

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25, 1893. President Cleveland and every member of his cabinet, except Attorney General Olney, who is in Boston, spent Christmas day in Washington with their families.

In view of the misstatements which have been made concerning the attitude of Commissioner Lochren toward the pensioners the following from a speech he made in the case of Judge Long, of Michigan, whose pension was suspended by him, which is pending in a Washington court, is worthy of attention:

"I am not anxious to worry or to cut off my old comrades with whom I fought and carried a musket. I am anxious that they should get all their dues. Yet, at the same time, as an officer of the law, I have a sworn duty to perform, to see that they do not get more than they are entitled to."

By the way, speaking of pensions, it was lately decided by Commissioner Lochren that no retiring official of the pension office could do business as a pension attorney before that bureau until he had been two years out of office.

Secretary Lamont scotched a sensational story, that he proposed compelling the clerks of the Record and Pension division of the War department to again take up their quarters in Ford's old theatre, by making the following statement: "There is no purpose or disposition on the part of any officer of this department to quarter any of its clerks or employees in any building not determined to be perfectly safe."

The number of Congressmen who went home to spend their holiday was unusually large this year; consequently there is just now a decided lull in the talk about the tariff, Hawaii, etc., which has been constantly going on for months and which will take a fresh start next week when the absentees will again be on hand prepared for the hard and long struggle that is before them.

A subcommittee of the House Ways and Means committee will spend the most of their holidays in working upon the Internal Revenue bill, which it is hoped will be ready to be reported to the House when it again assembles. Several democratic members of the Senate Finance committee are also at work on the tariff, so as to be prepared to receive the Wilson bill when it is sent over from the House.

Speaker Crisp, who is still in Washington, is confident that the Wilson tariff bill will be passed by the House before the first of February, and that it will not be necessary to deny any man the right to be heard there in order to get it through by that time.

It is a greater fault rigidly to censure than to commit a small oversight.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

HISTORY OF A BANK NOTE.

Used as a Messenger by an Englishman Confined in an Algerian Dungeon.

Bank notes have curious histories attached to them in the way of humor, comedy, tragedy and melodrama, says the New York Home Journal. A collector of Paris of such curiosities got hold, some years ago, of a five-pound bank of England note which had somewhat of a tragic interest connected with it.

Some sixty odd years ago the cashier of a Liverpool merchant had received in tender for a business payment a Bank of England note which he held up to the scrutiny of the light, so as to make sure of its genuineness. He observed some partially indistinct red marks or words traced on the front of the note beside the lettering and on the margin. Curiosity prompted him to try to decipher the words so inscribed. With great difficulty, so faintly written were they and so much obliterated, the words were found to form the following sentence: "If this note should fall into the hands of John Dean, of Longhill, near Carlisle, he will learn hereby that his brother is languishing a prisoner at Algiers."

"UNCLE JERRY."

A Couple of Stories About the Late Agricultural Secretary Rusk.

On one occasion a chief of one of the divisions in Secretary Rusk's department had got into trouble with a newspaper man and had been soundly rated by him in the papers. Secretary Rusk had seen the statement and he called the man up and asked him what he was going to do about it. The clerk replied that he didn't know what to do, and said to the governor: "Suppose you take the matter up and settle it."

A certain congressman called on Secretary Rusk one day and tried to chaff him. He said: "See here, Gov. Rusk, you don't know me. I want you to understand that I come from the west, and I'm a regular Jim Dandy of a fellow." "Yes, I suppose you are," said Uncle Jerry, as he arose to his feet in order to tell the story better. "You make me think of the sermon of the minister who was discoursing on the wonders of the Lord's creation, and said that he made the large as well as the small things of the universe. Said the preacher: 'When God made the mighty ocean he made a little rivulet; when he made the snow-capped mountains he made a hillcock; when he made that king of beasts, the elephant, he made a flea, and when he made me,' here the governor drew himself up to his full height and stretched out his arms, 'he made a daisy.' And I suppose you think you are the daisy."

ASTONISHED SAVAGES.

Money in Exchange for Food Was a Good Joke to the Wild Kafirs.

The author of "Where Three Empires Meet" took some Kafirs from their desolate inland home in the Himalayan gorges beyond the mountain ranges to the more civilized south. Like most savages, they looked with stupid indifference at the marvels about them, and once only were they excited by an incident which opened their eyes to what they considered a most extraordinary and unnatural state of things.

They were descending a road when one of them chanced to remark that he was hungry, and the English "sahib" bought him some food at a way side shop. The Kafir saw the money change hands.

