SECOND PART.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PAGES 9 TO 16.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1889.

STATESMEN'S HOMES

Where Our Senators and Representatives Live.

DON CAMERON'S HOUSE.

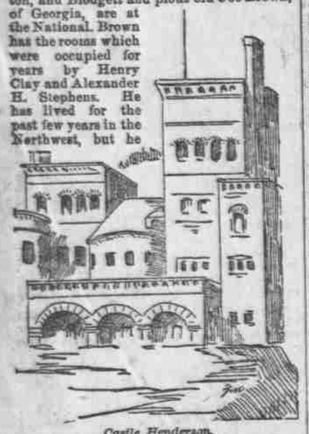
Secretary Blaine's Residence on Henry Clay's Old Lot.

EX-SENATOR HENDERSON'S CASTLE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 28.

VERY one of the noted houses of Washington will be thrown open next week. On the 1st of January the pompous Washington butler will come out in his glorious livery and for three months there will be nothing but receptions, teas, calling and dinner-giving. Year by year the number of statesmen owning houses in Washington increases. During the present season only 125 Representatives will live at hotels and there are now only 17 hotel Senators. Senator Berry, of Arkansas, and Ransom, of North Carolina, are stopping at the Metropolitan. Frye is at the Hamilton, and Blodgett and pious old Joe Brown, of Georgia, are at the National. Brown has the rooms which were occupied for years by Henry Clay and Alexander H. Stephens. He has lived for the past few years in the Northwest, but he



Castle Henderson.

prefers to go back to his old historic quarters in this hotel. Room and board at the National and Metropolitan hotels cost from $50 per month upward per person, and the Metropolitan, National and Hamilton hotels are among the good but not dear hotels of Washington.

BIG BOARD BILLS.

It costs more at the hotels nearer the White House and Frank Hiscock, Gil Pierce, Platt, of Connecticut; Washburn, of Minnesota, and Squire, of Washington, who are at the Arlington, have board bills which run well up into the hundreds of dollars a month. Frank Hiscock rattles around in the rooms so long filled with the greatness of Charles Sumner and his front windows look out upon the White House toward which his eyes are ambitiously turned. Senator Farwell lives in Morton's big flat, The Shoreham, where the cheapest quarters are $1,200 a year, while Dixon, of Rhode Island, stops at the Arno flat on Sixteenth street, and Paddock, of Nebraska, has his old quarters at the Portland, just opposite Bob Schenck's residence. Bate, of Tennessee, and Joe Blackburn, of Kentucky, have comfortable quarters at the Ebbitt House.

Nearly all the Senators keep house. Senator Hearst is boarding at Welcker's, but he had bought the big brick house near Blaine's which Secretary Fairchild occupied last year, and he is building a big addition to it. Mrs. Hearst is one of the most noted entertainers of Washington, and neither expense nor care is being spared in the making of her house a beautiful one. Senator Sawyer, who has for years lived in the house which Jefferson Davis occupied when he was here in Washington, has stopped paying rent and has built a magnificent brown stone mansion within a stone's throw of the Dupont circle. It is worth at least $80,000 and Sawyer's millions will keep it in fine style. There are fine houses all around it.

EDMUNDS' DONJON KEEP.

In a block near by Senator Edmunds hides his exclusiveness in his iron-barred donjon keep. His house is a red pressed brick with a copper-plated bay window, which has rivets as big around as a trade dollar. Edmunds' office is on the ground floor near the butler's pantry and his parlors and library are above. The house is worth about $50,000, and the lot on which it is built cost the Senator $14,000 some years ago.

Just above it is Blaine's barn-like palace, for which the rich retired merchant, Mr.

Senator Sawyer's Chateau.

Leiter, pays him $11,000 a year and does not use it more than four months out of the twelve. Mr. Leiter is here this winter and his family are making the money fly.

Across the street from this is Senator Stewart's castle, for which the Chinese Legation pay him a rent of $10,000 a year, and which the Nevada Senator says he owns but cannot afford to live in. I understand that he would like to sell it, and that his price is $125,000 cash. One hundred thousand dollars seems a big thing to pay for a house. But Washington has dozens of such mansions and big transfers are made every week. I see advertised to-day the residence of Stanley Matthews. The price asked is $87,500, which is less than the value of the ground and the improvements. Near by this is the home of the late Senator Yulee, which is one of the finest houses in Washington, and which was decorated by the famous painter, Lafarge. This is for sale at $100,000, and Senator Palmer, now Minister to Spain, is asking $125,000 for his Washington house.

RUINED BY REAL ESTATE.

