The Only Ex-President Who Was at All a Prominent Figure Two Years After Retirement.

COURTED BY EVERY CLASS ALIKE.

Sketch of His Every Day Life in His Elegant Home on Madison Avenue and at His Law Offices.

NO SOCIAL REST FOR MRS. CLEVELAND.

Political Methods of the Ex-President Compared With Those of Tilden.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE. NEW YORK, June 14.-There is a modest mansion on Madison avenue which just now interests more citizens of the United States than any other residence in this city that could be named. Not because there is anything remarkable about it, but simply because its occupants are ex-President Grover Cleveland and his lovely wife. The house is beautifully situated on that fashionable thoroughfare, and is daily pointed out to the curious visitor. It is No. 816, second on the west side of the avenue above Sixty-eighth street. It is a plain, four-story residence, and is owned by Henry G. Marquand, who has leased it to the Clevelands for about \$4,000 per annum.

The general appearance of the exterior does not prepare the visitor for the more modern erchitectural taste within. The floors are exquisitely laid in hard woods. The parlors are finished in white and gold. On the lower floor is the extrance hall, a small reception room and the dining room. The drawing room is on the second floor. The sitting room and living room is Mr. Cleveland's library. It is at the back on the second floor and from its windows the distinguished tenant has a lovely view of Central Park, with the stretch of lawn of Mrs. Robert L. Stuart's and a section of Fifth avenue in the foreground.

COMPORTABLE AND TASTY. The room is fitted up with every mark of taste and com ort. Against the walls are mahogany hook shelves loaded with vol-umes that bear evidence of having been rend. On one side is built in a large settee, upholstered in tan-colored cordurov and filled with luxurious pillows of down, covered with bright yellow silk. Mr. Cleveland's flat table desk occupies the middle of the room, and this, with a number of oldtashioned cozy chairs, completes the furniture of the room. The walls are decorated with photographs of Mrs. Cleveland, mem-bers of the late Cabinet, an autographed picture of Bismarck sent by the late Chancellor to Mr. Cleveland and the pictures of some personal friends. On the floor are a

number of large fur rugs.

To one accustomed to Mr. Cleveland's tastes while he was an occupant of the White House there is a familiar air about the whole surroundings. This is materially heightened by the lact that Sinclair, who answers your ring at the front door, is the same man who has performed this service for Mr. Cleveland ever since he was Mayor

MB. CLEVELAND'S DAILY LIFE.

The ex-President is a plain, methodical business man, as regular in his habits and as steady a worker as any young counsellor striving for his first fees. He leaves his house about 10 o'clock every work-day morning, walks through Sixty-eighth street to Fifth avenue and across to Sixth avenue. where he takes the elevated for Rector street. He invariably takes the first car and sits well up among the brokers, lawyers, speculators and the class of men who go down at that busy hour of travel. Few of cognize him. ter Abraham Lincoln might have ridden down town among these money-getters and never have been noticed or recognized.

Arriving at Rector street Mr. Cleveland leaves the train, crosses Broadway, probably glancing at the clock on old Trinity, and turns down Wall street, passing the offices ex-Secretary Fairchild and ex-Secretary Whitney on that financial thoroughfare, and enters the big office building, No. 45 Williams street. On the way, if you have followed him, you will always observe that he tips his hat to the big, handsome officer of he Broadway squad who keeps people from being run over where Rector street pours its throng of busy workers into Broadway. He also has a kind word or nod for the woman who keeps the little fruit stand at Williams and Wall, and returns the salutation of the newsboy and bootblacks whose stands are at the entrance to his own building.

THE LAWYER'S WORKSHOP. Mr. Cleveland's offices are on the seventh

floor of the Williams street building, and directly opposite the elevators. From his he has a magnificent view of the great Brooklyn bridge, and the East river. with its ever-shifting panorama of business life, is spread out before him. His surroundings here are those of other prominent lawyers. The walls of his office are concealed by a formidable array or law books. The furniture consists of a large flat oaken desk, the chair which he occupied in the small bow-windowed library of the White House, a red leather covered couch and an oaken office table. Mr. Cleveland has a large law business. He does not take cases that require his appearance in the city or State courts. In fact, it is not his intention to appear in court at all.

. Cleveland's mail is enormous. In this alone his character as a representative man is illustrated. When we consider the fact that he is simply a private citizen whose political ambition, we may reasonably suppose, has been satisfied, who has no political tayors to dispense to his friends, who has enjoyed no rank beyond that of tempo rary public servant in various capacities. who holds no position in his party ma chinery, directory or advisory, who is not a this prominence as a nutional figure and this generous daily expression of the esteem and good will of his countrymen is some-

thing remarkable. Mr. Cleveland gets his lunch at the famous place on Pine street known as the Down Town Association, about a block from his office. It is a great lunching place for lawyers and business men of the Wall street section. Not unfrequently one may see there Mr. Cleveland and two members of his late Cabinet, Fairchild and Whitney, and his former private secretary, Colonel Dan Lamont, ex-Secretary Bristow, General Sherman, Cornelius Vanderbitt, H. McK. Twomblev, Chauncey M. Choate, the lawyer, John H. Inman, Calvin S. Brice, Joel B. Erhardt, Francis Lynde Stetson, August Belmont, Cleveland's partners and any number of railroad presidents and millionaires. When Vice President Morton is in town he al-ways lunches here. It is a private club, and strangers are only admitted as guests of

AT HOME IN THE EVENING.

