A LOVER'S WOE.

Miss Daisy Hampton.

possessor of two very striking things—a very considerable allowance of neck, and a

and he was to be my guest for the occasion.
It was good Mistress Betsey Bounce then,
who, from all description, seemed to suit

him most. So down he came to breakfast

neighbor. But, alas! my Cousin John Mor-

ris had no personal acquaintance with the dogs there, and ere he knew himself or any-

one could come to the rescue, they had atripped him of every earthly thing he had

NEVER SEEN AFTERWARD.

Into the house he was carried, and as fates would have it his would-be-father-in-

law's pantaloons were just six inches too short for him. But that was the only

refuge. Into them he got, was ushered into the august presen e of Mistress Bounce, and

then the curtain was arawn.
"An hour a terward he come slowly and

Thus the days flew in and out too quickly

And they were made the more agreeable to the old Colonel, and his guest too, by the

Colonel Preston's Home

presence of Miss Daisy Hampton, the charming daughter of General Wade Hamp

He is up into the upper seventies, the son of General Francis Preston, grandson of Gen-eral William Campbell and Elizabeth

Henry, sister of Patrick Henry; the brother of William C. Preston, of South Carolina, he who was one of that galaxy led by Clay, Calboun and Webster; he is the brother of

General John S. Preston; the brother-in-law of Governor James McDowell, the

brother-in-law of General Wade Hampton; the brother-in-law of Robert C. Breckin-rioge; the brother-in-law of General Edward Carrington; and himself Colonel Thomas L.

reston, the last of the old stock, none the

less worthy, though perhaps less celebrated, living here quietly among the shadows of the University of Virginia, dreaming, dreaming. WILMER WELLINGTON.

HOW WATCHES ARE MADE

Wonderful Machinery Tent Turns Out Many

M Hlone of Them Each Day.

The operation of making matches from a

pine log may be divided into four heads,

matches, box making, and filling. When

the timber is brought into the cutting room

of the factory it is seized upon by a gang of

men, who place it before a circular saw, where it is cut into blocks 15 inches long,

which is the length of seven matches. It is

ing lathe, where, by means of a special form of fixed cutting band running its entire length, a continuous tool, the thickness of

As the block revolves and decreases in

diameter the knife advances and a band of

veneer of uniform thickness is obtained. As

eight small knives, which cut it into seven separate bands, each the size of a match. By

this one operation seven long ribbons of wood,

each the length and thickness of a match,

are obtained. These are then broken into pieces six feet long, the knotty parts removed, and they are then fed into a machine which looks and acts like a straw chopper,

which cuts them into single mutches. The

machine cats 150 bands at the same time,

and a mechanical device pushes them forward the thickness of a match at each stroke of the cutter. This little machine, with its one sharp kuife, can cut over 10,000,000

matches a day.

From the cutting room the splints are

taken to the dry room, where they are placed in revolving drums, which absorb all the moisture the splints may contain. They are then placed under an ingeniously

constructed machine, and are caught up

and are placed closely, but at regular inter-vals, in a dipping frame. The heads of the

splints are all on the same level, and a single attendant at each machine can place

over 1,000,000 splints in the frame per day.

The dipping vat is a stove of masonry

which contains three square pans. The first pan is for heating the splints, so they will absorb she mixture; the second con-

will accord the mixture; the second contains molten paraffine, in which the points are dipped, and in the third they are coated with igniting composition. Over 8,000,000 matches can be dipped by a skillful workman in one day. After the dipping process the matches are dried while still in the

frames, and are then taken to the packing rooms, where they are put into the boxes by hand.

Nipping Him in the Bud.

"Ran neross a lake? Come, come, Blinks, don't lie so transparently."

lake up in-"

"Had a splendid time. I ran across a

Preparing the splints, dipping

The Woodworker.]

namely:

What success, my good cousin?' I

to his legs save one boot.

sadly up the yard at home.

rods, but I did not much care for his house its atmosphere. He heard me out to the end, and then smiled very wearily, but without contempt, for he is a man who un-derstands things. "Stay on," he said, "and see what this thing means. All you have talked about I have known since I took the bungalow. Stay on and wait. Tietjens has left me. Are you going too?"

I had seen him through one little affair connected with an idol that had brought me

to the doors of a lunatic asylum, and I had no desire to help him through further experiences. He was a man to whom unplearantnesses arrived as do dinners to ordinary people.

Therefore, I explained more clearly than

ever that I liked him immensely and would be happy to see him in the daytime; but that I didn't care to sleep under his root. This was after dinner, when Tietjens had gone out to lie in the veranda.
"'Pon my soul, I don't wonder," said
Strickland, with his eyes on the ceiling

thoth. "Look at that!"

The tails of two snakes were hanging between the cloth and the cornice of the wall. They threw long shadows in the lamplight. "If you are alraid of snakes, of course—"

said Strickland. 'I hate and fear snakes, because if you look into the eyes of any snake you will see that it knows all and more of the mystery of man's fall, and that it feels all the contempt that the devil felt when Adam was evicted from Eden. Besides which its bite is gen-"You ought to get your thatch over-hauled," I said. "Give me a masheer rod and we'll poke 'em down."

and we'll pake 'em down."
"They'll hide among the roof beams,"
said Strickland. "I can't stand snakes
overhead. I'm going up. If I shake 'em
down stand by with a cleaning rod and reak their backs."

I was not anxious to assist Strickland in his work, but I took the leading rod and waited in the dining room, while Strickland brought a gardener's ladder from the veranda and set it against the side of the room. The snake tails drew themselves up and disap-peared. We could hear the dry rushing scuttle of long bodies running over the baggy cloth. Strickland took a lamp with im, while I tried to make clear the danger of hunting roof snakes between a ceiling cloth and a thatch; apart from the deteriora-tion of property caused by ripping out cul-

"Nonsense!" said Strickland. "They're Somewhal said Strickland. They feel sure to hide near the walls by the cloth. The bricks are too cold for 'em, and the heat of the room is just what they like." He put his hand to the corner of the cloth and ripped the cotton stuff from the cornice. It gave with a great sound of tearing, and Strickiand put his head through the opening into the dark of the angle of the roof beams. I set my teeth and litted the loading rod, for I had not the least knowledge of what might descend.

said Strickland, and his voice rolled and rumbled in the root. "There's room for another set of rooms up here, and, by Jove, some one is occupying 'em.'

