

WHAT WAS HE?

The winds blew fierce; the sun was red
And snow covered streets and moor-
Supplies of coal and meat and bread
Lifted left at a widow's door.

Where want and hunger and cold abode
He never was far away.
And when the chimneys in the tower were
Tolled

He knew no sect, Jew, Greek or Moor,
Nor Christian, nor church, nor race,
But the way to the homes of the attic poor
And the basement damp would trace.

So Claude painted leisurely. He was
Never in a hurry to push a picture, or
To demand payment for it. His bread
And butter were sure, even if they were
Not the fruit of his own exertions.

While thus employed on the portrait
Of his fiancée, Claude was mentally
Engaged in building—not art—but love
Castles in the air; and thinking of his
Approaching wedding and marriage
Tour with his bride, over the art galleries
Of Europe; for he knew that Lucy
—herself a literary turn—was as
Anxious as himself to reveal in their
Beauties.

ioned, and too full of expression for a
baby's."
"Will, Lucy," asked Claude, after a
time, "when is it to be? Have you de-
cided yet? Two months ago you said—
soon."
"Your marriage, do you mean?"
"Yes, Lucy. How can you pretend
to misunderstand me?"
"I must take time to think over it,"
answered Lucy, evasively.

Next day brought a solution of the
difficulty in the form of a small note,
in which Lucy desired that their en-
gagement should be at an end. It was
not her wish, she said, but her father's;
but she dared not disobey her par-
ents, and positively declined seeing or
hearing from him in the future.

Before reaching Rome, his final des-
tination, Claude visited all the great
galleries and famous pictures in the
continent.
The Eternal City was at length
reached; and there he settled down to
steady work, his imagination and soul
fired with a praiseworthy ambition to
become like his father, a leader in the
artistic world.

In New York his success was great.
Work and wealth poured in on him.
His society was courted, his opinion
valued, his advice much sought after
and his position apparently an envia-
ble one. But all this time he had not
forgotten Lucy. He had tried to banish
her image from his heart, but found it
impossible. He could not bring him-
self to believe that she was to blame
for discarding him. And now that
misfortune had overtaken her, he felt
more drawn to her than ever, and
longed to discover her whereabouts
and cheer or aid her if necessary; for
her father, after suffering a crushing
reverse in business, which ruined him,
had died, leaving his daughter in pov-
erty. She had since then left the city,
and no one that he knew could inform
him where she had gone.

One day a well-known publisher con-
sulted him with regard to illustrations
for a volume of poems, and left the
manuscript for perusal.
"What do you think of 'Musings
Among the Mountains'?" asked he,
a month afterward. "Have you had time
to look them over?"
"Yes. The sonnets are particularly
good; and also some of the longer and
more ambitious pieces. Altogether, it is
unquestionably a first-class produc-
tion. But here and there it betrays
the hand of a novice in poetical com-
position. I should say it is by a female.
Her descriptive power is wonderful, and
well materially facilitates the illustration,
which I can undertake, but would first
like to meet the author or authoress."

tual explanations followed, and their
friend, the worthy publisher, at whose
house she was stopping, was soon let
into the secret of their former inti-
macy.
Claude seized an early opportunity
to have a private interview with her
to ascertain her feelings toward him.
"Lucy," he said, "may I ask if it
was your wish to have our engagement
broken off?"
"In a sense it was. Still, I was true
to you and loved you; but did what I
then considered my duty, and yielded
to my father's judgment."
"You say you loved me, Lucy. Don't
you love me now?"
She made no reply, but only crept
closer to him, to be folded in his heart
and loved and prized more than in times
of yore, in his younger and more
thoughtless days.

"How can you manage to furnish a
meal at such a price?" asked a custom-
er in Chicago, after paying a twenty-
five cent dinner check at the counter of
a well-known restaurant in Chicago.
"I couldn't if I bought the material
only for myself, or even for myself and
family," returned the proprietor, "but
buying for a great many hundred meals
at a time, I manage both to make ends
meet and make a handsome profit be-
sides."

"I have set as high as 800 and fre-
quently feed people at the rate of 175
every twenty-five minutes. Of course
I have to guard closely against leakage
and don't have much, and generally
have something over, besides, for the
Little Sisters of the Poor."

