CHARACTER SHOWN BY MEN'S ACTIONS

Propensities Divulged and Read by Apparently Insignificant Things.

WHEN INDIVIDUALITY IS IMPRESSED

Study of the Countenance--Napoleon's Opinion of the Nose--Byron at the Dinner Table--Craftsmen Who May Be Recognized by Their Trade-Marks.

From the St. Louis Globe.

It is said that at the battle of Austerlitz Napoleon desired to have an order conveyed to the commander of one of the French corps separated by some distance from the main army. Conveying the order was a hazardous business, as a portion of the ground that must be traversed was held by the enemy. All the orderlies were absent, employed on the Emperor's business, and learning this fact, he looked down the front rank of his guard, selected a soldier and entrusted to him the despatch. The man covered the intervening distance, delivered the order and returned in safety, bearing the answer, and was soon after commissioned an officer. A year or so later, some one who witnessed the incident recalled it to the mind of Napoleon and had the curiosity to inquire why, out of the hundred or more men who stood in the rank, he had chosen this particular soldier to perform the perilous service. "On account of his nose," promptly answered Napoleon, and then explained that, when in such emergencies he was compelled to rely on an untried man, he always selected a soldier with a good military nose, and was rarely disappointed. The answer may have been playful and misleading, for Napoleon was not a man to give too much information to other people about his methods of action or the motives that influenced him. He was a close student of human nature and an excellent judge of men, and so whatever may have been his means of arriving at a conclusion or forming a judgment he was rarely at fault. That he should have chosen the nose as indicative of character but shows that while he may have known nothing of the art or science of physiognomy he intuitively perceived the nose was more expressive of firmness and resolution of character than any other feature in the countenance, and so recognized at least one maxim already laid down by Lavatar in his "Principles of Physiognomy."

PHYSICAL AND MENTAL TRAITS.

It is now generally conceded that there is a connection often very important and significant between physical and mental traits, that, in a certain way, sometimes very difficult of explanation, qualities of mind are indicated by peculiarities of body. This fact is most apparent to the observer of the countenance, and sometimes is so plain as to render mistake impossible. Every one knows the jolly, good-natured man, even before he opens his mouth to laugh; the stern, unbending countenance is repulsive before its owner has uttered a word. There are faces which attract us at first glance; there are faces which repel us as soon as we see them. Aside, however, from these impressions, which are exceedingly general in their character, there is no doubt much to be learned from the observance of the little points in the countenance, which sometimes confirm and sometimes refute the general impression made by the whole. Napoleon's rule about the nose, for example, can not be too broadly applied, for a large nose is indicative of strength of character only when the other features are equally strong. A large nose and a weak chin indicate, not firmness and resolution, but piggish obstinacy and stupid adherence to one course, even when it is clearly shown to be inadvisable. A high forehead is generally supposed to indicate broad intelligence, but every one has seen noble brows on mere blockheads and numskulls, while many men of great brain power have unprepossessing foreheads. Physiognomy is by no means an exact science any more than phrenology or palmistry, though in both there are often found coincidences so remarkable as to justify the belief that all three contain certain elements of truth that may, in time, furnish a scientific basis for future development.

THE APPAREL.

There are so many countenances which must be pronounced negative, that is, they give no decided impression of any kind, that, in not a few cases, the dress furnishes quite as accurate a means of reading character as the face. Extravagance in any style, no matter what, is invariably indicative of mental peculiarity. The dude is instantly recognized as the possessor of a mental vacuum, for there is an intuitive feeling that while every man should dress himself decently according to his station in life, overdressing indicates lack of mental power, for the man is not to be estimated by the style or fit of his garments. A walking advertisement for a tailor is seldom anything else, and the man who values himself on his clothes must not expect a higher valuation from other people. Little oddities in apparel sometimes indicate taste and sometimes the lack of it, according to circumstances, but marked differences from others in the matter of dress are generally indicative of some degree of mental oddity. Many years ago, there was a prominent man in New York who never, under any circumstances, could be persuaded to wear a necktie. He had a collar button, set with a large diamond, and this, on all public occasions, he sported, instead of a cravat. Men called him queer, and so he was, and as he grew older he got queerer, and his queerness finally became so pronounced that restraint was necessary, and he ended his days in a madhouse. Under most circumstances the neglect or refusal to wear a cravat would not justify the conclusion that the subject was verging on insanity, but so odd a departure from the established canons in a man who had all his life been in good society and associated with people who were accustomed to wear cravats, was, of itself, sufficiently marked to justify the conclusion that there was something wrong in the man's mental outfit.

