A GOVERNOR'S MAIL.

Effusions From Cranks of All Sorts That Find Their Way to Our Executive's Office.

ONE MAN DEMANDS BLOOD.

An Eccentric Lady Says She Loves General Beaver but Cannot Consent to Become His Bride.

PLENTY OF DEBTS TO BE COLLECTED.

Some Want Judges and Jurors Jailed and Others Are Poetically Inclined.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.]

HARRISBURG, September 6.—There are some phases of a Governor's life which no private citizen would be inclined to enjoy. The price paid for Gubernatorial honors is high after all. Despite the boasted intelligence of the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, there is a superbundance of superstition and ignorance. There are as many cranks to the squareinch in this State as in any other; many of these cranks are almost destitute of education, some of them manage to get up illy-spelled, illy-punctuated and illy-capitalized letters and these they send to the Governor. They hold the State's Chief Executive solely responsible for all the calamities to which flesh is heir.

The dense ignorance of ordinary affairs which is revealed in some of these letters sent to Governor Beaver is simply appalling. There are men who call him sternly to account for every conceivable disaster from the burning of the baby's finger to an earthquake. The number of cranks seems on the whole to be increasing. This is not a sunny outlook for aspiring candidates to Gubernatorial and Presidential honors.

BEAVER DOESN'T SEE ALL.

Fortunately, however, Governor Beaver is not forced to read all of the letters sent him. Private Secretary George Pearson and Executive Clerk Major John Lockhart relieve him of this onerous duty and answer the letters in his name. Of course, all important epistles are handed to the Governor that they may receive his personal attention and investigation, but the begging letters and others of the same caliber never meet his eye. It is a fact, however, though not generally known, that every letter sent the Governor, albeit it is a begging effusion, receives a prompt and courteous answer.

A large number of these letters are from inmates of insane asylums or from persons whose proper abode is in such institutions. Often the inmates ask the Governor to remedy their fancied wrongs, and to dismiss certain of the attendants who have chanced to incur their displeasure. To pacify the patients the physicians allow these letters to be sent, although in many cases they themselves are denounced in the most uncompromising language. The letters only excite pity for the unfortunate senders. Numerous physicians have been speculating as to the probable occupation of Governor Beaver after the expiration of his term of office. None of them, however, have been as kind as one of these unhappy correspondents who invites him to spend several years in her asylum as her guest. The Governor's reply indicated that he had other plans on hand which would probably occupy the greater portion of his time and make acceptance impossible.

WANTS LAWS ABOLISHED.

Another person writes asking that certain laws of the State be abolished, and begging the Governor to see that the next Legislature carries out the request. The writer kindly concludes by saying: "This is purely for the sake of many poor that I write this. I will not sign my name, for if it does not meet your approval you will not fall under any obligation to notice this plea."

Most of the letters from women have not one but several postscripts, which is, of course, natural enough, but there is no explaining the occurrence of 13 postscripts in one letter written by a man.

Here is a blood curdling epistle:

BEAVER, April 21, 1890.

I want to tell you that I am a bitter enemy of yours. Right after the decision of the Somerset court on the Nicely case, you should have appointed their day at once. How does it come that you set the day for many others that committed crimes long since the Nicelys, and they have been executed weeks ago? Oh! yes, the Nicelys have money to pay their way through and some other criminals had no money, or enough at any rate. All right. Is it right, I ask is it just? Ask yourself the question! Ask Almighty God the question and see what He will say! I thought you were a man that would deal justice to all men, but you are not.

I am a friend of justice. I am not against the Nicelys more than any other criminals. I never saw the Nicely brothers, but I want to see our country rid of all injurious persons, criminals, etc. My life is in danger as well as yours and others when we allow such men to go free.

But I will not say any more now than this: If you get another chance to set the day for execution and don't do it at once, then I want you to get your coffin ready at once. And if the Nicelys go free and you are assassinated, your friends can say the most reason for it was the Nicelys case. Don't forget Garfield and Guiteau.

GIVES HIM THE MITTEN.

In striking contrast to this bloody effusion comes one written in red ink (typical of love) and in a woman's unmistakable chirography. Here it is:

HONORED SIR—Although the declaration of your affection has, I must confess, not been disagreeable to me, I am forced by circumstances, of which you are aware, to decline the happiness which I have no doubt would result from such a union. Being the only support of an aged and suffering father and sister, I consider it my holiest duty to abide by their sides as long as they live. Judge for yourself and I am sure you will not blame me. Under other circumstances I should willingly have walked with you through life a faithful helpmate. I esteem you and therefore the sacrifice I make is not an easy one. But my affection for my friends and liberty will not allow me to act differently and the consciousness of having performed a sacred duty will indemnify me. I remain with the highest respect,

W—— G——.

P. S.—Send one or two doctors to see me.

What reply was sent to this letter I cannot say, but as each epistle must, according to Governor Beaver's dictum, receive some kind of an answer, it is probable that the private secretary intimated that the Chief Executive of this State would humbly bow to the wisdom of the decision made by the fair writer.

Here is a brief excerpt from an 11-paged letter very closely written:

Mr. Governor, that was an awful time, but in 1866 I sold my coal land to Mr. S., and boarded him, his wife and two children, and he has not paid me to this day; not for the land, for which I have an eject entered in the docket; not for goods sold, work done; not for the boarding except that last year. He hired a lawyer, which paid me $400 on the board bill and on a store goods bill which he owed me.

Now, Mr. Governor, I request you, as the father of the citizens of the State, as a friend in politics, etc., and as I support you I want you to not refuse me that favor—to tell Mr. S.—— to settle with me and pay me all he owes me honest. I know, Mr. Governor, you have more influence by Mr. S.—— than any other man in the State.

A DIVORCED WIFE'S PLEA.