At 5 o'clock Mr. Cleveland leaves his office and returns home by the same route he came down town. He has his dinner at 7 and usually spends the evenings in his library. At his office and house his time is much occupied by callers. Prominent Democrats from all parts of the country who come to this city are sure to go and pay their respects. Such men as Sepator Gor-man, W. L. Scott, Erskine Phelps and John W. Dosne, of Chicago; Senator Me-Pherson, Governor Gordon, of Georgia; Frank Jones, of New Hampshire; Bradley Smalley, of Vermont; Senator Hearst, of California; Governor Francis and Senator Vest, of Missouri; Kenna, of West Virginla, and that class never come to the city without calling to see him. Colonel Pat

Collins, of Massachusetts, was at lunch with him a few days ago.

The Clevelands attend the Presbyterian Church of Rev. Wilton W. Smith, in West Firty-seventh street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues. They are regular attendants. Every Sunday there is a crowd about the church door waiting to see them as they pass out, just as there always was at Washington. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Cleveland

from the excitement of official life.

LITERALLY FORCED INTO SOCIETY.

these overtures without seeming ungracious

Vanderbilt's, August Belmont's, W. R. Grace's, Joseph H. Choate's, Robert B. Roosevelt's, Daniel Lord's, W. C. Whit-

ney's, Andrew Carnegie's, J. J. O'Dono-hue's, Judge Ditlon's, Governor Cornell's, Randolph Robinson's, and so on, the swell-

est of the solid people of Gotham. They have occupied seats of honor at the Metro-

politan Opera House, at banquets, balls,

commencements, corner-stone layings, etc. So far from the Clevelands crowding into

society, as some critics have observed, so-ciety has crowded the Clevelands. They are simply dragged about everywhere.

ALWAYS IN DEMAND.

How can be refuse? Scores and scores of

such invitations he refuses, nevertheless.

But it comes hard to deny his admirers

DOESN'T WANT ANOTHER TERM.

in New York with widely different and in-

consistent opinions. There is one class who

consider him a political sphinx, sly and in-

comprehensible; another sets him down as a simple-minded Buffalo politician without

political breadth or thickness. It is hardly

necessary to say that both of these are

politics of recent years, who could, were he

alive to-day, be compared with Mr. Cleve-

land for political sagacity. That man is

of Mr. Tilden and the methods of Mr.

Cleveland are about as wide apart as the

antipodes. Their training and traits were

as different as their physical characteristics.

TILDEN AND CLEVELAND.

to hold direct personal control of his party

vention in the State of New York but what

telt his nervous grasp, or that was too small

for the direct operations of his personal lieu-

tenants. He reached out into every State in

the Union, and laid a finger upon every

political platform formulated in convention.

His ideas permeated every material plank, and through his minions he largely con-

Tilden was the pioneer of the political "literary bureau." From this bureau in New

York emanated those sharp, crisp editorial

paragraphs which found 'their way to the

people through their Democratic newspaper

in the country. He not only endeavored to

direct his party press, but through this press to mould the personal thinking of the great national Democratic constituency.

The methods of Mr. Tilden has been imi-

tated by politicians of lesser note since, but

not one of his imitators possess the same grasping mind and lorce of character to

make their political personality felt. Now contrast the conduct of Mr. Cleveland ron

the time he was Sheriff to the Governorship

of New York, to the Presidency of the

United States, to his present retirement,

There is not apparent one single effort of his to direct his party, to interfere with the party machinery, or to dictate directly or

A WISE NEUTRALITY.

American citizen in expressing his views of public affairs when asked to do so, there is

not a man in New York who has less to do

with party management than Mr. Cleve-land. He has absolutely beld himself aloof

from entangling alliances. Amid the wrangling and pulling and hauling of Democratic partisans the like of which cannot be seen outside the city and State of New

York he has maintained a dignified silence and a wise neutrality. With all the fas-

cination of political warfare, local power

and the most strenuous efforts of party

henchman to involve him on one side or the

other, be has maintained his position with-

If that were by design Mr. Cleveland could be set down as one of the most astute politicians of the age. But it is the charac-teristic of the man. What others might do

teristic lies his political strength. He never

ran a political machine-he is not running

a political machine now. He never confused the public servant with the party

boss. The methods of the Quays and Platts of politics are foreign to his ideas

and unknown to his political history. It is this which has earned him the sneers of

a certain portion of his party, who con-tempuously alfuded to him as no politician.

It is this, however, which has also earned him the respect and confidence of a great

majority of those who supported him for the

Presidency and a considerable minority of

those politically opposed to him. It is really this which shows the true breadth and

While he has not shirked the duty of an

indirectly to his party managers.

trolled even their nominating power.

organization.

When Mr. Tilden was in politics he sought

There was not a county con-

From this bureau in New

the late Samuel J. Tilden. Yet the metho

candidates

evenings at home.

HOW SHE BECAME ENLIGHTENED. land were anxious to appear in society. In fact, they came to New York with the idea that they would be wholly lost in the great city, and that they would be permitted to live as they pleased and do as they pleased. It was to be retirement, and a sort of rest

Visit to a Rag Gallery Where the Struggling Painter Thrives.

ART FOR RURAL SALE.

Aunt Jane's Wonderful Work in Oil

and its Pathetic History.

HIRED LIARS WHO DO THE SELLING

Instead of making efforts to get in the social swim, they were simply forced to the front. A man's social position is what his wife makes it, Mrs. Cleveland's lovely face and charming manners would carry her PWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCELL Maude's aunt came down to the cityte see us last week to mention the price of board at her farm this summer, and to see if anywhere; but here she has been almost lionized socially. The friends of both pressed them hard, and in a very brief time we had any enemies to whom we would recommend the place as a desirable locality in which to waste away till fall. Aunt Jane all their preconceived notions of a retired brought Maude a present, to wit: one oil life vanished. They could scarcely refuse painting, 18x24, representing a landscape These social exchanges have occupied their time during the past winter. Sunday even-ing has really been about their only quiet wildly diversified by nature and hopelessly dislocated by the artist. Maude said it was "real pretty," and kissed Aunt Jane affec-Where have they dined? Where haven't tionately. As I cannot tell a lie, I did they? Perhaps the latter would be the more easily answered. They have been the honored guests at Astor's, Edward Cooper's, neither of these things. I simply asked who was the artist, but I did it in a tone calculated to suggest my reverence for his Morris K. Jessup's, Pierpont Morgan's, Carl Schurz's, Bishop Potter's, Cornelius

genius. "I should like to meet him," said I, and added mentally, "in a 24-foot ring, unless he is too big."

