A NATIONAL FLOWER

Mrs. Frank Leslie Discusses the Use has been of Blossoms as Political Emblems.

THE SUNFLOWER OF THE WEST

Which Gives the Prairies a Shimmer of Burning Gold, Declared to Be

A FIT EMBLEM FOR THE UNITED STATES.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. LONDON, October 8 .- The question of selecting a national flower was first brought before the American public last year, at a session of the Society of American Florists, in New York; a committee was appointed by the society to select a flower which might be adopted as the floral emblem of the American Republic, and one of the most brilliant of newspaper correspondents was detailed to "interview" a number of persons on this subject, and among others myself, and my attention was specially called to this matter, and hence this letter.

In the first place, I think it futile to attempt selecting a flower, unless it is typical for the movement. The suggestion that Liberals should wear a flower of some sort on May Day as a party badge to counteract the on this subject, and among others myself,

of our country or associated in some way with our national history. Floral emblems grow out of history as flowers grow out of not likely to find imitators to-day. the soil. The emblems cannot be manufactured without being as absurd as artificial

Floral emblems have played no unimpertant part in the world's history. Some of these are still cherished by the hand that plucked them; others are taded, together with the memory of those who wore them; and some are trampled under foot, while rival nosegay flaunts it in their place. The lilies of old France are happily for the world's progress laid low, but they bore themselves of old proudly enough in many a well-stricken field. They were, it is true, heraldic lilies, not unlike artichokes to the uninitiated eve; but they reigned in honor till the revolution swept them away, or rather adopted their color without their form. For is not the famous tricolor none other than the blue and red of the city of Paris' arms, with the drapeau blanc grafted

Noteworthy flowers in their day were the roses of York and Lancaster, blossoms of evil scent recking of the battlefield and the headsman's block. The same may be said of the giglis of Florence, which was dyed red with the blood of Guelf and Ghibeiline. The rose of England has long held undis-puted sway, and grouped around it, are the apparently incongruous shamrock, and the thistle of Scotland, which has pointed many a joke. The pretty little plant known as black medick, or nonsuch, does duty as the green immortal shamrock in London markets; and large quantities are put under requisition for St. Patrick's Day. THE BONNY BROOM.

Probably no flower has had so long and glorious a reign as the yellow broom, "the bonny, bonny broom," the memorial flower of 14 Plantagenet Kings, who held the crown of England for more than 300 years. Geoffrey, Count of Anjou, the husband of Maud, and ancestor of the Edwards, Richards, and Henries of England, was the first to adopt the planta genista, and from the trivial incident of his wearing a sprig of it on his helmet was derived one of the most

More recently than any of these, the modest violet has filled a very large space in the history of the world. Some say the violet was adopted by the Bonapartes cause it is of the hue once deemed Imperial purple. Others allege that the association of the violet with imperialism is due to an ingenious effort of art, which in 1814, conceived the idea of a bunch of violets so arranged that the shadows, when carefully examined, were found to present the por-traits of the First Napoleon and his wife and son. At any rate, a bunch of violets be-came a sort of informal token of adhesion to the Imperial cause of France; like that the badge of Bonapartism, or rather what belt of that persuasion. Never perhap were so many violets brought together in ... room as in the temporary chapel at Chiselburt wherein the last hope of Bonapartist Imperiation lay low. There were violets everywhere on the chill day of early summer, when the highest honors were paid to the unfortunate youth who ended his life in an obscure and savage skirmish.

According to some, the myosotis was Bonnparte's chosen emblem when he escaped from Elba. The flower had handed about by his partisans, with the words, "To return in the spring." And, faithful to his promise, on the 1st of March, 1815, he landed at Antibes, to be received by the acclamations of his old soldiers, which were changed by the adhesion of Ney into an almost universal cry of "Vive l'Em percur!" The myosotis, or meuse-ear, would never have won poetic or political recognition if some one had not christened it forget-me-not.

LOVE'S LAST REQUEST.

Fanny Osgood, some years ago, gave the following sneedote of the origin of the now well-known name: "It is related that a young couple, who were on the banks of the ube, saw one of those lovely pale-blue flowers, with a yellow eye, floating on the waters, which seemed ready to carry it The affianced bride admired the beauty of the flower, and regretted its fatal destiny. The lover was induced to precipi tate himself into the water, where he had no sooner seized the flower than he sank into the flood, but, making a great effort, he threw the flower upon the bank, and at the moment of disappearing forever he ex-claimed, 'Vergess mir nicht!' since which time the flower has been emblematical, and taken its name from those Ger-man words 'forget-me-not?'" The story of the origin of the forget-me-not's sentimental designation may have been in the mind of the Princess Marie of Baden that winter day, when strolling along the banks of the Rhine with her cousin, Louis Napoleon, she inveighed against the degeneracy of modern g liants, vowing they were incapa-ble of emulating the devotion to beauty that characterized the cavaliers of olden time. As they lingered on the causeway dykes, where the Necker joins the Rhine, a sudden gust of wind carried away a flower from the hair of the Princes and cast it into the characterized the cavaliers of olden time.

rushing waters.
"There," she exclaimed, "that would be an opportunity for a cavalier of the old days

show his devotion."
"That's a challenge, cousin," retorted Louis Napoleon, who was a good swimmer. In a second he was battling with the rough In a second he was butting with the water. He disappeared and re-appear again and again, but at length reached the shore save and sound, with his cousin's flower in his hand.
"Take it, Murie," said he, as he shook himself, "but never again talk to me of your cavalier of the olden time."

THE VIOLET'S POPULARITY. It is at least curious that the modest vioat the same moment in Paris and in Berlin.