Ex-Secretary of the Navy Robeson was ruined by owning a big house in Washington, and his mansion on Sixteenth street has been on the market for a long time at somewhere between $75,000 and $100,000. Within the last few days the "for sale" sign has been taken down, and I suppose the house has been sold. Just below this is the beautiful home of the late Senator Pendleton, which will probably be for sale on account of the Senator's death, and across the street is the great red brick which Windom built, and in which Blaine wrote the greater part of his book. This has been sold for a good round sum. Next door to Pendleton's is Senator Cameron's old house, which has enough rooms for a summer hotel, and which he sold to Morgan, the New York banker, for $95,000. Morgan expected to cut a swell in it, but he died the same year he bought it, and his widow now occupies it.

Sixteenth street is the wide avenue leading from the White House north to the boundary. It is one of the most fashionable streets of Washington, and lots upon

Don Cameron's Front Door.

it need a carpet of bank notes in order to pay the sum demanded for them. At the head of it ex-Senator Henderson, of St. Louis, has built a grand brown stone castle, and this is about ready for occupancy. It has turrets and towers, balconies and cozy nooks, and it must have cost in the neighborhood of $100,000 to build it. It has a large lot about it on the side of the hill, and its windows give a view of all of Washington and miles of the Potomac Valley. Just above it is Joaquin Miller's log cabin.

HISTORIC MANSIONS.

A number of the Senators live in historic quarters. Senator Cameron paid $67,000 some years ago for the old Ogle Tayloe mansion on Lafayette Square. It is a three-story brick of a dirty yellow with an iron portico running along the second story above an English basement. The front door is painted olive green and the lower story contains the office of the Senator and his reception room. The parlors are on the second floor and the house is nicely furnished. In this house have been entertained all of the Presidents since the days of Andrew Jackson, and Winfield Scott and Martin Van Buren have often put their legs under the mahogany in its dining room. One day when General Scott was dining here a violent hailstorm occurred, smashing the windows and bringing down lumps of ice the size of hickory nuts. These hailstones were brought into the table and Scott, as he dropped one of them into his wineglass, said: "Ladies, we will cool our champagne with celestial ice."

Just below this house of Cameron's is the home of Secretary Blaine. He rents the house, but he has refurnished and repainted it. You enter the ground floor from the street through an olive green doorway and you find the parlors on the second floor. The drawing room is furnished in salmon

Senator Edmunds' Donjon Keep.

tint, and the woodwork and mantels are of pearl white. The dining room is on the ground floor and its walls are hung with crimson tapestry, and the chairs are upholstered in red leather. The sideboard is of old oak and the whole house is adorned with the pictures and bric-a-brac which Secretary Blaine picked up in Europe. This house and lot is worth now at least $100,000, and the lot would bring $50,000 under the hammer. Still it was once

SOLD FOR A JACKASS,

and it was Henry Clay who sold it. It is just across the street from the White House, and Clay had often refused to sell it. One day, however, old Commodore Rogers came home from the Mediterranean with his naval vessel full of live stock which he picked up abroad. One of Clay's hobbies was stock farming, and Rogers' cargo included one fine Andalusian jackass. Clay saw it and wanted it. The Commodore refused to sell, but at last said, laughingly:

"You can have him for your lot opposite the White House."

"Done," said Clay, and the animal was shipped off to Kentucky. Commodore Rogers built a big four-story brick on the ground, and this brick has been the scene of many a Washington festivity. In it Blaine will entertain this winter, and in it Seward dined the diplomats when he was Secretary of State.

The Wanamaker front door is also an historic one and this mansion has been a Cabinet house for a number of administrations. It was in it that President Arthur called on Tillie Frelinghuysen and gave rise to the report that there was to be soon a marriage in the White House. It was in this that Mrs. Whitney held her grand receptions, and the gorgeous paintings of her ballroom have given place to the works of art purchased by the Postmaster General. This house will be open during the coming season, and it has been so refurnished that it will be grander than ever.

THE SILENT SENATOR'S HOME.

Senator Matt Quay keeps house on I street, beyond Wanamaker's. Plumb, of Kansas, boards. Henry B. Payne occupies a rented house on Vermont avenue, and just next to him Allison, of Iowa, lives in the house which came to him through the death of his wife. Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, has rented a fine mansion on Connecticut avenue, and Dolph is living in his old quarters near the White House. Manderson, of Nebraska, has rented the big double brick which Farwell, of Chicago, had last season. He has taken it for a term of years, and has furnished it to the Queen's taste. Heretofore he had lived in flats, and he now has one of the best houses in Washington, and in the most fashionable part of the city.

Just above him are two fine white stone houses, which belong to Congressman Bayne, of Pittsburg. These houses are worth about $30,000 apiece, and Tom Bayne lives in the bigger of them, while the smaller is rented to General Anson G. McCook, of New York. Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, is living near the White House. McMillan, of Michigan, has bought an $80,000 mansion on Vermont avenue, and George Gray, of Delaware, lives just above the Shoreham, where Stewart, of Nevada, boards.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

CAN'T TRAVEL TOGETHER.