"Snakes?" I said down below.

"No. It's a outfalo. Hand me up the two first joints of a masheer rod and I'll prod it. It's lying on the main beam." I handed up the rod. "What n uest for owls and serpents. No

wonder the snakes live here," said Strick-land, climbing further into the roof. I could see his elbow thrusting with the rod. 'Come out of that, whoever you are! Heads below there! It's tottering!"

I saw the ceiling cloth nearly in the cen-

ter of the room bag with a snape that was pressing it downward and downward toward the lighted lamps on the table. I snatched a lamp out of danger and stood back. Then the cloth ripped out from the walls, tore, split, swayed and shot down upon the table something that I dared not look at till Strickland had slid down the ladder and was standing by my side.

He did not say much, being a man of few

words, but he picked up the loose end of the tablecloth and threw it over the thing on the table It strikes me," said he, pulling down

the lamp, "our friend Imray has come back.
Oh! you would, would you?"
There was a movement under the cloth, was sufficiently sick to make no remarks

Strickland meditated and helped himself to drinks liberally. The thing under the cloth made no more signs of life. "It is Imray?" I suid.

Strickland turned back the cloth for moment and looked. "Is it Imray?" he said, "and his throat is cut from ear to eur."

Then we spoke both together and to ourselves, "That's why he whispered about the Tietiens in the garden began to bay furi-

open the dining room door.

She sauffed and was still. The broken and intered ceiling cloth hung down almost to the level of the table and there was hardly room to move away from the discovery. Then Tietjeus came in and sat down; her teeth bared under her lip and her forepaws

planted. She looked at Strickland. "It's a bad business, old lady," said he. "Men don't go up into the roofs of their bungalows to die, and they don't fasten up the ceiling cloth behind 'em. Let's think

"Let's think it out somewhere else," l "Excellent idea! Turn the lamps out.

We'll get into my room."
I did not turn the lamps out. I went into Strickland's room first and allowed him to make the darkness. Then he followed me and we lit tobacco and thought. Strickland did the thinking. I smoked furiously, because I was afraid. 'Imray is back," said Strickland.

"The question is-who killed Imray? Don't talk, I have a notion of my own, When I took this bungalow I took most of Imray's servants. Imray was guileless and inoffensive, wasn't he?" I agreed, though the heap under the cloth looked neither one thing nor the other, "If I call all the servants they will stand fast in a crowd and lie like Aryans. What

do you suggest?" 'Call 'em in one by one," I said. "They'll run away and give the news to all their fellows," said Strickland. "We must segregate 'em. Do you support your servant knows anything about it?" "He may, for aught I know; but I don't think it's likely. He has only been here two or three days," I auswered. "What's

"I can't quite tell. How the dickens did the man get the wrong side of the ceiling; There was a heavy coughing outside

Stricklaud's bedroom door. This showed that Bahadur Khan, his body servant, had waked from sleep and wished to put Strick-

"Come in," said Strickland, "It is a very

warm night, isn't it?" Bahadur Khan, a great, gre en turbaned Bahadur Khan, a great, green turbaned six-oot Mohammedan, said that it was a very warm night, but that there was more rain pending, which by His Honor's favor would bring relief to the country.

"It will be so if God pleases," said Strickland, tugging off his boots, "It is in my mind, Bahadur Khan, that I have worked that a proposelessly for many decempage since

ther remorselessly for many da ys-ever since that time when thou first carnest into my service. What time v as that ?"

"Has the heave" born to rgotten? It was when Imray Sar to went see retly to Europe without warn ng given, and I -even I -rame into the hor ored service of the protector of

"Ar a Imray Sahib went to Europe?" at is so said among the servants."
"And then wilt take service with him

when he returns?" "Assuredly, Sahib. He was a good master and cherished his dependents."
"That is true. I am very tired, but I go buck shooting to-morrow. Give me the little rifle that I use for bisck buck; it is in

the ease yonder." The man stooped over the case, handed barrels, stock and fore end to Strickland, who fitted them together. Yawning dolefully, then he reached down to the gun case, took a solid drawn cartridge and slipped it into the breech of the ,360 express, "And Imray Sahib has gone to Europe secretivi That is very strange, Bahadur Khan, is it not?"

"What do I know of the ways of the white man. Heaven born? Very little, truly. But thou shalt know ore. It has reached me that Imray Sahib has returned from his so long Journeyings, and that even now he lies in the next room, waiting his servant."

"Sahib!"

The lamplight slid along the barrels of the rific as they leveled themselves against Bahadur Khan's broad breast "Go, then, and look!" said Strickland. "Take a lamp. Thy master is tired and he waits. Go!"

The man picked up a lamp and went into the dining room, Strickland following and almost pushing him with the muzzle of the rifle. He looked for a moment at the black depths behind the ceiling cloth; at the careass of the mangled snake under foot, and last, a gray glaze settling on his face, at the thing under the table cloth. "Hast thou seen?" said Strickland, after

"I have seen. I am clay in the white man's hands. What does the Presence do?" "Hang thee within the month! What

"For killing him? Nay, Sahib, consider. Walking among us, his servants, he cast his eyes upon my child, who was 4 years old. Him he newitched, and in ten days he died of the lever. My child!" "What said Imray Sahrb?" "He said he was a handsome child, and

patted him on the head; wherefore my child died. Wherefore I killed Imray Sahib in the twilight, when he had come back from office, and was sleeping. The Heaven born knows all things. I am the servant of the

Heaven born."
Strickland looked at me above the rifle and said, in the vernacular, "Thou art witness to this saying. He has killed." Bahadur Khan stood ashen gray in the light of the one lamp. The need for justifi-cation came upon him very swiftly. "I am trapped," he said, "but the offense was that man's. He east an evil eye upon my child, and I killed and hid him. Only such as are served by devils," he glared at Tietjens, crouched stolidly before him, "only such could know what I did."