The Emperor Friedrich affected it as his father did the cornflower. The vases in his room were kept supplied with violets; the curtains and carpet were violet colored; the loyal Berliners wore violets as a token of their devotion to the Kaiser; they figured in advertisements of all sorts. The enormous trade done in violets at Paris last year is reported to be due to a discovery made by a well-known author. He got a sight of the recipe used by the Empress Josephine as a means for rendering her "beautiful forever," and to which she owed that marvelous tint which was the wonder and despair of the French ladies of the time. The wife of Na-poleon used to have boiling milk poured poleon used to have boiling milk poured over a basin full of violet flowers, and with this decoction she bathed her face and neck every morning. No sooner was this old secret brought to light than the Parisian ladies began to order great basketslul of violets to be left at the doors daily, and this home-made cosmetic is said to have been in daily use the whole of the season.

Flowers, however, from being the em-

blems of nations and monarchs, are fast degenerating into political badges. During his lifetime, the primrose is said to have been the Earl of Beaconsfield's favorite flower; since the great statesman's death it has become the symbol of the Conservative party in England. The woodmen on the Earl's estates at Hughenden had orders to Earl's estates at Hughenden had orders to protect these plants; they were cultivated in large numbers alongside the walk behind the manor house, known locally as the "German Forest path;" and by his directions, during the last year of his life, a clump of trees in the park where the grass grew scantily was thickly planted with ferns and primroses. Primrose Day occurs April 19, and the eighth anniversary of the death of the Earl of Beaconsfield, death of the Earl of Beaconsfield, which took place this year, was observed throughout the country with as widespread an enthusiasm as has ever been displayed since his death. During the day primroses may be said to be the general ornament for all classes in the metropolis, and man, houses and shops are profusely decorated with this emblem of the departed Premier, whose statue in Parliament Square is as thickly strewed with wreaths as that of Joan of Arcon the Palace des Pyramides or that of Strasburg on the Place de la Concorde, at Paris. Meetings, concerts, entertainments and other celebra-tions of the anniversary are held in London

influence of the primrose, adopted by Con-servatives in honor o: Lord Beaconsfield, is LEAGUE OF THE BOSE. The League of the Rose, founded in October last year by the Countess of Paris and organized by the grand dames of the Legitimist party in France, is the highest compli-ment which the Primrose League has ever received; for not only has the League of the Rose been modelled generally upon it, but even in the details of organization the English precedent has been closely followed. There is the same recognition of the hierar-chical principle in both, the same two-fold appeal to the universal passion of man to distinguish himself from his fellows. Human nature, male and female, is much the same in all countries; and, apart from those who are really concerned for the great interests which the League is to promote, we may quite safely assume that there are plenty of Frenchwomen who are as much attracted as English ladies would be in similar circumstances by the badge of mem-bership of a political association presided over by the consort of the heir to the crown of France. Whether they will be able to do

as much as Primrose Dames in the way of proselytizing among the other sex is, to my mind, doubtful. Still the power of woman is great in all civilized countries, and the means adopted are undoubtedly the most effective that could be employed for enlisting that power in the service of the monarchy. In so far, too, as theological differences and domestic jeal-ousie sarsing therefrom will permit of its free operation, the appeal of the league to the male sex in France should be sufficiently strong. Certainly it cannot be said that Frenchmen are less easily caught by the pe-culiar bait which the league employs than Euglishmen. On the contrary, the passion for badges, universal as it is among man-kind in general, is carried by the Frenchman more often, perhaps, than by men of any other nation, to the pitch of the ridiculous. The recent decorations scandal across the ocean offered sufficient evidence of the extraordinary appetite prevailing in France for even the most vulgarized forms of honor-

ific distinction.

The Countess of Paris has been well inspired by the results of woman's work in English politics. She has been a guest at a number of the Primrose League's meetings, and has energetically studied their methods.
As a result she has had over several of the Legitimist Duchesses from Paris, and the outcome of their conterence has been the foundation of a number of lodges. There are now, I am informed, more than 100,000 gold, prettily wrought by one of the chief goldsmiths of Paris. There was considergoldsmiths of Paris. There was considerable discussion as to the name. Some of the Duchesses wished to call it the League of the Lily, but as lilies of France had not left an altogether pleasant savor in the nostrils of the nation, the rose was substituted.

POVALIST AND BOTT ANGIST The object of the League of the Rose i the re-establishment of the monarchy of France and the defense of Conservative in festo, in which she says: "The league proing to all classes of society, without dis tinction of creed or position, and unite them in a association to combat radicalism, to defend religious liberty, the rights of fathers of families to educate their children as they wish, to protect the interests of both labor and property, and to secure the material progress of the women of France. The name of every fresh adherent is brought under the eyes of the Countess of Paris, who,

adds the programme significantly, "will not forget it." The carnation, now officially adopted as the floral emblem of the Boulangist party, possesses a history of its own—not only as a symbol to credulous lovers, but also in a political sense. According to Alphonse Karr, who, perhaps, knows more about flowers than any other Freuch writer of the present generation, the pink, as well as the lily and violet, has played an important part in the civil discords of France. In 1815, for instance, a few days previous to the restoration of the Bourbons, this flower was adopted as a token of recognition among the still remaining partisans of Napoleon. But it is chiefly as characterizing Boulanger and his party that the pink has once again come to the fore. A great man nowadays must have a floral emblem, so the crimson carnation is doubtless the proper thing for

the "bray' General." It is not generally known that the Pope of Rome has a flowery symbol, which is an-nually sent to somebody in some part of the world as a token of good deeds done in the service of the Church. In May of last year the golden rose, as the emblem is called, went to the United States for the second time, the recipient in this case being Miss Mary Gwendolin Caldwell, of New York, whose magnificent benefaction of \$300,000 toward the erection of a Catholic university