A letter from a woman contains a frantic appeal for aid, stating that her husband secured a divorce without her knowledge or consent, and calling upon Governor Beaver to annul it. Of begging letters there is no end. One man, who, during the last two administrations has become a familiar character to the habitues of the capitol, has for the past eight years sent a letter to the Governor about once in every ten days. Following is a verbatim copy of one of his epistles:

To the Governor of Pennsylvania:

DEAR SIR—I want my money and Wealth, Hundredths of Hundredths of Hundredths of Hundredths of Hundredths of Hundredths of Hundredths of Hundredths of Hundredths of Hundredths of Hundredths of Hundredths of vigillions of Dollars and dollars worth. I consider the Wealth of the whole Earth, the Wealth of all Nations Would belong to me if I had Justice. I would like very much to receive it. Nothing more at present.

A large number of notes are from petitioners who claim that certain judges and juries had been bribed to decide their cases adversely. The writers ask the Governor to imprison the judges and jurors and to reverse their decision in order "that justice may be done to suffering humanity." Following is a letter in this line:

"To the Governor of Pennsylvania:

"SIR—I have the queerest case on hand that has ever been known. I have been trying to get it fixitd a long time. They have been fighting about for it years. They could not get along with it. I tried the Judges of the Supreme Court. It appears it cannot be settled in court. They have a Constitution of the United States. The Constitution states that such cases can be fixed by appropriate legislation, which I think ought to be fixed in Washington. If this State is willing to have this case settled in Washington I think it ought to help to get it fixed right away. I have been a butting post for them in this county. They were breaking the Constitution all the time. They tried to put people against me and stop me from earning a living. They have got up a lot of reports and tried to make me live up to them. They have been at that game for the last ten years. I want you to get my case settled.

IRREPRESSIBLE POETS.

The amount of poetry poured in on the Gubernatorial office is simply appalling. One man, signing himself "King of Tramps," sends in periodic effusions something after this fashion:

DEAR GOVERNOR—Do the best you can with the enclosed.

If Don but would
In the late campaign,
He now as President could
Write out his name.

Nothing dared! nothing won!
A motto he ought to study;
1892 finds Cameron,
Through experience more ready.

P. S.—Timidity is beautiful in woman, but out of place in politics.

Some of the letters are so fearfully and wonderfully made that Secretary Pearson has to spend hours over them to get the slightest meaning out of them. It took him half a day to ascertain that one letter was from a boot and shoe maker, and that he wanted the Governor's order for a pair of shoes. The private secretary has need to be a thorough cosmopolitan, for he is called upon to read all languages, Dutch, Icelandic, Norwegian, Danish and even Russian.

Every letter that has been received at the Governor's office during the present administration is carefully perserved, and when Governor Beaver retires to the placid enjoyment of private citizenship, he will doubtless take with him his accumulated correspondence, and in his leisure moments he can find abundant opportunity for pleasure in perusing these unique documents.

MABEL CRONISE JONES.

TALKING IN VOLAPUK.

How Colonel Sprague's Address in the New Language Sounded.

Springfield Republican.]

The Volapuk Convention opened with an address in the new language by the President of the association, Colonel Charles E. Sprague, of New York. His listeners doubtless understood part of his remarks, for he was applauded two or three times, but to the majority of the people it was evident that understanding came only with difficulty. Now, how did the new invention sound? Well, there was a great prodominance of the European a and i (or ee) and of the long o. In every sentence each one of these vowels seemed to outnumber all the others put together. Consonants were obscure as Colonel Sprague spoke them, and it was noticeable that the sibillant s was very frequent. The letter l also seemed to be a hard-worked member of the Volapuk alphabet.

The pronunciation follows the French in having no accent. That is, Colonel Sprague talked with just about the same stress on each syllable, and I paid close attention to this feature of the flow of sound after noticing it. Lacking accent, volapuk lacks the force which is so strong a characteristic of English, and it also shows sadly the need of the virile consonants, which are the life of German.

Perhaps nothing better could be expected of an invented tongue, for the English and German are the result of genius and struggle, of wars and disputes, of orations and poems, of business sharpness and philosophical contemplation. They are alive. Volapuk is wooden and dead. That is the impression made upon me by hearing Colonel Sprague's address in his vernacular—no, not his nor anybody's. It was a convention of English-speaking people using neither their own vernacular nor that of any other people under heaven. It was just hashed-up Choctaw.

Colonel Sprague talked seriously, but his word-making had its humorous aspect. He was wonderfully proficient, and is to be praised highly for his ability to talk in that which has no dialect and no every-day vocabulary, and so is above the usual perils to translators. A delegate from the floor said something in volapuk in a labored way and soon struck into English. It was as if he had been stumbling across lots in a bog meadow and had come out into the traveled road again. He certainly seemed much relieved and got along much easier in English.

THE WHISKY CAVE.

One of the Popular Methods of Moonshiners to Avoid Detection.

Philadelphia Press.]

Perhaps the cleverest method of the moonshiner in avoiding detection is the cave system. In this the house of the moonshiner is placed on a hill not far from a precipitous and gloomy ravine or gully half way down the side of the ravine nearest the house, and if possible, adjacent to several large rocks. A cave 10 by 12 feet is excavated, provided a natural underground apartment does not exist. The dirt from this excavation is carried to a considerable distance, and is either thrown on a plowed field or otherwise carefully disposed of. The path is obliterated by sowing grass seed or scattering branches of trees across it here and there. In going to and from this subterraneous apartment, whose entrance is very small and hidden by rocks or shrubbery, different routes are chosen each day, so that no worn path from the house to the cave will be presented to the stranger or the curious.

There is no chimney or visible means of escape for the smoke from this subterraneous apartment. This is the most important part of the whole matter. Running from the cave to the house a distance perhaps of 200 yards is an underground chimney, made of stone for 25 feet or so from the cave, and composed of wood for the remainder. This is buried in a trench that rises constantly to the house, where the smoke finds exit through the regular chimney of the dwelling. It is necessary to keep fire burning in the house during the time that the fire is alight in the underground distillery.