"He's dead, poor, young thing," said Aunt Jane. "He died right here in New York in the midst of plenty. The man who sold me the picture told me so. He said that the poor, struggling artist toiled in a garret, living on a crust, and sup-ported by his noble ambition, till at last his genius was recognized.

WITH SUCCESS IN HIS GRASP. "One of his pictures was sold for \$10,000, but he starved before he could get to the bank where the money was. 'All my poor, young relative asked was appreciation,' said the man who sold the picture, 'and all I ask is



The Cow on the Mountain, five dollars, which will go toward some

When the time comes, that Gieveland would turn aside from his private business and seek the Presidency, I do not believe. It is not his way of reaching a given point, even if he desires the Presidency, which I know he does not. Politically speaking, Mr. Cleveland is regarded by the politicians alight alterations in his monument."
"Is it a scene in the Adirondacks?" I "Bless yer dear heart, no," said Aunt

Jane, "we don't have no such mountains as them. They're foreign mountains."

Undoubtedly. The picture was foreign not only to New York, but to the entire terrestrial plan. It represented about such a view of a mountain as a man would have Those who know Mr. Cleveland well and understand him thoroughly will make by a cyclone. A peasant's hut had been plastered against the rugged hillside by the same aerial disturbance, and a cow understand him thoroughly will make neither mistake. He is by no means a political schemer or political idiot. There evidently about a thousand feet longer than the average of her species had detall peak and was trying to keep from fall-

ing off and devastating the valley.
"Aunt Jane," said I, "do you feel sure that the gentleman who sold the picture was adhering firmly to the slippery surface of the truth? I merely-"

WOULDN'T OFFEND AUNT JANE.

But Maude wouldn't hear another word. She would rather believe 40 lies than offend Aunt Jane, and she told me so that evening after our relative had retired.

"My dear," I said, "I can have no real sympathy for a cow of that size. If she doesn't like the mountain she is big enough to kick it off the face of the earth. And that artist story! Do you know how those pic-tures are made? I know one of them and I'll take you to see him at work. I should like to hear what Aunt Jane will say when it gradually dawns upon her that she has

We all called upon my friend next day. He has a long, bare "studio," which a dealer in rags used as a place of storage once in a while. When it is not full, and my



The Artist Painting a Babbling Brook along one side of it. When we called he was not in. But his boy was there.

That boy wants to be an artist, too, some day, and he takes my friend as a el. He brushes his hair the same way, and at the same rare intervals. When friend pawns his coat the boy works in his shirtsleeves; when my friend breaks his right hand suspender button the boy faithfully shifts his single "gallus" to his left

WORK OF AN ABLE YOUTH. As I have said, my friend was out, but Cleveland's nature. You can trace it all through his political life. In this character paint of the bird was on deck. He had be not of paint of the bird was on deck. country to make the rear gable of a barn as offensive as possible in the landscape. With this the boy was putting in the "grounds' on a long row of canvases upon which gen-eral ideas of Alpine and other views had been roughly sketched. The boy was travel-ing down the line and putting in the paint in the spaces indicated and occasionally elsewhere when he got absent-minded. Soon my friend returned, and, withou hesitation or protessional delicacy, let us into the secret of his honorable calling. "I get these things by contract," said he. "fifty or a hundred at a time. Got a lot of 50 this time, at 45 cents apiece, including really this which shows the true breadth and depth of his political character. To the politician, as the politician is known in New York, Mr. Cleveland is a sphinz.

CHARLES T. MURRAY.

Other the canvas. Must get 'em done by the end of the week. Guess I'll have to promote the boy. I'll let him get a step higher in the profession, and put in the white—clouds and snow on the mountains.

"I used to have another artist. Found a

Father—Clara, what's the name of that young man who called on you last night?
Clara—I call him Bill. You don't object because we burn a little gas do you, paps?

Father—Oh, no; if he comes again, I'll foot the bill.

"I used to have another artist. Found a man who was poorer than I was; never expect to find another. He did the secondary work, like sky and a daub here and there for a lake. I followed him up, and put in trees, men and animals. Sometimes I used to overtake the others, and work on ahead of them, but it wasn't safe. I'd unit is and the common statement of the common who was poorer than I was; never expect to find another. He did the secondary work, like sky and a daub here and there for a lake. I followed him up, and put in trees, men and animals. Sometimes I used to overtake the others, and work on ahead of the common statement of the common sta Father—Oh, no; if he comes again, I'll to them, but it wasn't safe. I'd put in sand, and dissent palms, and a few camels and

OMENS ON THE DEEP naked niggers with their tongues hanging

the Globe in a Second.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Much is said, in books about the sea, con-

cerning the superstitions of the sailor. He

is usually represented as a very credulous

being, but such writers have not been fair to

the sailor, who is not more superstitious,

perhaps, than those of his class on shore.

It would be strange, however, if he were

not so. The great mystery and solitude of

the sea; his isolated and conservative life;

the impressive and awe-inspiring scenes

with which he is surrounded, and his re-

ligious nature, all conspire to make the

sailor superstitious. But students of tolk-

lore are beginning to find out that super-

stition is universal, and that credulity has

its votaries even among the highly educated.