OUR NATIONAL PLOWER. Now, as regards the United States, it is certainly strange that, while England has its rose, Ireland its shamrock, Scotland its thistle, France its lily, and Sweden its yel-low roses and corn-flowers, we have not adopted before this some of our very beautiful flowering trees or plants as our national emblem. The country is decidedly old enough to have a flower of its own. The question to my mind has been treated by no writer so thoroughly competent to discuss all sides of it as Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensseall sides of it as Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, who has an exceedingly interesting article on the subject in a recent number of Garden and Forest. The golden rod she dismisses, because, to be rightly used in art, a flower must be conventionalized, and the golden rod is incapable of conventionalization. It has no individuality, "isolated from its fellows it looks precisely like numerous other flowers of the great family of the composite." The trailing arbutus is a poor flower to wear. trailing arbutus is a poor flower to wear, suitable only in masses, stiff in habit, and very perishable, besides being unknown in the West. The sunflower, Mrs. Van Rensselaer says, has become so much a European flower that no American when he sees it thinks of his own country and nothing else, which rather invalidates it as a national

read in it.

emblem. No patriotic meaning could be

quite recently imported by Oscar Wilde. The dwarf sunflower is, in fact, the prairie flower. Its little golden petals cluster in bunches, and like English buttercups, are numberless as the stars of heaven. In many parts of the Union the dwarf sunflower is sown so thickly through the landscape sown so thickly through the landscape as to give it a shimmer of burning gold, lighting up the face of nature everywhere from the Missouri river to the great Salt Lake; in some parts growing low, the stalk not a foot long, the the flower not higher than a common marigold; in others, rising 10 or 12 feet high, with clusters of lovely flowers, each flower as big as a peony. Surely no more distinctive, no more representative an emblem could well be found anywhere than this flower of the great grassy plains and rolling flower of the great grassy plains and rolling uplands. The dwarf sunflower recalls the soil wherein it grew; its very habitat characterizes the country we live in, where we were born and where we hope to be laid at

What claim, I may ask, has the kalmis proposed by Mrs. Van Renselaer, over this wild, warm, golden flower of the West? FRANK LESLIE.

A HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR. A Possibility of Traveling by Rail at That

Rate of Speed. From the London Spectator.l Sir Edward Watkin has, on behalf of the Metropolitan Railway Company, offered the manager of the Water Railway a piece of ground near London on which to lay down a line two miles in length. We shall, therefore, soon have an opportunity to try what, if the accounts are true, must be the very poetry of motion. The car-riages run on skates or slides, but between the slide and the rail is forced a film of water, which prevents all jolting, bumping and shaking, and, in fact, makes the carriages skim along as a boat does on the sea. Then, too, the pace is 100 miles an hour.

Then, too, the pace is 100 miles an hour.

If the new railway is really practicable for long distances, all England will be a suburb of London and Surrey will be saved from becoming a chessboard, covered with what the auctioneers call "villa residences standing in their own three acres and a half freshible grands". A knowled miles of parklike grounds." A hundred miles an hour would make Bath as accessible as Brighton is now, while Manchester could be reached in an hour and 50 minutes.

WHY SHE LIKES THE BUSTLE. Canadian Woman Who Proposes to Stick

to the Fashion. Detroit Sunday News. 1

"I'll take 12 yards of that," said a tall, slim woman, pointing to a piece of dress goods at a Woodward avenue store; "and I want a string." A good piece of tar rope was given her,

and a whispered direction followed. "That is an habitual smuggler," said the clerk, as the woman passed down the basement stairs. "She never seems to be suspected, for she comes in here regularly." That tall, slim woman wore an immense pannier as she later marched briskly through the store, smiling on the clerks here and there, and went aboard the ferry

"Common thing? Why, certainly it is. That woman has had hundreds of dollars' worth of goods from this store this season, and has smuggled every cent's worth of it over. Yes, it will be hard on some stylish folks when bustles go entirely out of fashion. I guess that Windsor woman will keep up he style as long as possible."

CHICAGO'S LONG-STREETS.

and that slice of Cicero were annexed there were 663 miles of streets in the city. Now tively little con a day—and it would take a pretty good pe-destrian to keep up that gait—the distance might be covered in 50 days. I don't know anyone who could do it, though.

There are a couple of streets which would

give a good walker exercise enough if he tried to cover them. I refer to Western avenue and Halsted street. They are 25

THE HOOSIER OF THE PAST.

The Countryman Not the Picturesque Fig. ure He Used to Be. St. Lonis Globe-Democrat.

The hoosier is no longer the pictureso creature he was years ago. There is no more homespun clothing. Ready-made clothing has penetrated to the uttermost parts of the country, and the countryman can now only be detected by his sun-burned face and the swing of his arms. As to the young women from the small towns, they can only be identified by their fresh, bloom-

ing complexions and bright eyes.

In the matter of styles they are fully up to their sisters of the larger cities; in fact, the belles of small towns are often familiar with New York fashions long before they become general in St. Louis, this being due to the fact that the town dressmaker closely follows the plates in the fashion paper as

TO CURE SLEEPLESSNESS.

St. Louis Man Gives a Never-Failing Remedy for Insomnia. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.1

It is a pity that so many people suffer with insomnia when such a simple preventive is in reach. I have a relief which never fails. When I find myself tossing I get up, walk across the floor once or twice and then get an apple, a bit of bread, anything to arouse my stomach and set it working. The moment it commences it attracts the atten-tion of the nerves, so to speak; the nerves forget they are "on edge" and are soon forget they are "on edge" and are soon soothed in slumber. Commence on the inside to cure sleepless-

ness, not externally, nor with drugs, for they are base deceivers.

A Big Fors About Nothing.

Little Bobby Brownstone was being corrected for biting his big sister's finger during a fit of anger. "She's making a big fuss over nothin'," said Bobby. "She never said a word the other night in the parlor when Mr. Muggs bit her, and he bit her right in the mouth, too."