A PHASE OF ANGLOMANIA.

Paris Youths Are Sending Their Linen to London to be Washed.

Boston Herald.]

Some of the golden youth of Paris, who are as smitten with Anglomania as some of us this side of the Atlantic are even sending their linen to be washed in London! That is more than New York swells have done as yet, but perhaps, when they learn it is considered chic to do so in Paris, washbaskets will be among the precious freight shipped on the ocean greyhounds.

An Affection Painted Her.

New York Weekly.]

Miss Mugg—I don't see how it is your sister failed to find me at the station. You said you would describe me to her.

Infatuated lover (who sees a good deal more in Miss Mugg than other folks can)—Yes. I told her to look for a beautiful girl, with the face of a Madonna and the form of a sylph. It's queer she missed you.

THE HAND-ME-DOWNS

Origin and Development of the Ready-Made Clothing Trade.

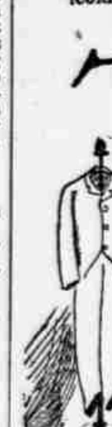
SAILORS' SUITS THE FIRST MADE.

How a Big Strike Drove the Industry From Boston Into Maine.

THE STYLES IN VOGUE SINCE 1840

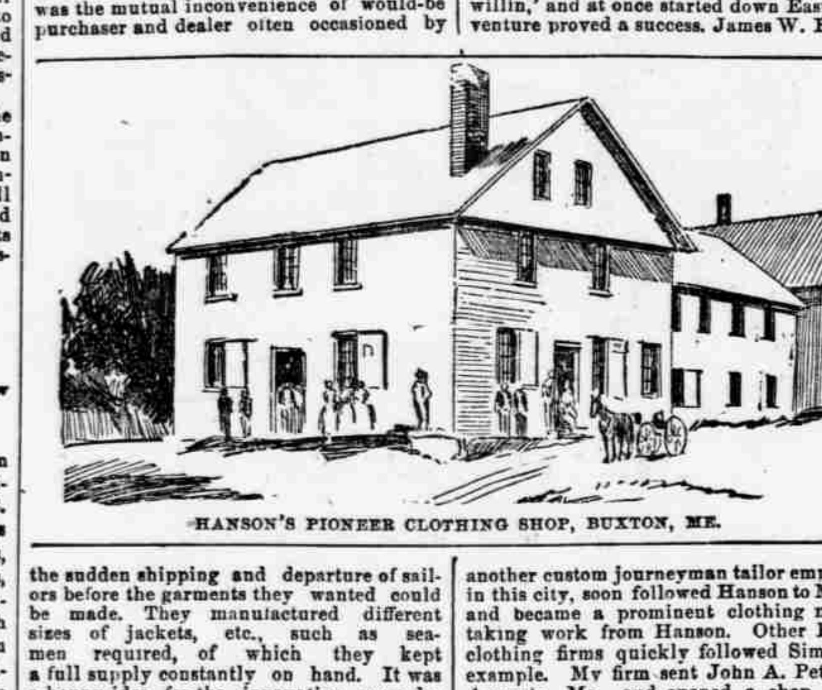
[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

BRIDGTON, ME., September 5.



THE origin and development of the ready-made clothing business, which, starting in Boston in 1840 with a yearly showing of only a few hundred dollars, has now reached a grand total of many millions, make a remarkable story. Boston's pioneer and veteran clothing men have the best information on the subject. Among them is the veteran Joseph D. Leland, 70 years of age, the head of the great wholesale house of Leland, Rice & Co.

"The start in the ready-made clothing business, said Mr. Leland, "was about 1840, —here in Boston. John Simmons and Andrew Carneigh, custom tailors and dealers in dry goods at the North End, conceived the idea of making up and keeping on hand, ready for use at a minute's notice, sailor's outfits. What prompted them to do this was the mutual inconvenience of would-be purchaser and dealer often occasioned by



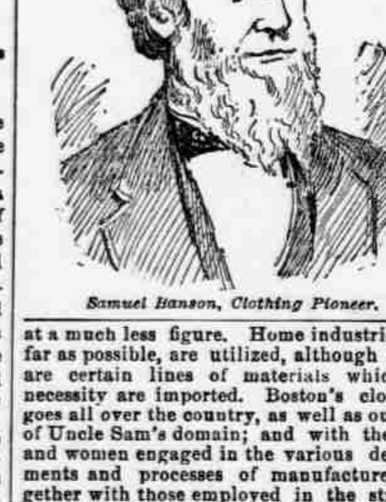
HANSON'S PIONEER CLOTHING SHOP, BUXTON, ME.

the sudden shipping and departure of sailors before the garments they wanted could be made. They manufactured different sizes of jackets, etc., such as seamen required, of which they kept a full supply constantly on hand. It was a happy idea, for the innovation proved a decided hit, and was productive of one of the greatest industries of the country.

GREEN BAIZE JACKETS.

"Other Boston firms were not slow to follow the example, and presently the new business developed to large proportions. From sailors' suits, the next step was the manufacture of citizens' garments, and we clothing men went to making green baize jackets, low-priced pants, as well as nice dress suits. Those green baize jackets were a famous thing in their day. The progress and development of the clothing business form a romance in real life. When fairly started and under way, the total amount of this business in Boston was about $1,000,000; now it must be upward of $25,000,000. The exact figures I cannot, of course, know; but put it as an approximate estimate. Your own State of Maine is a most important adjunct in the manufacture of Boston's clothing.