"It was elever. But thou shouldst have lashed him to the beam with a rope. Now, thou thyself wilt hang to a rope. Orderly! A drowsy policeman answered Strick land's call. He was followed by another and Tietjens sat still.

"Take him to the station," said Strickland, "There is a case toward,"
"Do I hang, then?" said Bahadur Khan
making no attempt to escape, and keeping his eves on the ground. "If the sun shines or the water runs thou wilt hang," said Strickland.

Bahadur stepped back one pace, quiv ered and stood still. The two poli waited further orders. "Go!" said Strickland. "Nay; but I go very swiftly," said Baha-

dur Khan. "Look! I am even now a dead He lifted his foot, and to the little too there clung the head of the halt-killed

snake, firm fixed in the agony of death.
"I come of land holding stock," said
Bahadur Khan, rocking where he stood.
"It were a disgrace to me to go to the public scaffold, therefore I take this way. Be it remembered that the Sahib's shirts are correctly enumerated; and that there is an extra piece of soap in his wash basin. My child was bewitched, and I slew the wizard. Why should you seek to slay me? My honor is saved, and—and—I die." At the end of an hour he died as they die who are bitten by the little karnit, and the policemen bore him and the thing under the

tablecloth to their appointed places. They were needed to make clear the disappear ance of Imray.
"This," said Strickland, very calmly, as he climbed into bed, "is called the nine-teenth century. Did you hear what that

mnn said?" heard," I answered, "Imray made a mistake." "Simply and solely through not knowing the nature and the coincidence of a little seasonable fever. Behadur Khan has been

with him for four years."

I shuddered. My own servant had been with me for exactly that length of time.

When I went over to my own room I found and a little snake wriggled out, to be back broken by the butt of the manseer rod. I him waiting, impassive as the copper head. on a penny, to pull off my boots. "What has befullen Bahadu

"He was bitten by a snake and died; the rest the Sahib knows," was the answer.
"And how much of this matter hast tho

"As much as might be gathered from one coming in the twilight to seek satisfaction. Gently, Sahib. Let me pull off those

I had just settled to the sleep of exhaus tion when I heard Strickland shouting from his side of the house:

"Tietjens has come back to her room?"

And so she had. The great deerhound was couched on her own bedstead, on her own blanket, and in the next room the idle, empty ceiling cloth wagged light heartedly as it hailed on the table. THE END.

ANCIENT GOLD MINING.

Interesting Discoveries Throwing Light Upon the Antiquity of the Work. Pall Mall Budget]

The magic asscination of the idea of buried treasure is as strong to-day as ever it was. The Knight expedition, which was to recover the hidden treasures of Lima Cathedral, has come to nothing; but the shock will have no effect on the sanguine people who expect King Solomon's mines to be reopened in the heart of Africa and Mr. Rider Haggard to be translated into sober fact, Many theories more or less fanciful have from time to time been put forward concerning the celebrated treasures of Montezums, and their alleged hiding places have been as numerous as the birthplaces of the author of the Odyssey. According to the Mexican local press, a curious discovery has lately been made in the State of Chiapas, which, while, doing something to clear up the mystery, will also prove the immense

antiquity of gold mining in Mexico. F or a long time the superintendent of the great Santa Fe copper mine was perfectly satisfied that the mine was absolutely virgin since none of the immense masses of coppe ore cropping out in all directions showed the slightest trace of having been touched. True, there was one shallow hole near by, which, however, might easily have been sunk by some wandering prospector during the last few years. Lately, however, it was from the years. Linear, observe, it was found necessary to grade out a hillside, some 200 yards from the mine. The hill was densely wooded, but, after felling the timber and excavating two feet of black vogetable mold, traces of ancient workings were discovered, resulting in over 50 meters of an ancient dump being unearthed. This dump was found to contain blocks of ich gold-bearing copper ore thrown away as useless. The shatt of an old mine was also The whole workings appear to be entirely separate from the Santa Fe mine,

and in a lower formation.

Close following on this interesting discovery comes news from the Victoria mine, half a mile southwest of the Santa Fe. Here, also, there was not the slightest trace of any human being having worked on the mountain-not a dump, not a loose stone, and the groupd covered with immense forest trees. A tunnel was being driven to cross-cut the ore body, and had gone through over 70 feet of ore, when, suddenly, an ancient working was blasted into. Three small, broken grinding-stones, which might well have been used or maize, were found. The exploration of these old mines will be a most interesting work, and is expected by author ities to throw fresh light on the methods, as

well as the sources, of aucient gold mining. This rough simile describes the kidneys pret-ty accurately, or rather indicates their func-tion, which is to separate from the vital fluid, which passes through them, hurtful impurities. If their activity ceases they are liable to dis-cases which prove fatal. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters gives their action the requisite impulse without irritating them. They also benefit by its invigorating effects upon the system at large. Maiariat and nervous complaints, rheu-vanties and hillowness are subjugated by the

OF THE OLD REGIME.

Delightful Visit at the Home of Colonel Preston in Virginia.

Stories of an Unhappy Woodpecker and an Unfortunate Lover.

THE LAST OF A FAMOUS FAMILY.

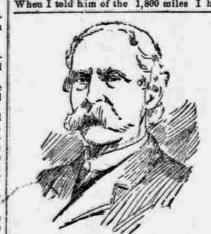
NAMES PROMINENT IN THE OLD SOUTH

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.) Up in a hayloft, down in beautiful Old Virginia, drinking in the dewy morning breath of uplands, stretching ones limbs after a night's sweet rest out upon the clover lately up from the meadows, watching the sun rise through the chinks of an old tottering barn-this is a taste at once delicious and keen-this is life, sweet old racient life. For the songs of birds then have a new rapture, a new meaning; even the brooks take on a sort of muffled car-rolling; and the sound that now and then tells where cattle rise and shake their bells, strikes upon the heart as on a golden gong, and all the old mad world seems meant for some sweet holi-

day. Then stretches of meadows sweet with hay, and memories of her who once raked them go hand and hand with our brightest ideas of a perfect summer day, and they lead us into a sort of labyrinth of living poetry, until like Mr. Stedman we call it a dream

and wander enchanted on: Somewhere on the sunny hill Or along the winding stream, Through the willows filts a dream, Flits, but shows a smiling face, Flees, but with so quaint a grace, None can chose to stay at home, All must follow, all must roam.