She was young, she was sweet-Scores of men at her feet Worshiped blindly in fond adoration She declared she loved none; But there really was one Who for her had a strange fascination

He was earnest and true, And when he came to woo She was happy—a stranger could guess it. Her whole heart grew light If he came but in sight, She loved him—he made her confess it.

Yes, she loved him, and yet
She so loved to coquet
On a wild sea of unrest she tossed him,
Until, tired of doubt,
He tried living without,
And the painful result was she lost him.

Little drop of dew, Like a gem you are; I believe that you Must have been a star.

A Dew-Drop.

When the day is bright, On the grass you fle; Tell me, then, at night Are you in the sky? —Frank Dempater Sherman

OUR DOCTORS' BILLS.

Why Some Big Medicine Men Are Rich While Others Are Poor.

SPECIALISTS' PRINCELY FEES. A Pork-Packer Who Paid \$10,000 For One

Professional Visit.

PAUPERS CURED WHILE PRINCES DIE

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) Medical circles are just now very much interested over a report that comes from Philadelphia of an unusually large fee received by a prominent nervous specialist who practices in the Quaker City. The story goes that H. B. Plankinton, who is one of Phil Armour's partners, and who lives in Milwaukee, was recently taken sick and wanted the Philadelphia specialist to diagnose his case. His family therefore wrote to the specialist asking him to come to Milwankee to treat the pork packer. They received rather a surly reply in the negative, but nothing daunted, they wrote again, saying that money would be no object if he would only come. The specialist hated to leave home, so by way of discouraging them he wrote to the family of the pork packer telling them that they would have to pay him at least \$10,000 before he would consent to make the trip to the Rrewery City. Much to his surprise he got a telegram telling him to come on. It is hardly necessary to say that he went, and equally unnecessary to add that he got the \$10,000. Whether the pork packer was cured of his nervous affection the story doesn't say, but the size of the fee has set to talking all the sawbones and pill-rollers who have heard of it.

SMALL FEES FOR DIFFICULT CASES. It was the chief theme of a conversational ymposium between a number of disciples of Esculapius the other night, at which a newspaper man happened to be prerent. The ensuing discussion brought out the interesting fact that as a rule it is not for the most complicated and difficult cases that the largest iees are received. On the contrary, the most difficult cases, especially in surgery, are those which are usually undertaken in the hospitals and the demonstrating rooms of our large colleges. In most cases these surgical constitues are former. these surgical operations are free.

As an instance of this it was told that Dr.

As an instance of this it was told that Dr. Bull, of Bellevue Hospital, recently performed the operation of tracheotomy on a 65-year-old patient who was afflicted with that same iungus, cancerous growth of the larynx, of which the late Emperor of Germany died. There was just about one chance in ten that this cancerous growth could be removed and the patient would survive the operation, but there was a cersurvive the operation, but there was a cer-tainty on the other hand that his death from the fungus growth was only a matter of time and that his life in the meantime would be so painful a burden as to render it undesirable, if not unendurable. All this was explained to the aged patient, who eagerly consented to the operation. It was performed, a silver plate was substituted in place of the cartilageous substance re-moved, the aperture sewed up, and now the old man is, to all intents and purposes, as well as ever he was in his life.

A PAUPER'S PRIVILEGE.

Thus it is, as the esculapians explain, that physicians dare to undertake upon a comparatively poor and obscure patient what they would not presume to undertake if the patient was rich and prominent. If, they say, Sir Morrell Mackenzie had not been hampered by the German physicians he might have succeeded in saving the life of the Emperor just as Dr. Bull succeeded in saving the life of the Emperor just as Dr. Bull succeeded in saving the life of the pauper, but it can readily be seen that while success meant much more to Dr. Mackenzie than it did to Dr. Bull, failure would have been ruin to the one, while it was a matter of comparatively poor and obscure patient what they would not presume to undertake upon a comparatively poor and obscure patient what they would not presume to undertake upon a comparatively poor and obscure patient what they would not presume to undertake upon a comparatively poor and obscure patient what they would not presume to undertake upon a comparatively poor and obscure patient what they would not presume to undertake upon a comparatively poor and obscure patient what they would not presume to undertake upon a comparatively poor and obscure patient what they would not presume to undertake upon a comparatively poor and obscure patient what they would not presume to undertake upon a comparatively poor and obscure patient what they would not presume to undertake if the patient was rich and prominent. If, they say, Sir Morrell Mackenzie had not been hampered by the German physicians they would not presume to undertake if the patient was rich and prominent. If, they say, Sir Morrell Mackenzie had not been hampered by the German physicians are to undertake upon a comparatively poor and obscure patient what they would not presume to undertake if the patient was rich and prominent. If, they say, Sir Morrell Mackenzie had not been hampered by the German physicians he might have succeeded in saving the ife of the patient was rich and prominent. If, they say, Sir Morrell Mackenzie had not been h Thus it is, as the resculapians explain, the one, while it was a matter of compara-

because a case happens to come to a physician through the channels of a public hospital that it is always unprofitable. The and is on a cruise to China. A year ago he was house physician in the Chambers Street Hospital in New York City. One day a well-dressed, prosperous looking old man was brought into the hospital by the ambulance surgeon, suffering from a severe and apparently fata: case of sunstroke. It was generally agreed among the hospital staff that there was no hope for the man's recovery. A GENEROUS PATIENT.

Dr. Weidekind determined, however, that he would make a desperate effort in this case as much from professional pride as anything else to save the patient. He had him taken up stairs, put in a cot, and had him taken up stairs, put in a cot, and began to apply all the known remedies for sunstroke. He worked with him all night, never leaving his bedside for an instant, applying ice, electricity and everything else that his science had taught him. At 10 o'clock the next morning he was rewarded by seeing his patient emerge from the coma caused by the sunstroke, and before night was rejoiced to be able to pronounce him comparatively out of danger. Four days later the patient was well enough to be conveyed to his home in Newark, N. J., and within a week Dr. Wiedekind received a check for \$5,000 signed by one of the wealthiest brewers in that prosperous New Jersey town, together with a letter in which

be thanked the energetic young physician for having saved his life.

