10

of fortune's hill and has fallen from the dizzy height, experiences much greate happiness when he has accumulated wealt for the second time, should he be so for tunate, than when he first became wealthy He then has the happiness of paying hi debts. The happiest moment of my life wa when I paid the last dividend on all prove claims against me and squared myself wit the world on the 17th of last November.

Nobody Thinks Himself Wealthy,

"Wealth does not bring happiness, for no one thinks himself wealthy." This was the reply of Anthony J. Drexel, the millionaire head of the well-known banking house of Drexel & Co., Philadelphia, and Drexel, Morgan & Co., New York. "No man can ever be so rich that there will not be others wealthier than he is, and the knowledge of that fact will make him feel poor no matter how great his possessions. A man's expenses usually bear the same ratio to his income whether he have \$1,000,000 or only \$5,000. Consequently he is no better off in the former case than in the latter.

"That there is practically no difference between what the world calls a poor man and a rich one, is well illustrated in the opera of 'Fatinitza.' A menial asks a gratuity of a Turkish Pasha, saying, 'I am a poor man of low station.' The Pasha, refusing his request, answers, 'and I am a poor man of high station-that is the only difference between us.""

They Keep On Making Money.

"Riches, like overything else in life, are all vanity and vexation of spirit," is the opinion of Russell Sage, who may justly be called the largest capitalist in New York because he constantly keeps on hand the largest cash balance. "Do you remember Inrgest cash balance, "Do you remember in Dickens' 'Pickwick Papers' how when Sam Weller requested Mr. Stiggins, the deputy sherift, to name his favorite 'com-pound,' the reverend gentleman replied, 'O my dear young friend, all compounds is wanity,' but, being pressed, said that he thought sweetened pincapple, rum and water savored less of 'wanity' than any other

"Well, it is a good deal the same with all the things of this world. They are all 'wanity,' but most of us think that moneygetting and money-having savor less of 'wanity' than anything else, and so we keep on making and hoarding till the end of

More Pleasure in Pursuit.

"I marvel that anyone should think happiness depended upon wealth." It was John W. Mackay who spoke-the bononza king. and father-in-law to an Italian Prince,"During my early struggle I was happier than I have been since. I enjoyed fighting poverty and hardship to win wealth. When a laborer in a New York shipyard, when swinging a pick and shovel as a miner, I was as happy as I can ever be. I had faith in and hope for the future, and when I began to realize that hope by working hard, saving my money and watching my opportunities, what a happiness I experienced-such a happitess as the possession of my subsequent fortune has failed to give me.

Money Nothing to De With It.

"Men are no happier when rich than when poor," said ex-Governor Alger, of Michigan, one of the wealthiest men in the Northwest, and a prospective Republican Presidental candidate. "How can they be? Do you think Bonner or Stanford any happier driving Maud S or Palo Alto than a \$15-a-week clerk hiring a livery stable horse and driving out with his best girl? Not a whit. For \$150 a poor man can own a horse that will give him just as much pleasure as a \$41,000 Sunol. There you have the whole thing in a nut shell."

Troubles of a Rich Man.

"If you had any idea of the many inconveniences of what the world calls wealthy you would never ask such a foolish question as 'Does wealth bring happiness?"" said Cyrus W. Field, the father of the Atlantic cable and a fifteen times millionaire. "First of all there are the begging letter-writers. Once let people think you are rich, and be-fore a year has passed you will have received from people you never heard of before re-

THEY FROZE HIM OUT.	labo the s
Farmer Hopkins Moves Into an Aristocratic Neighborhood.	Th fore lentl for i the i
GETS SNUBBED ON EVERY SIDE.	

Industrious Habits That Made Bim Obnexious to the Upper Ten.

FORCED TO GET OUT AT THE LAST

TWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE. Society in Bacillusville, L. I., is so exclusive that only the malaria can get into it. The wealth and fashion extend themselves along Greenlawn avenue, which is regarded as the finest street in the world by everybody who lives on it. And without doubt it is worthy of remark, for it is lined with handsome residences, whose owners look

ful and extensive grounds. The greatest vigilance is exercised by the elite to prevent any objectionable person from coming to live on Greenlawn avenue. It was by a "fluke," therefore, that a rusty

secured the magnificent residence and corner lot which Broker Lemuel Skinner had lacked the time to dispose of previous to taking the fast mail for Canada. Skinner had been one of the brightest ornaments of Greenlawn avenue, and his departure was the more regretted because not even extradition proceeding could bring him back.

There was nothing ornamental about Farmer Hopkins. Forty years spent in wresting vegetables from the unwilling bosom of Long Island had not given him those graces of language and bearing which had distinguished Skinner. Hopkins possessed such a dilapidated and melancholy exterio- that one might have doubted whether he could buy land enough at \$1 an acre to secure a comfortable burial. For that reason his negotiations were not suspected by the Greenlawn avenue people,

and he bought the place quietly for eash, before they were aware of his intentions. He could afford it, for a life of hard-fisted economy and an unexpected inheritance had made him rich.

surprise, and the first intimation of the true state of the case was derived from the sight of Alphonso in a suit of faded blue overalls sitting on the front steps of his residence loading a clay pipe with plug tobacco. The



and the two sides brown. Then Alph nixed his paints on the lawn; slung his lad-

ders and prepared for work. This fright/ull project broke the armed neutrality which had been observed hitherto by his new neighbors. Mr. Roche-Jones ventured to call with a remonstrance. He said: "Mr. Hopkins, up to this time

out through their mosquito bars upon beauti-

old codger like Farmer Alphonso Hopkins

Not a Very Ornamental Figure.