The world has three great constitu-
tional documents, the Declaration of
Independence, the Declaration of
Rights of 1688 and Magna Charta of
King John. The original of the first
named is preserved in the Independence
Hall, Philadelphia and is familiar to most
Americans. The bill or Declaration of
Rights that followed the revolution of
1688 is preserved in the Somerset house,
London. It is written in a small but
plain hand, in English, and covers a
parliament twelve inches wide and
nearly thirty feet long. Such was the
form in which, in those days, the re-
cords of the House of Lords were kept.
The original of the great Magna Charta,
having been many times moved, and
barely escaping destruction in the great
fire of 1666. It is written on very heavy
parliament, in size 30x43 inches, and
surrounded by the seals of the eighteen
barons who forced the Plantagenet king
to execute the document on the plains
of Runnymede on that June day 689
years ago. The text is in old Latin, and
exact translation of which has given
rise to a great deal of learned contro-
versy. At the bottom right hand cor-
ner is the signature of the king in a
bold hand, and through it runs a leather
thong which sustains the seal—a black
and white quartz rock the size of a wal-
nut, or thereabouts. The interesting
old document is now preserved in one
of the mammoth safes in the British
museum, and is shown to visitors only
upon an order from the lord chamber-
lain.

A wax housekeeper is careful where
she keeps her flour, for she knows it is
more readily tainted than milk.
Black Varnish.—To make a good
black varnish for iron or other metals,
dissolve by heat three ounces of asphaltum,
four quarts of boiled oil and eight
ounces of burnt umber. Mix the com-
pound with turpentine while cooling.

Carnegie's Castle.
John Kessler of Allegheny has re-
turned from Cumberland Island, Ga.
This is where the historical mansion
of the famous Lee family was located
until shelled into a ruin during the
late war. The "Dungeness," as this
place was then and is still known,
is now the property of Mr. and Mrs.
Thomas M. Carnegie. They have just
finished a magnificent palace on this
island, and Mr. Kessler while there
was doing the plumbing and gasfitting
work in this beautiful home. He was
visited at his house one afternoon by
a reporter, and upon being asked to
give his impressions of this historic
spot, said with great enthusiasm:
"It is paradise. When I was not
working I was roaming about the planta-
tion and becoming as familiar with its
beauties as my most intimate friend.
There was no one there to talk to,
beside Mr. Carnegie, but the colored
folk, and when I had time I got the
superstitious people to amuse me with
their strange stories. I often received
from them bits of interesting history
about this romantic place. The most
discontented man in the world could be
happy at Dungeness. This island is one
of a group, and it is separated from the
main land by Cumberland Sound. To
go there from here you must travel by
rail to Fernandina, Florida, and from
the dock to Dungeness it is eight
miles by water. The present house is
built on the spot where the old Lee
ancestral mansion once stood. That
old house was one of the grandest in
the greatest men of this nation. It
was seventy-five feet square and three
stories and an attic in height. The
walls were two feet thick and built of
shell rock, which is the common struc-
tural material for houses in that part
of the country. When Mr. Carnegie
built his new house he erected it on
the exact former location of the old
house, which had been ruined during
the war by shells fired into it from
Federal gunboats. This new house is
the most beautiful specimen of Gothic
architecture in this country. I have
worked in some splendid houses, but
this one goes ahead of all I have ever
seen. It is situated on the highest
point on the island, and is surrounded
by a plantation of 20,000 acres, of which
over 3,000 acres are in cultivation.
Cotton is the principal product. It is
the best cotton grown in the world, I
am told, but as I am no judge I don't
know whether that is true or not. The
plantation is mostly covered with a
grove of live oaks, and one of the finest
bits of scenery on the island is where
you look up a long carriage drive which
is lined with these trees. At the end
of this roadway may be seen the new
house, which is built of red granite
brought from Maine. It has a slate
roof, and the tower, which seems to
shoot up from the midst of the gables,
stands one hundred feet, and can be
seen for miles out at sea. Oh, every-
thing about that place is lovely enough
to suit the most capricious nature.
There is on this island, and not far from
Dungeness, an old graveyard where are
buried a number of eminent men, her-
oes of every war this country has ever
had since its independence was declared,
and ladies who are all now persons well
known in history. They are nearly
all members of the old Lee family.
While there I copied from the tomb-
stones in this graveyard a number of
the inscriptions. Here is one of Light
Horse Harry Lee of Revolutionary war
fame. It reads:

Sacred
To the memory
of
GEN. HENRY LEE, OF VIRGINIA,
Obit 25, March, 1818.
Aet. 63.
You will notice some of the words
are in Latin. Here is another:

T. N.
Memory of
CHARLES JACKSON, Esq., OF NEWTON,
Massachusetts,
On the 23d of April, 1767. He was edu-
cated at Harvard College, and was a
Commissioner of the
American Revolutionary
War, and for several
years a Coun-
seller-at-Law,
who died on 25 October, 1801, at the
mansion of Phineas Miller,
Cumberland Island.

"I made a copy of one of a cele-
brated Southern lady of fashion in the
old Continental days. It reads as
follows:
LOUISE C. SHAW,
Relict of
JAMES SHAW, Esq., and youngest
daughter of Major General
NATHANIEL GREEN,
Of Army of the Revolution. Died at
Dungeness, Ga., April 24, 1831,
Aged 45 years.
"Here were others, but it would
fill a big book to tell all about those
people. I would like to know if there
are no romantic surroundings to this
Dungeness? I found them so, any-
how."

"Bridal couples you meet almost
every day" was remarked to a rail-
road conductor.
"Yes, and it's amusing to watch
them sometimes. Human silliness
usually reaches its climax when newly
married couples begin their honey-
moon. Who ever saw a bride and
bridegroom on a wedding tour who
could let each other alone, and not
give themselves dead away by their
denominator? The palace car or the
sleeping car porter gets onto a newly
married couple as quick as he does onto
an unblacked pair of boots. The hotel
water detects them surely and unerr-
ingly, and the bell-boy and the cham-
ber-maid scent their game and grow
extra attentive and more than usually
numerous, in the expectation that the
happy bridegroom will do the hand-
some thing in the way of fees. About a
week ago I had a couple on my train
that attracted more than ordinary at-
tention because of their advanced age.
The bridegroom was about 75 years
old, and the bride not much younger.
They were a precious pair of ancient

turtle-doves, and no mistake. In the
sleeping-car, when everybody else was
quiet, this giddy old Benedict was
heard to say to his bride: 'Who's a
little lamb?' And she replied, in her
most gushing tones: 'Bots of us!'
Then a pair of toothless mouths met in
noisy occupation, and the other passen-
gers tittered. Human nature in motion,
by fast express or accommodation,
is the same as human nature elsewhere,
and so far as opportunity can be had it
will in any and every place assert itself.
"Confidence men? Well, yes, they
continue to work the trains to some
extent, though not as much as formerly.
The railroad companies have detectives
constantly on the lookout for sharpers,
and the roads running out of Chicago
are now comparatively free from them.
They are giving their attention mostly
to new roads in the north and west, such
as the Northern Pacific, where I under-
stand they are as thick as fleas. Three
card men have had their day in railroad
work. People have learned to be afraid
of them, no matter how cleverly they
may play the green, country gawk, nor
how simple their little game may ap-
pear. If Canada Bill were alive, I
suppose he could still make the racket
pan out well, but he has never had a
successor equal to him. Bill had the
cheek once to write a letter to Presi-
dent of the Union Pacific, offering him
\$10,000 a year for the privilege of
working the trains on that road."

"It has its ups and downs, its dangers
and its hardships, but it has its bright
side, too. The bitterest pill a conduc-
tor has to swallow is the knowledge
that he is almost constantly watched by
spies and spotters hired by the com-
pany; but the company is not to be
blamed for taking this precaution.
The conductor is exposed to temptation,
and, as I said, human nature is the
same on the railroad as elsewhere."

"What tricks are practiced by dis-
onest conductors to defraud the com-
panies?"
"The commonest one is the 'knocking
down' of cash fares. This is done
every day, and is really the secret of
the sudden elevation to wealth and
position which is so frequently the lot
of a man after he begins to run a train.
It isn't in the nature of things that a
conductor on a salary of \$150 a month,
can rise from poverty to opulence
within a few years, and be strictly
honest, unless he fall heir to some rich
relative's estate. I have known con-
ductors, however, who never knocked
down a dollar of the cash fares they
collected, and yet made a barrel of
money outside of their salaries."