American sailors being, as a class, supe-

rior to those of most other nations in educa-

tion and general intelligence, may reason-

ably be supposed to be less superstitious

without many credulous notions and be-

liefs. These are, as far as they go,

similar to those current among sailors elsewhere, although some of the grosser

forms of superstition are wanting entirely.

There are ideas about the sea, its currents,

etc., almost unknown here, and some which

are peculiar to our sailors. Fishermen on the Atlantic coast believe that the swell or

the sea during a fog is caused by it, and call it fog swell. All along the New En-gland coast it is believed that a sick man

cannot die until the ebb tide begins to run,

and some people think no task should be commenced after this time. Similarly,

many fishermen choose a certain time of the

moon for certain tasks. Halos and lunar rainbows are thought omens of bad weather.

When the lunar crescent is "horns up," or "like a boat," sailors say it means dry weather. They also say the moon "eats up

the clouds," and that a moon in mist means

WITCHES AND CATS.

Witches have lost their power over the

winds and waves in these days of steam, but

abroad in the belief that these uncanny hags

controlled the elements in former days.

Certain animals are reputed weather makers, and some were unlucky to have on

board. The cat has always had a bad repu-

tation. A Block Island skipper is said to

have shut a cat up in a barrel to prevent a

rival from sailing, and no wind came until

nishing omens as to the weather. Our sail-

ors were no exception to the rule in their

known one to be liberated by the captain

out of deference to the men's wishes. Land

birds are not unwelcone at sea, and are not

1857, because of the strange actions of a bird. Shortly afterward he picked up 49 of

the wrecked crew of the steamer America. At Fort Fisher, a cock on board of one of

the vessels of the attacking fleet crowed loud and long, and the men received it as a

sure omen of victory.

Dolphins and porpoises tumbling about

the ship are an augury of fine weather. Some sailors have not become reconciled to

the carrying of a corpse on board ship, or even of a skeleton or a coffin. One of our

naval vessels was driven to sea unexpect-

edly some years since with the coffined bo

GHOSTS ON SHIPBOARD.

haunted by the ghosts of a woman and

child, who had been murdered on board,

The child's cries were, it was said, fre-quently heard on the dimly lighted deck, and it became difficult to get a

marine sentry to walk a beat there.
A fireman was said to have been killed by a

brutal engineer on board of a New Orleans vessel, and it was asserted that his ghost

haunted the vessel, opening and shutting the furnace doors, heaving coal, etc. Spec-

tres appear at many points on the Eastern coast. Whittier celebrates the story of the

'Shrieking Woman" at Marblehead. Many

have asserted in recent times that they saw

St. Elmo's lights are feared or welcomed

according to their numbers and behavior. Whalers believed them to be the spirits of

Sailors often have stories of mysterious

slands which sometimes disappear from

view, and the names, "Cape Flyaway,"
"Betterland" and "No Man's Land," are

given to such apparitions. Such an island is said to have appeared off Boston in colo-

nial days. The first settlers tried in vain to

reach it by sail, but a storm would invaria-

bly arise when the anchor was lifted for this

purpose. It was named the Flying Island.

Finally an Indian brave, the last of his

tribe, put off in his canoe to visit the island,

which he averred was the home of departed souls. A violent tempest arose and the

island disappeared, never more to be seen

Our sailors have, in general, too good a knowledge of the natural history of the sea

to place much faith in the appearance of the mermaid. That redoubtable traveler of

records that he saw one near one of the West

India Islands in 1614. She was very like a

woman and her motions were graceful.

Occasional accounts are still given in the papers of the capture of a veritable mer-

maid, but sailors are rarely credited with

FAITH IN THE SEA SERPENT.

But the sailor is more credulous about the sea serpent. This renowned monster

of the deep appears oftener on our coast than elsewhere, and many sailors and fishermen firmly assert that they have seen him. From 1639, when Josselyn

these appearances are supported by abun-dant bestimony, frequently from seamen, whose eyes are sharper than others, and

have caused some persons to insist that there is a veritable monster sea snake. Au-

thorities as able as the late R. A. Proctor

have credited these tales, and have ex-

pressed doubt, in view of this pro-fessional testimony, whether there may not be some real appearance to

se such statements upon. It is generally believed, however, that a string of porpoises,

an unusually large shark, a monster sea-weed, or the arm of a giant polyp, gives rise in every instance to these exaggerated ac-counts of the monster serpent. I have been assured, however, by experienced sailors, and even officers, that there could be no doubt as to their having seen a serpent-like monster off our sail.

monster off our coast, and more of our sail-ors believe in the sea scrpent than would

There still linger superstitious beliefs

colonial days, Captain John Smith

by man.

such reports.

sailors who had died on board.

overboard.

American tars were not behind their fellows

"Then the other artist, who was occasion anen the other artist, who was occasionally in liquor, I regret to say, would follow me up and put in a pond—he never did have any taste in regard to water—after which the boy would come along and stick in a lot of snow right in front of the camels, in a manner that would have the realism of Some of the Abiding Superstitions of the American Sailor. GLIMPSES OF THE SEA SERPENT. in a manner that would hurt the realism of The Enormous White Whale That Girdles

the picture a great deal.
"However, we worked them out pretty fast, and very satisfactorily. When a lot is done, the man who buys them puts them with other works of art by BAD LUCK IN LAWYERS AND PARSONS men of genius situated, financially,



out to represent a desert scene.

NOT ALWAYS IN HARMONY.

much as I am; and the whole lot is shipped out into the country, where some fellow holds an auction sale and and gets rid of them. The added attraction of heavy gilt frame—pine, with liquid gilt painted over it—takes well in the country."