A South Carolina Legislator Tells Why White Men Ride Alone.

[New York Times.]

A leading member of the South Carolina Legislature, who was instrumental in securing the repeal of the civil rights law, gives the following reasons therefor: "The law was enacted in 1869, when the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution had not been interpreted, and the Legislators of the State went much further than that amendment in framing their law. Among other things, it provided that, whenever a common carrier, under any public license, charter, rule or regulation, shall, by himself or another, willfully assign any special quarters or accommodations whatever to any passenger or person whom such common carrier may have undertaken to carry, shall be punished by a fine of not more than $1,000 or by imprisonment for not more than six months; also, that every offending party, besides legal punishment, shall forfeit his or its license or charter, and that, when the complainant is a colored or a black person, the burden shall be on the defendant, party or parties, so having refused or denied such admission or accommodation, to show that the same was not done in violation of this chapter.

"It will be seen that this act forbade the separation of the two races into coaches even of equal accommodations. Such accommodation is allowed by the Inter-State Commission, and commends itself to the common sense of all but fanatics. To retain such an act on the statute book in defiance of public sentiment here would be to break down that respect which law should always demand at the hands of the people. At the same time the Legislature passed a bill which required the railroads to provide separate coaches on all occasions.

"Negroes have always enjoyed equal accommodations in the trains, and little friction has resulted on ordinary occasions. When the cars are crowded, however, there should be this decision, and the Legislature expects the railroads to act judiciously, having regard to the will of the people and the decision of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. The clauses regarding restaurants and hotels were dead letters from the beginning. The effect of the repeal is to relegate all these vexed questions to the operation of the fourteenth amendmont, that is all."

PLUCKING AND SHEARING GEESE.

A Habit Practiced That Is Profitable, but Quite a Cruelty.

[American Agriculturist.]

A curious case came before an English court for adjudication recently. A poulterer was charged with cruelty to 48 live geese by plucking them of their feathers, and the owner of the geese was charged with procuring the commission of the offense. The proceedings were taken by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. A witness swore that "after the geese were plucked their skins turned a purple color, and they seemed to be in pain. They walked about with their backs up, and shrank when touched."

The practice was shown by defendants to be very prevalent, and the society asked for a nominal fine, to put a stop to it. The defendants said it was the custom of the district to pluck the feathers every six weeks, and if they were stopped from doing so many people would discontinue keeping geese, as much more money was realized by the sale of feathers than by the geese. The Court imposed a fine of 18 shillings upon the defendants, and expressed the hope that it would be a warning to other people. Plucking live geese and ducks prevails all over the United States.

There is a species of large water fowl whose habitat in winter is the open lakes of the interior, and their feathers are so firmly set that they cannot be plucked. Shearing is resorted to, and many housewives have beds made of these feathers, which almost equal those of eider down, as the stiff, troublesome quill ends are absent. Shearing geese and ducks could be made to supersede plucking.

THE WORLD'S FUEL SUPPLY.

It is Estimated by a Scientist to be About Six Trillion Tons.

Time was when the carbon and hydrogen which form practically the whole of our supply of fuel and the principal part of our food, were inorganic—no more capable of sustaining combustion or animal life (if we except certain microscopic forms which decompose carbonic acid) than granite or slate, writes E. P. Jackson in the *North American Review*.

However prodigal man may be in his use of earth's treasures, he can never annihilate one atom of her substance or transport it beyond her domain. In his "wasteful" consumption of fuel, he is only restoring its elements to their primeval condition as constituents chiefly of the aerial and aqueous oceans which surround our globe. It follows, that the more rapid the combustion, the richer becomes the atmosphere in its power to sustain and force vegetable growth.

If it were possible for that period, so often predicted, to arrive, when the 6,000,000,000,000 tons, more or less, of fossil fuel now stored up in the earth's coal bins shall have been consumed, the atmosphere will simply have returned to its primeval condition, that which preceded the carboniferous period. The only essential difference, therefore, which will mark the two remote geologic periods, the past and future, will be due to whatever reduction will have taken place in the sun's energy. But whether that condition is destined ever to return to earth or not, one thing is certain, it will not be through human instrumentality.

A SACRED PLANT IN ENGLAND.

The Mistletoe Has a History Running Back to the Druids.

Mistletoe is one of those plants called parasites. The mistletoe is a gray, thread-like plant, and you will sometimes see it about the streets for sale at Christmas time, for, like the holly, it is a Christmas plant, says a writer in "Little Men and Women."

There are many different kinds of mistletoe, but that which grows on the oak is the most famous in English history.

In England, although the people think a great deal of having the mistletoe of the oak to deck their houses at Christmas, it is not allowed in the churches.

Many, many hundred years ago the mistletoe was a sacred plant in England. The people did not worship the one true God, but they believed in several evil spirits, and these spirits they worshiped and tried to please. For these spirits they set apart the oak trees.