It does not follow as a matter of course, however, that because the patient is rich, the doctor's fee will be a big one. As an illustration of this point, it is told of the late Dr. Austin Flint that, after having atlate Dr. Austin Filmt that, after naving at-tended Commodore Vanderbilt for years prior to his last illness, he received as his fee an amount calculated at exactly \$5 per visit, and discovered that there was no more profit in attending a man who was worth \$100,000,000 than there was in attending one worth \$100.

FOUR WORDS FOR \$300.

Nor is the size of the fee always commensurate with the service rendered, as for mensurate with the service rendered, as for instance in the case of the nervous specialist already mentioned, a fee of \$300 was once charged by him for saying just four words: "Send him to Europe." The doctor was summoned to see a gentleman in Trenton, N. J., who was bedridden, and had been for months. After hearing the history of the case and making an examination be reterred. case and making an examination, he uttered those four words, clapped on his hat and left the house. The patient went to Europe and got well. The same specialist on another occasion prescribed the same formula in the case of a young lady and received a liberal ice. When his patient returned from Europe very much improved, her father suggested that she call upon the physician and let him see how much better she was. She did so, and the fond parent she was. She did so, and the fond parent received a bill for \$50 from the eminent physician for looking at the young lady and saying she was better. In another case he received a fee of \$1,700 from the family of a hysterical New York girl, who insisted upon his going to that city to see her upon his going to that city to see her.

Of a well-known surgeon it is told that
he was one day riding by the side of a
stranger on the Pennsylvania road when a cinder flew into the eye of his neighbor.
The stranger turned to the surgeon and asked his assistance in removing it. The latter very skillfully twisted the corner of his handkerchief, raised the eyelid of the suffering passenger, deftly extracted a little piece of coal, and a few days thereafter sent in his bill for \$10 "for professional services en route from New York to Philadelphia." THE OTHER SIDE.

In contradistinction to these instances where big fees have been received for little services, the doctors cite with a good deal of grumbling and unfavorable comment the instances of Doctors Agnew and Hamilton

who attended ex-President Garfield during his last illness, and who received from the Government what the doctors claim was a very paltry fee for their services and very grudgingly given. It is also claimed by them that Dr. Shrady and his associates were but poorly rewarded for their months of anxious watching and never ceasing attention at the bedside of General Grant. Of course, in the latter case no one knows exactly how much these physicians received, and as it is a rigid rule of medical ethics never to divulge the amount of a fee ethics never to divulge the amount of a fee or to talk for publication, this, together with many other interesting secrets of the profes-sion, will have to remain untold. Enough is known, however, to justify the belief that physicians as a rule receive sufficient re-muneration for trivial services to make up for insufficient fees in more important cases. Charles Lehardo.

A MOSQUITO'S ILLNESS.

Mistake of One Word Makes Ridicule Nonsense in a Telegram. Brooklyn Citizen.]

An amusing mistake of a telegraph opera tor, which might have been attended with nupleasant results, was brought to my notice recently. The son of a well-known gentleman living on the Heights has been seriously ill, and the father was, of course, anxious about his condition. When he left the house in the morning he left instructions that should the condition of Amos, the son, be-come worse during the day, a telegraphic dispatch should be sent to him. Amos grew worse, and the following dispatch was sent: Amos is quite ill. Come home at once.

The Brooklyn operator sent the dispatch, which, when it reached New York, read like this:

A mosquito ill. Come home at once. The father received the message, and as he did not understand it, did not go home. At night the father made inquiries at home about the meaning of the message, when he termined to find out who was responsible, and made a complaint to the President of the telegraph company. The matter was investigated and a volume of correspondence was the result. It was found that the number of words in the message delivered were counted the same by the two operators. The New York operator said that he asked the Brooklyn man three times whether the first word was mosquito or not, and received an affirmative reply three times. The matter was settled by the discharge of the offending

AN UNINVITED GUEST. Mother's Presence at a Wedding Disturb

Both Bride and Groom. Chambers' Journal.]

We once took in a wedding at which the only attendant, besides the groomsman and bridemaid, was a stout, determined-looking, make a move, especially at that part of the service when possible opponents are request-ed to "speak or else hereafter forever hold their peace." When the service was over we inquired of this good dame why she had come to the wedding. "I'm the girl's moth-er," was the reply, "and I came to prevent the business."

We naturally asked why she hadn't "prevented the business," and we found that the thought had struck her at the last moment that they "might do worse than get married after all." We have often since thought of what must have been the agitated feelings of that bride and bridegroom until the irrevocable words were said over

TALL HATS AND SACK COATS.

The Latest London Fad Not Popular With New York Anglomaniacs. New York Sun. 1

The ambitious Anglomaniaes who are en-It must not be supposed, however, that in London are subjecting their reputations to a severe test. English club men of late have taken to the fashion of wearing tall younger doctors tell with a great deal of gusto the hitherto unpublished story of Dr.
Wiedekind's big fee. Dr. Wiedekind is now a surgeon in the United States Navy direct to breakfast at their clubs after a direct to breakfast as their clubs after a morning's ride in the park. The costume for the ride was nearly always a sack coat a tall beaver hat, with a pair of riding breeches. By degrees the great comfort of the sack coat for morning wear planted it firmly in the affections of the club men, and they are now to be seen all around Pic-cadilly and Pall Mall in the sacks' which they call jackets and tall hats.