Then my friend excused himself and went

to work. I have never seen anything like the way he skipped along from one canvas to the other. Sometimes he talked to us, looking over his shoulder, and gesticulat-ing with one hand while he painted with the other. At such times he occasionally painted houses and animals with no visible means of support, sailing through the sky in a reckless manner. Then he would tell the boy to paint a hill under them, and all would be well, if the boy didn't forget it.

GOOD PICTURES BY ACCIDENT. "You'd be surprised," said my friend, "to hear that we sometimes get good pictures by accident."
"Not at ail," said I, "you take so many

chances that almost anything is likely turn up. "Well, we do," said he, "the last time I made a lot I picked out three good ones, and sold them on their merits for \$10 apiece. Then I painted three bad ones to complete

"Do you know an artist named J. Angelo?" asked Maude. It was the name on the bottom of the picture Aunt Jane had given

"That's me." said my friend. "I sign all sorts of names and make 'em just as near like the famous ones as I can. Country people are a little hazy on the names of artists; and the contractor hires a good liar who knows how to take advantage of the fact. When he can't paim the picture off as au old master, he tells the story of the grandson of an old master dying in poverty, just "Yes, I've heard that plaintive story,"

cried Aunt Jane, who had been silently taking all this in, "and if that lyin' crittel ever comes sellin' pictures in Summitville

HOWARD FIELDING.

THE PIE THAT MOTHER MADE. How a Clever Young Wife Cured Her Hus-

again, I'll get the boys to paint a landscape

band of a Bad Habit. oklyn Citizen.] There is one young man in this town who

nevermore will brag about "the pies that mother made." He has not been married e great while and, after the presumptuous manner of young Benedicts, assumes to have ideas as to what he shall eat or how the house should be run. A year hence h will know more and really think he knows less. He assumes to scorn bash.

The other day his mother up in the country sent him a barrel filled with divers sorts of home produce, among other things a mince pie. The young wife unpacked the barrel, and discovering the pie quietly put it one side and said nothing about it. That night at dinner Benedict inquired what they had for dessert. "Mince pie," was the prompt response. "A mince pie is a good way

in which to use up the bics. Then there was a sniff, and when the pie was produced it was received in a very disparaging fashion and madam sat quietly and heard a good deal of fun made pie." Finally when the victim had sufficiently complicated himself, she sweetly inquired whether "Your mother ever made such a pie?" and received an emphatic and scornful denial.

"But your mother made this pie." Then there was a dull thud. He deserved all he got, and now he eats hash.

REFUSED AUSTIN CORRIN.

A Farmer's Wife Who Might Have Been the Millionaire's Better Half. Boston Globe.]

Everybody has heard of Austin Corbin. the ten times millionaire magnate of the big Reading railway and coal system, and most everybody knows he was born up in New Hampshire, among the hills that look down upon Lake Sunapee; but few are aware of the fact that he would never have left his native town of Newport had he not met with reverses in love, which made the "suplight hateful" and the place irksome to him. Yet such is the fact, and the girl who jilted him is now the wite of a small farmer in Sunapee and the mother of a big

Not long ago I called at the farm house over which she presides and asked for a glass of milk. She is a portly woman now, with a red sace and big red arms, and a pair of laughing eyes as blue as the sky that bends over her. "Mr. Corbin was a nice young man," she said, "and smart as they made them, "but he was green and bashiul, so I took a beau that I thought had more spunk. And, do you believe it, I am not a bit sorry now, even it he is rich." She drew herself up to her full height as she spoke, and looked as it she were capable of rejecting all the millionaires in the world.

FISHES IN HIGH LAKES

The Only Explanation of Their Presence is That Birds Carry the Eggs.

It is a mystery how fish get into the little lakes upon too of the mountains. There was never a lake so high that it did not have fish in it. Bearfort pond, not many miles from Lake Hoptacong, N. J., is over 1,300 feet in the air and yet it is check full of records his appearance on the coast of bass and perch. They certainly did not get in Maine, to the present year, accounts of the by going up stream and it anybody took the sea serpent have been frequent. Some of trouble to carry them up, he had a mighty nard time of it, for the take is two miles

straight up from everywhere. Fish will get into lakes without being carried by men, or without swimming up stream. It is well known that water fowls will distribute yellow perch by carrying the sticky eggs on their feet. Bass do not become distributed except by hand of man or by going up stream. Trout go anywhere where there is water enough to float a chip, and pickerel get moved around from place to place the same as perch do.

Lincoln's most intimate friends declare that he never made use of one of every ten expressions credited to him. These expressions were mostly concocted by Washington correspondents and story-tellers, but everything goes when a man gets the repu-

about the real monsters and inhabitants of the deep. Whalers have a tale of an enor-mous white whale which moves about the world with incredible speed, and who has a particular spite against them and their boats. This is the hero of Herman Mell-ville's "Moby Dick." Sharks, too, are re-garded with superstitions awe when they come about a ship in great numbers. Even one following a ship is an omen of approach-

ing death. Cape pigeons are said to be the souls of deceased sailors, and it is a bad omen to have them fall on the deck exhausted. During the trip of the baseball club to Australia this occurred, and the resulting supersti-tion of the crew was noted by the corre-spondents on board.

BAPTIZING A SHIP.

Few superstitious ceremonies or observances are performed by our sailors. A daily paper related that the mate of a whaler, some few years since, made a vow that i case of his deliverance from a storm, h would bestow alms upon 200 poor persons, and go through the ceremony of being "crowned at Pentecost." It is said that the privateers of Newburyport used to request and obtained the prayers of the con-gregation before setting out to sea. The ceremony of baptizing the ship at launching her, and that of initiating novices upon crossing the line, are no longer looked upon as anything more than mere custom, al-though both are survivals of heathen ceremonies of sacrifice to the gods of the sea. Some sailors believe, however, that disaster will result to the ship if the wine is not shed

when she is launched, or if any accident happens during the launching.