The Hopkins' took their new neighbors by

he ain't been more neighborly. Seems that he thought we'd be busy, havin' jest moved in, so he didn't want to trouble us." "No trouble at all, Mr. Jones, I'm sure," said Mrs. Hopkins, wiping her right hand gentle zephyrs of early May waited the smoke to the aristocratic nostrils of Mrs. a-been glad to see you or Mrs. Jones any Roche-Jones, mistress of the mansion on



A Neighborly Call. Alphonso's left, as she was preparing to enter her carriage for an afternoon drive. She turned and looked at Alphonso with

WANE OF PREJUDICE. ers employed by the town to care for nade trees along the highways. Couldn't Find Enough to Do. us he whiled away a few days, but be-long ennui attacked him again as vio-Progress in a Century in the Estir as if he had known the society name Then he painted his house. When mate Put on Woman's Work. for it. Then he painted his house. When the idea of doing this occurred to him, he accepted it as an inspiration. He occupied two days very pleasantly discussing with his wife the question whether to paint the house a reddish brown to remind them of the old homestead or a yellowish hue in memory of their late barn. It was finally

THE ABUSE OF FRANCES WILLARD is Not So Effective as That Which Was Heaped on Hannah More. decided to paint the back and front yellow

THE TWO WOMEN WERE MUCH ALIKE

WHITTEN FOR THE DISPATCELS The abuse heaped upon Miss Willard since the meeting of the Woman's Council in Washington by some of the brethern of the press and others would seem surprising

in these days, were it not remembered that nothing in the world is more stubborn and unreasonable than bigotry, prejudice, and superstition. Over 200 years ago Giordano Bruno, who was the forerunner of the philosophy of to-day, who upheld Copernicus and defended Luther, was burned at the stake for his opinions, and yet the old feeling against him is still so strong in some quarters that a manifesto against a statue to No people perhaps were ever more "sot" in their prejudices than the Puritans. Plymouth Rock itself was not more firmly founded than was their Calvinistic creed as to election unto salvation for the few, and predestination into eternal fire for the many. How far men will go in their obsti-nate perverseness and illiberality with regard to freedom of thought is shown by the horrible fact that, by and with the consent of those who professed the religion of love, 900,600 women were burned at the stake as witches. These are said to have been chiefly women who dared to think for themselves, who were in advance of their age, who were perhaps not so submissive and humble as they ought to have been, or who mayhap stood in the way of those younger and

handsomer

Still Room for Improvement.

But, though the prejudices which would go to such extremes are modified to-day, and the age is growing more liberal, there done you an injustice. Mother-" he called to Mrs. Hopkins, who appeared in the front hall at this moment-"here's Mr. are still men to be found to abuse women as unreasonably as did the austere and sour-Jones come over to see us and explain why minded pietists and stubborn bigots of centuries ago.

turies ago. The attacks upon Miss Willard to-day recall that famous old maid of Dr. John-son's time-Hannah More, "whose name is respiendent in English literature for exalted genius and devoted piety." Most men have the idea that women become old day. Tell her to come over and bring her sewin' work whenever she feels like it." maids because they cannot get a husband. They are called "misfits" and are repre-sented as bitter and ill-natured, and not at-Mr. Roche-Jones Couldn't Come at It. It was an unusual situation for Mr. tractive enough to capture the fancy of a Roche-Jones, but he endeavored to do his man. But not so with Hannah More. She duty by those whom he represented. He tried a dogen times to introduce the subject of paint or to hint at the practices by which became engaged to a lover named William Turner. After she had resigned her school and made all the preparations for her mar-riage, the wedding was delayed by the fickle Turner. A second delay followed at his request, and then Hannah treated him Hopkins had previously made himself obnoxious, but on every occasion he was internotions, but on every occasion he was inter-rupted by exclamations of sordiality, which were evidently inspired by the notion that he was apologizing for the coolness which had been shown the Hopkins family. He to a cold and final refusal. No regrets fol-lowed this broken match for "had she become Mrs. Turner, the world would have been deprived of the valuable services of Hannah More." Two other offers of marhad a strong suspicion that the Van Alpines and others were watching him from their windows; he was afraid Mrs. Horkins would riage she received, but they were declined. shake hands with him by main force; he So the reproach cannot be flung at this

saw one of the Misses Hopkins open the parlor window and sit down with her sister famous old maid that she could not get a husband. to play a plano duct, which was too evidently Hannah More in Literature

executed in his honor. He blushed for For her first published poem she received first time in some years, stammered a few ex-40 guineas, with the assurance from the pub-

THE N

Whad'ye Think the Critter Weighed ?

curses and fied. "Mother." said Farmer Hopkins, "I knew that if we showed our bringin' up by behavin' right to these folks, we could win lisher that if Goldsmith received more for his "Deserted Village" he would increase her pay to an equal amount. Her poem was a "fad" for a time, but that it was not equal I'm sorry I forgot to tell neighto Goldsmith's is shown by the fact that Hannah's work has suak into total obscurity, bor Jones that I expect to have enough o' this red paint left over to touch up his house a little, if so be as he should feel the need of a change.

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH, SUNDAY, MARCH 22, 1891.

and calumnies which are always the tribute of envy to eminence. **Opposition From the Churchmen**

determined opponents and strongest antag-onists among the church people, who prayed every Sunday to be delivered from envy and hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, would seem strange did we not remember how bitterly Brother Buckley, of the New York Advocate, fought against the ad-mission of Frances Willard as a delegate to the General Conference of the Methodis Church: how the Presbyterian brethren onposed Miss Smiley in her Bible readings, quarters that a manifesto against a struct of his memory was promulgated throughout the world. Still that his name should be ''the woman question'' is Brother Vincent, of Chautauqua, how fully persuaded are Brother Dix and other eminent men of the pulpit that the women who feel "called" upon to preach are entering upon the broad road that leadeth to destruction and will draw all men after them. How slow are many men to learn liberal-

stition! How like are some of our parsons to Bishop Warburton, of whom Hannah says in one of her books: "He was a Goliath in talents and learning!" He wielded a massive .elub and dealt most ponderous blows, but he attacked with the same powerful weapons, not only the enemies, but the friends of Christianity who happened to dif-