"As you well know, the manufacture of men's, boys' and youths' garments embraces within its scope every variety of clothing worn at the present day, from the cheapest to the most expensive. The 'beggar on horseback,' if he dismount and dispose of his horse for $12 or $14, may with the money array himself in a complete suit fit to wear to church, or any other public gathering. The millionaire may in ten minutes purchase and don a suit which in richness of material and elegance of make would render him presentable at the court of a king. In fact, all the leading firms employ the best of skilled labor, and strive to clothe the masses with goods as nearly as possible equal in quality and style to the custom made, and



Samuel Hanson, Clothing Pioneer.

at a much less figure. Home industries, so far as possible, are utilized, although there are certain lines of materials which of necessity are imported. Boston's clothing goes all over the country, as well as outside of Uncle Sam's domain; and with the men and women engaged in the various departments and processes of manufacture, together with those employed in the strictly mercantile branches, why, bless your stars, the army would in point of numbers throw that of Xerxes far into the shade.

FAIRLY ON ITS FEET.

"In 1846, which date I place as the time when the salework business was fairly on its legs, the wholesale clothiers of Boston embraced in their operations not only New England, but the Middle and Western States. Retailers from all portions of the country visited the city twice a year—in the spring and fall—for the purpose of laying in their stock for each ensuing season, filling the hotels and making things generally very active, not only in this line of goods, but in every branch of business, money being spent freely and adding much to the general benefit of the Commonwealth. There were then only three railroads centering in Boston and these had a very small mileage, so that the means of travel were limited, and some idea can therefore be formed of how little, comparatively, a traveling man could accomplish. To listen to the experience of the old travelers, who were on the road as far back as the forties, when the Great West beyond the Alleghenies was little known, has all the interest of romance.

"By the way," remarked Mr. Leland, "I hear that Sam Hanson, the pioneer in the Maine branch of the Boston business, is dead."

"He is," I replied. "Died a little over a year ago, at his home in Buxton, his native town. We Maine folks have a lively interest in the romance of Hanson's business life. How he came down from Boston, with his valise and a bundle of cut clothing so light that he could carry it with one hand; how he started the business in a room of his father's house and solicited the assistance of female seamstresses in the country round about; how the business soon grew to astonishing proportions, women for many miles around taking the garments to make, and bringing them to Hanson's headquarters, which soon required a larger building—and getting their pay.

TWO THOUSAND SEAMSTRESSES.

"Why, I am told by one of Hanson's old pressmen, Mr. E. M. Berry, now one of Bridgton's leading citizens, that at the time he pressed for him, in the fifties, there was not less than 2,000 women and girls doing work for him. Hanson's father was a tailor before him. Sam got rich in the business, and died respected by all. He was life-long a bachelor; a sister Miss Alice Hanson, and a brother, Charles, survive him, the latter, with a partner, continuing the clothing business in the same shop."

"Well, speaking of Sam Hanson, brings up at this point a peculiar chapter in our clothing history," observed Mr. Leland. "John Simmons was the first clothing jobber in Boston. He began in a small way on the site of the present Oak Hall, his wife tending the shop when he was out. Up to '48 the cutting and sewing was done entirely in Boston by journeymen tailors and families. But that year, 1848, was destined to mark a new era in the business, occasioned by a general strike of the tailors. The strike was long and determined, reaching such a pitch that sentinels were posted in front of the several stores. We clothing men were paying for work at the beginning of that strike higher prices than we have ever since paid. For instance, we were then paying $2 50 for coats of the same grade as those which we afterward got made for $1 25. The strike lasted three months, and caused much destitution among the tailors and their families. Mind you, all garments were made by hand in those days. The strikers, however, would not yield; neither would we, for we felt we were paying all the work was worth. But at the end of three months, lo! a new deal, destined to important results.

RESULT OF THE STRIKE.

"In John Simmons' back shop was a tailor from Buxton, Me., named Samuel Hanson, the historic character of whom you and I have spoken. Simmons asked Sam to go down into Maine, open a clothing shop and offer inducements to families thereabout to sew the garments. Sam, like Barkis, 'was willin,' and at once started down East. The venture proved a success. James W. Emery, another custom journeyman tailor employed in this city, soon followed Hanson to Maine, and became a prominent clothing maker, taking work from Hanson. Other Boston clothing firms quickly followed Simmons' example. My firm sent John A. Peters to Augusta, Me., and opened a shop there. Other concerns located men in Gorham, Winterport, Bath and other Maine towns and cities, and the journeymen strikers found themselves hoisted by their own petard.

"From that time to this the good old State of Maine has been a powerful factor, indeed, an indispensible ally to the vast clothing interests of Boston."

"I presume that the various styles in clothing which have been in vogue since you began to manufacture, if depicted, would make a unique, not to say amusing, art gallery?" I remarked.

FASHIONS OF THE PAST.

"I should say so," smilingly replied Mr. Leland, as he seemed to be looking down the long vista of the past. "I recollect that, about the year '48, the style run to swallow-tail coats, fancy vests and pants of fancy cassimere. That fashion had a big run. Since then every description of style that could be imagined has, in turn, come and gone. In '45 there was a big trade in cheap clothing sent to the South."

I bade the interesting, kind-hearted old gentleman good day, repaired to the establishment of another of Boston's veteran clothing men, Isaac Fenno, of Isaac Fenno & Co. Mr. Fenno, the head of the firm, is a native of Canton, Me., and has been in the clothing business nearly 40 years. Besides his great business responsibilities, he is a Park Commissioner, appointed by Mayor Hart. Although 66, he is as active and sprightly as an ordinary man of 50. Mr. Fenno smiled when I remarked that I had expected to find him an octogenarian, hobbling about with his cane.

"It is a popular fallacy," said Mr. Fenno, "that the fashion-plates such as are published by John G. Mitchell & Co., and other noted New York gents' fashion firms are the creations of experts in custom-made tailoring establishments. The fact is, however, that the men who get up these styles are connected with big wholesale clothing houses. The reason is plain: No custom tailor pays his head cutter such large salaries as do the leading clothing concerns. I mean no disparagement to the fine talents and skill of the 'custom' cutters, but don't you see that of necessity a concern which does a yearly business of hundreds of thousands of dollars must have the very best that money can bring. It is a position of grave responsibility. We pay the foreman of our cutting department a large salary—treble at least that paid by any custom tailor in Boston. One of the nobbiest tailors in Boston, George Randige, does all the cutting himself."