The priests were called Druids, and they built their altars in oak groves. There they prayed and sang their hymns of praise. Dressed in long, white robes, these Druids marched in procession in the oak trees, and cut off the mistletoe with knives of gold. After saying a prayer over it, they cut it in short pieces and gave it as a New Year's gift among the people, who kept it carefully.

They're Get Out of the Habit.

[Washington Star.]

Time was when poets and "the good" died young. Now they write "philosophy" and touch Annual at or about 80.

CRIMINAL HYPNOTISM.

Animal Magnetism a Valuable Aid to Successful Swindlers.

FASCINATING A RICH VICTIM

By the Exercise of a Subtle and Dominating Influence.

HOLDING UP A TRAIN BY MESMERISM

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

"What do you think of hypnotism and crime?"

"I think there is an intimate relation between the two, in the sense that the former is a valuable adjunct to the latter."

The question was put to and answered by a lawyer of wide experience, keen penetration, habits of close observation—in short, a student of human nature. He added:

"There are various 'isms'—hypnotism, mesmerism, magnetism—and I make no attempt to define the minute distinctions between them. I use the word hypnotism in its broadest sense, and mean by it that mysterious influence which some persons exercise over others, solely by the force of a superior personality. We see it in schools. I have known a man weighing 200 pounds to fail utterly in maintaining order among his pupils. He could not 'make them mind.' There was bedlam about him constantly. As a teacher he was competent; as an administrator he was a failure. I have known a mere stripling to take the same school and become master of the situation within half a day. Every pupil, from weakling to giant, acknowledged and respected his power. How was it done? Physical fear did not enter into the problem. If this factor had been a controlling one the big man would have had the advantage. But it was the little man in this case who was ruler, and his reign was absolute. There proceeded from him something that could not be weighed, measured or seen. Every pupil felt it, and it did not seem to occur to one of them to dispute the sway or challenge the authority which pervaded the atmosphere. It must have been something like magnetism, for want of a better term. There was certainly

AN IMPONDERABLE AGENCY

at work that asserted itself successfully, for, if a contest of strength had occurred, there were a dozen big fellows in the room, any one of whom could have picked the teacher up and thrown him out of the window. Anything of that kind, however, was a moral or psychological impossibility—the reason why I cannot reduce to a cold-blooded, logical statement. We see something akin to the phenomenon in ministers, public orators, animal tamers, auctioneers, train robbers, swindlers and successful business men."

"All of which is very interesting and no doubt true to a considerable extent," I remarked as soon as the lawyer came to a pause; "but what has it to do with hypnotism and crime?"

"Perhaps I branched off a little," he replied smiling, "but the connection is closer than you think. I have cited cases in which the power of one man is felt by another, or others. We all speak familiarly of the executive ability, the persuasion of oratory, the art of managing men, and the domination of a strong personality. These are but other names for a force that is constantly exercised in different forms and degrees, but the true inwardness of which is an unsolved mystery.

"How, for instance, do you account for 50 able-bodied men, riding in a passenger car, permitting themselves to be bulldozed and robbed by a stranger who, with nothing but a revolver, a steady eye and a plentiful supply of nerve, manages to convince the whole crowd that they are at his mercy?"

I suggested that the robber's gun might have something to do with it.

HYPNOTIZING A TRAIN.

"The gun no doubt plays a part in the transaction," was the reply, "but it is not sufficient to account for the paralytic stroke which projects itself into the nerves and muscles of the passengers. There are many against one—notwithstanding which the one prevails, and the many hand over their money and valuables with alacrity. Common sense teaches that a prompt display of courage and action would put the robber to flight, but common sense on such occasions seems to take wings. The whole crowd is hypnotized. A subtle influence emanates from the quiet but determined man who has issued the command, 'hold up your hands' —an influence that compels submission and annihilates, for the time being, all power of resistance.

"Then there is the bunco steerer. What is the secret of his success? I firmly believe that it is something very closely allied to the hypnotic power. He persuades his victims to do the most idiotic things. He has, to be sure, an insinuating way, a glib tongue, and a plausible style of putting things; but these are not all. He also has a personality of the most positive characteristics, and a will of controlling force. After a certain point is reached the victim is helpless. He violates every known rule of prudence, enters readily into lottery or gambling games, pays his losses cheerfully, and, even after his pockets have been emptied, thinks his robbers are very good fellows, who, under no circumstances, would do a dishonorable act. It generally takes the bunceed man from 12 to 36 hours to gather his scattered wits together and come to the conclusion that somebody has made a fool of him. Then he wonders how it was done, and is amazed at the temporary paralysis of volition that afflicted him. He has been hypnotized, but will never realize the fact.

A GOOD JUDGE OF CHARACTER.