What Was Taught in Her Schools.

innocent course of study it would seem from the standpoint of to-day, but then from the fight over it, it might be supposed that this good woman was destroying the ioundations of church and State. However, the bishops

triumphed and the schools had to be given In her early days Hannah More wrote some successful plays, one of which netted her \$3,500 for 12 nights. She became convinced, however, from what she saw of theatrical amusements that "their effects were dangerous to morals and hostile to Christian virtue," and she decided to confine her talents to such writings as would tend to promote practical piety, patriotism and intel-lectual cultivation. But while she no longer exercised her gift for dramatic writing, she always maintained her friendship with

Always maintained her friendship with David Garrick, the tragedian, and his wife. Among her numerous friends were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Edmund Burke, Wilberforce, Goldsmith, Mrs. Mon-tagu, and Mrs. Carter, the last of whom Dr. Johnson pronounced to be the best Greek scholar in Fardland scholar in England. The Advance of a Century.

The parallel between the lives of Hannah

More of 100 years ago and our beloved red-headed spinster, Frances Willard, gives an opportunity to measure the advance of a century and to gauge the power of prejudice. Hannah More, with her great intellectual

STORIES OF EDITOR GREELEY He Was Eccentric and Was Stung to Death by the Presidental Bee. HOW TWO GREAT LAWMAKERS MET CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE. WASHINGTON, March 21 .- I understand that ex-Secretary Bayard will re-enter political life during the coming campaign. 1 ot some new information concerning him

ABOUT MEN.

at Philadelphia the other day. It was from G. W. Vernon, the editor of the Wilming. ton Republican, a man 70 years of age, and one of the oldest editors of the United States, Said he:

"Yes, I have known Tom Bayard since he was a boy. He was the son of James A. Bayard, Senator of the United States, and ucceeded his father in the Senate. His father resigned in order that he might have place in the Senate, and the Bayards have for years had a sort of right to the Senatorship from Delaware. James A. Bayard was a finer looking man than Tom. He was six feet tall and had a magnificent head. He was a good lawyer, but not an extraordi-arily fine speaker. He went to New York and tried to practice law there, but did not traced and L harver is know that Laba succeed, and I happen to know that John M. Clayton gave him the money which brought him back to Delaware. He needed \$4,000 and Clayton lent it to him. I have no doubt that he afterward paid him.

He Is Not a Money Maker.

"I suppose Tom Bayard is worth about \$100,000. He has not been a money maker, and the most that he has, he has gotten by marriage. He got some with his first wife, marriage. He got some with his hist wile, and he got something with the wife whom he has now. He lives very nicely at Wil-mington, and has hung out his shingle and is again practicing law. He has not a very large practice, but I suppose it pays very well. He started life, you know, as a mer-chant and it was then the intention to make rich dowry of non-conforming virtues." In the Sunday Schools, which so roused the wrath of the church authorities, were taught the family. Tom was sent to Philadelphia to go into a store, but James Bayard died and they sent for Tom and brought him

How They Got Acquainted. back to Wilmington and educated him as a statesman. He studied law and took his seat, while he was yet a young man, in the United States Senate." Senator Jones and Representative Laidlaw have been in Congress together for several years, but never met until the past session. Their introduction came through a little talk on silver in one of the cloak

"Where did you do your first newspaper work, Mr. Vernon?" rooms of the House. Laidlaw seeing Jones, and evidently taking him for an ex-Con-

work, Mr. Vernon?" "I began life as a printer," said Mr. Ver-non, "and I was apprenticed in West Ches-ter, Pa. While I was working at the trade Bayard Taylor was an apprentice in the same office, and he there began his newspa-per career. He was a tall, thin young man, with a bare foce and was dark here. gressman or a stranger who had in some way slipped into the Holy of Holies, the inner sanctum of the House, accosted him and asked him what he thought of the silver bill of last session. Senator Jones made no bones of saying just what he thought of with a bare face and very dark hair. He was rather handsome looking. Shortly after he had finished his apprenticeship he went on to a paper at Phonnixville, Pa. Bayard Taylor's Newspaper Failure.

"I think he started the paper, but i "I think he started the paper, but it failed, and he then took up his idea of going to Europe. The Evening Post, of Philadel-phis, and the United States Gozette each agreed to pay him \$50 for his toreign letters, and he left for Europe with \$140 in his pocket. Horace Greeley gave him an order for a certain number of letters, making the stipulation that they must be good enough for him to use, and in this way he became

-and here he quoted from one of Jones' speeches. "But Jones don't know what he is talking about. No one thinks anything of his opiniou and he is a first-class crank." for him to use, and in this way he became connected with the *Tribune*, which con-nection he kept up all his life. "He was a very brilliant fellow, and he wrote somewhat while he was at the print-"If you think so, I guess we had better discontinue our discussion," said the now irate Senator. "Who are you anyhow?" irate Senator. "Who are you anyhow?" "I am a member of the House of Repre-sentatives, sir," said Laidlaw. "From the State of New York, sir, and my name is Laidlaw, sir. Now perhaps, sir, you will tell me who in the devil you are, sir?" "Oh," said Senator Jones very coolly, "T one way to concern from Nordelly. ing office in West Chester. He then signed himself James Bayard Taylor, and he was rinnan ar oblity to impress the people, her pursuance of practical piety and benevolence, her untiring seal in all good works, was a potent force in society that gave to her the "I am a member of Congress from Nevada, and I belong on the other side of the Capihis red paint let over to touch up his nouse a little, if so be as he should teel the eed of a change." He Invested in a Cow. Hopkins finished his house-painting with-ut further interruption. He lingered over herewing how held he wand deal when the vert of the east of the press. Her political tracts, while were gainst the Jacobins and revolu-toright of the east of the eighteenth century was ever the stand of the eighteenth century was ever the eighteenth century was ever the stand of the eighteenth century was ever too fond of German lager." tol and my name is Jones!" Tableaul