IT REQUIRES SKILL.

"In the large establishments not only is good cutting a sine qui non, but delicate tints and fine fabrics have to be continually matched or contrasted. In the processes of manufacture the goods are first carefully selected and matched, then sponged and steamed, to prevent subsequent shrinking, then passed to the cutting department, after which they are ready to be given out to be made up. Employment is given in this to thousands of women and girls in Boston and within a radius of 200 miles, while the amount of work done in Maine is almost incalculable. One man in Springvale, Me., makes for Boston parties upward of 200,000 garments a year.

"There is a constant tendency toward having more work done in shops, and correspondingly less in families, by reason of the lessening demand for the very lowest-priced grades of goods. Every leading house in this city, before placing its wares in stock, sees to it that each garment is carefully examined as to pockets, buttonholes, etc., as one of the most annoying features in clothing supplied by some houses is their unreliability in these respects."

A considerable number of Boston clothing houses were burned out in the great fire of '72. Most of them, however, rose from their ashes to assume even grander architectural and mercantile proportions.

CHARLES O. STICKNEY.

WILTED CUCUMBERS.

Latest Fad of the Epicures of the Hub of the Universe.

From the Boston Courier.]

Wilted cucumbers are one of the latest whims of the epicure. Peel a number of cucumbers, cut them in long thin strips lengthwise, throw them in a pan of cold water in which a handful of salt has been cast, and let them remain for at least an hour. Take them out and lay them in a dry, coarse towel and wring them thoroughly in the towel so as to extract all moisture. When taken from the towel they will be found limp and wilted. Serve them at once on the table. They are eaten like celery with a little salt, and are said to be less injurious served in this way than in any other. They are certainly very delicious.

A FAMOUS BLACK MAN

Meg's Running Description of a Call Upon Mr. Fred. Douglass.

NO SHAM HOSPITALITY THERE.

Good Words for Pittsburg and a Very Pleasant Time Generally.

BACK TO HAYTI IN THIRTY DAYS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

WASHINGTON, September 6.—If you have never met our present Minister to Hayti, the Hon. Frederick Douglass, there is a greater pleasure in the future for you than you can ever be made to believe; that is if you meet with the same reception accorded a gentleman from Pittsburg's neighboring crematory town, Little Washington, and the writer when we presented ourselves a few days ago at the door of "Cedar Hill" cottage, where dwells this grand black man of whom it may truthfully be said he is both a scholar and a gentleman. While we were parleying who should deliver the "opening address," Mr. Douglass himself answered our ring, wearing his most forbidding countenance, put on probably to intimidate a reporter, as if such a thing could be done.

This unexpected answering of the bell himself completely routed our cut and dried introductory words, and we might have been left standing until this time had we failed to stammer the random announcement that we were admirers from Pittsburg. Magic thought! Our open sesame! For the screen door flew back, the "broad Atlantic of his countenance" glowed a welcome and colored with sincerity the invitation to step in, and the assurance that Pittsburg friends were particularly welcome.

"A great city that and filled with great people. Forty-seven years since I made my first speech out there," whereupon we suggested 47 years was a long time ago, and that speech making must have set in early, to which he replied: "Ah, my dear, I was an old speech maker at that time," and then added humorously, "and I am still an old speech maker."

A RAMBLING TALK.

After discussing Pittsburg, her commercial interests, industries, "large hearted, broad minded people," and expressing a desire to again visit out there and "more intelligently," the conversation turned to Little Washington with her gas, oil, the institution which has graduated so many notable men, and of course the crematory. Speaking of Dr. LeMoyne, with whom he had a personal acquaintance, he said: "He was a grand man—a friend to the living and a friend to the dead."

Then followed the natural query in regard to our impressions of this capitol city, and in giving our own we secured his, which were to the effect that, after having traveled pretty nearly all over the world, making a study of its principal cities, he decided Washington might fitly be called the Queen City of the universe; that it afforded the most and best opportunities of whatever kind desired; that, while it had by no means the most magnificent residences, it had the most home-like houses. Here we interposed that a house did not always make a home. The hidden meaning was instantly grasped by his alert mind, and he made answer: "Oh, the skeleton! Everywhere the skeleton; and if not the peace-disturbing rattle of dry bones, then the——," here a pause, when the skeleton's shadow was suggested as the probable idea, when he replied: "Yes, the shadow, the ghost, the something, that always exists to prevent perfect happiness."

Here my friend thought it apropos to relate a fragment of conversation held while en route to Cedar Hill, when I had remarked I was rarely ever dispirited, out of sorts with myself and the world. But when such paroxysms of discontent occurred I said I always held a mental committee meeting, called myself to order, reviewed my list of acquaintances and tried to decide with whom I wanted to exchange places, after which I was always glad I was myself and no one else and took on a new lease of contentment.

LIVELY AS A YOUNGSTER.

This childishly egotistical idea seemed to amuse Mr. Douglass, and I wish you could have seen the almost youthful alacrity with which he sprang from his chair and crossed the floor to my side, saying as he came: "Well, well; I have been searching for you these many years, and now I must have a better look at you. Turn your face to the light, so," then doubtfully, "Yes, your face is a happy one;" but to my, "don't you believe in me?" he replied: "Yes, as much as one Christian can believe in another, but Mrs. Douglass must see you."

Were ever mortals in such luck as were we then.

Stepping to the door just in time to arrest his wife's flight through the hall. "Helen, just come here, I want to introduce you to a contented woman and she is from Pittsburg. You remember Pittsburg, Helen!"

"Yes, Mr. Douglass, I remember Pittsburg and I shall remember this lady. Glad you have found her. You have been looking for her a long while."

