the advisability of sea bathing as usually practiced. The use of a bathing dress I think injurious, because when thoroughly wet its cold, damp folds cling to the wearer and thus prevent that necessary reaction of which I have spoken and which is so essential to the healthfulness of bathing. I am told that in parts of the British West Indies—in Kingston, Jamaica, especially—sea baths are so prepared that a bathing dress may be dispensed with. This is done by building small enclosures out into the sea on the principle of miniature natatoriums. Each is supplied with small dressing rooms, and one may there disrobe and make the acquaintance of old Neptune in complete seclusion and in a complete state of nature. I think this the only true way to extract the fullest possible benefit from sea bathing.

I think gymnastic and athletic exercises have largely assisted me to grow old healthfully and vigorously. In my boyhood, early manhood, and even in my old age I have engaged in these pastimes. I have always been careful to avoid violent exercise and all excessive effort. I early made it a rule never to attempt any feat of strength or agility that I did not believe to be far within the limits of my powers. Unless I firmly believed myself capable of easily performing something twice as difficult as the feat in question I never attempted it. The general observance of this rule would prevent anyone from ever being injured by athletic exercises. It is because they attempt feats which greatly overtask their strength that so many very strong men die early. Another circumstance which I think has greatly helped me to grow old is the power I have always had of completely banishing from my mind at will all the cares and troubles of life. Thus no matter how great the affairs weighing upon me I have always been able to sleep soundly and peacefully.

VON BISMARCK.

THE FATHER OF SHIP CANALS.

Observance of Nature's Laws Preserved Ferdinand de Lesseps.

Ferdinand de Lesseps, father of the Suez and Panama canals, writes thus:

I was born in Versailles in 1805. My father, Jean Baptiste Barthelezni, Baron de Lesseps, was a wise and judicious man, who devoted himself assiduously to both my mental and physical education, leaving nothing undone to endow me with mens sana in corpore sano—that sound mind in a sound body which is the most valuable heritage from a parent to his child. While my mind was being cultivated my body was being judiciously exercised. I was restrained from overtaxing myself either mentally or physically.

The example of proper care of my mind and body thus set me by my father has been constantly before me, and I have regulated my life in accordance with it. I have always observed regularity and temperance in all my habits. Though I was but 20 years of age when I entered the diplomatic service, being appointed attache to the French Consulate at Lisbon, I was careful to avoid the excesses with which young men in such positions are sometimes betrayed.

In my 24th year I was made attache to the Consul General at Tunis, and during my residence there, I was especially careful to avoid everything that could possibly bring upon me the ill effects of the climate, as I also was while Consul at Alexandria, in Egypt, to which post I was appointed in 1831, and when exposed to the sudden and severe change from the Egyptian to the Dutch climate on being made Consul at Rotterdam, in my 35th year.

Probably few men have been more exposed to climatic changes, which physicians tell us are especially trying to the system. From Rotterdam I was transferred to the Consulate at Barcelona, and from there to Alexandria, only to be soon retransferred to Barcelona. Then I was Minister at Madrid, and after the revolution of 1848 I represented the French Republic at Rome. The excellent health and physical vigor I enjoyed in all these varying climates—some of them very trying to anyone not to the manner born—I attribute to the temperance and regularity of my habits, and to the observance of all the precautions and regimen of the natives of the country in which I was living.

When the construction of the Suez Canal called me again to Egypt, I was still mindful of these things, and I did not forget them when, later in life, the Panama Canal claimed my attention.

It is to regularity and temperance in all things and to a careful observance of nature's laws that I attribute my happy and vigorous old age.

FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

SHOWMAN BARNUM'S RECIPE.

Activity, Temperance, Cheerfulness and Making Others Happy.

Hon. P. T. Barnum, who for more than half a century has reigned as king of American showmen, and who, like old Prime, is nigh on to 81, attaches great importance to temperance, as will be seen from his appended observations:

I have no doubt that my advanced age and the good health I still enjoy are due in no small measure to my strict temperance principles, with which my practice perfectly accords. An essential point in living to be very aged is to totally abstain from alcoholic stimulants, tobacco and narcotics. I am perfectly well acquainted with the fact that many men who have used whisky and tobacco with moderation all their lives have lived to be very old; but such cases are only the exceptions, which prove the rule that the use of either alcoholic liquors or tobacco tends to shorten life. Between the years 1837 and 1847 I drank intoxicants to some extent. During a part of that time I was in England, where the custom of drinking socially was universal, and I found that my desire for stimulants was steadily increasing. At length my craving for them became so great that I saw that liquor would work my ruin unless I gave it up at once and forever. I did so, and have been a total abstainer ever since. To that circumstance I largely attribute my having passed, by more than ten years, the period of three score years and ten allotted as the days of men.

In addition to being strictly temperate, I have always been careful. I once adopted as my family motto the words: "Love God and Be Merry," and firmly believe that he who faithfully follows that precept in all that it implies is pursuing a course well calculated to enable him to live to be silvery old. Besides being temperate and trying to love God and be merry, I have also tried, in my humble way, to make others happy. That is a wonderful promoter of health and longevity. He who is trying to alleviate life's ills for those around him has no time to become morbid by thinking of those with which he himself has been afflicted.