and he picked up the envelope, took out the letter, opened it and laid it before Greeley, and Greeley kept on writing. The man then pushed the letter slowly down again on Ex-Secretary Bayard Became a Statesthen pushed the letter slowly down again on to Greeley's manuscript so that he could not fail to see the signature of Thaddens Stevens at the bottom. Greeley waited till it got almost to his pen and then he flipped it away sgain, saying in that high-strung squeaky tone, but without looking up, "Well, how is old Thad anyway?" and kept man by His Brother's Death. on writing. It was half an hour beiore the man got anything out of him and when he did, his interview was cut short by Greeley again going to work." When Greeley made that tour of his

around the country as presidental candidate, he made a series of the most brilliant speeches that ever came from the stump. He spoke at every railroad station and nearly always said something new. I have talked with men who traveled with him during that campaign. They tell me he was moody and unsociable, relapsing into an almost idiocy while he was in the cars. He would protest against going out to speak when the train stopped, but when dragged before the crowd, he would brighten up and would make great speeches. There is little doubt that he died insane and there is little

that I was one of his Sumner county boys and that my name was Bate. He asked me

that he was. I remained at the Hermitage for two days, and upon leaving he gave me

war.

there was a certain humor in the occasion

told me about the Broderick-Terry duel. "If every man is said to have a wild beast in him," said the General, "a Calidoubt in the minds of many that his presifornia politician of the period between '49 dental ambition had much to do with his and '60 must have had two wild beasts in How Senator Bate Visited Andrew Jackson.

him. The two interesting figures in Cali-fornia politics when I began to take any in-Senator W. B. Bate comes from the Nashterest in public affairs were Judge Terry school as a boy within a few miles of the Hermitage. His teacher was the preacher of the Hermitage, and he describes a visit to have lived out their days in peace, for both met tragic deaths, Broderick by Terry's pistol and Judge Terry at the hand of Judge Field's United States Marshal. Both men which he once paid to Andrew Jackson in which he once paid to Andrew Jackson in company with this person. "It was during the last years of Andrew Jackson's life," said he. "When we entered the house we saw Mr. Jackson sitting in an arm-chair at one end of the hall with his big white hat adorned with its black band beside were singularly gifted with the fascination were singularly grited with the inscination of personal magnetism. Terry was the net result of Southern culture and the best Southern training in scholarship. He was a delightful conversationalist, a graceful him. He had a gold cane in one hand and and foreible orator, not unlike the brilliant and gifted United States Senator Ed Baker, who met his heroic death at Ball's Bluff. It is said that Terry never lost a friend once a long pipe in the other. He laid down the pipe as we came in, arose and offered his hand to Mr. Hume, and then turning to me asked as to what was the name of the young-ster he had brought with him. He told him made, but he was a very hotspur in temper.

TALES OF A PIONEER.

Gen. William Humphreys' Story of

the Broderick-Terry Duel.

HOW A WATCH ONCE SAVED A LIFE.

A House and Lot Wagered Against \$20,000

on the Turn of a Card.

JOHN M'CULLOUGH IN CALIFORNIA

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.1

and no one tells them better than General

William Humphreys, a native of Philadel-

phia, and brother of General A. A. Hum-

phreys, of the regular army. At the Girard

House in the Quaker City the other day he

Stories by '49ers are always interesting,

California Couldn't Hold Both. "'Broderick, a fire laddic,' from New

York, developed fast in the hothouse of California politics. He was a manly man, faithful to his friends; a direct, positive and if my grandfather was not one of his old officers, mentioning his name, and I replied aggressive character; a nature that could not and would not brook opposition. The some very nice peaches and told me to take them home and plant the stones. I'did so laws of California as then administered could not stop two such men from shooting and they produced a very fine variety of peach. This was as far back as 1844, and the trees were bearing at the time of the each other; that one or both should die was the natural outgrowth of the California idea

of 'reciprocity' in mortal combat. A mis-taken idea prevails in the North-first, that Broderick did not want to fight, and second, that he was unfamiliar with the code and ignorant of the proper use of

dueling pistols, "Not so, Broderick had graduated in a good school in the Bowery, Fighting was as natural to him as eating his breakfast. He well knew that California was not big enough for Terry and himself. That he was perfectly au fait with dueling methods was shown in the first duel. He was killed in the second. 'Extra Billy Smith', once in ante-bellum days Governor of Virginia, had a bright son in California, who was an arsilver. Laidlaw straightway differed from him, and the discussion soon began to wax warm. As the talk grew loud other mem-bers gathered around and listened, and Laidlaw, in a bulldozing way, tried to bluff dent advocate of Buchanan, and young Smith, full of the fire of 'old Virginny, challenged Broderick to fight a duel, the o casion growing out of one of Broderick's speeches attacking James Buchanan. The fight came off at the edge of a beautiful Jones, and laughed at his arguments. At last, not dreaming he was talking to Senator grove near San Francisco, in the presence of 2,000 people. The distance had been paced off, the principals stood facing each other, when Broderick tried to hand me his Jones, he said: "I don't know of anyone who has as foolish ideas on the subject as you have, except that cranky Jones, of the Senate, who says," gold watch.

A Watch Saved His Life,

"I waved my hand, saying: 'Keep your watch on; it may be of service.' And sure, enough, it was, Smith's bullet struck square the open face of Broderick's watch. He reeled and was about to fall when caught in the arms of his second. He was unhurt, being stunned momentarily by the force of the bullet, which lodged and flattened against the gold case of the watch. Both parties shook hands and that duel ended.