This corroboration of his statement seemed to delight Mr. Douglass and he laughed heartily—a laugh no more comparable to the guffah so natural to the uncultivated of his race than the strains upon an æolean harp to the sounds produced by a horsefiddle. You who have heard him speak cannot have forgotten his well modulated voice, now he seems to talk all over his throat, playing upon well tuned vocal cords with as much skill as does a practical musician upon the strings of an instrument. Nor can you have forgotten his expressive face with its halo of white, bushy hair; nor the large figure, tall, broad and erect; nor the courtly carriage; nor yet the manners that would do credit to a Chesterfield.

THE LADY OF THE HOUSE.

But this deferential white woman by his side, fewer of you have seen, and until you have been so privileged, you will probably hold to your own opinion in regard to her union with a colored man. In appearance she is among the last woman one could accuse of seeking notoriety. Of the average height, a slender youthful figure, very white skin, clear gray eyes, hair as black as the proverbial raven's wing, in which the silver threads have only recently began a contest for supremacy, and arranged in a bangless way as smoothly as natural waves will permit; in appearance not over 40. Seeing them together the marriage seemed less incongruous than we had imagined. Color lines were lost and I at least found it hard to realize this was the same couple I had thought should be obliged to spend their honeymoon at the end of a hemp string.

Mr. Douglass is an excellent story-teller and we were regaled with several. The wheel of conversation had turned back to the fourties and to the year it was prophisied the world would come to an end; and we were told how some one had tried to startle Philosopher Emmerson into at least a symptom of surprise by announcing the prediction; and how Emmerson with perfect unconcern replied: "Well, I don't know, but it is as well that it shall happen at that time." Theodore Parker being told the same thing made answer: "And what has that to do with me, I am from Boston!"

Up to this point Mr. Douglass had been, with characteristic deliberation, picking knots out of a string, and now holding it toward Mrs. Douglass, he said: "Now, Helen, to come back to every-day life, where are my trousers?" Mrs. Douglass laughingly inquired which pair? When he specified: "The last pair that did not fit;" and the string was to tie them up for the return trip to the tailors.

A SHOWER OF COMPLIMENTS.

I signified my willingness to make a search for the missing articles, when he jocosely said: "Oh, I don't suppose you would know what they were if you found them." I think I proved my intelligence on this subject by making flattering comment upon the fashionable pair of the shepherd's plaid variety he was wearing, as well as attending to the becoming gray frock coat and the successful tie of the gauzy butterfly bow at the collar, for which compliments I received measure for measure, and the revelation that in his susceptibility to female blandishments a man's a man for a' that and a' that, black or white.

And now we are invited to go through the lower floor of this comfortable home, built after the Southern idea of large rooms and wide halls. Dining room and drawing room are on one side of this first hall, in which hangs a life-sized portrait of President Lincoln. On the other side is a reception room—and here we were introduced to Mrs. Pitts, mother of Mrs. Douglass. In the center of this room stands a large, round table, beautifully inlaid, which we were told was once the property of "my friend Charles Sumner." Back of this is the coziest study imaginable containing a goodly array of books; leather covered furniture and a desk, whereon I supposed lectures and speeches grow. But I was told that I missed my guess and as an earnest of the pleasure this call had afforded them he would take us to where the "lectures grew;" but first would we please write our names in their "Guest Book," wherein the morbidly curious caller was never invited subscribe himself. I confess to being painfully aware at this moment that my conscience was still alive and vigorous enough to make its presence felt.

And now would we please go through the orchard to the brow of the hill and where we could have the finest view of Washington that could be had anywhere, and this proved literally true.

IN THE THINK-SHOP.

Now for the climax, or rather for the think-shop—a one-time smoke house now sealed with oak, carpeted, furnished with an easy chair and a tall desk, at which Mr. Douglass informed us he stood to do his writing, sitting once in awhile in the easy chair to rest and muse. There was, too, a quaint open fireplace with wood laid ready for the match should it be necessary. Mr. Douglass and I entered this retreat slightly in advance of Mrs. Douglass and my friend, who were humorously bantered by him upon the persistency with which they kept us in sight and their haste to enter after us, to which raillery his wife made ready repartee.

While expressing our admiration of their home and its surroundings we remarked they must dread the leave-taking, which we had been previously informed by Mr. Douglass must occur within 30 days, to which he replied for both that they did regret it; that they enjoyed the quiet here and that they were a little tired of the world they had so unintentionally and it seemed unpardonably offended a few years ago—this with a grimace and an aside at his wife which left no doubt as to the time referred to. At the allusion to that time Mrs. Douglass remarked it was more than six years since she came. "Yes," said Mr. Douglass, "in the flesh, but in the spirit she was here many years before. She always believed in Fred Douglass"—this with considerable emphasis on the word "believed."

We now began to make our adieus, but were escorted to the lawn limits by our new friends and followed with many kindly words of parting; and if we were not altogether sincere in our first expressions of admiration and friendship, we were in our last, and there is at least one more who believes in Fred Douglass.

MEG.

LIFE ON MARS.

One Could Jump Ten Feet High There and Would Lose Half His Weight

Philadelphia Times.

Discussion as to the possibility of life on Mars has been carried on among astronomers with much interest. If they could be sure that water exists there one of the prime conditions would be fulfilled, but even then the organism of the inhabitants would have to be very different from our town. Mars is so much smaller than the earth that the gravitation would be much less.

Suppose, for example, that you were suddenly transported to Mars. You would feel at first a buoyancy quite different from that you are accustomed to on the earth. You could climb stairs there—if they have such things—with one-half the exertion required here. If you can jump five feet high on the earth, on Mars you could jump ten feet high. If you weigh 110 pounds here, you would weigh 55 pounds there.