Again, I have always been busy. The healthful exercise of all our physical and mental powers unquestionably tends to promote long life. I have always detested idleness, and have always been careful to avoid it. It is wonderful how much may be accomplished in the odds and ends of time which most people allow to go entirely to waste. I can say, with Cicero, that through my long life even my leisure moments have had their occupations.

I think, then, to sum up briefly, that my having reached my present advanced age is due to temperance, cheerfulness, trying to do something to contribute to the enjoyment of others, and constant, judicious employment of all my powers of mind and body.

P. T. BARNUM.

POET LAUREATE OF ENGLAND.

His Length of Life Attributed to the Fact That He Doesn't Worry.

Tennyson, England's poet laureate, advocates taking life easily in the following terms:

My having celebrated my 81st birthday is probably in consequence of my not having worried or fretted over the small affairs of life. "Cast all your cares on God," is Enoch Arden's advice to his wife. I have tried to do so, and by His grace I have lived to be old.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

SMITH'S SAD STORY.

He Was a Very Sick Man, but Couldn't Make Anybody Believe It.

EVERYONE SAID HE LOOKED WELL.

No Escape From Eating Breakfast and Had to Work Till He Fainted.

DOCTOR AND DRUGGIST MOCKED HIM

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

The story of John Smith touches a sympathetic cord in my soul. Doubtless if John himself had told it to me I should have listened with wall-eyed indifference, and at the close should have said a few words about my own harrowing tough luck before wishing the gentleman an empty good day. I should have said that I had been all through it myself; that I had deserved it much less than he; that I had borne it much better, and that if he didn't leave off being sorry for himself and begin to be sorry for me, he must indeed be a soulless clod.

But now that John is dead, and there is no prospect of a monument, or a relief fund, I can see where his story treads upon the sore toe of our common experience, and I can pity him. The facts, in brief, I shall relate in a calm, dispassionate tone, as follows:

John Smith, a sober and industrious citizen, awoke one morning feeling as if he had been drunk four weeks. As a matter of fact, he had never tasted the intoxicating cup. It was somebody else who had had the spree, and who, on that morning, though some hours later, doubtless awoke feeling very well indeed.

But John Smith could have sworn that his brains were stewed glue, while his blood

He Sat on His Bed and Sneezed.

was of the temperature of that strange, sickly fluid which flows out of the hot water pipe in a boarding house bathtub. The roof of John's mouth was sticky, and his tongue was coated with the ashes of despair. He sat on the edge of his bed and sneezed feebly.

"John," said Mrs. Smith, opening the door a little way, "breakfast's getting cold."

"So am I, dear, with the draught from that door on my back," replied John. "Indeed, I am sick already."

No Sympathy From His Better Half.

"Nonsense, John," said Mrs. Smith, "I never saw you looking better in my life. Come along quick; I've got a breakfast especially for you, and trouble enough it's been to me."

John asked what it was, but he really had no curiosity. His stomach felt like the interior of a whited sepulcher, and the thought of food made him sea sick.

"Sausages and buckwheat cakes," said Mrs. Smith cheerfully, and banged the door. John could have wept at the prospect of eating sausages, but by a strong effort of will he continued to array himself for the day. By and by Mrs. Smith opened the door again.

"John," she said, "why don't you hurry?"

"Mary," he replied solemnly, "I feel—"

"What an idea! Men are all hypochondriacs. Every little ache or pain makes them think they're going to die."

"Pa," cried John Smith, Jr., "the buckwheats is bully."

His Experience on the Street.

John groaned. Then he allowed himself to be led into the dining room, where a plate heaped high with sausages and buckwheats awaited him. Half an hour later he arose with a sigh, feeling as if he had eaten two bull terriers and a dozen fried door-mats. On the way to his work he encountered an acquaintance, to whom he was about to confide the story of his melancholy condition, but the gentleman complimented him on his unusually robust appearance, and struck him for half a dollar.

John was not a professional man but earned an honest living as a sub foreman in a factory. When he reached the scene of his toil, he was in such a condition that a living seemed the last thing he should wish to work for. So he went to his immediate boss and said: "Mr. Jewks, I am feeling sick, and—"

"There is a good deal of sickness about," responded Mr. Jewks. "As for me, I'm totally broken up—ought to be at home in bed this minute. Got the rheumatism in both legs, and a head on me—well, it's no use describing it to a stout, hearty man like you. Oh, Smith, you ought to offer up thanks night and morning, for the blessing of health. And, by the way, hustle those big cases down off the top shelves; we've got to take account of stock to-day."

Would Try It Until Noon.

Mr. Jewks walked to the other end of the room, where he sat and chewed tobacco in a despondent manner, rubbing his rheumatic legs occasionally. John drew a long breath and wondered if he could stand it till noon.