LITTLE ACTIONS.

The little acts of ordinary life are just as indicative of charcter as the appearance or dress. Some philosopher, it does not matter whom, lays down the theory that human character impresses itself not only on the face and form of man, but also on every action, and the expert observer may, in the simplest act, learn something of the actor. If this theory is true, it is perhaps fortunate that we are not all experts, for, were that the case, we should soon learn all about each other, and every man has something concerning himself that he prefers not to be known. But it cannot be denied that there is much information to be gained concerning those we meet by simply observing what they do and how they do it. In one of the bigraphies of Lord Byron it is stated that after visiting with a friends at an English country house, where there were four young ladies, he remarked to a friend, "There is a quartette of lazy young women." In surprise at the statement, the friend asked what had led him to such a conclusion, upon which the poet rejoined, "Ane of them was telling me how she tore her dress on a bramble and it had to remain unmended until the next day, because 'we could not find our needle.' Now," continued the poet, "every young woman, no matter of what rank or station in life, ought to have a needle of her own, and here is only one to four." The friend laughed, and dismissed the matter as a finical objection to the ladies, but not long after, talking with a friend of the family, this gentleman said, speaking of the girls in question, "They are very clever girls, but the greatest objection to marrying one of them is the fact that they are all so lazy." Byron's comment recurred to the mind of the listener, and upon further inquiry he found that the poet was right—the four possessors of one needle were too lazy even to keep it in its proper place.

JUDGING A YOUNG WOMAN.

Judging four young women by one needle may not be a safe procedure, for general conclusions drawn from one or a limited number of instances are apt to be extremely erroneous, but no doubt many a possible match has been spoiled through a bad impression formed from a single incident. One of the books of Napoleon says that the divorce of the emperor from Josephine was occasioned, not by reasons of state, but by the empress' abominable breath. Josephine's teeth were very bad, decayed and greatly discolored, and the science of dentistry at that time consisted mostly in pulling out such teeth as ached. Artificial teeth in modern style and fit had not then been introduced, though several inventors were busy at the idea. In default of new teeth Josephine did what she could for the old, tried all the tooth washes that were recommended, held a handkerchief before her mouth whenever she laughed, and thus introduced this modern necessity, but still the breath remained as bad as before. The emperor mentioned it several times in a wish-we-could-do-something-for-it tone, and though he finally ceased to talk about it, Josephine and her friends always suspected that the breath had something to do with the emperor's estrangement. If it were so, the emperor's share in the divorce ought to be looked at with more lenient eyes. A judgment formed from a bad breath may be incorrect, but opinions deduced from untidy clothing, ill-kept finger nails, disordered hair, and similar circumstances, are perfectly legitimate. Unlike men, women are judged more by their appearance than by their brains, and, in fact, Renan says that a handsome and well-dressed woman what to do with them if she had them, hs no need of any and would not know This is an extreme view, but certain it is, that as a woman's good looks consist in the agreement of many small details in feature and dress, she has no right to complain when she is judged by them or condemned when they are not in harmony.

AT THE TABLE.

The boarder who helped himself to all the peas in the dish and expressed his regret that there were not enough for the rest of the company would not be treated with injustice if he and his whole life were judged by that one incident, for the amount and quality of "nerve" required for such a feat surely could not have existed in his composition without making itself apparent in many other ways and at many other times. Byron did not like to see the woman he loved at the table, for aside from the fact that her consumption of visible supplies deprived her of that ethereal character with which his fancy invested her, he was always afraid that by some trifling act she would break the spell. His fear was by no means ill-founded, for if a man or woman has any bad manners at all, they are certain to be discoered at the table. It is true that, from time to time, society prescribes certain laws of etiquette, which vary with the seasons, and which those who have not been initiated within the innermost circle are not supposed to know. So far as true politeness is concerned, it is a matter of indifference whether you push the spoon from you to draw it towards you when filling it in your soup plate, whether you cut your bread into cubes or bite it off in bits; these are matters which concern only the mystic circle which has no time for anything but the observance of such rules. Leaving these out of the question, the gentleman will infallibly differentiate himself from the ill-bred fellow as soon as he takes his seat. The early ill-breeding of Dr. Johnson was offensively apparent to his entertainers as soon as he began to eat; his haste, the enormous quantity he ate, as though afraid he would never get another meal, the beads of perspiration on his brow, all told the history of the terrible struggles of his early life, and are to be regarded as pathetic evidences of his years of semi-starvation. To judge him by these things would have been cruel injustice, for, at heart, he had all the politeness of the real gentleman. Yet it can not be denied that an incorrect opinion of him was formed by those with him at the table, who, judging him by the appearance, came to the conclusion that he was a vulgar boor. He is thus alluded to by one of the letter writers of his day, who saw him but once, and then at a dinner. The man was wrong, and he had no other criterion than his own, and Johnson failed to come up to that, so was characterized accordingly.