"How is this?" he inquired, in surprise. "Do you have to pay for food in this country?" "Certainly."

"What a country!" cried the man, in amazement. Then after pondering a while he continued, doubtfully: "Suppose a man had no money in this country; he might starve!" "It is quite possible."

Early Ideas About Hair.

All the ancient philosophers held curious ideas respecting the growth, functions, structure, etc., of the hair, and had many superstitions founded on these old opinions. The early writers on the make-up of the human body almost invariably refer to the hair as being an excrement fed on substances similar to itself. They supposed that it generated in the fulgurous part of the blood; was exhaled by the heat of the body, becoming firm and fibrous on being exposed to the air, and as the fluid of the spider web does, just as the fluid of the spider web does. In those days every idea respecting the growth and character of hair is changed. It is now agreed that every change of it truly lives and recharges its nutriment from the body. True, they take upon themselves the nature of parasitic plants; they grow as vegetation does, yet each has, as it were, a distinct life and economy. That they derive their existence from the juices of the body there is no doubt, but that food is not taken from the nutriment, for we know that hair thrives even though the body starve or be wasted by disease, or even after the animal life has ceased to exist in the flesh or skin to which they are attached.

HIS HUMBLE MEAL.

Fielding's Experience in a Typewriter-Girl's Restaurant.

Where a Man May Save Money on His Lunch Because He Will Eat so Small That a Very Little Will Satisfy Him.

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I am a modest man, and I went out to eat my modest lunch, the other day, and inadvertently walked into a place where there were eight hundred young and beautiful women; all of them looked at me. If they had been men, a few of them would probably have been thinking about something, and a commonplace stranger would not have become at once the cynosure of all eyes. But these were women, careless and free, upon whom the cares of business had left no traces except the



THE SLOPPIEST MAN ALIVE.

ink stains on their thumbs. So, having nothing requiring their attention, they all looked at me, and I felt as comfortable as we do in those distracting nightmarish scenes when we roam through dignified assemblies looking for a quiet corner where we can put our clothes on. They kept on chewing with a gentle and rhythmic movement which required no conscious direction and left their minds free to consider my claims to personal beauty and engaging manner.

And then, suddenly, the entire eight hundred took their eyes off me, and forgot that I was alive. It was the only thing that could have made me feel worse than I felt when they were looking at me, and it accounts for the tinge of bitterness which may be detected in these lines. A man must be older and more philosophical than I am before he can endure with patience the humiliating reflection that not one girl in eight hundred prefers him to a plate of ham and beans.

I stumbled along through the room, and at last discovered a place at the far end where there were a few men. The only vacant seat was by a table which had men on one side and women



I FOUND HER ON MY BACK.

on the other. I fell into the chair, and instantly found myself face to face with a haughty typewriter girl who, in our elevator, has frequently repulsed with scornful eyes the advances which Heaven knows I did not make. I stole a glance at her to see whether she could still find it in her heart to crush me, humbled as I was, in the presence of so much youth and beauty. But she lifted her cold gray eyes from her griddle cakes, and looked at something which was immediately behind me. I do not know what it was, but I could feel her steely glance pass through me with the cold precision of a scorpion. And yet she is not destitute of human sentiments. I have heard her converse with the elevator boy in such moving tones that he has run by four floors where business men waited, swearing, to be taken down in the car. And I have occasionally seen her gaze into the mirrors in the car with other purpose than to contemplate her own loveliness. I have even thought that she was looking at me, but, alas, it was always when I hadn't shaved for four days.

A young man came to remove the debris of my predecessor's order. Though young, as I have said, this gentleman had already risen high in his profession. He could clean off a table as I



THEN THE WAITER GIRL CAME.

had never seen it done before. He wiped that table till it was so smooth that the dishes could hardly stand on it. And not a crumb, not a bean, not an atom of pie was spilled upon the floor. It all went into my lap, every morsel of it. He even brushed the grease spots of a previous season off the mahogany on to my pantaloons. He is positively the sloppiest man that ever raised the price of benzine, and he should command a high salary in any restaurant.

Then the waiter girl came. I think that she was shot out of a cannon, but I cannot swear to this, because I did not see her coming. In fact I did not

know that she had started until I found her on my back. She laid some things down on the table. Some of the things she put down with her left hand, which was on one side of my neck, and some with the right hand, which was on the other. She was in such a hurry with the teaspoon that she snapped it up my sleeve and it disappeared. I protest that this was not my fault, and it was only a pewter spoon anyway, but the haughty typewriter girl viewed me with increased distrust afterwards.