"Perhaps I can go out then," he reflected, "and get something in a drugstore that will make me feel better."

So he went to work in a dim, misty manner; and, because he was sick and comfortless and wretched, everything went wrong, and the invisible finger of Dumluck put nails where they would tear his clothes, and

Doctor, I'm a Sick Man.

made him stub his toe and fall over fragile and valuable objects with his arms full of things which rolled into obscure corners whence only painful search could discover them.

At noon John was feeling much worse, so he crawled across the street to a drug store and asked for something that would resurrect the dead.

Cold Comfort From the Druggist.

"Here is our own preparation," said the druggist, "it is superior to anything else in the market."

He handed John a bottle of water with a beautiful green label.

"What do you think is the matter with me?" asked John.

"A trifling over-indulgence in bad whisky, nothing more," replied the genial druggist. "You'll be all right to-morrow; but for a few days I wouldn't drink anything before 10 o'clock in the morning, and then only the pure article such as we sell in our back room. Have you seen our back room? Never drink? Ah. We sell alcoholic preparations only on prescriptions. The restorer will be $3 75. Thank you."

At 4 o'clock John was so much worse that he felt obliged to tell Mr. Jewks about it again. He hesitated, remembering what a failure he had made of the first attempt.

"My voice belied me," he mused. "It is a very healthy voice for a sick man."

A Voice Like Wailing Winds.

With this idea in mind he addressed Mr. Jewks in a tone which sounded like the wind blowing through weeping willows in a lonely graveyard. Mr. Jewks eyed him dis-

Anything That Will Raise the Dead?

trustfully, and John felt like a fraud. Although his accents did not even faintly typify the condition of his stomach, he could not deny that the voice was assumed. He began to doubt whether he wasn't feigning sickness after all, and he allowed Mr. Jewks to persuade him to go back to work.

But as he was returning to his post, he fainted away at the head of a flight of stairs, and fell down to the sidewalk, where he regained his senses and took a car up town. He was fortunate enough to secure a seat, though it was the last one left vacant. Two blocks farther up the street a powerfully built woman boarded the car. She ran her eye rapidly over the occupants of the seats, and all the men immediately buried themselves behind their evening newspapers, except John, who didn't have any. The member of the weaker sex strode up to John and planted herself firmly in front of him.

Forced to Give Up His Seat.

Now, John was a courteous man who had scruples about allowing a lady to stand, but on this occasion he felt that his illness was a sufficient excuse, and he tried to make her aware of it. He coughed feebly and put his hand upon his heart. Then he passed it across his throbbing temples and sighed. But the woman sniffed disdainfully, and intimated plainly that she was not to be fooled by such a thin pretense. She gazed at John with a sad but patient eye, just as a turkey buzzard sits on a dead limb watching a sick cow in a remote corner of the pasture. John shuddered. Her cold and callous eye was killing him. He gave her his seat rather than bequeath it to her; and, at the next corner, got off the car, and called on his family physician, who lived on that street.

"Ah, John," said the doctor, heartily, "glad to see you looking so well."

"Doctor, I'm sick," said John.

"Nonsense, old fellow," cried the merry son of Esculapius (who attended John's family for a stated sum per year), "you're a little down in the mouth, that's all; cheer up. You'll feel all right to-morrow. Never saw you looking better. Stomach feeling bad? Get Mrs. Smith to put a teaspoonful of soda in a cup of warm water. That's all you need. People take too much medicine nowadays."

And So John Smith Died.

John got out on the sidewalk somehow, and tried to feel encouraged; but at the corner he felt so much worse that he asked a policeman for an ambulance.

"Who's hurted, noo, I dunno?" inquired Policeman Mahaffy, as he pulled the call.

"It's me," said John faintly, "I'm sick."

"Go on wid yez, ye rapscallion," cried Mahaffy, waving his club. "Did ye tink it was funny makin' me pull de call for nothin?"

John sat down on the curbstone, put his head against a lamp post, and died. Half an hour later the ambulance arrived.

"Simple drunk," said the surgeon. "Know where he lives?"

"Yep," said Mahaffy.

"Well, take him home in a wheelbarrow; he'll be all right to-morrow."

Shortly after 9 o'clock that evening Undertaker O'Gool, who was a friend of the Smiths, finished his work and looked up with professional pride at the weeping widow.

"Mrs. Smith," said he, stroking the chin of the deceased, "I never saw John looking better in my life."

HOWARD FIELDING.

THE LAWYER'S INCOME.

It Comes Irregularly, and Thus Leads to Spendthrift Habits.

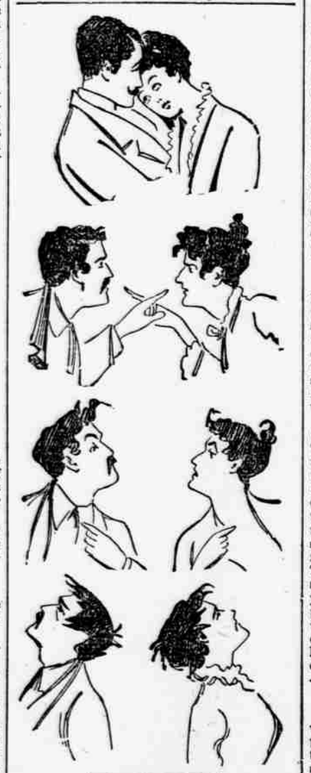
New York Sun.]