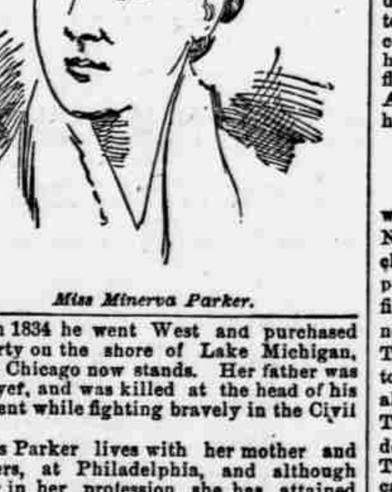
But you could hardly stand this great change in gravitation, for the circulation of the blood and the other movements that constitute life would no doubt be fatally deranged. Therefore, if Mars be an inhabited world like ours it is by a very different order of beings.

A LADY TO BUILD IT.

Miss Parker Is the Designer of the Queen Isabella Pavilion.

The only woman architect practicing in Philadelphia has achieved the distinction of being selected as designer of the Queen Isabella Pavilion in connection with the World's Fair at Chicago. Miss Minerva Parker is the fortunate young artist. She is about 22 years of age, and was born in Chicago. She went to Philadelphia in 1876. She made a special study of industrial art modeling, and she has been in active practice two years.

The young specialist comes from good old New England stock. Her grandfather, Seth A. Doane, was a well-known ship designer and architect in Boston,



Miss Minerva Parker.

and in 1834 he went West and purchased property on the shore of Lake Michigan, where Chicago now stands. Her father was a lawyer, and was killed at the head of his regiment while fighting bravely in the Civil War.

Miss Parker lives with her mother and brothers, at Philadelphia, and although young in her profession she has attained considerable success. Home and domestic architecture is her specialty. The designs for Chicago which Miss Parker has been commissioned to draft are for an international club house, with a congress hall in connection with the proposed social headquarters for women in the fair grounds. Mrs. John A. Logan is one of the managers. It is to be called the Queen Isabella Pavilion, in honor of the consort of King Ferdinand, of Spain. History states that this Queen pawned her jewels to raise funds for Columbus' journey to discover America.

Miss Parker has only one lady rival in her profession, and she is Mrs. Louisa Bethune, of Rochester, N. Y., who was highly commended for a set of school plans exhibited at the last Paris Exposition.

He Saved the Milk.

Rockland (Me.) Courier-Gazette.]

There is always something to be thankful for, even when misfortune comes. An Aroostook man had a valuable cow killed by lightning the other day, and, according to the local paper, which conveys the information, "not ten minutes before the lightning struck her she had been milked by an elderly gentleman." He saved the milk, but it was a close call.

APPLYING A MAXIM.

Penny Wise, Pound Foolish in Profession, Trade and Home.

THOROUGHNESS IN AN EDUCATION,

Incompetents Sawing Bones and Striplings in the Pulpit.

SUPPLIES FOR THE FAMILY TABLE

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Public schools, seminaries, academies and educational institutions in general are opening their doors, letting in the sunlight and removing the accumulated cobwebs from the ceilings and walls. Vacation days are over, and with renewed energies and an accumulation of gray matter in the brain and vitality in the nerve cells, the youth of the nation is turning to books and slates, verbs and adverbs. This is well. But are there not thousands of young men and women, well able to reach into the, to them, unknown realms of higher education, who have decided to stop and take a short cut into some profession or business with only a superficial knowledge of the classics, a little daub of culture here, and a little shade of knowledge there?

Why is this thus? It is the result of a false ambition to be getting along in life. It is a mistake. A man was trying to cut wood by the road side. He made poor progress. A pedestrian said: "Why don't you sharpen your ax, neighbor? Your work would be easier and you could do it quicker."

"Oh," was the reply, "I have no time to fool away grinding the ax. I want to get this cord of wood cut."

That's just the way it is with the superficial scholar. A few more years, or possible months of study in school, would save him years of irksome labor, and a vast amount of humiliation in after life. A smattering of mathematics does not make a man a mathematician. A cursory knowledge of medicine does not qualify a man as a physician. A glimmering of theology does not create a theologian. A rapid reading of Aristotle, Macaulay, Seneca and Herbert Spencer never germinated a philosopher. And so on ad libitum.

* * *

The Impatient Young Doctor.

In many of our ordinary towns may be found a number of young physicians struggling for practice. They have listened to scores of lectures, have unstrung wire-jointed skeletons without number, and possibly have made themselves faint and sick over some stolen cadaver, but an over-anxious desire to practice medicine and gain a paying business has brought disaster, if not to themselves, at least to some of their unfortunate patients. Never until the judgment day (and possibly not then), will it be known how many untimely graves have been filled by malpractice or lack of knowledge on the part of new-fledged doctors.

Medical colleges are, some of them, too liberal with their degree of "M. D." A man may read medicine, and delve into anatomy and physiology until his eyesight is prematurely impaired, but he knows little about actual practice and correct diagnosis until he has had experience. A year or two in some well conducted hospital should be demanded of all men who presume to enter that profession, which, next to the gospel ministry, is the most sublime calling on earth. A really competent physician never or seldom waits long for recognition, but he who pushes himself into practice on the strength of his theoretic knowledge is "penny wise and pound foolish." He will possibly kill a good many people in learning to cure a few and bring a shadow of doubt and contempt upon the noble calling he has chosen. This would not matter so much if subjects could be selected for him to practice upon. There are men, and possibly a few women, who could be spared without much loss to the State and Nation, but they are not easily available for such a purpose.

* * *

Incompetency in the Pulpit.