ON THE STREET CARS.

As places for the display of little traits of character, the street cars can not be excelled even by the dinner table, for, in these modern conveniences, even more than on the street, people show what they really are. Leigh Hunt has drawn a very pretty picture of the idiosyncrasies of human nature in the London stages, but in one of these old-time, out-of-date vehicles the passengers are in a condition of tyrannical oppression when compared with the liberty they enjoy in an American street car. In London the passenger is under the direct government of the conductor; in America the conductor is the slave of the passenger, it being a fundamental maxim in American street car affairs that every man who condescends to ride on a street car, in virtue of that fact owns the whole outfit, including conductor, motorman and the president of the company, and generally asserts his ownership immediately upon boarding the car. Even, however, when he does not, he is reasonably sure to show his individuality, if he has any, in some way ere he gets out. All sorts of conditions of human characters may be observed in the course of an hour's ride. The fussy man, who wants the window closed if it is open, and open if it is closed; the selfish woman who fills a seat with her parcels and allows people to stand in the aisles; the particular man, who insists on having the car stopped exactly at the crossing, regardless of the slippery condition of the rails; the forgetful woman, who gets up to go out and looks back to see what she has left on the seat; the busybody man, ever ready to take up somebody elses quarrel; the officious man, anxious to ring the bell for somebody or to show hom it ought to be done; the abstracted man, who goes past the street where he wanted to get off, and then scolds the conductor; the lady killing man, who deserves to be kicked at least once every day for staring at the women; the man who drops his nickel and makes half the people in the car change their seats in order that he may look for it; they are all there, and each and every one unconsciously shows what he is as plainly as though he wore a placard on his back.

IN THE STORES.

Just as the street cars are owned by the men who ride on them, so, to an extent even greater, are the stores the property of the women who patronize them. The greater part of the household buying in this country is done by the women, the greater number of advertisements are written to catch the eyes of the women, they ar thus taught their own importance by the merchants themselves, and having learned are not slow in asserting it. The consequence is that from the moment a professional "shopper" enters a dry goods store, until the moment she leaves, she is the fee simple proprietor thereof, and the floor walkers, clerks, counter men nad women, cash boys and all other people connected with the establishment are her vassals. No feudal lord of the Middle Ages ever ordered his villeins about more unceremoniously than an experienced shopper commands the menials of a dry goods store to do her bidding, nor is she, any more than the baron, disobeyed, for the men and women who work in these establishments know that complains is a serious matter. The shopper may elsewhere be a lady in appearance and action, but the firmly imbedded idea of ownership makes her despotic in the store. It is easy to distinguish her from the real lady, who recognizes the fact tha clerks have feelings like other human beings, and the right to be treated with common politeness. Women aer commonly supposed to be less secretive than men, but with regard to their own affairs they understand how to keep their own counsel quite as well as the lords of creation. Yet they are raerly so thoroughly on their guard, and when taken unawares by a bit of sudden and unexpected intelligence, particularly if it is disagreeable, almost invariably display their feelings in a way that enlightens the shrewd observer as to the real state of their minds.

HANDWRITING.

Among the curious professions of the age has sprung up that of the expert in handwriting, the man who, from a line of writing, pretends an ability to read the character of the writer. Sometimes the pretensions go even further, and the expert asserts his power to divulge the past and foretell the future, all from a few lines of chirography. As to the last class of pretensions, they may be dismissed as worthy of no consideration, but there certainly seems, in a great many cases, to be a sort of correspondence between character and handwriting. The British Museum has published fac-similes of the autographs of all the Kings of England since the time of Edward the confessor, and in all cases, where the ruler was a man of force of character there is something strikingly individual in the signature. The most impressive are the signatures of William the conqueror, Edward I., Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth and the Lord Protector, Oliver Cromwell. Elizabeth carved the letters in large, heavy strokes with a thoroughly masculine hand, the writing of Henry VIII. is as angular as his character, while that of Oliver is clear, the letters are well formed, and the writing as carefully done as though written for a copy. It is laid down by one authority on this art that great men, that is, men of strong mental characteristics, usually write a heavy hand, as witness the bold chirography of Bismarck, but to this there are numerous exceptions. There never lived a man who possessed stronger individuality than Napoleon, and yet his writing was very fine, the letters being small, crabbed and sometimes almost undecipherable. If the letters in Bismarck's name are three-quarters of an inch long, those in Napoleon's might be expected to spread over half the page, and yet his signature is almost as delicate as that of a schoolgirl.