A lawyer's income is not anything like so steady as a physician's. One lawyer who earned $75,000 during the year before last, confesses that he took in only $10,000 last year. Such variations are not merely frequent, they are almost to be counted on. It is to such variations that lawyers ascribe the spendthrift character of the successful men in their profession. When they make money it seems to come overwhelmingly, and, as it comes after a period of enforced self-denial, it is apt to go as it comes.

One well-known lawyer, who has recently established himself in town, took $40,000 as a fee in a recent celebrated will case. It gave him prestige, but in the year that has succeeded that event he has not earned as much as he got from that single case.

The Story of Wedded Bliss.

A young Scotch artist is just now attracting attention in London by his satires in lines. His real name is Anderson, but he signs himself Cynicus. Below is a reproduction of a sample of his work. He calls it "Wedded Bliss; the Old, Old Story:"



—A farmer driving into Kimball, S. D., last week discovered what he supposed to be a diamond willow cane by the roadside, which he threw into his buggy and the stable boy took it into the office, but on thawing out it proved to be a rattlesnake.

JANE EYRE'S AUTHOR.

Wakeman Visits the Dreary Town Where Charlotte Bronte Lived.

HIS PEN PICTURE OF HAWORTH.

Interesting Relics Gathered by a Devoted Friend of the Family.

THE CURATE WHO HATES THE NAME

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

HAWORTH, ENGLAND, March 20.—In the entire history of the relation of woman to English literature there cannot be found anything like the same winsome, if somewhat melancholy, interest that will always cling to the irreproachable name, the obscure surroundings and the extraordinary personality of the author of "Jane Eyre."

Because of this, Haworth, though interesting for little else than once having been the home of the Bronte family, is worth going a long way to see. And it is a long and dreary way one has to come. Perched up here among the bleak hills of the West Riding of Yorkshire alongside the moors and fells of Lancashire, the place is almost as unknown and inaccessible as the grave of Byron at Hucknall Torkard, in Nottinghamshire. If your impulse is to visit Haworth come in the summer only. Then there is at least sunshine. The tiny Haworth railway station stands in the center of the horse-shoe shaped valley head to which you have come from the north. There could be a no more cheerless sight than that presenting itself in every direction as you alight from your railway carriage. The stationmaster, the single human in sight, in a sparsely-cut, threadbare uniform, trots around shiveringly for a moment as if feeble, starved and cold; and then snaps himself up in his little den with a sharp click, as if in flight

From the Surrounding Dreariness.

Across the track where there has sometime been a little patch of flowers a lonely, almost featherless, altogether bedraggled hen pecks at the dead stalks feebly, querulously. This is all of life there is near the station. Over to the left, a long distance away on the level bed of the valley, are several huge mills. They are prisons in every sense. The black smoke rolls sullenly from their stacks. But no human being is visible. Then there are a half score rows of workmens' houses, little, mean, hard and cramped, huddled in grimy, denuded spaces, or set on the bare side in all manner of angles, as though they had set out to run away from the place, and, too feeble to escape, had stuck fast where they now stand.

High above this modern Haworth, Browmore stretches away in interminable swells of savage, treeless hills. These circle around to the south and west, and your eye follows them until it catches a steely-gray line of what at first seems ragged, jagged cubes of rock, cutting in diagonal transverse from the bottom to nearly the top of the bare escarpment of another bolder hillside, terminating in the loftier, drearier Haworth moor. This half-defined, ragged line of gray is the ancient village of Haworth. Slipping and sliding along the sinuous, clayey path, you reach the lower end of the long, climbing, winding village street. Everything is of stone—the houses, the gutters, the rain-troughs, the gargoyle-spouts, and the cobbled way, like an open stone sewer cut along the hillside to carry off the seepy oozings of the moor-mosses above.

Everybody in the Mills.

There is but the single street; Main street it is called. Dank, dark closses sometimes extend for a house length to the right and left. The yard-wide pavements are series of stone stairs and platforms. Beneath the latter are shadowy shops and living rooms. All stand open; but few inhabitants are to be seen. Those of whom glimpses can be caught are little children, still too young to be ground in the mills, and bowed old crones of women already ground by the mills into voicelessness and shapelessness. Up, up, up, for a mile, you plod, and at last reach a tiny open space. The houses are set around it closely. Quaint shops and ancient inns crowd it at all sorts of curious angles. This is the head of the village, topographically, in habitations and in aristocracy.