Some of the oldest seamen yet cling to their belief in the appearance of the "Flying Dutchman" and "Barney's Brig," and the veritable phantom ship has made its than others; but they are, nevertheless, not entrance into many ports of our coasts. Our poets have recorded the legends related of it, and the spectral craft has even made its appearance in the Pacific. Perhaps the best known of these is the phantom of the burning Palatine, which reappears occa-sionally on Bloch Island:

Behold! again with shimmer and shine, Over the rocks and the seething brine, The flaming wreck of the Palatine!

Sailors aver that they see, on dark, rainy nights, an old clipper, the "Tennessee," standing in toward the Golden Gate, off the california coast, with all canvas out, but she suddenly disappears upon reaching a certain headland, and never gets into port. PARSONS AND LAWYERS.

There is one thing, however, in which it s hard to shake the sailors' belief—his reliance upon luck and omens. A "parson" is unlucky, and a decided opinion exists that there is no good thing about a lawyer. Many officers are thought unlucky, and instances have been known where it was difficult to get crews for merchant ships whose captain or mate had a bad reputation. Cooper records the fact that Lieutenant J. T. Shubrick was thought a lucky officer to have on board. He served in nine ships in ten years, participating in six great and suc-cessful actions, without a wound. Lieutenant Somers was, on the contrary, thought unlucky, as well as the ship named after

This element of bad luck is considered to extend to the ship and even to the name. The old Constitution was a lucky vessel, puss was liberated. Provoking a cat brings a gale, and, in fact, every one carries a gale in her tail." Birds were especially credited with furwhile the Americas have been invariably lost at sea. The Chesapeake, afterward captured by the Shannon, was considered so un-lucky that the men did not want to sail in After the first Mouitor was lost the notions as to the indications furnished by the Mother Carey's chicken. They hesi-tated to kill an albatross, and I have men never were willing to go to sea in tow of the same vessel—the Rhode Island—that was with the lost ironclad. Some think it a bad thing to give a vessel a new name, and point to that as the cause of disasters and particularly ominous, except when they act peculiarly. A Captain Johnson, of the Norwegian bark Ellen, claimed that he changed his course when off New York, in bad luck. It is regarded as unlucky to spill salt at

mess, and many will not feel easy after having accidentally crossed knives with a messmate. Fishermen do not like to have messmate. Fishermen do not like to have you ask about their luck, and some of them ascribe the loss of luck to certain acts such as "swearing off" drinking, stumbling on the way to the boats, etc. As to the luck of days, there is still a lively belief among merchant sailors especially, as to the evil effects of sailing on Friday. As a recent instance of this, it was related in the Chicago napers in 1886 that the vessels of the cago papers in 1886, that the vessels of the grain fleet would not sail on Good Friday, and the next year, that a dozen or more of these boats sailed a ter midnight, declining

THE GREAT OCEAN STEAMERS

of a man ready for interment on board. The body was committed to the deep, but the men were not satisfied until the coffin A New York paper calls attention to the fact that none of the big ocean steamers sail on Friday, and says that it would be rehad been cut up and the pieces thrown Sometimes it is desirable to raise a breeze, garded as disastrous by all, from captain to Old sailors have not yet forgotten to scratch sabin boy. The superstition against this the mast with a pin, or to stick an open day is not so prevalent in the navy, although knife in the mast, with the handle pointing occasionally an officer or a man may be in the direction from which a breeze is wanted. Others whistle for it, believing in found who regards it as a bad sailing day. Many sailors think, on the contrary, that the adage that "Whistles rash bid tempests Sunday is an auspicious day on which to begin a voyage. The Arctic relief steamer Bear postponed sailing so as to avoid a Fri-Ghosts are occasionally seen at sea. An officer of the United States ship Columbus relates that in 1842 she was believed to be

Wiggins, the Canadian weather prophet having predicted a storm on such a date, it was found that men hesitated to ship the date had passed. The horseshoe occasionally be seen nailed to a mast or "cuddy home" of our coasting schooners. I have been told that it used to be difficult to get a crew for the barges on the Ohio and

Mississippi some years ago unless a horse-shoe was nailed up in sight.

There is a decided unwillingness on the part of many sailors to wear the clothes of anvone who has died on board, or who has been accidentally lost overboard. Some would prefer to have on their best suit of clothing in case of a wreck or disaster, and many believe that the sea will not cast up the bodies of sailors, although it poss no such respect for those of landsmen. Sailors everywhere are less superstitions

than formerly, and steam and modern improvements are fast causing many of the old belie's to die out. Only the "old hands" adhere to these notions, and many of them are ashamed of their beliefs.

Lieutenant U. S. N.

WHAT THE BLIND DREAM. Experience of a Great Reader Whose Book

Were Never Called Up at Night. There was lately an inmate of Missouri Institution who read a great deal, and, though his reading included poetry, romances and history, he was particularly fond of travels. Though his mind was filled day by day with accounts of what he had read, he never dreamed of the subject matter of his reading, which was a rather remarkable fact, for it might be supposed that his reading would revive itself in his

It did not, however, for he dreamed of noises he heard in the street—of the cable cars which passed the door, or dogs bark-ing, of horses neighing, of the voices of boys shouting at the play, or the sound of fire-crackers on the Fourth of July, of the voices of his associates in the institution, of incidents that might happen at school and home, of his daily lessons and exercises, of questions asked by teachers and of answers born blind.

A PATRIOT SNUBBED

He Ran Against a Citizen Who Was Ice Cold and Had Flinty Eyes.