"It was intended that the Broderick-Terry duel should take place in public and in the same spot that witnessed the Smith-Broderick duel, but the high contending parties to that tragic affair were both ar-rested by the city police and beld under rested by the city police and held under \$10,000 bonds to keep the peace. This did not stop the duel, but it put an end to pub-heity. It was not because Broderick was

GOSSIP and Christian morals that her advice and

and Christian morals that her advice and assistance were requested by the Queen for the training of the Princess Charlotte—the heir of the English throne. "To remove prejudices is the bounden duty of every Christian," said this good old maid. This remark might well be considered by those who sneer and jeer at the women who accept the teaching and examples of the great apostle to live single lives, and who find their calling in works of benevolence and philanthrophy. In Han-nah More's day the "blue stockings" were derided and abused more than even "the strong-minded women" of to-day, but she lived at the "top of her intellectual life," and continued to teach the multitude the beauties of practical piety and the principles of justice, charity, patience and forbear-ance. The inculcation of social virtue was her most earnest desire. She had her share of "cruel mockings," misrepresentations

That Hannah More should find her most

ity! How rooted and grounded they are in prejudice! How loth to surrender super-

fer with him on some points.

The fact is that Hannah More was a little bit of Methodist. Like Susaanah Wesley." "she was a zealous church woman, with a the catechism, the spelling book, the prayer book, the Bible and Watt's Hymns. A very

quests for loans, cifts and offices of profit sufficient to exhaust the combined patronace "good day, ma'am," in a voice which of all the lord chancellors Great Britain has ever had and to break the Bank of Eng-

"A rich man must-live constantly in the publiceye. Privacy is a stranger to him. The weople want to know more about him. and the newspapers teem with paragraphs telling how he opens his letters, what he has for breakfast, and even how he puts on his trousers and shoes. An incognito is an im-possibility for him. Everybody knows him, and his entrance into a shop is the signal for an increase of 25 per cent on everything be desires to purchase. "His reputed wealth makes him more or

less an object of envy to everyone not so well ati, and he is very apt to be annoved with threatening letters from Socialists and cranks, if not actually made a target for their bullets. The whole life of Baron Nathan Rothschild was made miserable in that way, and the late William H. Vander bilt is said to have received many such

"These are a few of the many reasons why the answer to your question, 'Does wealth bring happiness?' must be a decided negative."

A Lesson at Newport.

"I never realized more forcibly that wealth does not bring happiness than one day at Newport," said Austin Corbin, the millionaire banker and President of the Reading Railroad. "I had been moving along the fashionable drives scanning the faces of the massersby. All were evidently bored to The ladies, arrayed in richest carriage toilets, seemed afraid to move lest they should disarrange their apparel. Not a ripple of laughter did I hear. All seemed to have arrayed themselves in their best and gone out to drive because it was a duty they owed to their social position to be seen among the other fashionables. Everybody's spirits seemed completely bowed down be-neath the weight of fashion, decorum and

etiquette, so inseparable from wealth. Leaving the four hundred element, I drove to an unfashionable and remote part of the beach. There, in an eligible situation, at just the right distance from the water for enjoyment, I saw a neat cottage adorned with the legend, 'Mrs. O'Donnelly's ladies and gent's boarding house. Terms, \$6 per week.' A number of athletic young men and a bevy of buxom, rosy-cheeked young girls were congregated on the porch and laws. What a contrast the charmingle What a contrast the charmingly, heathful and natural appearance of these young people to that of the blighted, artificial victims of fashion I had just left, They were all in negligee costume, and merriment, playfulness and health sparkled in every eye and rang out heartily from

every lip. from the fashionable prison, called a hotel by courtesy, where I am confined, with what inexpressible joy I would board at Mrs. O'Donnelly's.""

Vice President Morton's Opinion.

"When I was a poor young man of 20 years, clerking in a country store," said Vice President Levi P. Morton, the million-aire banker, "I used to think that if hy any nire banker. "I used to think that if by any wild freak of fortune I could ever accumu-Inte \$100,000. I should be the happiest man alive. Now that I possess that amount, and possibly a little more, 1 do not think I am really any happier than in my poorer early CHVS.

"The real fact is that when any of ne anatch an hour from life's cares, to enjoy any of its pleasures, we enjoy them just as much whether we are millionaires or paupers, and for the time being we forget that we are either.

Arnold Clings to Buddhism.

It is reported of Sir Edward Arnold, that at a dinner at the Rokumeikan, in Tokio, before his departure for England, he adjured the Japanese not to go seeking after other religions, as in Buddhism they had a very good one of their own.

out further interruption. He lingered over made the cultured air of Greenlawn avenue

Hopkins Began to Feel Chilly.

"I'm afeard them folks below us ain't goin' to be neighborly," he said to Mrs. Hopkins when she appeared on the porch shortly afterward.

"Oh, I would not borry no trouble about it, father," replied Mrs. Hopkins. "The women tolks can most generally fix flose things up quickest. I'll kind o' make an errend over there in the mornin', makin out as if I wanted to borry a flat or a little yeast. I can allers get acquainted with a

woman best in her own kitchen. Mrs. Hopkins did not find Mrs. Roche-Jones in her own kitchen, which may account for the failure of her pacific mission. Neither did a similar visit to the residence of Mrs. Van Alpine, their neighbor on the right, result in the establishment of social elations. Then Alphonso tried the experiment of smoking his after-supper pipe sit ting on the little ornamental fence which

shudder.

separated his grounds from those of the Roche-Joneses. He assumed an easy atti-tude, calculated to draw Mr. Roche-Jones into friendly discussion of polities or the weather, but that gentleman only glanced out of the parlor window and scowled. The pipe of peace was equally powerless on the other side of the house and Farmer Hon-

kins begau to feel slighted. Bowed to All Within Range.