Not for its attractiveness, but because it seems an outlet to somewhere, you pass into a little court behind the Black Bull Inn. It is a maze of angles and wynds. Suddenly another tiny open space confronts you. Here an old, oblong, two-storied stone house, with a few yards of grass plot at its side; a little stone church, attached to, rather than blended with, a grim Norman tower; a grave yard cluttered with crumbling stones; the whole covering barely an acre of ground. These were Haworth parsonage, church and church yard; the earthly, and final, home of the Brontes; and their living eyes ever rested on Haworth moor, which rises immediately above the church yard like a wall of rounded stone.

History of the Family.

Here, within the village nest of the moorside eerie, one may fittingly pause and recall the history of the Brontes as a family. The father, the Rev. Patrick Bronte, was a son of a County Down, Ireland, farmer, whose real name was Prunty. He was born Patrickmas day, 1777, his name being changed to Bronte at the suggestion of his benefactor, the Rev. Mr. Tighe, rector of Drumgooland parish, in Down. Fine in physique, handsome and ambitious, he forswore peasant-life, and, much after the manner of the "Poor Scholar" in Carleton's pathetic tale, gained enough learning at 16, to teach a small private school; soon became a tutor; entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1802; obtained his B. A. degree four years later; was ordained to a curacy; and we find him, on his marriage, in 1812, to Maria Branwell, a sweet and gentle Cornish maiden of Penzance, the incumbent of the church living at Hartshead, a little village near Huddersfield, about 20 miles across the moors, to the southeast of Haworth.

They were five years at Hartshead. Then Mr. Bronte was transferred to Thornton, another Yorkshire West Riding moorland hamlet, "owre the staires" that is, over the stair, or hills, four miles south of Haworth; the gray old octagonal chapel tower at Thornton being visible from the heights of Browmoor, just over there across the valley.

The Mecca of the Writers.

Mr. Bronte was given the living of Haworth in 1820, and with his family took possession of the old parsonage just as you see it to-day. He remained until his death in 1861, a period of 41 years, the incumbent of St. Michael and All Angels, this now world-famed church, which with the parsonage, the graveyard and these closely-huddled houses of stone make up a grim old village picture.

It will be your fortune to be driven from this parsonage-door, just as was Miss Thackery and scores of English literators in the past; as was the Rev. Dr. Theodore F. Clarke, of Brooklyn, only last summer; and as I was yesterday. But you may see the old graves the Brontes saw; wander upon the moors they knew; study the ancient tower that escaped the vandals' hands; and stand beside the memorial tablets to the one family that made all Haworth a shrine. Then, if you will be cautious, and will assure the simple-hearted old creature that you will not betray her confidences to the present precious incumbent of St. Michael's, with old "Susey" Ramsden—half blind and deaf, quite four-score years of age, but with her love for the Bronte family flaming deeper and brighter as the end approaches—you may go over all

The Sad, Sweet Story.

Of the pious yet stern old curate's Haworth ministrations; the loss of the gentle, patient mother; the death of the older sisters; the curse of the wayward brother's life and terrible death; the grim, unshaken sense of duty shown in the surviving sisters holding the sunless home together; and then all the long years of iron-hearted struggling by the three sisters, "Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell," respectively Charlotte, Emily and Anne Bronte, to reach the mighty world-heart with their far-away, unknown voices and pens; the final victory and rejoicings; the coming to the gray old village of the famous and great to do honor to the new wondrous folk of the parsonage; the loss of Charlotte's two sisters within one year; her own brief and happy wedded life and untimely death; the later death of the sturdy old father; the death, but the other day, in Ireland, of his surviving sister, the last of the Bronte family; and, finally, the crooning gossip about Charlotte's husband, Mr. Nicholls, once the curate here, and now a white-haired English farmer—all in so tender a way that you will more and more love the very earth these perfect women trod.

From one's longing loitering about the old parsonage where now the spirit of envy and hate repels all who come pilgriming to the former nest of genius and love; from wanderings over the moors to which the father and all the talented sisters were so passionately devoted; from dreaming about the ancient churchyard with its dank graves and sniching willows; and from hushed and pensive lingering within the church by the very spot where all these loving and loyal, sad and tempestuous hearts are resting in the eternal silences; it is a delight, if still a melancholy pleasure, to turn to an humble home not a stone's throw from parsonage, church and graves, where a younger cousin of Charlotte's faithful nurse, Martha Brown, have with dogged fidelity to a generous sentiment gathered together many of the scattered relics of the old Bronte household.

One of the Devoted Friends.

With marked contrast to the clerical brute who has repeatedly declared that the name of Bronte was hateful to him; that it was not his duty "to maintain a show place for strangers, but a house of prayer for the praise of God;" that the memory of this family represented to him merely "a recollection of a predecessor incumbent;" and who has done everything in his little power to destroy the greatest and least vestiges of as noble and tender personalities and influences as ever hallowed English soil; this young man, a poor man besides, Robinson Brown, of 123 Main street, Haworth, has passed a life of sacrifices and almost personal want to secure these precious relics and to generously welcome all strangers who may wish to see them.