On the platform of a Michigan avenue ca the other day was a man who insisted on talking politics, and to every one who got on he said:

eat limburger cheese to change your style of breath." eat limburger cheese to change your style of breath."

It was 20 minutes before the patriot spoke again, and then all he said was:

"I'll soute you. You've been drinkin'!"

The soute you. You've been drinkin'!"

"The soute you. You've been drinkin'!"

COMFORT AND DRESS.

The Former Has Very Little or Nothing to Do With the Latter.

A PLEA FOR THE SHORT SKIRT.

Men Long Ago Discarded the Toga for Common Sense Costumes.

THE REIGN OF THE STOVE-PIPE HAT

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) Great alarm is being manifested by some nen over the fact that the fashion in the dress of women is becoming masculine. The girls are beginning to wear shirt fronts, and high collars, and four-in-hand ties, and soft hats. They have even got so far as to wear flannel blouse shirts, and seem to have discovered there is special comfort in them, and they hope the powers that be behind the laws of fashion will keep it up, and not send them back to stiff stave, and furbelows, and frills, and bustles, and big hoops.

Women realize how badly they need a re form in dress, but they also know deep down in their souls that they will never get it, unless that mysterious and domineering power of fashion so decrees. Not a day passes that women do not feel that their mode of dress is a fetter upon freedom of action, a bar to comfort, a drag upon the best performance of their work, whether in the house, the office, the store, the factory, or any outdoor employment. THE DRESS ON A RAINY DAY.

Nothing illustrates this so finely as a rainy day, when every woman who has to go out to business may be seen clutching her skirts out of the wet with one hand and holding an umbrella with the other. she has packages or perchance a baby to carry, the skirts have to simply go to dis-gusting drabble and dire destruction. A

nore pathetic devotion to an unknown power, or more abject, slavish fear of the mysterious Mrs. Grunds, who rules men and women alike, through terror of what people will say, is hardly to be witnessed. The worst may be summed up in the ruin of health that results in crowding cemeteries with women, who, in sensible dresses, might live long in health and pros-

Women of wealth escape most of the evils by riding in their carriages, and others by staying at home when it rains. Men show some sense in adopting their dress to their work. Mill workers wear flannel shirts and hob-nailed shoes, which experience has dictated as the proper togery for their business; painters and toilers in greasy workshops don "overalls;" [akers wear caps and aprons to preserve the cleanliness of their products; but it remains for women to neglect all promptings of good sense and wear long skirts in all conditions. Fashion rules. If the Princess of Wales, who has always a carriage at command, and who need never go out in the rain or snow unless she so desires, wears her dresses down to the ground then every woman, from

DUCHESS TO DOMESTIC wears the same. We all remember when

girl in the kitchen was walloping around in a long trail at her daily work. For awhile tis seemed as if evolution, as a law, had brought short dresses into vogue, but, alas, no, the whirligig of time has again brought them to the ground, with the usual result, that everybody falls in—although many with sighs and growns and though many with sighs and groans and sorrowful reflections as to what might be if the Princess of Wales was not a fool, and if Sara Bernhardt ever had to walk to her

daily toil upon the stage.

Mrs. Jenness Miller and Lady Haberton may talk until all is blue about dress reform, and divided skirts, and the abolition of the corset, and all that, but unless they can set the impress of fashion upon their ideas, they might as well talk to the wild waves, or ask the torrents of Nisgara to go the other way. What they need to do to earry their point of reform is to convert the ture Empress of India to their views, and induce the demi monde of Paris and the stage to conform to their notions. If the "beautiful Princess" or the "divine Sara" could be moved to cut two inches off their skirts the whole earth would be made glad. It they would take off four inches they would entitled to the thanksgivings of the round world and all that dwell therein.

SHORT SKIRTS ARE PRETTY. Many people will be shocked at the idea

of women wearing short skirts, but there is nothing prettier on the stage, and were they the fashion they would be voted lovely. Nothing in the picture way is more hideous than the hooped skirt instituted by Eugenie, Empress of France, years ago-and yet, when the great war was going on, one of the troubles in the hospitals with regard to women as nurses was that they would wear the balloon appendages even there.

All this shows the power of fashion—of custom—of the reign of Mrs. Grundy. Men discard silk hats because they are perhaps an eighth of an inch under or over the fashion standard. They wear collars high or low, as the style—not as comfort—directs. The laws of etiquette destroy all sociability because they dictate to man a dress which he abominates, and to women an array which she abhors. In a "spike tail" and low vest a man is no less a man, but he hates himself for a fool, in thus arranging himself in the waiter livery of society. In a low-cut, long-trained evening gown a woman feels she has conformed to the proprieties and the etiquette of the occasion but she nevertheless groans over the requirements that put a stamp upon her idiocy in doing what she knows is silly and unwise, and dangerous to health.

DRESS ON THE BENCH. Men generally wear trousers. The judges of the Supreme Court, in their official capacity, wear handsome silk gowns, but if condemned to the same on the street and had to carry them up out of the mud and rain, with umbrella in hand, they would very likely swear and make an endeavor to secure a constitutional amendment or set up a Supreme Court decision that would rein their abolition, But woence as American judges. English officials still wear the big wigs and officials still wear the old wigs and silk gowns of office in accordance with pre-cedent and position, but just as good justice, proper judgment and righteous administra-tion of office has been shown to the world by judges in shabby frock coats or slop-shop iness suits.