"Of course not everybody can be operated upon, but the bunco steerer is an almost infallible judge of human nature, and seldom makes a mistake in selecting his subject.

"Another case is that of the hard-fisted farmer, who has fought the battle of life for sixty years and been a winner all through. He has his hundreds of acres, his well-appointed home, a comfortable balance in the bank, and some outside investments. He has mingled with the world, kept abreast of the times in reading and general information, has an unclouded brain and a keen mind for business. Along comes a stranger who, perhaps, seeks advice regarding the purchase of some neighboring property. The conversation runs on the value of land, quality of soil, yield of crops, and kindred topics. It is said that an essential step in the process of hypnotism is to fix the attention of the subject on some bright object. I claim that a mental picture will serve as well as a material one—perhaps better under some circumstances. At all events the farmer soon becomes interested—even fascinated—and eventually loses his power, apparently, of resisting any suggestion that his captor may make. Soon another stranger comes along who is a confederate of the first one. He says he is on a trip across the country, but he is in no particular hurry, and is companionable. He tarries, and the three have a jolly time together. Perhaps an innocent game of cards is played; perhaps a lottery scheme is exhibited; perhaps investments are discussed. These are mere matters of detail. The usual climax of the game is to induce the farmer to withdraw his money from the bank where it is on deposit, either to 'show that he is responsible,' or for the purpose of placing it in some other bank in a neighboring town. Strange to say, he sees nothing out of the way in this proposition, though if in his right mind he would scout the idea that a total stranger could induce him to do anything of the kind. But he does it, and drives across the country with his money and his new acquaintances.

FORCE AIDS FINESSE.

"Force now takes the place of finesse. The swindlers have no more time to waste. When a suitable spot is reached, they rob their victim by the simple process of knocking him over the head, or holding a pistol in his face, and helping themselves to his cash. Then they drive rapidly away, and the farmer is subsequently found by the roadside in a dazed condition.

"You would probably dispute that the scheme could be worked as I have sketched it, if you had not seen similar stories in the newspapers a score of times. I tell you these fellows have remarkable gifts. When a victim gets beyond a certain point he is as plastic as potter's clay. He is hypnotized. His will is not his own. It is under an influence that is subtle, intense and dominating."

The lawyer had grown quite earnest, and spoke with such positive conviction that I did not venture to take issue with him.

Later, however, I sought out a detective, stated to him the lawyer's theory, and asked him what he thought of it. The detective replied emphatically:

"It is all nonsense. What is the use of befuddling your mind with such stuff? The thing is plain enough. In the first place, these crooks are slick. In the next place, they know how to pick out a sucker. Then they talk his senses away, and get him so mixed up that he don't know his own name. After that they have the game in their own hands."

And it struck me, after thinking the matter over, that the detective's explanation was the lawyer's theory boiled down.

WILLIS KENYON.

A LEARNED RESTAURATEUR.

M. Thoyson's Titles to Fame—Things He Has Written.

[Paris Dispatch to the London Daily Telegraph.]

Considerable fame has already been meted out to M. Harel, a Parnassian bonlface, who keeps an inn in Normandy, and whose pleasing poetical compositions have received the "Hall mark" of the French Academy. Unknown, however, as yet, save to a small circle of literary people and students, is M. Eugene Thoyson, who has recently distinguished himself as a hagiological historian, having produced a book on Saint Mathurin which is a perfect mine of iconographic erudition. By profession M. Thoyson is a restaurateur, and keeps a five-storied establishment on the outer boulevards, wherein humble hymeneal parties find all-round refreshment on their wedding morns, and dance in spacious salons pour noces to the sounds of the fiddle and the flute. M. Thoyson's collateral pursuits, and his sound knowledge of the classics—both Greek and Latin—do not prevent him from keeping what is vulgarly described as an eye to "number one," and no matter how immersed he may be in hagiological lore, he finds time to cater admirably for his numerous guests.

M. Thoyson, besides his compendious and undoubtedly valuable volume on Saint Mathurin, has written various monographs on his native region of the Gatinais, in the northwest of France, and there is nothing to prevent him from receiving in time a laureate's crown and money prize from the Academy, like the bardic boniface of La Belle Normandie. Writers of sensational fiction could not do better in the meantime than read M. Thoyson's works on the French saint, who was in his time a champion exorcisor of demons, it being much to be regretted that he did not hand down the trade to posterity. Public curiosity has been justly excited by the case of this self-made historian, and he is catalogued with several publishers or booksellers, like M. Henry Plon, and with Mme. Devet, who keeps a library at Grenoble and is the chief fictionist of Dauphine.