Then the waiter asked me what I would have. It was an embarrassing position. It seemed as if the eight hundred girls began to look at me again. Certainly in the eyes of the six on the other side of the table I read the question: "Will he take ham and Boston?" The room was full of nodding plumes. I never before had the faintest conception of the magnificence of feminine headgear. How could I give my modest order in such an assemblage, with a full certainty that the waitress would announce it in a voice like the tramp of doom? I have been a rather severe employer of typewriter girls. When my dictated letters have been signed "Yours Truly" with a capital T, I have raised a row about it and have felt a certain superiority afterwards. But at this moment, when eight hundred of them had me practically alone, oh, how they did get square with me! This was their place, and they knew the etiquette in use, and I didn't. And they all looked at me once more, even those that were back to me, until I felt so small that I couldn't find anything on the bill of fare that was small enough to go inside of me. And as they looked at they all chewed serenely, and even the sloppy young man was afraid of them, and brushed things into their napkins instead of on their dresses. When I had given my order all the girls looked at their plates again in a hurry, in order to emphasize the fact that it was the order and not me in which they were interested, and whether it subsequently killed me or not was a matter of total indifference to them.

Presently the haughty typewriter girl opposite me deigned to raise her eyes as far as my necktie. Then the girl next to her also looked at it. Originally it was a light colored tie, and if we had a decent system of street cleaning in New York, it would be so today. But the dust does fly dreadfully. I had fancied, indeed, that the part which was exposed to view looked well enough; but when the girls riveted their gaze upon it, my soul became harassed by doubt. The other four girls joined in the game, and their glances pressed so heavily on that tie that I could feel the shirt-stud underneath it being gradually forced into my bosom. Two or three girls at the table beyond turned around. They knew instinctively where to look.

My eyes fell before this concentrated fire. I bowed my head, not in deference wholly, but with the idea of getting my chin low enough to cover the necktie. As I did so I saw, with the corner of an eye, this notice on the wall:

He That Humbleth Himself Shall Be Exalted

It fitted my case exactly, and yet the promise involved in it seemed to be scantily fulfilled. I began to open some eggs with a trembling hand. A large piece of the shell fell into my glass. I tried to fish it out with a spoon which, such was my agitation, knocked against the glass like one of those tappers in a shop window, inviting people to come in and be robbed. Then all the girls shifted their gaze from my necktie to the piece of shell. Under such circumstances, I was not likely to catch it.

"Let me send it back and get you another," said a kindly voice behind me. It was the male superintendent of the establishment, an exceptionally polite and obliging young man. I had never been so glad to see a male of my species before. It brought my courage back. I arose and abused that gentle youth for every fault of omission and commission known to the restaurant business. He took it with the blandest courtesy. Suddenly, grown brave, I turned to see what effect my assertion of dignity had had upon the girls. They were all gone. One o'clock had struck and they had gone back to hammer some more holes in our language. Perceiving this, I apologized meekly to the superintendent, and then sat down and ate the cold egg, shell and all.

THE POMAKS.

Mohammedism Among the Bulgarians of Rhodope.

Who on earth, or what on earth, are the Pomaks? Is the question which will suggest itself to most of those who glance at the heading of this article. The Pomaks are Bulgarian Mohammedan Bulgarians; that is to say, they are Bulgarians who have adopted the creed of Islam, but retained their own language. With their native speech they have preserved certain usages and customs of their own race, thus affording to the ethnologist an admirable field for speculation as to the extent to which a change of religion, unaccompanied by other influences, can modify the ingrained characteristics of a nation.

There are Pomaks in many parts of Bulgaria; but the Pomak territory par excellence lies in the wildest, remotest region of the Balkan peninsula, in the heart of Rhodope, a terra incognita to the European traveler, and known only by report to the neighboring races; in ancient days the haunt of the frenzied Bactantes.

Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard in Rhodope, when woods and rocks had ears To rapture, till the savage clauder drowned Both harp and voice—and in later times the inaccessible retreat of fierce, fanatical mountaineers, who scorned for centuries the rule of Turk and Christian alike, and bravely resisted every effort to bring them into subjection. It was only quite recently that a Bulgarian force succeeded in occupying the remoter portion of the Pomak territory assigned seven years ago by the convention of Top-Khane to eastern Roumelia.—Fortnightly Review.

FORTUNES IN A TEACUP.

If you have two spoons in your cup it is a sign that you will figure prominently at a wedding before the year is out.

If cream or milk is put in your cup before the sugar it will cross your love. A tea stalk floating on top of the tea is called a stranger, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. When this happens to unmarried women they should stir the tea briskly and then place the spoon in the centre of the cup, holding it quite still.