His home is the only real Bronte shrine in Haworth. The curate rules the village with a spiritual rod of iron, and this local autocracy makes it treason in Haworth to be interested in Bronte relics and memorials. Despite it, now and then the old, old folk, and the humble workmen of the factories, who secretly adore the writings of Charlotte and the memory of the noble family, steal in here by these mute bits from the old home, weep over them, and steal away again, trembling from fear of discovery and proscription. Thus the curate maintains "a house of prayer for the praise of God" in the Haworth of to-day.

How Charlotte Spent Her Time.

Mr. Brown's collection comprises a few paintings, many drawings and several specimens of needlework, all done by Charlotte. There is a drawing, in sepia, of a revenue cutter becalmed at sea in soft and humid moonlight. The pencil drawings are numerous. Three of these are remarkably true to nature. Two are of a laughing and a crying child. The other is a river bridge and a mountain scene, full of delicacy and feeling. Her skill in needlework, and what would now be termed art embroidery, was superior. An extraordinary piece of this needlework is a study of a youthful shepherd and shepherdess tending a flock of moorland sheep, the faces of all being partially laid in with water colors. The only painting of Charlotte in oil, done during her lifetime, is also here.

There are several of her letters in her wonderfully minute and perfect chirography; and one was particularly interesting to me because written to the "old Susey" I had seen. It is dated Haworth, June 13, 1848. Susey had left Haworth for a little stay at York. Miss Bronte writes:

I was afraid that at first you would not feel very comfortable among strangers; persons who have lived most of their lives in a quiet little place like Haworth find a vast difference between the Central American, South American, Canadian and the citizen of the United States.

The Boys' First Circus.

Charles E. Coon—No man ever forgets the impression his first circus made upon him when a boy. Nor does he get quite so old as to despise the smell of the sawdust, or cease longer to take pleasure in the entertainment of the ring. About one of the earliest recollections you can go back to is usually your first circus; perhaps the elephant has our earliest memories. I never see an elephant now without thinking of the first elephant I saw when a child. I can date nothing back of that elephant. Nor can I date back in my younger days farther than the first circus—one of those old fashioned kind that had one ring and one clown—that broke so gloriously upon my boyish vision. When I see a man who says he don't care anything about a circus I think there is something wrong with him. Yet the circus today is as widely different to that we first saw as one thing of the same kind could be from another. Still the aroma of the ring and the animal cages is about the same to our nostrils. It recalls the happy days of our youth, and if it gives us no other pleasure than, even that is sufficient to induce our annual attendance upon the circus.

A Party of Thirteen.

A Renowned Traveler—I have heard a great deal about that unlucky number, 13. There may be something in it and there may not be anything in it. But I do know something remarkable connected with it in my own personal experience. Some years ago stories of the number 13 were being circulated among the members of a party, of which I was one. This party was composed of travelers, three of whom were Americans and ten of whom were of various nationalities. The place was in Milan, Italy. I don't know how the subject arose, but presume it was because somebody made a remark about there being just 13 of us. No; it was not the traditional dinner party. I remember it well on account of the events which followed it. The members of that particular party never met all together again. Within two weeks two of them met their deaths upon the glaciers of Switzerland, and by the end of the season, before I got back to America, two others died by violence. The remarkable facts were communicated to the rest of the party and created a desire in them to keep track of the others. You will be astonished when I tell you that the only remaining members of that 13 are one other American and myself, the rest having all died violent or tragic deaths. The last one to die was this gentleman's wife, and she met her death by a carriage accident. Her husband and I had but recently discussed the remarkable features connected with this particular case when he received a dispatch informing him of the fatal accident which carried off his wife. She was the eleventh of the party. Now there are but two of us. This has all happened within the last 10 years.

ALL SORTS OF TALK.

Short and Entertaining Interviews About Men and Things.

HARD WORKING IS A DISEASE.

Bookmakers of England Differ From Their American Brothers.

A TEXAS TALE OF TOM OCHILTREE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

NEW YORK, April 4.—During the week I was fortunate in having talks with people who had something interesting to tell. Below will be found some of the best of the interviews:

No Good Hotels in Dixie.

George M. Rye, Texas—I have traveled pretty extensively in following race meetings, and have had a great deal of hotel experience. There are not as many good hotels in the South to-day as I have fingers on my right hand. It has always been a mystery to me why hotel proprietors and owners in the South did not make some effort to keep up with the times. It is a fact, however, that they don't, and that about the very worst living that a man can get on top of the globe is handed out to him in these Southern hotels. I am a Southern man myself, and have lived a great deal in the South, and it is not therefore a prejudice. I love good living, and am able and willing to pay for it. They may pay as much for their food in some places as is paid in Northern localities, but the cookery is bad. There is scarcely a decent cook anywhere. It is only when a man goes outside of a hotel in a place like New Orleans, and gets acquainted with the keeper of some restaurant and the waiters who will, in a short time, learn a customer's taste and make an effort to gratify it and he gets satisfaction. The South is still under subjection to the frying pan. There are a few noted improvements in the watering place cities along the Atlantic coast, but outside of these there is scarcely a decent hotel south of the Mason and Dixon line.