HAPPY IN THE SEVENTIES. And I followed on that early June morn-ing until I found myself at the home of an old man of sunny seventies, of genial hearty presence, quiet countenance and snowy locks, who had reached that period of lite which means only breakfast now, and rest, dinner next and rest and reverie, supper, and to bed and dreams, all within an area of 100 yards, day in and day out, years in But a change came quickly over him. When I teld him of the 1,800 miles I had



ridden horseback, of the beautiful country ridden horseback, of the beautiful country, and a night in a hayloft, his eyes fired, and the old love of things was supon him, again he could feel and live, and in that instant was a sudden resolution made. Not all would have made it at his period of life, but the next morning before sunrise, we were to start quietly away from the watchful care of an old man's natural protectors, saddle horses and away for the hills!

Then we had stolen away and were dashing through the country, early, very early,

ing through the country, early, very early, the next morning, and this is one of the stories which enlivened the way.

Have you ever heard an old Virginian tell a story? then listen:

A VIRGINIAN'S STORY "It had been my custom," said the pleas-

ant old man, "up to within the last few years to rise very early and go to the garden and delve in the cool damp earth. It gave me a pleasure which I cannot now convey

"And, one moment Colonel. Do you not attribute much of your good health and longevity to that sort of hygiene?"
"Well, I very certainly do. I have been accustomed to my bath every morning, and after that a small cup of breakfast tea and a cracker would do me until my hoeing was over and breakfast ready. But, as I was bout to say when you interrupted with your gracious inquiry, out in the center of the garden stood an old weather worn locust tree, which seemed to live for one especial purpose (for I don't know that it was of any account at all to us), and that to provide a home for one Mr. and Mrs. Woodpecker, about whom I discovered many peculiar things. There was as little sentiment between them as one could imagine between two people so much married as they. But you know perhaps that the most irritable condition of things exist in all the bird family while they are nesting. It was at this period of their domestic life that I feli

a watcher on the scene. HIS DOMESTIC TROUBLES. "The poor old mother bird after squatting all night on her tittle nest of eggs would be relieved just about the time of my appear-ance—that is, Mr. Woodpecker, stern and dignified in mieu, and loyal to the preju-dices of his sex, would take his sent upon the nest with the air of one going about a very disagreeable duty. Well, good Mistress Woodpecker was off foraging for breakfast. The old man would quickly grow uneasy. Not a half-hour would elapse before his neck would begin to bob in and out, and his ears turn attentively in every direction of the compass. Then he would shift about on the eggs—nasty, disagreeable things to sit on he would seem to say—and then turn and



General John S. Preston.

that, and then beneath him to see that all was right there. Again he would shift his position and twist his head almost off in the endeavor to hold his seat on the eggs and catch some glimpse of the return of his fair one, but alas! Mistress Woodpecker was neither to be seen nor heard. Now it got to be intolerable. Out he would hop on the limb, and with the peculiar upward motion of the head send forth that sharp cymballike quir-rk. Then listen; then quir-r-k again. But no answer. Then he would go savagely back to the nest, looking wild enough to tear things up generally.

AN IMPATIENT HUSBAND. Again he would shift his position. Again beat a long harsh branch-rel quir-rk! branch-re-rk!! quir-ruk!!! and then fairly scream so loud and impatient that all the country round would echo. At last the old woman would come meekly in, and with the exchange of burely a half dozen more quirrks—perhaps to tell her that he would not be back till night—the old rascal would be

off for the day.

Monticello was reached, or rather what is left of it, for it seems to be the one purpose of the present owner to let it go as much and as rapidly to rain as is possible within

THORNS IN THE ROSE.

21, 1890.

a short while. Then we would slowly down the mountain-side with the sounds of the just-stirring city of Charlottesville fleating up to us from beneath, and were at home to early breakfast after a ten-mile ride. Back from the University of Virginia about three miles is the reservoir which The Glitter of the Court of St. James Has Its Many Penalties. about three miles is the reservoir which feeds the city of Charlottesville. Thither then the next morning before sunrise we made our way, until suddenly there was a stretch of lake running around the hills very prettily. It was while flouting about over the lake, or reservoir, that the old generating the service of the service while the service while the service while the service which the service was a stretch of lake running around the service which the service was a stretch of the service which the service which the service was a stretch of the service which the service which the service was a stretch of the service which the service was a service was a service which the service was a service MINISTERS CAN'T PLEASE BOTH.

Too Democratic for England or Else Too leman suddenly gave vent to a hearty Snobbish for America.

"I was thinking," he said, "how much the woman with the milk pail we met on the road this morning reminded me of one MR. LINCOLN'S PECULIAR QUALITIES

of our good neighbors-Mistress Betsey Bounce, Mistress Betsey Bounce is the CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. LONDON, August 30 .- "We are looking see Robert Lincoln President of the United States next time," said a noted Englishman to me yesterday. He was speaking of the high position our present Minister has among this people, and making some criticisms upon the political conditions in our country. I was interested in his talk because it gave me another evidence of the fact that it is next to impossible to make the English mind understand that a President's son has no more chance in our game of life than a blacksmith's. I have often heard since I have been here that many Englishmen of prominence are looking forward to Minister Lincoln's advancement to the place his illustrious father once occupied.