This has been considered up to the present time the same of bad taste. A tall has always means a tail coat in America. A number of the club men are hard at it trying to introduce the English fashion, thus far it does not seem to have taken the

A PUNGENT INVITATION.

Sample of Extraordinary Expression used by an Old Man.

Chicago Times.] The old people seem to have a liking for expressions a little out of the common run. The community was all wrought up over the elopement of a very pretty girl with the man she loved, of course, but who was objected to by the parents, not so much for anything that could be said against him as because they were loath to part with a be-loved daughter. When the news of the elopement became generally known curi-osity ran high as to what course the parents would pursue. Finally one of the neigh bors decided to boldly put the question a to whether the runaways would be taken to the family bosom and orgiven. He found them more than willing to receive the daughter back, but when asked when she was to return the father said: "I don't know. I gave her a very pungent invitation, but it is at her own unction whether she comes back or not."

The doting father evidently tried to rise

to so great an occasion. A Novelty in Baptism

Philadelphia Record. Maggie and Kate, daughters of E. A. Stollsmith, a prominent man in this city, were immersed to-night by the aid of lanterns. A pellucid gravel pit pool was the place selected, and 500 assembled to witness the novel sight. It was probable the first nocturnal baptism that ever occurred in the

When Ninns Reigned. When Ninus reigned in Nineveh, And Babylon reveled 'neath the stars, And Menes ruled o'er Egypt's plain, And grim Sesostris waged his wars, Who were the world's own people then Why have they gone and left no sign? Alas, those hordes of mortal men Were thou and I, and thine and mine.

Then lay the mother down to rest
Close by the habe her bosom fed,
And children played beside the Nile
And maids were wooed, and wom
And shone the full Assyrian moon
In silvery silence on the earth,
As the red blood in myriad hearts
Leant warm and naick with health Leapt warm and quick with health and

Three thousand years and so with us!
Three thousand years and people will Look up in revery at the stars
That winkle ever Babyion still;
And ask "Who trod the emeraid earth?"
And wonder why we left no signt
While the hot blood in glad young hearts
Will leap and dance like ruby wine.

Will the world thus forever roll,
And generations come and go
As when King Menes sat enthroned,
And old Sessetris scourged the foe?
Who shall the world's own people be
When we, too, die and leave no sign?
Alast those hordes of mortal men
Are thou and I, and thine and mine.

OLD ABOLITION GRIT.

What It Cost to be an Anti-Slavery Man Before the Rebellion.

RISKING LIVES FOR PRINCIPLES

Some of the Old Spirit Needed to Cope With the Evils of To-Day.

ONE SLIM WOMAN WITH A BIG REVOLVER

Happening in Boston of a Monday morn ing lately, there seemed more than the usual crowd about the doors of Tremont Temple. Not that a crowd about the doors of that ancient lecture building is ever unusual, for there is always a woman's meeting, or a Bible class, or an anti-poverty meeting, or a reading by a popular school of oratory, or something progressive, to take the time, un-til there are hardly half days and evenings enough in a week for the engage-ments offering. But this time the line be-gan around the block and wound through the dim hallways of the interior, and it wasn't suffrage faces or Bible class faces either. One can tell by the quality of the faces in the narrow streets what agitation possesses Boston for the day, whether it is the horticultural crowd, or a spiritualist convention, or an art students' league, or a convention, or an art students' league, or a literary luncheon up Beacon Hill way. It is one of the courtesies allowed in Boston to ask questions or the next neighbor, known or unknown, provided always you don't ask for curiosity, but because you want to know! "Will you tell me what those people are here for?" I asked of a lady leaving the line, and she lorthwith said agreeably that they were buying the kets for the new lecture course, the sale of which opened that morning. This, you know, is one of the institutions

of Boston, and its constituencies throughout the Union, since the memory of man run-neth not to the contrary, though I believe it was not heard of be ore Bunker Hill. It is was not heard of be ore Bunker Hill. It is not the old lyceum course, but an entertainment course, the great source of Puritan dissipation, for with its lectures, humorous, historic, descriptive, it gives those whose principles do not allow theaters a chance to hear favorite actors in readings and opera singers in concerts, Here Max Alvary, the angelic hero of Tannhauser, was first heard as a concert singer, and won the enthusiasm which led to his success in New York opera. For \$2 a season ticket, one has twenty entertainments of a choice sort, and is the great chance of anything like artistic diverbridemaid, was a stout, determined-looking, elderly female, who did not come up with the wedding party to the altar rails, but seated herself in one of the choir stalls not far off. We observed that both bride and bridegroom looked at her with very disquieted glances. Once or twice we noticed that the elderly female seemed to be about to make a move, especially at that part of the service when possible opponents are requested to "speak or else hereafter forever hold their peace." When the service was over

James in the Irish struggles, and next Cromwell, who were wounded at Ticonde-roga, Corinth, Donelson and through the captivity at Andersonville? That lessened gathering of the rank and file of the old abolitionists held faces which told plainly abolitionists held faces which told plainly of what race they sprang, even of the men who faced the Armada and sailed from Leyden. It was a gallery of historical portraits, startling in fidelity of type, of heads that only needed ruff and short cloak to be Puritans more like than any of Boughton's pictures, Elizabethan faces, scholarly and fine, harsher Ironsides good at fighting, and the gentler pilgrim sort who yet dared adventure and peril, as these their descendants had done after them. Boys and girls, go to your histories and learn of what girls, go to your histories and learn of what sort of men you came and how to be worthy of them. Teachers, give your half-grown lads and girls passages from Swinburne's Armada, in whose lofty song for freedom he redeems unworthier verse, to learn how

"Heil for Spain and heaven for England—God to God and man to man, Met confronted, light with darkness life with death." Let follow that second volume of Stedman's American Literature, which records colonial American Literature, which records dolohnal sufferings for conscience in word, and which shall move hearts forever; and then in place of fabulous gorilla hunting and juvenile archæology, give them such true adventures as our own day has to show in Charles Kingsley's sketch of John Brown, the most Kingsley's sketch of John Brown, the most beautiful chapter of our country's history yet written, in its perfection of literary style, with other half forgotten passages of daring for freedom's sake; and finally John McEiroy's inimitable "Story of Anderson-ville." In such reading they may slake their thirst for adventure and learn what freedom in our time cost, and to what cruelty injustice ever tends. Such teaching makes good citizens and Union men. good citizens and Union men.