If the stranger in its gyrations is attracted to the spoon he will come that evening; should it, however, cling to the sides he will not come at all.

We may observe that it really depends on the state of the atmosphere as to whether the stalk goes to the middle or not.

It is a sign of fair weather if the clusters of air bubbles, which usually rise after the sugar has been put in, collect themselves and remain in the centre of the cup. If, on the contrary, they straggle to the sides, it is a sign that it will certainly rain in a few hours.

This cluster of bubbles is also called a kiss and portends that the owner will be thus saluted during the course of the day.

A cluster of ten leaves with a few stragglers at the front at the bottom of the cup signifies a hearse or a funeral, while the couple of leaves at the bottom, if close together, signify a wedding.

If the tea grounds take the form of a woman on the side of the cup it signifies a rival in love; if it looks like a bird it means news from a distant friend; if it looks like a book it refers to a well-known acquaintance who is at college; if it looks like a tree it means soon taking a journey into the country; if two stalks come together it means you are to meet a man; if it looks like a snake it is an enemy.

If it is a dog you will meet or hear from a friend; if it looks like a house or a shed it means that when married you will keep house for yourself and not board; if it looks like a spire it means you will be married in church; if it looks like a duck or a swan it means that you will cross the ocean; if it looks like a bridge it is an unquestioned sign that your marriage will be happy and your life long and sweet.

If it looks like a man fishing with a rod it points to a preacher who may either officiate at your marriage or become your husband; if it looks like a man with many spots lying before him it means that your husband will be rich and may be a banker; if a broken bridge turns up on the side of the cup it means that your marriage will be unhappy.

If there are undulations on the side of the cup, some faint and some heavier, it means a checkered life or a career of struggle, sometimes light and sometimes severe.

FACTS IN FEW WORDS.

A New York widow lately secured a husband for \$10 at an agency. The man has decamped, and the woman is advertising for his return.

The Krupp gun works claim to have manufactured a machine which will roll iron so thin that it would take 1,800 sheets to make an inch.

A baby whose eldest brother is a grandfather was born in Richmond, Ky., recently. Its mother is sixty-eight and her husband seventy-two years old.

A swarm of flies will make their appearance at a car window and easily keep pace with the train, even though it be rushing across the country forty miles an hour.

This announcement recently appeared in a Kirscheva, Bavaria, paper: "Lost, on the 22d of September, my wife, Anne. Whoever has found her is begged to keep her. He will be handsomely rewarded."

The late Major Decker, the midget, weighed but a pound at birth, and physicians predicted that he could not live two days. Yet he survived forty-four years, and, it is said, was drunk half of his life.

Lightning played a curious freak at Washington, Ga., during a late storm. It struck a large bush, under which a hen and three chickens had sought shelter. The former was instantly killed, but the chickens were found alive under their mother.

In the Sandwich Islands the apple has become wild, and forests of trees of many acres are found in various parts of the country. They extend from the level of the sea far up into the mountain sides. It is said that miles of these apple forests can occasionally be seen.

The greatest whirlpool is the maelstrom off the Norway coast. It is an eddy between the mainland and an island, and when the current is in one direction and the wind in another no ship can withstand the fury of the waves. Whales and sharks have been cast ashore and killed. The current is estimated to run thirty miles an hour.

REVISED ARITHMETIC.

When sausage is worth twenty cents a pound, how much are dok-skin gloves worth per pair?

If it costs one unmarried man all he makes to live, how much will it cost to marry and raise a family?

If a cow gives two gallons of milk a day worth eight cents a quart, how deep is the cistern in the cow lot?

If a landlady charges \$8 a week for board, or \$30 a month, and the boarder skips one day before the month is up, how much does she lose?

How long can one young man on \$100 a month, with expenditures of \$150, keep it up before he begins to use the cash in the money drawer?

If it takes one woman one minute to communicate a bit of gossip across the back fence to another woman in strict secrecy, how long will it take for the other woman to scatter it all over town?

If two candidates in a county having a voting population of 8,595 receive 3,000 and 5,500 votes respectively, how long will it require to purify politics, the county having an area of 325 square miles?

Truly, Job was a patient creature. Doubtless it was in the dry-goods store that he murmured to himself: "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till the change comes."—Boston Transcript.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

The woodlands of the United States now cover 450,000,000 acres.

The Thames pours 40,000,000 cubic feet of water into the sea every hour. Extraordinary stories are told of the sealing properties of a new oil which is easily made from the yolk of hens' eggs.