There is nothing remarkable in the development of literary genius in persons who either publish or deal in books, so that M. Thoyson ought more properly to be classed with M. Harel, with M. Longon—once the shoemaker of the Place de la Madeleine, where his father had a cobbler's stall, and who is a member of the institute—in virtue of his remarkable works in local history and folklore, and finally with M. Maquet, a locksmith of Marly, who has written a history of the old signeurs of that interesting place, the volume being ornamented with a preface by M. Sardou, whose veneration for ancient history is well known.

UNBLEACHED DRIED FRUITS.

Public Opinion on the Practice Has Been Entirely Wrong.

[American Agriculturist.]

The bleaching of evaporated dried fruits has become quite general. This is surprising, as no good reason can be given for the practice. It always injures the natural flavor of the fruit. By bleaching all varieties look alike. If of natural color, the quality can be better judged. The chief, if not the only, argument in favor of bleaching fruit is, its superior whiteness, some dealers, cooks and consumers appearing to think more of color than of quality. By some means the New York Board of Health was led to give an opinion that bleaching was not injurious, but that does not alter the fact that it does impair the natural flavor of fruits.

When bleaching became a craze, one evaporator company evidently did it because others had, and the early boom in price for such white fruit led nearly all to do it. Now that reason and common sense have begun to return on the subject, it is hoped that public opinion will cause the practice to cease as suddenly as it began.

DISPOSING OF KICKERS' LETTERS.

Complaints of Dissatisfied Railway Patrons Put to a Novel Use.

[New York Sun.]

A newspaper man went to interview the superintendent of one of the elevated roads a few days ago with a lot of letters complaining that the cars on the road were too cold.

"You'll save me a lot of trouble if you'll let me have those letters," said the superintendent, reaching into his desk and taking out a package of documents.

"How is that?"

"Why here is a bundle of complaints we have received about the cars being kept too warm. If you'll let me have yours I can send the cold letters to the hot writers and the hot letters, to the cold writers, and so make all the growlers answer each other."

Just Before He Kicked the Dog.

Mr. Bart Miller (gunning down at Asheville)—You're the worst one I ever shot over! Why don't you go into the bushes and hunt instead of dancing around me like that?—*Judge.*

IKE AND HIS MOTHER

Come Out of Their Mysterious Retirement Into Public Life.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S TRIP ABROAD.

Her Perplexities, Predicaments and Predilections

BEFORE AND AFTER HER RETURN

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

CHAPTER I.

THE sudden disappearance of Mrs. Partington from public view for a number of years excited considerable interest, first and last, and great curiosity was expressed as to where she had hid herself—some invidious person having set on foot a story that she had eloped—but only to a very few was the secret of her whereabouts imparted; which secret, the possessor was pledged, by herself, to keep "invulnerable." It was thus kept but it was hard to meet the frequent demand for information regarding her from all sorts of people. Ike, too, was missing, which involved the matter in deeper mystery. The fact was that Mrs. Partington had been threatened with "operation of mind," to use her own phrase (meaning aberration), caused by the failure of the Nip and Tuck Railroad, in which her two shares came to grief.

"It is a coincidence in my life," she said, "that cannot be digested, because I am not

The Doctor Recommends Change of Scene.

as rich as Creosote, and though all I ever got from it were notices of assessments, it was a paying concern, for I always had to pay 'em; and to lose my stock in this way is a case of the most fragrant congratulation."

She ran down here like a melancholy old wooden clock, and kept running down until two reefs had to be taken in the back of her black bombazine gown, and nervous prostration was so imminent that Dr. Clavicle, her physician, having exhausted all his specifics, decided, after an inspiring suck of his cane and a dubious shake of his watch seal, that change of clime and scene was necessary to restore her status quo. This, he very kindly explained to her, meant that if the abnormal ascendency could be subordinated to the natural idiosyncrasies, a healthy equilibrium would be restored, and an invigorated system would be the result.

This was a settler in more senses than one, and the conclusion reached that she must go. But where, was the question? "Frog Run," at Beanville, seemed to be the best place of any, as she had first opened her eyes in that enchanting locality, and as the "Run" boasted of but one scattering house, quiet was assured. It was at the "Run" that Paul Partington had found her many years before—P. P., of the "Bloody Seventh" of 1812, so called from the fact of its never having seen a fight, in which Paul had won the chevron of corporal by his heroic exertion, in getting up company lunches on training days—and of whom he was wont to say, to those who asked him where his amiable wife came from, "she came by the 'Run.'" This is preserved in Beanville as the only original joke ever perpetrated in the town.

Here at the "Run," where she could hear the meetin' house bell at Beanville, she vegetated during two summer months, and here the few friends who knew where she was visited her, besides a country doctor, with a pair of saddle-bags, who came every day to pour the latest news into her ears, out of a paper three days old—assuring her that news, like beefsteak, was better if kept over a few days—and pouring into her mouth the vile decoctions of drugs that dated from the days of Esculapius, avoiding, by not curing her, the chance of being struck by lightning as his old predecessor was, for which read the fable. She sat out under the "ambiguous" trees, as she would call them, and Ike, by the same authority, fished for frogs and turtles in the "limping" waters that flowed "contagious."