PERSECUTING ABOLITIONISTS. The meeting, I have said, was of the rank and file of the abolitionists, the men who paid the money and did the work, mostly. The names most widely advertised with the freedom movement were conspicuous by their absence. Colonel Higginson was not there, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was not, or freedom movement were conspicuous by their absence. Colonel Higginson was not there, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was not, or the suffragists generally. General Butler sent an excuse, and Fred Douglass was just off on his mission to Hayti. One would think they might have attended the first abolition meeting in 28 years out of politeness to their own principles. They were absent, but not missed. There was less burning of joss-stick than would have been required in the presence of some of these, and other speakers, feeling free of utterance, spoke with a fervor and sincerity which amply met the occasion. Samuel May gave the secret of the reverence felt for the old abolition movement in saying, "There was no self-seeking in it, no seeking for office, no building up of any sect of party," a record which reflects pitllessly on most of the inspirations of the present. It cost something to be an abolitionist before the war, even in New England. Marvin Lincoln, of Malden, could say of the old League of Massachusetts Freemen, "It was as much as a man's life to be known as a member of the league," and men dared not tell their families where they spent the evening of its meetings.

The young ones of to-day can hardly know how blood used to flame and hearts beat in times not long before the war, when plots were laid to kidnap Sanborn and Redpath by pro-slavery men in Massachusetts, when Locke, the editor of a small Ohio paper, writing his first scornful Nasby letters, had to face irate copperheads aiming loaded pistols at him on the village street at noon, and only promptness with his own revolver saved him, and quiet people found their lives threatened for opinions they dared to hold in their own bosoms. My own father's seminary at Covington, Ky., was broken up, and he was forced to leave with his young wice on repeated warnings that if he heeded not his house would be burned over his head, for the crime, first, of being a friend of the eider Beechers and other abolitionists across the river in Cincinnati, and of teaching gray-he

Sunday afternoon. Those were the days Mr. Fisher, of Medway, told of when his adult Bible class objected to reading chapter 58 of Isajah as anti-slavery in sentiment.

MODERN INTOLERANCE.

It sounds all very queer now, but the spirit of intolerance is not done playing its freaks yet. It isn't much queerer than that Miss Joliet Corson should be mobbed in a Long Island village a dozen years ago for lecturing on cheap cookery, on the idea that she was sent to teach cheap living, so that the manufacturers might cut down wages! The same lady, whose sympathies with enlightened freedom are too well known to need reference, was threatened with violence by the communists of New York during their excitement two wears since, and plans laid to

communists of New York during their ex-citement two years since, and plans laid to assault her, when she was warned in time by a woman to whom she had shown kindness. The new magazine, which Miss Corson is to edit, would have some lively episodes if she wrote her own experiences.

It is not many years since, in a village two miles out of Brooklyn, that the roughs and "toughs" of Coney Island road made life a terror to the families active in pro-moting deceney in the place. They did not moting decency in the place. They did not attempt prohibition, but held that one saloon to every five houses was enough, and for this moting decency in the place. They did not attempt prohibition, but held that one saloon to every five houses was enough, and for this the old Baptist deacon going to his carriage at dusk was met with a shower of stones, his property stolen and his hired men assaulted. My father, having taken such part for temperance as a Presbyterian minister over 70 might, we were startled one evening by a stone a foot thick crashing into the basement room where my invalid mother ast alone. Nightly concerts of competitive swearing and ribald songs on the sidewalk till 1 o'clock in the morning was half killing every nervous woman in the neighborhood. The one policeman on a two-mile best could not suppress the trouble, so one woman took lawyer's advice, borrowed a pistol, and the next night, wakened by the howling crew, she bounded into a gown, and read a brief riot act from the porch, giving them two minutes to leave, with the alternative which the cooking of the pistol made plain. She held the watch in the moonlight and counted, with the big silver and pearl mannted Coit's revolver shining in the other hand. The crew waited out one minute, but be'ore the next half minute the corner was left to its leafy quiet, and the last one was flying down the Greenwood road. Three nights of prompt work like this, with the big pistol patrolling the garden in the moonlight with a slim, determined woman behind it, convinced the boys it was not a sa'e corner for operations, and thenceforth there was quiet. What boys it was not a sale corner for operations, and thenceforth there was quiet. What was more to the point, at the next election the drunken justice lost his commission and his place on the school board. THE WORK STILL GOES ON.

singers in concerts, mere Max Alvary, the angelic hero of Tannhauser, was first heard as a concert singer, and won the enthusiasm which led to his success in New York open. For \$2 a season ticket, one has twenty entertainments of a choice sort, and is the great chance of anything like artistic diversion and social outlook for thousands of people. So it is no wonder that working girls club together, and art students save money, and teachers bribe big boys to go for them, and plain people give up a day to waiting to secure tickets, the best of which are gone before 10 o'clock. The lady further was not admitted until 1 o'clock. The lady further was not admitted until 1 o'clock. The young men and women, the kindly, care-faced matrons, the plain, elderly fathers, sat patiently along the inner corridors far into the afternoon, and people were still buying at 6 o'clock.

WHAT FREEDOM COST.