As I looked at our representative to the Court of St. James this morning I couldn't but recall the wonderful change which has come to him within a very short time. Transferred from his law office in Chicago to the first court of the world, he met with a very tat purse, as well as many other fat things. Well, I had a cousin once, alas! a reception such as has rarely been accorded things. Well, I had a cousin once, alas! a kind-hearted fellow and an innocent, who had reached that period of a li'e of single blessedness when it seems no longer to be a blessing, and had suddenly concluded to take unto himself a wife. So up here he came to look after the girls of Albemarle, an American diplomat. In a country like this where accident of birth is regarded as of great moment, it seemed important to its citizens that he was the son of one of the greatest presidents of the United States, and they honored the son, not only for his own worth but for his father's fame—a double element of power under a monarchical condition where the idea does not prevail that all men are created free and equal.

him most. So down he came to breakfast one morning rigged out in his 'biled' shirt, finest linens and boots. We suspected him; therefore, in a lordly sort of way, he disclosed his intention, which I now blush to mention. It was to go straight to the stronghold of Mistress Bounce, notwithstanding the presence of so much neck, and take her, really take her, to him. Good as his word, like the crow flies, he posted across the fields to the yard of our neighbor. But alas! my Cousin John Mor-THE GLOOM OF MOURNING. Englishmen know little and care less for our politics or conditions unless they can make money out of them, and their impresmake money out of them, and their impression about Mr. Liucoln only found a toothold because he was a President's son and because he had grown popular since he reached London. But the gloom that the death of his son east over his life has stopped all social engagements, and business alone occupies his at ention. So his position is changed from a round of strong attractive combats with the highest intellects of England to the routine of what may readily be called a thankless place. The salary of \$17,000 a year will no more than support it, it economically conducted, and the official economically conducted, and the official

duties alone are anything but engaging.

Up to the moment of Mr. Lincoln's bereavement, his social life here was something delightful, and could it have con-tinued he would have been one of the most popular representatives we have ever had here, because he is already credited with that rare gift of keeping on good terms with Americans who have business with him and at the same time filling his place in court life. So far he seems to have escaped much greeted him.
"But there was no response. He had never seen Mistress Betsey before and for of that criticism which Americans are al-most certain to visit upon our diplomatic representatives abroad whenever opporaught I know never afterward, for in 20 minutes he was off for the train."

tunity offers. EASY TO GIVE OFFENSE. The American Minister to the Court of St. James has to meet and greet the great tide of travel from the United States as it lands on English shores. The average citi-zen of our great country is wont to look upon its diplomatic representatives as not only protectors of their persons and property but as purveyors to their wants and whims, Therefore it takes a very careful and patient man to deal with the ebb and flow of American travel without becoming unpopular with it, and in some way affecting his standing with the government to which he is accredited. The siege on the Consul General's office is even greater than on the Minister's and a man who can ke

larity with his countrymen and do his duty in that position is indeed fortunate. At best the diplomatic representatives of the United States do not occupy very envious positions, because the country from which they come is not very highly regarded in determining the honors to be accorded to representatives of foreign Governments. Their position here must depend very much upon themselves, but if they please the English they are very apt to displease their own people. It is next to an impossibility for a person to act much with the English people without absorbing a great many of their characteristics and habits.

NO ONE EVER HURRIES It is so easy to be what our rushing peo-ple would call indolent, and so delightful to enjoy the high type of social life which is open to those holding official positions that one is very ready to forget to arise be-fore 9 or 10 o'clock and reach business about 11. No one is in a hurry here. The business of to-day is readily put off until tomorrow to make way for some social enjoy-ment that comes on in the evening. No foreign ambassador faces the exactions than an American official does. He is expected to be democratic with his countrymen and to meet the conditions of English life fully half way. It is exceedingly difficult for a man to do both, without falling between the two. Therefore, there has always been ers about the airs of the American diplomat, nttered without stopping to think of the changed conditions under which they are living here and the more than double de-

mands that are made upon them. The other evening at a private dinner party I engaged in conversation with an elderly gentleman, who appears to have known every foreign diplomat to this court for the past 30 years. I asked him about the different American Ministers, and judge

of my surprise when he said: THE ENGLISH IDEA. "Reverdy Johnson, so far as meeting the English idea of a diplomat, was by common consent in this country the leader. He was a very able and astute man. As a diner-out and an enjoyer of all the social graces, no man from the United States ever approached him. For an after-dinner conversation among strong men where the real diplomacy of nations is done, Mr. Johnson diplomacy of nations is done, Mr. Johnson surpassed any man your Government ever sent to this country. I do not know how he met the detail requirement of his position, but he was an ideal Minister from our standpoint. His name is more frequently mentioned to-day in important circles than any one of the old American representatives." "Was he more popular that General Schenck?" I asked.

"Mr. Schenck was an entirely different character. His habits of mind and desire turned him in a different direction. With a certain class he was quite popular, but he occupied no such position as Reverdy Johnson. He was recognized as a very able man, but was not regarded as exactly the kind of person to be popular in a country where so much depends upon the high class social inclinations of an official. recognized him as a typical American, rude, but full of intellectual resources. Without knowing anything about it I can imagine that he would be a very popular man with his own countrymen.

HOW LOWELL FARED. "James Russelt Lowell, I should have thought would have been very strong here,

I suggested.

'In many respects, yes. He was recog nized as a man of very superior intellectual attainments, and he had some social gi to of a high order. But he would hardly be regarded as a tar-seeing diplomat. He was entirely too sentimental. Poets always are. Yet Mr. Lowell was a credit to the United States, although I believe that many or his people were not pleased with his official conduct. I can quite understand how that could be true with a man of Lowell's intelectual and quiet tendencies. The average American seems to look upon his Minister as a sort of high class messenger boy to cater to whatever de-ires

Ligs' popular gallery, 10 and 12 Sixth street. Cabinet photos \$1 per dozen. Prompt

he may have or to attend to whatever busihe may have or to attend to whatever business he may have to transact. This is unjust to the diplomat in a double sense. In the Old World we have a very different idea of his duties. People look to him for broader things than looking after setails or spending his time about commonplace matters. A Minister who does that to the neglect of the higher duties of his office soon losses easts with the covernment to which he

Girl of Staten Island.

loses easte with the government to which he is accredited, and is apt not to help his repu-"The Minister sent to this country by Mr.