One day there came a visitor to the Run, a young man—a sailor—mate of the brig Seven Pollies, of Rivertown, who was a relative of Mrs. Partington. It was Si

Mrs. Partington and Her Sailor Cousin.

Pelton, of Onion Corner, who had run away to sea years before, after pushing his father down through the barn floor scuttle into a potato bin, and, contrary to all predictions, had prospered and been forgiven as all prosperous people should be. He had not come to see Mrs. Partington on this occasion, but the one with whom she was stopping, relatively nearer, and he was surprised and pleased to see her there.

"Hello, auntie," said he, shaking her hand as if it were a marlinspike, "didn't expect to see you here. How are you?"

"I don't know, dear," she replied; "what with the spine in my back and the neurology in my head, this trouble, and that, and the aches and pains contemptuous, I am not very well myself. The doctor said I must go away to recover my equalabraham, and heaven alone knows what the end will be."

"Sorry you are so poorly, auntie," said he, as he threw his glazed hat into a chair.

He was no long-tail-coated, soft-hatted sailor, such as we almost never see, nowadays, but a real hearty bluejacket, with wide trousers and turned-over collar, and looked as fresh and breezy as the ocean he sailed; his open, honest face was an atonement for past irregularity, and Mrs. Partington "took to him" at once, reading him through her penetrating spectacles, which beamed upon him with concentrated kindness.

"The sea is what you want," said he, laying his hand on her shoulder as if it were a tackle block.

"I should like to see better," said she, smiling upon him, "and my spectacles are hardly strong enough; but I am going to get me some parabolical glasses that are said to be very pernicious to the eyes."

"I mean the sea—s-e-a—the ocean," he replied, enjoying her mistake. "Now, why not go off with me to the West Indies? The

A Story for the Marines.

Seven Pollies will sail in two weeks, and you can slip away as easy as rolling off a log, if you have ever tried that. There are other passengers going, and if we don't all give you a high old time then my name's not Si Pelton."

Mrs. Partington was astonished, and she pondered the proposition, especially the part where her rolling off a log was suggested, at which figure she had silently demurred.

"I don't like steamships," said she.

"Bless you," he replied, "all the steam there is on the Seven Pollies is what comes from the cook's kettle." Why she is going to carry 40 horses."

"Well, that is commodious," said she, "and are they impaired into spans?"

"They are generally impaired," he said, "before they get there."

"Well, I do declare," said she, "I feel predisposed to try it, and Isaac needs recoopering as well as myself. Come here, dear, and tell us how you would like to go to the West Indies in a vessel with 40 horses detached?"

Ike had come in as they were talking, and was amusing himself by putting a good-sized spotted turtle into the sailor's hat, and encouraging its efforts to escape over the side, the reptile tipping the hat over upon the floor with a bang.

"Bully," was his response to the inquiry. The conversation was continued until she determined that it was best to accept the offer to join the Seven Pollies, so well provided with horses, and enjoy a trip to the equator. Thus it was that on a certain pleasant morning, Mrs. Partington and Ike, the latter astride of a trunk, on behind the carriage, was driven down the wharf, beside which lay the good brig Seven Pollies, ready to cast off her fasts, and proceed to sea.

Mrs. Partington's first thought was about the horses.

"There they are, auntie," said Si helping her to alight, "on the deck yonder."

"Well, why aren't they hitched on?"

Mrs. Partington Goes Aboard.

"Because there's no need of it in the harbor, with a good wind; get them out to sea and then we'll talk about it."

"But how am I to get on board?"

"Captain Davitt," said Si to a florid-looking man who came along, "this is our lady passenger, Mrs. Partington, who wants to know how she is going to get on board."

"Quite easy, mam, quite easy; will get a chair and whip you in quicker'n seat. Here, Jack, bring the old wharfinger's chair quick; bend some ropes on it so that it may be hung on the horse crane."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The seat was brought forward made of a barrel with the front cut out about half way down and a rough seat improvised. This had been occupied by the old wharfinger for ten years, every year promising to treat himself to a chair. This was attached to a tackle depending from a long crane on the wharf, and Mrs. Partington, with great trepidation, seated herself in the extemporised vehicle. It occupied but a moment, the fall elevated the rude chair, the crane swung around, and the relic Corporal Paul was welcomed on the quarter deck of the Seven Pollies. There were other passengers, whom Mrs. Partington scanned with scrutinizing spectacles, and then, accompanied by a very polite steward, she plunged down the companionway to inspect her accommodations below, informing the servitor confidentially that she had never been more decomposed in her life than when she was suspended, as it were, by a single thread, exposed to such a public observance, and bid him be sure that Ike was not left. The wind set in the shoulder of the sail, and the Seven Pollies pushed gallantly out into water that was mighty deep.