The silliest of persons may show up best in dress while the wisest may appear as dowdies. As the world goes this tunate, as dress so often marks the man and gauges him in the opinion of others. Man's dress is a large advance, as to comfort and convenenience, from the togas of the ancient Romans. Imagine the working man of to-day going to his daily toil of eight hours, say, in a crimson robe, or an old blue gown down to his heels, and having to keep forever shuffling it up on the arms. Think of him plunging along with dinner bucket and umbrella in either hand reaching madly for his skirts to keep them out of the mud and wet. And yet our working women are as far back in civiliza-tion as to clothes as were the prophets and fishermen of old as pictured for our edifica

needs no showing. Symptoms on he said:

"My fren," what ish our first duty as Americans? To purify politics, of course."

By and by he bumped up against an ice-cold passenger with a flinty eye, and when he had propounded the usual question he was answered with.

"Your first duty as the tent and shoulders must be free to give the best and shoulders must be free to give the best and shoulders must be free to give the best and shoulders must be free to give the best and shoulders must be free to give the best and shoulders must be free to give the best and shoulders must be free to give the best and shoulders must be free to give the best and shoulders must be free to give the best and shoulders must be free to give the best and shoulders must be free to give the best and shoulders must be free to give the best and shoulders must be free to give the best and shoulders must be free to give the best and shoulders must be free to give the best and shoulders must be free to give the best and shoulders must be free to give the best and shoulders must be free to give the best and shoulders must be free to give the best and shoulders must be free to give the shoulders must be free to give "Your first duty, sir, is to drop politics, change your shirt, get your hair cut, and then But while men, all through the

KNEE BREECHES AND BELTS.

That men find more of com ort in trousers

hats. These hats are said to be highly uncomfortable and very expensive. A shower spoils them, they add nothing to a man's good looks, and yet—like a woman's long skirts—they are a standing illustration of what men will endure to be in the fashion. As the world advances, this slavery should in some way be overcome. Are men and women forever to be controlled by Mrs. Grundy? Are health and comfort to be always sacrificed to custom? Are men to go through the world forever wearing "stove-pipe" hats, and women to be eternally clutching long skirts? Let us hope not.

PORAKER ASPHYXIATED.

A Story That He Paralleled Blaine's Sunstroke While in Washington, Washington Correspondence Philadelphia quirer.)

I think the Republicans out in Ohio will be sorry that they let Foraker make himself Chairman of the Republican State Committee when they read the report on Foraker's "ballot-box-forgery" folly, which a majority of the House Committee to investigate that boomerang performance will shortly prepare. A member of the Investi-gating Committee told me the other day that Foraker had almost paralleled Blaine's tamous sunstroke of 1876 while he was here getting so hard hit in the investigation. It seems that one morning when Foraker was to have appeared before the committee his Private Secretary came instead and informed the committee that Foraker could not come because he was sick in bed from

the effects of a partial asphyxiation by es-caping gas from an unlighted turned on burner in his room at the hotel the night before; and for several day he kept away from the committee on this excuse. I do not know who turned on the gas-jet; but Foraker is quite capable of self-asphyxiation at a critical moment.

A SNAPPY OLD LADY.

How She Snubbed a Street Car Conductor, Boston Globe, 1

Riding in a street car the other day, I saw an amusing seene. An elderly lady asked

the conductor for a transfer check. "Where do you wish to go?" he inquired. "That's none of your business, sir," was her indignant answer.

The conductor quietly punched a check for Chelsea, and, taking her 8 cents, passed

along. Soon he came through the car again, and the elderly lady, who had been studying the check intently, pulled his sleeve and "Conductor, where will this take me?" His reply was prompt and justifiable. "That, madam, is my business."

A very wicked young person of the Hub to whom the admirer of Ibsen showed that dramatist's photograph, said, with a lofty sneer: "If you wish a real good picture of a Marmoset monkey, why don't you get

MADAME A. RUPPERT.

New York's popular complexion specialist, who has met with such unexcelled success in all large cities of the United States and Europe, has opened permanent pariors in Pittsburg, where she will keep on sale her wonderful FACE BLEACH. Face Bleach is not a COSMETIC, not a WHITE WASH, but a thorough tonic and skin bath. It opens the pores of the skin, so the blood can throw off its impure matter. Face Bleach is healthy for thorough tonic and skin bath. It opens the pores of the skin, so the blood can throw off its impure matter. Face Bleach is healthy for any skin. It removes the old dead cuticle that has accumulated. Face Bleach has been thoroughly tested for the LAST TEN YEARS by ladies whose faces have been cured of hideous blemishes of every nature. One side having been cleared at first. The general public invited to call and see one side ENTIRELY FRESH AND WHITE, six weeks later the remaining side clear. No more CONVINCING PROOF is necessary. Write to your New York friends and ask them to call at our main office and be convinced. Face Bleach permanently removes all blemishes, moth freekles, excessive reduces, Eczema, Sait Rheum, in fact every skin blemish, making the complexion clear, smooth and beautiful. Does not give a washed out appearance, but a healthy look. This wonderful Face Bleach, guaranteed, will be sent to any address on recept of price, \$2 00 per bottle or three bottles, usually a cure, \$5 00. Ladies out of city can seni for it securely packed. Send four cents or call for sealed particulars. Very interesting to ladies who are desirous of having cood complexions.

MADAME A. RUPPERT,
Room 203, Hamilton Building, jel-101-su



EVERY Housewife EVERY Counting Room EVERY Carriage Owner EVERY Thrifty Mechanic EVERY Body able to hold a brush?

DIK-DON ARMSETTATIONS. TRY IT. WILL STAIN OLD A NEW FURNITURE FORMER
WILL STAIN SLARS AND ONINAWARE at the
WILL STAIN TINWARE
WILL STAIN TOWN OLD BARREYS
WILL STAIN BAST'S COACH AND
WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphis.

Like my Wife

to use

MEDICATED

Because it improves her looks and is as fragrant as violets.

SOLD EVERYWHERE