"They shan't say't I ain't doin' my duty as a good neighbor," he said; and he con-tinued to bow cordially to everybody who came within range. But time began to hang heavily on his hands. For the first few days he had enough to do, looking around the place and "slickin' it up." This occupation could not be prolonged indefinitely, for the place was slick enough when



he began; and he was soon at his wits' end

His daughters found practicing on the piano an agreeable substitute for household work. They enjoyed it much more than their neighbors did, for what they lacked in skill they made up in energy. But their horny-handed sire was too old to get his exercise in the acquirement of graceful ac-complishments. He needed something

searching. Trimming a searching. Trimming a searching. Trimming a searching. Trimming a searching a large mouthful of tobacco in time with ing a large mouthful of tobacco in time with the last day be ore their departure; "but the last day be ore their departure; the last day be ore their departur searching. Trimming up the trees around his house afforded him a relief which was

it, knowing how badly he would feel when it was done, and he was forced to be idle

take a little of the milk. Mrs. Hopkins approved, and the cow was purchased. If the unusual hue of the Hopkins' residence had not already made it the most conspicuous on the avenue, the sight of the cow roaming amid the tall grass on the lawn, would have been sufficient.

Hopkins was famous. But the milk didn't sell well. Hopkins. making the circuit in the early morning, with his ten-quart psil, met frequent re buffs, which he endured calmly, as a necessary part of every business undertaking. Yet he didn't think his neighbors were helping him as they should. But the cow didn't occupy all his time, that was the chief difficulty. He occupied himself as much as he could with her, and loaded her with so many superfluous attentions that she doubtless lee

a very hard life. And yet he was not happy. Soft Soap in the Back Yard. Odd jobs helped him out a little. He helped his wife to make soft soap in the

"back yard" one balmy day in June-that is, the day was balmy before they began. The delightful odors developed by this process floated into Mrs. Roche-Jones' parlor, and led that lady to instigate proceed-ings against Mr. Hopkins as a nuisance. ereupon Mrs. Hopkins said that Mrs. Jones was a designing woman, who ought to read her Bible, and find out what hannened to people who stirred up strife among But Mr. Hopkins rather enjoyed the ex-

citement of legal proceedings, especially as he won his case. Afterward he waylaid Mr. Roche-Jones on the street, and assured him that he had not "laid auything up agin" This welcome activity was soon over, and the necessity of work began to torture Hopkins again. At last he decided to lay in his stock of firewood for the winter, s he chopped down all the valuable shade trees in his lot, sawed and split them, and constructed a magnificent wood pile in a very conspicuous position on his lawn,

Straw That Broke the Campbell's Back, When this was done he lavished renewed attentions upon his cow. He did everything for this mild-eyed beast which his ingenuity could devise, and at last when he could think of nothing else, he butchered her in the back yard. This led to a call from Mr. Van Alpine. "Mr. Hopkins," said he, "I want to speak

of that unusual spectacle on you premises this morning." "Yes," said Hopkins, calmly; "how much

Brewing Soft Soar

ceedings by a vigilance committee. "Mother," said Mr. Hopkins, in report ing this interview to his wife. "I don't think we can live among such heathens any longer. Soon's I collect our milk bills and salt down that beef I believe we'll puil up stakes."

The milk bills met with an almost unanimont repudiation. Mr. Van Alpine said he'd take the case to the Supreme Court be-

much for those in the surrounding grounds, but his offers were refused and he was forced to console himself by joining the

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tine, which attained the great circulation of it was done, and he was forced to be idle again. The work gave him opportunities for reflection, and he got an idea which promised a little steady occupation. He re-solved to keep a cow. He could raise 1,000,000 copies. Among her stories was "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain," which "The Snepherd of Salisbury Flain," which is still to be found in almost every Sunday school library in the land. "Calebs in Search of a Wife," "Practical Piety." "Religion and Morals" and others of her works had almost enough hay on the lawn to feed her, and no doubt his neighbors would be glad to immense sales. They seemed to be adapted to the demands of the day and to touch a popular chord. Those were stirring times in England.

The French Revolution had sent a wave of democracy through the hearts of English workingmen, and from every factory, mine and workshop, from every field and farm and village club came mutterings against monarchy and tokens of impending trouble. "The Government," says a writer, "was at its wit's end." Into the midst of this comits wit's end." notion of State and Church and people, a little tract upon "Village Politics, by Will Chip," made its way.

She Onleted a Tempest.

It was neither learned, nor perhaps logi-cal, but it put things in such a way as to attract attention at once. The publisher could not supply the demand for this modest, vet powerful little work. "It took the public mind by storm. The mutterings of discontent sood died away. What king and lords and Parliament; what the profound-

est statesmen, philosophers and divines of the age were unable to effect was accompished by the pen-the pen of Hannah More.' But with all her literary gifts Hannah

But with all her literary gilts Hannah was a practical reformer. She engaged in missionary work around her home. She established schools for the poor for secular instruction, and organized Sunday schools for religious teaching. This innovation brought upon her the most flagrant abuse and opposition from the clergy. The religious bigots accused her of methodism and disloyalty The antagonism she and her sisters encountered in their labors from the Established Church seems almost incredible.

Her Schools Had to Go.