For I, too, whose byword is that life is short, gave up that valued "library Monday" to Tremont Temple, and went again in the evening till past 11 o'clock. Only three times before in eight years had the first time in 28 years, stayed my steps. The kindly-faced man with white satin badge at the door asked, "are you a sholitionists," on Emancipation Day, for the first time in 28 years, stayed my steps. The kindly-faced man with white satin badge at the door asked, "are you and abolitionist," and he seemed satisfied with the answer which asid tiself, How could I be anything else with six generations of revolutionary blood in my veins, of men who fough to the negro in thinking of the educated warms of color, I flatted language, pompous airs, are found among Boston business men the rore than old through the covering the property of the negro in thinking of the educated warms. It is but begun. It takes wider season in Russia and Arab slavery is Africa, the work of the wide, low-breathed but stubborn struggle beginning in our own communities, the wide and the work of the wide, low-breathed but stubborn struggle beginning in our own commun What is wanted all around for the cure of the negro in thinking of the educated men of color. Inflated language, pompous airs, are found among Boston business men more than with these. In easy, polished manner, natural dignity and their pointed speech they compare to advantage with the best of the American Congress to-day—such strides has a despised race made in self-culture in 28 years. If you want a strong attraction for your lecture course try to get Bishop Turner—not that I know whether he would lecture or not—but any one would forgive his abolitionism for his eloquence. We have no greater natural orator among us.

Forgive me if again I have escaped from chiffons. Such an occasion will not come twice. One thing I have to correct; in a late article a misprint seemed to join the name of Lincoln in the judgment passed upon three politicians whose names are hardly worthy to be written on the same page with his. Lincoln remains almost the only leader in modern history whose honor defies a slur. Shirley Dark.

Danville Breeze. Thanks: To Amma Leiter for a big pumpkin of the finest quality. To Mrs. Albert Sacurber for a handsome bouquet with which to adorn our trumpet on fire-

Buffalo Express.] It sometimes is very difficult for a man who is in the hands of his friends to escape therefrom in time to get the nomina-

He is Held Too Tightly.

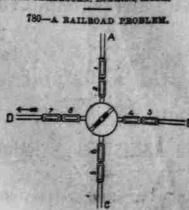


Mr. Dupeup (coming up the bay)-I tel you it's good to have friends at home. I re-ceived a cable dispatch before we lest Liver-pool, from some unknown source, saying that a tug was going to meet me at Sandy



THE FIRESIDE SPHINX A Collection of Enigmatical Nots for

Home Cracking. Address communications for this departs to E. R. CHADBOURN, Levision, Maine.



Four tracks meet at a turn-table, as shows the accompanying diagram. On each trastands two cars coupled logsther, and the lomotive is on the turn-table. The cars are numbered as shown, and only two cars and t locomotive can be on the turn-table at a same time. It is required to form a train of the cars, in numerical order, with the locomotive in front, to run in the direction indicate by the arrow. How can this be done without the terrow. How can this be done without the terrow of the cars which are coupled at the start?

J. H. Frank Direction of the start?

781-METAMORPHOSIS. A jay flew down from a branch one day, And ilt on a mother sheep's head; "A piece of cloth had blown away, And lit on her back instead.

"O, what is that, ' the farmer bey said,
"That on the sheep's back doth lie?"
"Tis but an ell of cloth," said the maid
"That I bung on the fence to-day."

"And will you please go get it for me?"
And away the farm boy want;
But what he brought back for her to see,
Was a simple ornament. 782-DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Words of five letters.

1. A maiden. 2. The great artery which rises out of the left ventricle of the heart. 2. To twist. 4. A Spartan slave. 5. A sea of Europe (Web). 5. A scriptural proper name. 7. A sluggard. 8. Elfah. 2. Oblivion.

Primale and finals will name a famous author.

783-OUR LITTLE LASS. Our household one comes running in With tangled golden curls, And eyes so sparkling bright she seen The queen of charming girls.

Her mouth is curved like Cupid's bow, Or like the letter two. And, though she's but a human maid, Her faults are very few.

To earth kind heaven in mercy fares. This flower so fair and sweet. To shed a light on every path. Where tread her dainty feet.

Tis true she sometimes total is— We're glad to find it so, For we'd not love her haif so well Did she no spirit show. 784-NUMERICAL The whole, composed of 13 letters, is a plant of the genus Menths.
4, 13, 12, 9 is a town in Allegheny county.
6, 8, 7, 5, 2 is a female name.
11, 3, 4, 10 is a piece of news.
6, 8, 2, 1 is a talon.

Drovesses.

785-DECAPITATION. To eatch the second, all the hook into the sea, and not a brook; For 'is a fish that is marine, and of in Scotland it is seen; in tales of old the third we meet. Though now 'its marked as obsoled A meadow, tring low and green, Where sparkling waters flow betw

I. Dissolving stone. 2. A solumn an instrument in writing. 3. A county of fornia. 4. A person affected with a certs case. 5. To stay behind. 6. A letter. 7. 2. S. Genus of coleopterous insects. 2. Dwith affected pertures. erior wings quite rudimentary,
Diagonals: Left, down.—One who
where they are exposed for sale.
—Small, grass-like plants. Centrals,

787-AWAGRAM

SEPTEMBER SOLVING Salem, O.

Roll of Honor; Lee Rise, R. A. C.,
Lover, A. B. Ov, Robert R. Smith, T.,
Mahon, M. A. K., Musty, Cecilis Gas
P. N., George Roberts, Helen U. Blas
Gormley, Hubby, James Wallace.

778-Ball, bell, bull, bell

The wild winds whistled through the forest shades,
The nest swung low in the stor
But away to the west a weary bi
Still sang of its early home. The bird flies back to its empty nest,

Files back with its drooping wings, and high on the heap of the ruin sits, And sings, and sings, and sings;

Alas, for the home of the wandering bases.

The heart on the tempest case!

It will spread its wings like that weary bird,
And sall for its home at last.