B. P. SHILLABER.

A Business Matter.

Marberry (a good deal flustered)—Madam, I was perfectly willing to hold your baby for a moment, but now that he's swallowed my locket I should like to know whether you want to buy or sell.—*Judge.*

GET WEALTH FIRST.

Prominent Politicians From the Depths of Their Experience

DISCUSS YOUNG MEN IN POLITICS.

The Honors and Financial Rewards to be Obtained.

NOT A FIT PROFESSION FOR A POOR MAN

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

"Does political life offer sufficient honors and rewards to warrant a young man in engaging therein?"

That was the question put to a large number of leading politicians of this country recently, men who have had their ups and downs, their victories and defeats, and who know from personal experience what they are talking about. Annexed are their answers:

Smith M. Weed often called the Democratic sage, of Plattsburg, New York—There is nothing so deceptive as politics. A young man who adopts politics as a profession is reckless and paving the way for an impecunious existence. He is not a citizen who is going to assist in elevating and improving the community in which he lives, but rather expects to float on a tidal wave of popularity to office and the emoluments thereof. As a rule, indeed, nine times out of ten, he is caught in the ebb tide and is carried to shallows and disappointment. Such is the fate of the aspiring professional political office seeker. I believe that all young men should take an interest in politics and go to the polls and vote. Rich men can indulge in politics as a pastime, and even then they are often sadly disappointed. In large cities, of course, there are a few men who can become professional politicians and eke out a rather unsatisfactory existence. If a young man, with the eloquence of Cicero, the diplomacy of Bismarck and the brilliancy of Gladstone, should ask me whether he should adopt politics as a profession, I would say, unless you are wealthy and independent, don't.

A YOUNG MAN'S DUTY.

Dorman B. Eaton, the well-known civil service reform advocate—Every young man should belong to some political party that has principles that he can advocate and defend. He should make it his duty as a citizen to understand the principles of each party, and thereby know how to vote intelligently. If civil service ever obtains and becomes a fixed institution in our Republic, which I believe it will, then young men can study to go into the service of the Government and not be afraid of being discharged whenever a new administration comes into power. The brightest young men in the country will come to the front if civil service reform is carried out to the letter and the politicians who make it a business to deal out offices will be relegated to obscurity. What the Republic needs is efficient men in the Government service, not political sinecures, and until this change for the better occurs I do not see any chance for young men in politics. It will come some day; the people will ask for and then demand it.

Senator John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, known as the little Republican giant—As a general proposition I would advise all young men to become interested in politics. It brightens their faculties, makes them think for themselves, and in its way educates them as much as book learning. If a young man refuses to vote and refuses to take an interest in the politics of his country, why, he simply abdicates his right of citizenship. Professional politics is precarious, and should be avoided. Strictly speaking, politics is not a profession, and success in it is often the result of circumstance and environment. Too many young men with superior educations hold back and refuse to take an interest in politics. It is a sad mistake and out of keeping with the spirit of a republic. Many of them may argue that Dick, Tom and Harry, men with no reputations, no attainments whatever, are occupying high political offices, and for that reason hold back. If these men occupy high places it is because the better educated young men stand back and refuse to go into politics. The tendency of the times is to put the most efficient men in office.

AN UNCERTAIN BUSINESS.

Ex-Senator Warner Miller, of New York—Young men should certainly take an interest in politics, but if they hold office when young they become professionals, and when turned out have no way to support themselves. First, they should become independent financially, and then if they wish to seek political advancement or office they can do so without fear of the results. No poor young man can afford to become a professional politician. Politics is not a profession, and, generally speaking, the man who tries to make it a profession, unless he is wealthy and can afford the experiment, winds up disastrously. Taking an interest in politics and voting intelligently are duties that young men as well as old owe to their country. We have no political permanent office-holding class as in England, and therefore young men should recognize in the beginning of their careers that a profession or business is far preferable to the uncertainties of office-seeking and political preferment.

Colonel A. L. Conger, of Ohio, member Republican National Committee—If all young men could succeed in political life like Congressman William McKinley and Senator John Sherman I would take a hilarious delight in patting them on the shoulders and saying: "Go in, boys. You were born to succeed in politics." Ah! but the two men named are exceptions, and were started up the political ladder with such impetus that they have never stopped climbing yet. Why, I could take the lives of these two eminent Ohioans and sing a political didactic threnody that would instruct and be a model for young politicians to emulate. They are not professional politicians, but the people have so long recognized their distinguished ability that they continue them in office. The office has sought them; they have not been office seekers. Do not go into politics, young men, unless you are caught in the maelstrom of popular favor and carried with such force that you feel assured it will continue you in office for some years. Be independent, financially, if you think of pulling yourself into political favor by the b