Hard Work Is a Disease.

Frank B. Carpenter, THE DISPATCH correspondent—Hard work is a disease, I think. It is something like the love of drink, or the slavery of tobacco or opium. It becomes ingrained in a man naturally, if he don't have it to start out with. There are men in New York worth millions who work harder than any man who toils at one of their desks at a small salary. Jay Gould probably puts in more hours of labor every day than any laborer on the streets of New York. It is more exhausting labor, too. It is a labor wholly unnecessary from his financial circumstances. But such men would be unhappy if they were not at work. It is a labor of love—a love of money. They never could get enough money. If men like Gould had $500,000,000, they would work much harder to make it $1,000,000,000, if possible. There are other laborers of this kind who work not so much for money as for the mere pleasure of work. They get to be like an old toper who isn't thirsty, but simply drinks because he likes to drink. It is a disease, and ought to be considered as such because that is the only philosophical explanation of the apparent phenomena. I have seen newspaper men stricken with this disease, and as hard and hopelessly as any other class of men. They are diggers and delvers, with never any let up, whether it be at an editorial desk or any literary labor, until they actually drop dead from exhaustion.

Tom Ochiltree's Debts Elected Him.

Abe Shwarts, of Texas—When I was living in the Galveston district and Tom Ochiltree was running for Congress the second time they used to tell a story at Tom's expense which nettled that auburn hair celebrity very much in those days, but which he now tells himself. It was notorious that Colonel Tom had a weakness for running into debt and a very attenuated memory as to his creditors. They used to say that Tom would go into a haberdashery and order a pair of socks, having the same charged up to a mythical account, which, of course, was never settled. During the campaign it was told from the stump by a Texan wag that Tom was sure to be elected. As he little place like Haworth find a vast difference in a quiet way on the inside people were very anxious to know the basis of his information. He declared that interviews had been had all over the district with Tom's creditors, and every one of them had agreed to vote for him in the hope that he would square up out of his Congressional salary. As it was conceded that his creditors were largely in the majority this settled the matter. As Tom was elected that man was ever afterward looked upon in Texas as a very shrewd political manager.

Friendships of the Soldiers.

Colonel W. A. Heyward, ex-Confederate—There never was any trouble between the ex-Confederate and the ex-Federal soldier from the moment the troops fraternized at Appomattox. The universal testimony of men who fought in the Confederate Army is that no friendship is so easily cultivated and so tenaciously retained as the friendship of ex-soldiers of the late war. About the warmest friends I have in the world to-day are men who not only fought on the side of the Union, but were placed directly opposite me in various engagements in which I participated. I have found it to be the case in numerous other instances. There is a sort of charm comradeship between friends who were once enemies that never exists as between friends who have never fallen out. There is a very large streak of human nature in this, and that is the only way I can account for it. Every man knows that during his boyhood days the best friend he had was the boy who licked him or got licked by him. I suppose it is because men of tried and known bravery have greater respect for each other than those whose courage has never been put to the test.

What the Term American Implies.

An ex-American Minister—The term American to us is a very simple thing. It means a citizen of the United States. Abroad, however, that is quite a limited sense, and one which is rarely used except by citizens of this country. If you speak of an American in Paris and London and in American society, of course, it is usually taken that you mean a citizen of the United States. But outside of this circle of our traveling people the term embraces Canadian, Mexican, Central American and South American. To merely say that you are an American is about as indefinite in most of the countries of Europe as it could well be. More so, in fact, than in any other nationality that can be named. An "American" is not, in fact, a nationality, because it embraces a citizen of several nations. This is calculated to take the conceit out of us upon our first experience abroad. It is a good deal like one's experience in lower Italy, the most traveled parts of Switzerland and Germany, where an American is simply "Anglais" that is, considered indiscriminately with the Englishmen. The chances are if we attempt to reduce our nationality to a more definite basis the foreigner will scarcely understand the difference between the Central American, South American, Canadian and the citizen of the United States.

Memory Is a Matter of Nature.

Mr. Sydney Woollett, poetical recitals—It requires no special effort of the memory on my part to remember the various poems which I recite before the public. I could, upon a moment's notice, without reference to the book, recite any poem in my extensive repertoire. Memory is largely a matter of nature as well as training. There is a sort of mental photography; that is to say, the lines are taken in negative on the brain and can be reproduced without difficulty and under any circumstances. The difference between natural memory and an acquired memory will be illustrated by the remarkable cases of children being able to repeat any stuff that is read to them, without understanding what it means, and the memory of men like the late John McCullough, who almost immediately forgot the lines of the play he had just acted. It was necessary for him to read over any play to refamiliarize himself with the lines. A good many actors and actresses have the same difficulty and require considerable rehearsal to keep them up in their parts.

Purchasing Millinery Goods.