One of their schools was broken up because of the shocking depravity of "extem-poraneous praying." However, after a long and hard struggle, the good work had to be given up, and the clergy had the sat-isfaction of shutting up the Sunday schools and stamping out what they deemed the germs of heresy and revolution. But Hannah still had her pen and she used it well until she was 89 years old. She made a comfortable fortune, and she and four sisters kept able fortune, and she and four sisters kept old maids' hall together until they had all attained a good old age. "What! five women live happily together in oue house?" said Dr. Johnson. "I will go to see you. I love you all five. I will go to Bristol on

purpose to see you." Some of the dear brethren will tell us that this famous old muid missed her bighest calling-that she would have been better employed in quietly darning stockings in purpose to see you.' do you think the critter weighed?" "I have no desire to know, but---" "Sho; I was in hopes I could sell you a quarter. Down our way when a man kills a critter his neighbors most always take some of it off n his hands." Mr. Yan Alwing her his term the chimney corner than in writing political tracts-that she missed the highest felicity in life by not having buttons to sew on, or slippers to embroider for a husband. They slippers to embroider for a husband. They will tell you, as did that brilliant Senator in the Michigan Legislature the other day, that "it is wrong to take a woman out of her kitchen." They will tell you as did Mr. Wilson not long ago that such an old maid, who in the interest Mr. Van Alpine lost his temper. He threatened legal proceedings, and when the failed to terrify Hopkins, he hinted at illegal proof oractical reform uses tongue and pen, is aching "to read out the petticoat and the banner of a pair of pantaloons." They will tell you that these "strong-minded old maids are tearing mad because they can't get husbands, and that is why they rave and growl and howl and fuss."

The Hannah More of To-Day.

Hannah More spent years of her life in teaching and training children, as has also Frances Willard. That such experience does not make them competent to write upon the subject of "raising children" is the opinion of the men who love and admire and marry weak-minded women. The story is told, however, that Hannah More was so highly esteemed for her works on education

tionists, were published in a cheap magamore scandalously abused and vilified by the brethren of the church, and those who called themselves Christians.

Frances Willard with her zealous devotion to the good of mankind, with her gift o eloquence, and power of pen, with her loyalty to religion and patriotism also finds her most determined opponents in the church, and among those who profess the religion of love. But that the world does move is shown by the weakness of the opposition all, along the line.

"The powerful weapons" now are flung at her because she is an old maid, because she is ambitious for place, because she has a taste for politics, because she wants to degrade herself by preaching, because she wants to wear the breeches-all of which Frances, with an organized force of 500,000 women at her back, cau easily afford to BESSIE BRAMBLE. stand.

LEAVES FROM THE AUTHORS.

A New Intellectual Game That Is Likely to Become Very Popular. A pretty game for the entertainment of an

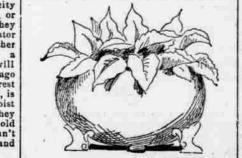
even:ug company without resorting to cards or dancing is called author's potpourri, and is a form of intellectual entertainment that is becoming more popular each year, says the Detroit Free Press. A large number of leaves are to be made of tissue paper of the

pale green shades, or if preferred of a perfect rainbow of colors. After be-ing carefully shaped as in the ac-

Shape of the Leaves.

companying diagram they are dented down the center and prettily crinkled over a knitting needle; one side is then tolded over and a small card-shaped paper with a desirable quotation written on it is gummed to the end. Very lightweight paper is best for the latter purpose. When the company is ready for serving, the dish holding the leaves is passed, and

each guest selects one and upon reading the quotation gives the name of the author. e does this correctly the leaf is his. If he fails the leaf is returned and at the next



The Boquet of Quotations

passing of the dish another is selected Some will soon collect a large bouquet o leaves and to the one having the largest number a pretty prize is given. A small book, containing all the quotations and the names of the authors written opposite each other, is to be furnished to the awarding committee

How Greeley Objected to Pool-Selling. Speaking of Horace Greeley, a man who

worked under him in the Tribune office gives me the following: "Like many edi-torial proprietors in the United States," said he, "Greeley was not supreme in his own newspaper office. Some of his men were better news men than he was, and their judgment as to the policy of the paper was better than his. At one time the races were on in New York, and William F. G. Shanks was city editor of the Tribune. There was a great excitement as to the races, and the pools in New York sold very high. "Shanks reported these sales and while

he was doing so Mr. Greeley, coming from his country home, met him and said; 'Mr. Shanks, I don't want the reports of that poolselling published in the *Tribune*. This paper is a high-toned family paper, and I think it is better to keep all gambling and poolselling out of it. Do you under stand ?'

"'Yes,' said Shanks, 'but I thought it was a matter of news and the people were interested in it." "'It don't make any difference,' said

Greeley; 'it's a bad thing and I don't want it.' "All right,' said Shanks, and with that

Greeley left.

The Editor Disobeyed Orders,

"Shanks still thought the matter was too good to lose, and, hoping that the old man would forget it, he printed the report again next day. Greeley came down to the office in a rage, called up Shanks and said: 'How's this, Mr. Shanks? I thought I told you to leave those pool sales out of the toid you to leave those pool sales out of the paper. I want you to understand that this is more of a Sunday school sheet than a *Police Gazette*, and I want them left out.' "Oh," said Shanks, "I'm sorry they got in. I know you ordered them out, but my reporter evidently did not understand it and they slipped in."

"During these last two days, however, the races had got botter and hotter and Shanks, again hoping that Mr. Greeley would forget it, put them in. He then waited in fear and trembling for his editor, and it was not late the next day when Greeley came in, in a towering but helpless rage. He had a thin, squeaky voice, and he shriked out as soon as he saw Shanks: "Blank, blank you, Shanks! Didn't I tell you to leave those pool sales out of the paper? I'm going to punish you. I will see if I can't be master in my own office! Blank blank you! It more than 11 years. you put those pool sales in the paper again

1 will have you indicted by the grand jury." By this time, however, the races were over and the pool selling stopped." How Greeley Treated Thad Stevens' Letter "No one could disturb Greeley when he

was busy writing," this man went on. was gruff even to rudeness, and he would nay no attention to any cafler whoever it might be. One day a man came in with a letter from Thaddeus Stevens. He was a prominent man in Pennsylvana. He got in some way past the watchdogs at the door and into Greeley's sanctum, where, in an old gray duster, with his big head nearly touching the paper upon his desk, he was scratching way. He did not look was gruff even to rudeness, and he would in an old gray duster, with his big heed nearly touching the paper upon his desk, he was scratching away. He did not look up as the man came in, and the man stood awhile waiting to be noticed.