The self same rule holds in regard to preaching. The insane cry for "young ministers" is responsible for a large number of inefficient students being launched into the arena of theological thought. Our Catholic brethren beat the Protestants here. They send no illiterate nincompoops into the pulpits of their church. There are unique men who can grasp knowledge and retain it without wading through the labyrinths of a long curriculum, but where there is one such there are a thousand whose skulls are so thick that learning has to be pounded in with the sledge hammer of labored endeavor. A young man must feel silly when the older members of the church he shepherds can give him pointers on Scripture truths. It is true of the ministry as of other professions, that a man never ceases to learn unless he is a fool, but a large degree of proficiency should be attained before he presumes to teach. An extra year preparing for work may draw deeply on a limited exchequer, but it is better to borrow a few hundred dollars to finish an education than to launch upon the uncertain seas of clerical life without a pretty thorough knowledge of the compass that is to guide the mind through the many mazes of ministerial labor.

Congregations are not what they were years ago. In any ordinary audience, even in the country, there will be found a few men of superior culture. To play the ignoramus before even this little minority is very humiliating. It is possible that a few members of the congregation may have deeper learning on many lines than the pastor, but along his own specific line he should certainly be the peer of all who listen to him. Don't be in a hurry, boys. Let the flimsy down of the upper lip thicken a little. A few slight wrinkles in the brow will not hurt.

* * *

A Little Strip of Earth.

But there are other ways of being "penny wise and pound foolish." I knew a case in New York State where two deacons in a church owned contiguous property. A dispute arose as to the dividing line. It was finally settled, all but two inches, and neither one of the men would give an inch. The land was practically valueless. The town was thinly settled, and each one had all the ground he needed for all purposes. These two men fought like cat and dog over this little strip of dirt. The pastor was called into council, and because he could not agree with either, both of them squeezed the poor little fellow almost to death. He had to resign. Church trial after church trial was held. The courts were appealed to, and public sentiment was divided between the two. Ill-feeling brooded over the village, and friend became estranged from friend. All this for a few inches of mother earth. Church life soured, pastor resigned, and the deuce to pay generally. Was not this "penny wise and pound foolish?"

Two neighbors lived together for many years in peace and harmony. Between them swung an unlatched gate with reversible hinges. The children played together, and there was a strong current of mutual esteem running through all their lives. The mothers spent many a pleasant hour gossiping in each other's houses. The fathers, being of the same mind politically, smoked their pipes together and picked flaws in the opposite party. Metaphorically speaking, when one itched the other scratched. The children began "sweet-hearting" as soon as the teens were reached. If the tomatoes were ripe in one patch first they were shared by the other. If one made an angel cake the other had a taste of it. If one had soup for dinner the other must sample it. And so it went, year in and year out. Edward Bellamy's ideal was almost carried out. There was a very close community of interests. But one dark day a shadow settled on this earthly elysium. The Browns decided to keep chickens. They had read about "money in chickens," and concluded to speculate. Fresh eggs were always acceptable, and a good fat hen was a luxury. No sooner said than done. The cackle of the hens and the crowing of the roosters awoke both families early in the morning. For a time all went well. But after a while the chicks began to trespass. The hens flew over the fence, and one fine morning the choicest plants in Jones' garden were scratched up, and the insides eaten out of the ripest tomatoes. That swinging gate was nailed tight. A coolness sprang up. Not to prolong the agony, suffice it to say that a feud of large porportions grew up between these two families, and they came to hate each other just as bitterly as ever did the houses of Montague and Capulet. What an altar on which to sacrifice the friendship of a lifetime? "Penny wise and pound foolish."

* * *

The Maxim in Finances.

I once heard tell of a father who was so penurious that he bribed his children to go to bed supperless by giving them each a penny. When they were asleep he silently stole into their bedrooms and robbed them of the money. Failing in this, he would say in the morning- "Who will give their penny to buy a red herring for breakfast? Hunger does not parley long, and so the youngsters unanimously invested in herring. It doesn't matter very much whether this is a literal fact or not, but he who pinches and tries to economize along this line is worse than "penny wise and pound foolish." He is villainous. Hundreds of fathers, whose homes are overrun with hungry children, spend more money upon themselves in feeding their carnal appetites than would supply a sufficiency of suitable food for those dependent upon them. There is a mighty howl through the land about eight hours a day being sufficient for a man to work, but is it not a fact that many a woman with a family hardly knows what rest is?

Man's work is from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done.

The beer bill of some workingmen at the end of the week is more than the bread and meat bill of the whole family. Restricting the appetites of boys and girls, and doling out to them insufficient provender saps a thousands springs, and mars the sweet harmony of nature. In this fair land, flowing with milk and honey, how sad it is that children must go hungry to bed. This when poverty makes it imperative. But when affluence or competence pinches the child either on the ground of economy or the false notions of dietary which some vegetarian or cereal cranks affect, it is "penny wise and pound foolish." Albumen is the most essential thing to build up brain, brawn and muscle. You do not find very much of it in rice pudding and corn mush. Let the youngsters have eggs, meat and milk, and don't skimp their poor little stomachs because some old granny of a doctor preaches the rigid and cold philosophy of dietetics as being that upon which the youth of the nation should be raised. And may God bless you all.

THE COUNTRY PARSON.

The Youthful Sage.

Washington Critic.]

"Johnny, you may give me the name of some wild flower," said the teacher in botany.

Johnny thought awhile, and then said: "Well, I reckon Injun meal comes about as near being wild flour as anything I know of."

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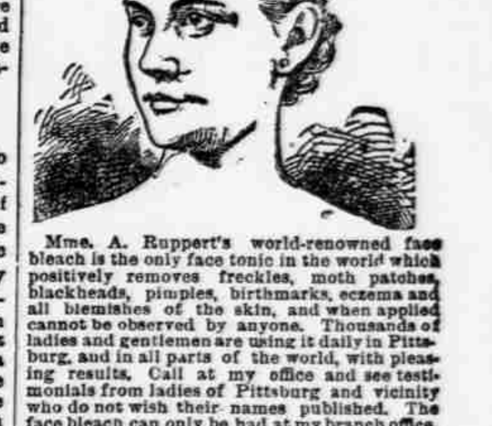

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