borschers, whose husband had been dead a few years only, spared no pains to create for the young couple a charming and happy home. She considered it the mission of her life to care for the happiness of the two young people; Margaret was to tell the truth, a mere child, and had never been accustomed to act for herself. She had not the slightest idea that through her immoderate care and love, she had become burdensome to her son-in-law.

It was evening when Edmund returned home. His wife and mother-in-law received him in the garden. Margaret ran to meet him.

"You came so late to-day!" she cried, while she wound her arms around him tenderly and looked up to him with eyes swimming in happiness.

"Not any later than usual," answered Hagen, smiling. "You know my business does not permit me to come earlier. Your impatience has probably made the time seem long."

"Children, come; the tea is ready," broke in Mme. Borschers.

"Let me first take a short walk with Margaret in the garden," replied Hagen. "Besides, I do not feel the slightest hunger."

"Because you overwork yourself!" said Mme. Borschers.

"No, I do not overwork myself," Hagen assured her.

"Do come!" Margaret begged, in tender tones. "Mamma is right. You must first rest. We will take a walk afterwards."

Hagen followed, although unwillingly. For a single hour alone with his wife he would gladly have gone without his supper. He had no appetite, although his mother-in-law had prepared for him his favorite dish. He looked impatiently at his watch, hoping that his friend would soon make his appearance and relieve him.

Brose came at last. Hagen introduced him as his dearest friend, and spoke of his qualifications as a physician and his amiability in terms overflowing with encomium.

"My dear Hagen, I fear your words of exaggerated praise will do me harm," the doctor responded, smiling. "The ladies will now expect me to display all these transcendental qualities and inevitable disappointment will be the consequence."

"Doctor, I give my son-in-law's words the most unreserved credence, since I know he is incapable of uttering an untruth," protested Mme. Borschers, and reached her hand in welcome to the physician.

They went into the garden and seated themselves under a linden tree. Hagen provided the promised wine, and gave his friend a look of gratitude.

It was for Brose no sacrifice in the society of his friend's mother-in-law; for she was amiable and refined, and looked so youthful and fresh, that she might well be taken for her daughter's elder sister.

Hagen listened to the conversation a short time, and then withdrew to promenade up and down slowly among the trees, arm in arm with his young wife.

How happy he felt! At last he was alone with his beloved Margaret! They had been married only a short time, and had naturally a great many things to say. The moon shone through the tree tops; the evening was still and cool.

Hagen, since his marriage, had not enjoyed a single confidential hour like this. He could have shouted aloud with joy. The time passed so quickly that it seemed only a few minutes, and he was almost frightened when he looked at his watch and became aware that he had walked up and down with his wife more than two hours. He returned immediately to his friend. It was not without some feeling of mental perturbation that he allowed his eye to rest for a moment on his mother-in-law; but she did not seem to know even how long he had been absent.

"Dr. Brose entertained me excellently," she said in a tone that instantly betrayed her cheerful and contented frame of mind.

"That I knew, else I would not have left you alone with him," answered Hagen. "Notwithstanding the fact that he is a woman-hater, and has sworn never to marry, he is a pleasant companion."

He stepped up to his friend and pressed his hand, with a glance of private intelligence. Then he brought a second bottle of wine to empty with his preserver.

As Brose at last prepared to return home, Mme. Borschers invited him to repeat his visit soon.

"Doctor, you must come again tomorrow evening," Hagen broke in. "You have helped us to pass the time so agreeably that we feel impelled to ask a further sacrifice."

"I hope that I shall never have to make a sacrifice with less hardship," answered Brose, laughing, and he promised to come.

Hagen accompanied him as far as the garden gate.

"You are my good angel, my dear doctor," he said, seizing his hand. "One can pass an hour in gossip with the old lady splendidly, eh? She is lively and sympathetic; in short, she is a very superior kind of woman!"

"I agree with you in everything," Brose assured him, and withdrew.

III.

The doctor came the next evening, and during two weeks he was almost every evening the guest of his friend. He talked with the mother-in-law while Hagen and his young wife promenaded undisturbed in the garden.