"As Greeley did not look up, he finally said: 'Mr. Greeley, I have a letter of in-troduction which Thaddeus Stevens asked me to present to you.' Greeley said nothing, and did not give a sign that he had heard the remark, and the man laid down the letter in front of him and sat down the letter in iront of him and sat down. After sitting about ten minutes, and getting no sign of recognition from Mr. Greeley, he became interested in the situation and stepped up and pushed the letter of intro-

stepped up and pushed the letter of intro-duction down onto Greeley's manuscript. Greeley did not look up, but keeping his pen still going, he took his left hand, and with his thumb and forefinger snapped the letter off the other side of the table. Didn't Get Much Satisfaction.

"The man was more angry than ever, but

ARSENIC ON THE WALLS. Evidence That the Boston Homeonaths Got Excited Without Cause.

Philadelphia Upholsterer.] The death of Samuel C. Cobb. of Boston

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

which a postmortem examination discloses to have resulted-from cancer, was rather a surprise for the Homeopathic Medical Society, for they had used his case as an example of arsenical poisoning. They agitated the subject rather lively, and brought forward many imaginative folks who knew that they had been poisoned some time or other by the arsenical green in their wall papers, curtains or carpets, and they applied for legislative protection, and asked hat a law be passed prohibiting the use of this poison in manufactures. Now, however, the 20 leading American manufact-

urers of wall paper take oath that they do not use arsenic in any way. One of these manufacturers writes: "Since the days of burning witches there has never been a more ridiculous scare. Wall paper dealers the world over have never suffered. Salesmen who are

continually handling wall paper never fall victims to its insidious poison. Color mixers, many of whom have for a half century or more spent their entire waking time with bare arms to the shoulders in colors, mixing them and stirring them up continually, never suffer, although these same men not infrequently eat their lunches with hands

Recollections of John McCallough.

times fails as low as \$12,000,000, and this Speaking of McCullough, the tragedian, Genaverage of production has been kept up for eral Humphreys said: "The California Theater in Bush street was

The mining region of Colorado is practically inexhaustible. New mines are being opened every day and I doubt not but that more than \$35,000,000 will be turned out during the next twelve months. It is admitted that there are \$11,000,000 worth of ore in sight at Aspen. One of the most successful miners in the West is the silver is so apparent. Heary Gillipsie. who went out to this region on snow shoes, made a fortune out of the Spar and the

Smuggler, and he had \$4,000. He lost all this, and then got an interest in the Molly Gibson, which is now worth \$500,000 to him.

HE KNEW TOO MUCH.

A Baby That Came Into the World Talking Soon Passed Out.

In the suburbs of the Singwei district, in Kuangtung, China, recently, a child was born who could call "papa" and "mamma"

<text><text><text><text> as soon as it saw light. The villagers con-sidered anything out of the common would bode no good to the family, and advised the parents to do away with the child. The husband and wife were ignorant and hard-hearted enough to follow the suggestion.

a bad shot that he was killed in his fatal duel with Judge Terry. He simply had a presentiment that he was going to be killed, he was always su-perstitious; he was so nervous that his pistol went off before the word 'fire,' and Bradeside's willet follows he was always and pistol went off before the word 'fire,' and Broderick's bullet falling harmlessly at Terry's feet, the bullet of the flery Judge sped in its unerring aim straight to the vital spot in the body of the big Senator. His alleged dy-ing excismation, They have killed me because I opposed the extension of slavery and a cor-rupt administration,' was always said to be the 'air-drawn dagger' of a California reporter's brain. Those who ought to know say that this sentence, which soon rame through the North brain. Those who ought to know say that this sentence, which soon rang through the North like a bugle call to arms, was born of the trill-innt pen of John W. Forney, of Philadelphia, who was a devoted personal friend of Senator Broderick. The Eurr-Hamilton duel did not create a profounder sensation in America than did the killing of John C. Broderick; itchanged the face of California politics and Terry, still the center of an admiring and devoted coterie of friends (for he was the most charming of men), received a wound in the public estima-tion from which he never recovered.""

A Story of the Faro Table.

General Humphreys is full of stories of early California life. Here is one he told me:

"The feverish desire to make gain swiftly made the early settlers of California a pation of camblers, it was not an unusual thing at Billy Owen's back room to see a man walk in and lay down a certificate of deposit for \$10,000 on the ace, having first asked the banker to cover his bet. I once saw a rich horseman come in and tiring of 'piking' along with \$500 bets on a single card he nonchalantly tapped come in and tiring of 'piking' along with \$500 bets en a single card with this penelic as he saids of the most expensive materials that can be used for producing these color effects, and for that reason, if for no other, it would not be to the interest of the wall-paper manufacturers to use it, when cheap substitutes are easily obtainable."
COLORADO'S NEW ELDORADO.
Fortanes That Are Coming Out of the Ground Out There.
A Western Congressman gives the following glowing talk about the new mining regions of Colorado: One of the best of the new regions is that about Aspen. It will produce more than \$8,000,000 worth of ore this year. Leadville produces an average of about \$15,000,000 annually. It sometimes rises as high as \$12,000,000 and sometimes rises as h

built for Actor John McCullough. He was a lion of the first magnitude. From the first

night he started the 'gallery gods' and the 'pit' rose to him. His muscular rendering of

Sparlacus, and his sublime patriotism in Vir-

ginius took California by storm. Mackey, of

the Nevada Bank, took to him from the first