Cleveland is a strong man, but I have heard a good deal of complaint about him from America, but the truth is that I have IT PAYS BETTER AND IS HEALTHIER

heard more or less of this about all of them. Even Mr. Pierrepout, who was the very (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) soul of attention to the duties of his office, was not free from fault finding. Mr. Phelps was a high-class man, but could hardly be called a diplomat. In fact, it strikes me that you do not train men in your country for this position. Here we give them years of education with that end in view. How

his entire condition and go out into a new field, which the world has acknowledged, is beset with more snares than any other?
"I suppose that it is just burely possible that a long series of such experiments will occasionally throw a man to the surface who would naturally take to the intricacies of statecraft and draw himself up to his posi-tion. We would regard such experiments as exceedingly dangerous, and would never think of sending a man out to a foreign post without a long training. That is why the ing room, crowded together like cattle in a cattle car, banging and jamming at heavy wet clothes with irons that weigh 14 and 16 pounds each, tugging them back and British diplomatic service is the best in the FACTS IN THE CASE.

These opinions about American ministers are certainly interesting. Yet, my English critic, I think, overstates the caprices of countrymen. It is true that very many Americans who come here expect attentions from our diplomatic officers that they should never dream of because, as he truly said, they have higher duties to perform than looking after travelers from their native land. But a very large percentage of Americans never go near our legation, and as a general rule it is those who have little right to consideration who are most exact-ing and make the loudest growl about our representasives' conduct.
It is true that this condition of affairs

PHELPS AS A DIPLOMAT.

weakens somewhat the position of our diplomat with the people among whom they are living in an official capacity. It would be well for all Americans traveling in a foreign country, to remember that it is a good thing to have some respect for its customs and traditions. Don't abuse your Minister or consul because he blacks his boots and wears a dress suit occasionally. It is the mode of the society in which he is required to associate. Take your neals as they come to you through the life long habits of the people among whom you are traveling. FRANK A. BURE.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

Fragments of Valuable Information Historians Have Neglected. (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

It is said that the defense of the river crossing in front of Fredericksburg, Va., during the War of the Rebellion, was a notable and wonderful feat of arms, challenging anything that happened during the war. General Franklin, in plain view of the enemy, advanced in two lines against Jackson's front, marching in magnificent order, though his men were apparently doomed to destruction. No percepitble check could be observed in the advance, and the first line in good order entered the woods. Scarce thad it entered than a crash of musketry and the thunder of artillery told of a desperate con-flict, but it was of short duration. Soon masses of brave Union men were seen emerg-ing from the woods in retreat, in good order and very deliberately.

AFTER the retreat from Fredericksburg General Burnsider sent a flag of truce to General Lee, asking permission to send a detachment to bury our dead. The flag was carried by a Lieutenant Colonel and two soldiers, who waited in a boat for General Lee's answer. Of was delivered to the Lieutenant Colonel by a

was delivered to the Lieutenant Colonel by a staff officer of General Lee, who asked where Burnsides was. He answered: "Just up the hill across the riverunder an old persimmon tree awairing the dispatch."
"Tell him my name," said the Captain, "give my regards to the General and say to him that I thought he was 'too familiar with the surroundings of Fredericksburg to butt his brains out deliberately against our stone walls."
General Burnsides resplied: "Tell my old army friends on the other side that I am not responsible for the attack on Fredericksburg in the manner in which it was made; that I myself am under orders and am not more than a figure-head here," or words to that effect.

THE night of the day of the battle of Freqericksburg was a bitter cold one, the thermom-eter must have fallen to zero and the bodies of the slain froze fast to the ground.

On the 8th of November, 1862, General McClelian was removed from the command of the Army of the Potomac. General Couch the Army of the Potomac. General Couch writes thus briefly about the charges: "Just at dark I had dismounted, and, standing in the snow, was superintending the camp arrangements of my troops, when McClellan came up with his staff, accompanied by General Burnside. McClellan drew in his horse and the first thing be said was: 'Couch, I am relieved from the command of the army, and Burnside is my suppressor.'

thing he said was:
the command of the army, and Burnside is my
successor.
"I stepped up to him, took hold of his hand,
and said: "General McClellan, I am sorry for
it." Then, going around the head of his horse
to Burnside, I said: "General Burnside, I congratulate vou." Burnside heard what I said to
General McClellan; he turned away his head
and made a broad gesture as he exclaimed:
"Couch, don't say a word about it." On November 10, General McClellan took

leave of the army. General Fitz John Porter sent notes to the corps commanders, informing them that McClellan was going away, and suggested that they ride about with him. Such a scene as that leave-taking had never been known in our army. Men shed tears and there was great excitement among the troops, for the retiring commander was greatly admired. His troops and a majority of his generals would have followed him anywhere. PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S famous letter to Gen-

eral McCleilan, dated October 13, 1882, reads as follows: "My Dear Sir— You remember my speaking to you of what I called your overspeaking to you of what I called your over-cautiousness. Are you not over-cautious when you assume that you cannot do what the enemy is constantly doiny? Should you not claim to be at least his equal in prowess, and act upon the claim? Change posi-tions with the enemy, and think you not he would break your communication with Richmond within the next 24 hours. You dread his going into Pennsylvania; but if he does so in full force, he gives up his communi-cation to you absolutely, and you have nothing to do but to follow and ruin him. Exclusive of the water line, you are now nearor Richmond than the enemy is, by the route that you can and he must take. It is all easy if our troops march as well as the enemy, and it is unmanly to say they cannot do it. This letter is in no sense an order."

GENERAL HOOKER was placed in comman of the Army of the Potemac January 25, 1863. He had fine qualities as an officer, but not the weight of character to take charge of that weight of character to take charge of that army. Nevertheless, under his administration the army assumed wonderful vigor. President Lincoln, with his wife, spent a few days with Hooker. General Hooker gave a dinner party, at which all the corps commanders were presand also Mrs. Lincoln. The President would talk to the officers on the subject that was uppermost in his mind—how to get the better of the enemy, and his last injuction was:

"Gestlemen, in your next battle, put in all your men." your men."

Had this simple injunction been obeyed at the battle of Chancellorsville that battle would have been one to our credit, instead of a very disastrous defeat.

UNION SOLDIER.