"How did they do it?"
"By crooked dealing in tickets.
Unless a conductor punches a ticket it
remains good, of course. He can
pocket certain tickets without canceling
them, and sell them to scalpers and
other persons at a reduction. By
working this plan carefully and system-
atically a mint of money may be made.
Some of them have a special arrange-
ment with ticket agents of the road,
with whom they form a secret partner-
ship and divide the spoils. Others do
business solely with the scalpers. It's
very risky, though, this thing of steal-
ing from the company, and the shrewd-
est of 'em sometimes get caught. I
suppose you noticed what a clean
sweep was made by the Pittsburgh,
Cincinnati and St. Louis folks last
winter. All but one of the conduc-
tors on this division were bounced,
and it was about the same on all the
other divisions. They were detected,
you see."

"Was it the work of spotters?"
"Yes; but not the regular railroad
detectives. Conductors have got trouble
in getting onto them. Those were
men from Pinkerton's agency, as I
have been told, and they put in about
three months testing the conductors
of that road. I know a man who
used to be with Pinkerton, and I
learned something from him about
their methods. He says that in test-
ing conductors there are usually two
detectives in each coach—one occupy-
ing a seat in the centre of the car,
and the other as near the rear as
possible. When the conductor collects
a cash fare they note the station
where the passenger got on, and also
where he gets off, and report accord-
ingly. A conductor is required to
make a prompt report to the auditor
of the road of the cash fares collect-
ed on each run, and by comparing
his report with those of the detectives
it can easily be decided whether he is
making full returns or not. Some-
times the poor fellow innocently steals
the fare paid by the detectives them-
selves. The spotters also take note
of every failure on the part of the
conductor to punch tickets as he takes
them up, and if he permits an inti-
mate friend or relative to ride, the
fact is reported. A conductor who
never deadheads a friend or a fellow
employee over the road gets himself
disliked, and becomes exceedingly un-
popular, and yet he cannot do so,
except at the risk of losing his position.
The fact is, a conductor's friends sel-
dom consider the magnitude of the
sacrifice they so coolly ask him to make
as a special favor to them, and the
consequence is that many a conductor's
generosity has been his ruin."

How Boys Succeed.
A few years ago a drug firm in New
York City advertised for a boy. The
next day the store was thronged with
applicants. Among them was a queer
looking little fellow, accompanied by a
woman who proved to be his aunt, lieu
of faithless parents, by whom he had
been abandoned. Looking at this wail,
the proprietor said, "I can't take him;
besides he is too small."

"I know he is small," said the wo-
man, "but he is willing and faithful,
and never drinks, uses tobacco or pro-
fane language."

There was a twinkling in the boy's
eyes which made the merchant think
again. A partner in the firm volun-
teered to remark that he did not see
what was bigger than a plant of "ider.
But after consultation, the boy was set
to work. A few days later a call was
made on the boys in the place for some
one to stay all night. The prompt re-
sponse of the little fellow contrasted
well with the reluctance of others. In
the middle of the night the merchant
looked in to see if all was right in the
store, and presently discovered his
young protegee busy scissoring labels.

"What are you doing?" said he, "I
did not tell you to work nights."

"I know you did not tell me so, but
I thought I might as well be doing
something."

Orders were immediately given once
more, "Double that boy's wages; he is
willing and faithful."

To-day that boy is getting a salary of
\$2,500, and next month will become a
member of the firm.

Anecdote of Spurgeon.
Mr. Spurgeon, the great London
preacher, whose fiftieth birthday has
recently been celebrated, began to
preach while a mere boy. An anecdote,
associated with these early ministra-
tions, illustrates the fact that, like
most precocious boys, he was not only
self-reliant, but a little too free with
his tongue.

In the early part of his ministry
Spurgeon was asked to preach in a
neighboring village, and when he came
on the Sunday morning Mr. Brown,
the pastor, said to him:
"I did not know you were such a
boy, or I would not have asked you to
preach for me."

"Well," he said, "I can go back."

"But," said Mr. Brown, "the people
have come from all parts in all kinds
of vehicles, and then he put his hands
under his coat-tails and asked what the
world was coming to when the boys
who had not got rid of the taste of
their mother's milk went about preach-
ing."