A Pennsylvania Milliner—The out-of-town milliner comes to New York twice a year, spring and fall. The spring buying begins in February and lasts till the latter part of March. The fall buying begins in August and ends late in September. The purchasing is usually done by women directly, or under a woman's supervision. Women are usually close buyers. They start in systematically, say at ribbons, going from the top of a wholesale house down, through flowers, feathers, stuff by the yard, pins, ornaments, hats, crape, patterns, etc. They buy general styles of pattern hats, paying from $15 to $30 each. This is for the style. This buying takes about a week. While it is going on the purchasing milliner makes her headquarters at a wholesaler's and is treated with much consideration. If she is of a lively disposition a clerk will take her to the theaters and make it pleasant for her at the expense of the house. Prices are higher this season, the increased tariff on foreign goods being from 15 to 25 per cent. When the middlemen get their advantage out of this it makes a good bonnet cost from $2 to $5 more than it did last season.

CHARLES T. MURRAY.

IRON IN THE BEER.

A New Beverage From France—Impurities Left in City Air by Coal Smoke—Absorption of Light by Diamonds—New Surgical Dressing.

[PREPARED FOR THE DISPATCH.]

A RECENT development of astronomical photography is that by collating the observations at different dates it is possible to calculate the periods of revolution and the masses of two stars which had never been separated visually by any telescope yet made, and probably never would be.

IN response to inquiries as to how hard rubber can be polished, the following instructions are given: Use a felt lap charged with the finest grade of pumice stone, mixed with enough lard oil to make a thick pasta. Run the lap at a high speed, and, of course, apply the rubber to the side and not to the rim of the lap.

A GALLON pail, filled with fine sand, placed within easy reach of each workman employed where oiling and finishing is going on, is strongly recommended as an essential part of the equipment for fire protection in wood-working establishments. It has been found that nothing will subdue an oil-fed fire so quickly and effectually as sand, and the subsequent freedom from water damage is a strong point in its use.

A NEW material, which has been named "Christia," has been introduced for surgical dressings. It is a membrane-like tissue, made by a process of felting the pure fibre of the manilla hemp. It is very light and strong, impermeable to water, spirits of all kinds, oils and acids. It is made neutral, so that it can be rendered antiseptic with any desired medicament. It will stand tropical heat and Arctic cold, and is particularly adapted for India and other hot climates, where gutta percha tissue and oiled silk become in a short time amalgamated. Its cost is half that of oiled silk.

MANY persons who extend their mental work well into the night, or during the evening follow attentively the programme of a theater or concert, are awaked in the morning or in the night with a headache. A Swiss doctor, instead of going directly to bed, takes a brisk walk for half an hour or an hour. While taking this exercise he stops now and then and practices lung gymnastics by breathing in and out deeply a few times. When he then goes to bed he sleeps soundly. Notwithstanding the shortening of the hours of sleep, he awakes with no trace of headache.

RAILROAD sea-sickness has been very much reduced among passengers since the vestibule has been generally used, more particularly on roads having many curves. It is stated that there is hardly a pattern of iron gates in use which is not liable to be so jammed in case of a collision as to impede, if not prevent, the egress of passengers, but both safety and comfort are secured by the use of a sliding door which has just been patented. In this arrangement the doors slide into the car, leaving the platform entirely unobstructed. This is done by making a recess in the closet partition or in a special partition inclosing a seat.

A BRUSH with which the upper as well as the lower sashes of windows may be readily cleaned, and with which the outer faces of the panes may be as easily cleaned as the inner faces, has just been patented by a lady. The handle of the new brush is made in two or more sections, one section screwing into another to lengthen the handle. The end of the handle thus formed is screwed into a threaded aperture in one end of a horizontal plate, and into the other end of the plate is screwed a pole, also constructed of a series of sections screwed together. The sections of the pole and brush handle are preferably made tubular, so that the parts may be as light as possible.

IN a recent article on "Precious Stones," a most beautiful experiment in the absorption of light by diamonds which was carried out in Paris during the Exposition, was referred to. On this occasion a collection of 150 diamonds was placed in a dark room. In a side of the room was inserted a lens, outside of which an arc lamp was hung. The lens, which was employed to concentrate the light, was covered with violet-colored glass, so that only ultra-violet rays fell on the gems, of which but three of the entire number proved to be phosphorescent. All the others assumed a beautiful violet tint. The two stones whose phosphorescence was most marked were perfectly transparent white stones, one having a bluish tinge. The phosphorescence exhibited by these stones is described as extremely beautiful, and remained visible, with gradually diminishing intensity, for 15 minutes after a metallic cap was put over the lens.

SOME alarming statistics have been collected in Manchester, England, which show to what an extent the public health suffers from the impurity of air in cities. It was found that the deaths from respiratory diseases, when are nominally about 60 per week in that city, reached, during a foggy week in December last, 200. Observations were made at various points of the city, and the quantity of sulphuric acid and carbon was estimated. This quantity was obtained by ascertaining the amount carried down by the snow, by collecting deposits on the roofs of greenhouses, and by examining the incrustation on the leaves of outdoor plants. It was found that during three days of fog an amount equal to six hundredweight of sulphuric