It "poiled His Spitter. Detroit Free Press. 1

George Schmidt, a Brooklyn man, was mad at a Newark man, and so he wrote him: "When from your body your breath goes, on your grave will I spit." He was arrested under the postal laws and fined \$250, and his mouth has been so dry ever since that he couldn't even spit over his

VOLUNTARY SLAVERY

Gloomy Picture Drawn by a Factory

No Reason Why Such Girls Should Not Enter Domestic Service.

An American working girl presents a pathetic and pitiable account of the wrongs done to the 200 or 300 women employed in a dyeing establishment on Staten Island. They are slaves in every respect, as she makes out, save that they are not whipped. is it possible for a man who has spent his life in a limited circle in the practice of the law, or in merchandise to suddenly change "Think of it," she urges, "we come to work in the morning drenching wet, perhaps. That's all right. We can stand in our wet shoes and skirts until they are dry. There's not a spot two feet square where we could change our apparel, if we were able to. We may get cold, we may become crippled with rhenmatism. We dare not be late five minutes in the morning nor rest five minutes during the day. Ten hours, 12 hours, 14 hours a day, we women, and even little girls, stand on our feet in a nasty, steam-

> forth to the hot stove at the end of the long room, with never a moment of rest between. Not a girl in the place is well unless she has been there less than a month. The infirmary and the graveyard furnish the conclusion. MORE OF THE STORY.

> These hardships are further aggravated, as the story goes, by the fact that the fac-tory is located in a marshy and miasmal region, where air and water are about equally poisonous. The girls iron in the busy season from 7 A. M. until 10 P. M., with only intervals for meals. The rooms are overheated with the necessary stoves, no seats are provided of any sort, and the girls stand day in and day out ironing until the rough floor is worn into pathetic hollows by the tired and swollen feet. For this incessant and health-wrecking toil these girls receive 60 cents—and the more expert ones 83 cents—a day on which to board and clothe

themselves.

This picture, if not overdrawn, shows hardships that even slavery did not impose. When slaves were property and their work was valuable they were not subjected to such toil as would break down their health and make them a charge upon their mas-ters, rather than a source of income. The majority of Southern masters treated their slaves well, not in some cases perhaps so much from kindness as from the knowledge that overwork and poor living would unfit them for doing their best work, and thus destroy their value as paying property.

HARD TO BELIEVE. A valuable horse is well treated, and is not overdriven or overrun. A good cow is well housed, well fed and gently treated. But these poor working girls are enduring such hardships as would disgrace slave drivers or savages. Hearts must ache at the story of their wrongs. That such harsh taskmasters could be found among American men is something almost impossible to believe. That such dire oppression should be endured by American girls in this country seems incredible. In thus toiling beyond their strength amid such unhealthful surroundings it is not surprising that physical exhaustion follows, and that, as the re-port states, every old hand is afflicted with some trouble, and that every new one is bound to break down sooner or later under

But with all the shocking and sickening details in view, sympathy and indignation can hardly fail to be tempered somewhat by the evident fact that these poor mistake

girls accept these positions voluntarily, when good homes, good food, good wages, shorter hours are ever at their command in private PLENTY OF HOMES. Is it not true that they are sacrificing their comfort, their health, their lives to their pride? There are thousands of good

homes all over the country in which women are being broken down by overwork through lack or the help that these girls and others might give with mutual advantage to both. In domestic service no girl is overworked, or overdriven, or subjected to such odious oppression as are these whose woes have found publication in New York. And such is the demand or competent domestic help that they could have their choice of situations. It may be there are some woman tyrants in the households, but with scores of places open, these could easily be left to wrestle with their own pots and pans and difficulties until they were taught better

manners. A charitable organization was called upon to endeavor to secure better treatment, more consideration, shorter hours and more com-tortable environments for these poor girls, but without appreciable success. To these who know that it is in the power of every capable girl to repeal her own wrongs, to secure better wages and more comfortable quarters, these charitable people would have been more successful in efforts at lessening their hardships if they could have per-

suaded them to POCKET THEIR PRIDE and accept positions where they could si down when they felt like it down when they felt like it; where they were not watched by a hyena of a forewoman; where they were not fined for being five minutes late, or "docked" if their work was not up to par by a merci less, domineering manager; where their health would not be ruined by a strain of 14 hours daily in standing and using heavy hot irons, and where they would not be

poisoned by marsh missus and deficient ventilation and offensive odors. Domestic work has its trials and hardships, as all know, but we have yet to learn of any such discomfort, onerous enactment, or cruel oppression in such service as that of which these poor girls pathetically com-plain. They do not even have their evenings, since they work in the busy season, as they aver, until 10:30 P. M. Workshops, glass houses, eigar factories, drygoods stores and every business in which their labor can be utilized are thronged by girls and women who must work to support themselves. In perhaps many they are subjected not only to most arduous toil, but to arbi-trary taskmasters and insolent injustice. Their wages are low, their hours long, their complaints many, but since they voluntarily prefer such places to positions in fami-lies, things can hardly be so odious or intolerable as they are represented.

LOUISE ALCOTT'S EXAMPLE. Men teach and preach that "housekeep-ing is a woman's first natural duty," but these girls would rather suffer anything, i seems, in a factory than do housework for wages. They have a perfect right to such choice, and they call this independence, but it seems like foolish pride after all. They have an idea that they will lose caste if they work in a family rather than in a factory. But did Louise Alcott, who made hersel famous, whose friends were Emerson and Sunborn and Theodore Parker, and whose relatives were the Quincys and the Sewalls and others of aristocratic fame in Boston, lose caste when she went out to service as "second girl," including the washing, for \$2 a week? She was bound to help her family and support hersels independently, whether by going out to service or writing She says she liked plain sewing best, for while at it she could plan her stories, which she wrote out on Sunday, her only laisure

One of the great objections made by girls to working in families is that they annot have their evenings to themselves. This might very easily be arranged, if they would be as prompt in returning in the morning as they are in responding to the factory bell which warns them that if five late they will be fined.