But one morning he entered his friend's place of business. Hagen sprang up much pleased and hastened to meet him.

"Ah, my liberator!" he cried, seizing Brose's two hands in his. "Best of friends how kind you to come. I wanted to look you up to-day and tell you how happy I am. You are a sorcerer, my dear fellow! What charm have you used to work such a complete change in my mother-in-law? We are now left to ourselves, not only in the evening but often during the day as well. For hours together my mother-in-law sits in her room, and we young people avail ourselves of the time and amuse ourselves like children. This morning, even, she advised us to make an excursion in the country next Sunday, and she added, regretfully, that she would be unable to accompany us. We are going out alone, doctor—alone! All this we owe to you!"

Over the face of the doctor flitted a sly smile.

"I can tell you still more," he replied. "Your mother-in-law intends to move and leave the house to you alone."

"Doctor, that would be delicious!" exclaimed Hagen. "But I cannot believe it. Where would she move to?"

"To me,"

"To you?" said Hagen, astonished. "Will you rent a part of your house?"

"No, my friend," Brose answered, laughing. "Your mother-in-law is going to marry me, and, of course, will reside in my house."

Hagen involuntarily drew back a step and stared at the doctor.

"You are joking," he said.

"Assuredly not! You described your mother-in-law to me as one of the most excellent of women and I have found that the facts bear out your eulogy in every particular. In order to render you a service, I have asked her if she will be mine. She has answered 'yes.' You can, therefore, congratulate me as your future father-in-law."

"No, no! This won't do! It must not be!" exclaimed Hagen.

"And why not? I see nothing to hinder."

"It won't do!" repeated Hagen, who was not able to control his excitement. "It won't answer! The estate—my wife is the only heir—she would have to share—"

"Certainly, my friend, for I do not desire the whole," Brose smilingly replied. "Your mother-in-law is ready even now to cede half the property to your wife."

"And the other half," burst in Hagen.

"She will keep herself," laughed Brose.

Hagen stood silent and gnawed at his under lip with his teeth.

"You have shamefully betrayed me!" he then broke out. "You have deceived me, told me what was not true—"

"What was not true?" Brose interrupted him.

"Yes! Have you not repeatedly told me that you would never marry?"

"Of course; but I have thought better of it. I would, in all probability, have carried out my resolution had I not had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of your mother-in-law. I have to thank you for it."

He held out his hand to his friend. Hagen turned away.

"I do not wish any thanks!" he said. "You need not trouble yourself any more, either. You need not visit any more at my house!"

"Good!" laughed Brose, whom the passion of his friend amused. "But you will not object to my visiting my fiancé of an evening? Now, be reasonable, Hagen! Your mother-in-law's estate is so large that you can live pleasantly and contentedly on half of it. You ought to rejoice at the prospect of acquiring such a splendid father-in-law! Now, give me your hand."

Half hesitatingly, Hagen gave it.

"Could I have anticipated this, I would never have asked you to visit me," he said, half grumbling and yet smiling.

"I thoroughly believe it," laughed Brose.

"Now, let us remain good friends. I am also free to confess that besides your mother-in-law, I have had much satisfaction in making the acquaintance of your wife. Do not let the brand be exhausted, and I will come often in the future to pay you a visit."

The friends separated perfectly reconciled. But Hagen still needed some hours to compare notes with himself before he had accustomed himself to the thought that he, too, could learn to live on half the estate and be happy.

### Congressmen's Letters.

Washington Telegram Chicago Inter Ocean.

Congressmen get queer letters sometimes. The other day a Western member showed me the following:

DEAR SIR: My children have been afflicted with the scabs all winter, and the medicine given them by the doctor here does not seem to do any good. I see by the papers that there are some very fine doctors in Washington connected with the Government, and if it does not cost too much I wish you would ask them what is good for the scabs and write me by return mail.

The school teacher in our district has received from you a book with pictures about the Rocky Mountains, and a map colored yellow and green. I would be very much obliged if you would send me one of each, and another to my wife's father, at ——— Township, and if you have any other books that would be good winter reading, we should be much pleased to have them sent. Your friend and constituent.