The forty-four United States owe, collectively, \$224,000,000, of which \$10,000,000 are State securities \$10,000,000 a year as interest.

The new Brooks comet is now visible in the morning sky due east and about 30 degrees above the horizon at 5 A. M. in the constellation Coma Berenices.

An European mathematician of world-wide celebrity claims that from a single potato a careful cultivator could raise 10,000,000,000 tubers within a period of ten years.

The coldest place in the world is the region about the mouth of the McKenzie River, in British America. The thermometer there has been known to sink to 70 degrees below zero.

It is estimated that the total production of coffee in the world is about 600,000 to 650,000 tons, of which Brazil alone produces between 340,000 and 380,000 tons, and Java 60,000 to 90,000.

One tonboat on the Mississippi, in a good stage of water, can take from St. Louis to New Orleans a tow carrying 10,000 tons of grain, a quantity that would require fifty railroad trains of ten cars each.

The upholsterer bee lines her nest with the leaves of flowers, always choosing such as have very bright colors. They are invariably cut in circles so exact that no compass would make them more true.

The longest reach of railway without a curve is that of the New Argentine Pacific Railway from Buenos Ayres to the foot of the Andes. For 211 miles it is without a curve and has no cutting or embankment deeper than two or three feet.

Ravens, when on the wing, spend much time striking each other, and often turn on their backs with a loud croak and seem to be falling to the ground. In fact, they are scratching themselves with one foot and have lost their centre of gravity.

Sir James C. Browne, a London expert on brain disease, says insomnia is not so bad as claimed. The brain takes rest in short spells, and one part of the brain rests while the others keep at work. And so literary men, though getting little sleep, have their brain rest anyway.

At the north pole there is only one direction—south, east and west have vanished. The hour of the day at the pole is a paradoxical conception, for that point is the meeting place of every meridian, and the time of all holds good, so that it is any hour one cares to mention.

Scientists are exuberant at the discovery of what is supposed to be a new metal, or at least a new combination of old metals. The scene of the deposit is in Albiquin, N. M. In a large morass are several thousand logs of timber petrified into copper ore, averaging 60 per cent. of copper and from 30 to 40 ounces of silver to the ton.

The generally accepted theory of the cooking of meat relates to the application of heat, but Dr. Saviczovsky has called attention to the fact that almost precisely the same chemical and physical changes can be accomplished by exposing animal flesh to extreme cold. Meat subjected to a degree of cold equal to 50 degrees below zero of Fahrenheit's thermometer looks and tastes exactly like meat boiled in fresh water.

HISTORICAL.

The art of embroidery is of very ancient origin, and was brought to great perfection by the women of Greece and Sidon. It was extensively practised in mediæval times in Europe. The women of some barbarous races, like the North American Indians, often exhibited a marked degree of skill in embroidery.

Aaron Burr resigned from the Provincial army by reason of ill health in 1780. In 1800 he and Jefferson each had seventy-three electoral votes for the office of President of the United States. The choice was thus left to Congress, which on the thirty-sixth ballot chose Jefferson for President and Burr for Vice-President.

Rusento, a river of Italy in the province of Salerno, empties into the Gulf of Rusento at the city of Pollastro. Upon the death of Alaric the Visigoth King, his followers turned the course of the river, and after having buried him, again led the river into its old course, thus covering all trace of Alaric's grave from the eyes of his enemies.

In the appalling catastrophe which destroyed the city of Lima and its harbor, Callao, in Peru, in October, 1746, the earthquake shocks were repeated every seven or eight minutes, and over 100 of the most violent kind were counted within twenty-four hours. In the recent earthquake of Caracas on the 26th of March, 1812, fifteen shocks were felt on the first day, and they continued numerous every day until the 5th of April following.

VERITIES.

The Croton aqueduct has a collecting reservoir whose capacity is 3,000,000,000 gallons.

The public free schools of the United States are at present educating 13,200,000 children.

William Waldorf Astor has subscribed \$1,000 in aid of the monument of Gen. McClellan at Philadelphia.

Kansas City, Kan., is the new home for lottery concerns. Nine institutions of that description are now openly doing business there, and more are projected.

A territorial enlargement is under consideration by the Cincinnati authorities. The coveted annex contains 75 square miles and has a population of 4,300.

A St. Louis saloon gives a ticket for a night's lodging with every glass of beer, and each night furnished a rest-place for from 100 to 200 men and boys. Its patrons sleep on the floor about bedding.

Truly, Why did you kiss Mamie so tenderly—why you engaged to her?—No, but I was—and she has consented to break off the engagement. Truth.