'WAY DOWN IN DIXIE. In the South the servants all go home

when the evening work is done, and return bright and early in the morning. In their little cabin homes, where there may be only one room for the whole family, they enjoy themselves as they did in the old plantation days. This is their taste of freedom and only extra pay will induce them to forego it. But "Backward, turn backward, oh Time, is the discounter of the second of the in thy flight" is a vain prayer. It is no use talking of the old days, when the home was OVERWORKED IN BAD QUARTERS. the only sphere of women, and when they were perforce contented to do domestic

work The tendency of working women is away from domestic occupations. They are as deeply in earnest and as absolutely bent upon equal rights, independence and getting money as men were when they clamored so vigorously and successfully for the estab-lishment of Jeffersonian democracy. But they may find perhaps, as men have done, that being free and equal does not abolish poverty or make the cares of life less bur-densome. But nothing is mare evident at present than that working women propose to steer clear of the kitchen and housework generally. In no field of labor to-day is there more demand and less supply. A husband with board and clothes tempts many to engage in it, who would scorn to work out in domestic service. A capable woman, however, can make more money at such work than in almost any other trade.

ONE THAT'S INDEPENDENT.

We have such an one in mind who has nough money saved from her years in service to give her a comfortable living. She "lives out" now six or eight months in the year with high wages, and when she gets ired, or wants a holiday, she lives on

interest of her money, and, as she says, is "beholden to nobody."

The problem is pressing and must be solved before long. Housekeepers now are almost at their wits' end. Co-operation has been proposed and is being tried; bringing over Germans and Swedes is urged, but the law against alien labor would probably prove a snag; establishing a bureau to se-cure colored servants from the South has been talked of and seems feasible, if they could be trained. But the housekeeping trouble is about as bad in the South as it is in the North. Skilled service is what is wanted the world over, and such is as lacking among the inhabitants of the cabins away down South in Dixie as in the bogs of away down south in Dixie as in the bogs of Ireland, while the juli wages of competent hands are demanded by those who cannot make a decent cup of coffee, set a table, wash the dishes without chipping them or perform any other service capably.

THE OBJECTIONS URGED. Not long ago I saw in a paper a report of an interview with a factory girl on the sub-ject of domestic service. Her first objection was that girls did not like to be "bossed" by a woman. They pre'erred, it would seem, to be subjected to the arbitrary rule and sometimes insolent arrogance of a fore-man or manager, and "docked" or fined for the smallest infraction of rules. The next objection was they were not allowed to eat with the family. But why they should deem this an indignity or a hardship is not plain, since they do not expect to dine or tea with the proprietor of the factory, or mill, or store in which they may be employed. Do they not rather in such places sit down in a dirty room and eat their luncheons out of a bucket, or a dinner basket, or a brown paper? Another complaint was they were not allowed to entertain their company in the sitting room or the dining room of the family. Do they exact such privilege from the bosses of the factories, the mills, the glass houses, where they work?

However, there appears at present to be no way of solving this perplexing problem of housekeeping. If the working girls won't they won't, and there's the end on't. ing, and a way out of this slough of despond will doubtless be found in course of time. In the meantime it would be well for both mistress and maid to ponder over the lines of Pope:

What the weak head with strongest bias rules Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools. BESSIE BRAMBLE.

COCOANUT BUITER. It Will Not Do to Mix it With the Cow's

Product, but it is Good. A good deal has lately been heard of a new manufactured product of the cocoanut, which is known as cocoanut butter, and by some has been assumed to be a substitute tor butter, or an adulterant of the dairy produce. It is not a butter in any sense of the term, and its peculiar flavor and color precludes it being used as an adulterant. It really is nothing more or less than a vegetable lard, but having been recently largely employed by pastry cooks, has come to be spoken of as butter. It was first proluced by some chemists at Manubeim in Germany, where, after incurring the charges on the importation of the bulky raw mate-rial from the East, it can be made at half

the cost of butter.

Its more economic manufacture, however, has been undertaken in India, where the cocoanut is produced in such lavish abundance, and there a large demand has suddenly sprung up for the product. Being a purely vegetable at it can be used by the most serunulous Hindoo or prejudiced Mahomedan, the former of whom will not eat any animal fat, while the latter avoids the use of hog's lard. Latterly, several consignments of eccount butter have reached this country, and it is gradually becoming an article of commerce among us. It is well, therefore, that those who may purchase it should know that it is but one more of the already numerous products of that highly ornamental and useful tree, the cocoanut palm, which is such a blessing to the native

races of tropical climes that it has been firmed the gift of the gods.

SLAG AS A FERTILIZER.

A By-Product That Used to be a Nuisance Has Become Valuable. Basic slag, or the re use of blast furnaces. only some two or three years since was an article which was a source of the greatest annoyance to the makers of pig iron, says Kuhlow's Review, for as nobody would accept it as a gift it occupied most valuable land, and at the same time was a most unsightly heap. Since then it has become an article of value and of considerable commercial importance. It has been used for the making and repairing of roads, used as a building material instead of bricks and stone, made into capital cement, and in its molten state converted into bottles the same as ordinary glass. It has also been utilized for boilers and similar purposes, by first be-ing, by means of spray, blown so as to be quite like flake cotton—indeed it is known

as silicate of cotton. More recently still, owing to the ammonia and phosphorus contained in the sing, it has been found to be a most valuable fertilizer, to where it is produced. So great, indeed, has the demand for it been in the latter form that Messrs. H. and E. Albert are putting down a new mill at South Bank. Middlesbrough, for the purpose of grinding it into manure, although the firm are producing it at the rate of 1,300 tons per week. What is there that cannot be utilized nowadays for some beneficial purpose or other?

NOT EXPLICIT ENOUGH

Man Who Couldn't Understand a Sign Coto Mad About It. Free Press.]

It was a sign reading, "Paint." No one could mistake it for "express" or "to rent." It was tacked on the door, and one could read the words across the street. And yet a man walked up, read the sign, opened the door, and then blurted out: "Hang it! Look at that daub of paint on my sleevel' "But didn't you see the sign?" asked the

"O course I did." "Then you should have been careful."
"Careful! Careful! How did I know whether it meant you had paint to sell, or had painted your door! Blast you, air, it might mean paint on your root, for all I know!"