CHARACTER REVELATIONS.

In spite, however, of the exceptions that arise in contradiction to every rule, there can be no doubt that much of human character is unconsciously divulged by petty actions. A lazy man can be instantly detected by the way he sits down, an energetic man by the manner in which he gets up. An employer of mechanics judges a new man by the way in which he picks up the tools, a person accustomed to handle books is instantly recognized by another book-reader from the way he opens and holds them. "He is a shoemaker," said one man of another when both were riding in a street car. "How do you know?" was the question. "Look at his thumbs," and sure enough the discolorations produced by the constant use of the waxed ends were apparent. A stone mason who has allowed that trade any considerable length of time can be almost instantly detected by the much greater development of the hammer hand and its thumb, just as an old prize fighter may be identified by his broken nose. The saving man picks up pins in the street with the same carefulness now, when they are sold for 5c. a paper, as his predecessors did when pins were 10c. a dozen; the careless man can be detected by the thoughtlessness with which he walks on a lady's dress in a street car; the neat man ruefully contemplates his dust-covered hat, while the slouch neither knows nor cares that his pantaloons are spotted with the mudof last week's rain. The printer who pulls out of his vest pocket the emblem of his craft will be instantly recognized by his brethren, just as will the gardener who uses a pruning knife to cut his finger nails. A defaulter who, some years ago, fled to another state, was suspected and afterwards identified by a peculiar habit of biting his under lip, while a French murderer, who at first escaped, was subsequently arrested, suspicion beingfirst directed to him from a habit when thoughtful of plucking at the lobe of his right ear. Almost every person, if carefully observed, will be found to have some little trick or gesture peculiar to himself, and in these, quite as much as in personal appearance, individuality is displayed.

AUTHOR AND CRITIC.

The Writer Was Not Worrying Much Over the Terrible Roasting He Had Got.

From the Chicago Post.

The young author had his feet cocked up on a table and was enjoying a cigar when the book reviewer sauntered into the club.

"You seem wonderfully contented and at peace with the world for a man who has been roasted from one end of the country to the other," suggested the reviewer, a trifle put out to think that the hard whacks he had been giving had produced no appreciable effect.

"My boy," said the young author condescendingly, "those roasts don't worry me a little bit. All you have to do is to sit down and reason it out, and you'll find that I'm all right."

"They're the hottest roasts any writer has got this year," returned the reviewer.

"Of course they are," admitted the young author, "but can't you see they're not for me?"

"Not for you! Why they refer to you by name."

"Very true; but then they fire right over my head. You should take time to reason, my boy; you should take time to reason. Just take your own review of my books as an illustration. You probably had an idea that you were roasting me, but you weren't."

"I wasn't?"

"Not a bit of it, my boy. You said, for instance, that there wasn't a good idea or a bright bit of writing in the whole book."

"That would be enough of a roast for most people," suggested the reviewer sarcastically.

"It would be enough for me, if it hit me," replied the author in an offensively patronizing manner, "but you didn't aim right. You handled your weapon like a novice. Why, in the very next paragraph you proved conclusively, according to your own statement, that the whole book was plagiarized from several of the best authors. You said there was hardly an original line in the whole story. Of course, that lets me out on the charge that it is stupid and lacking in ideas, and those old standard authors are the ones that have a kick coming."

A LIVELY CITY.

From the Carbondale Leader.

Just now Canton is the liveliest city of its size in the Union. Its streets teem with life and enthusiasm. The houses are strung with streamers and banners and flags; arches with welcoming mottoes span prominent thouroughfares; buildings public and private are draped with flags and bunting and portraits of McKinley and Hobart are displayed in thousands of windows.

Presidents Seldom Are Wealthy Men.

There has never been a time when a presidential nomination has been bought; but it has not been unseldom when weak men with long purses have been persuaded to think that it is within the reach of money judiciously expended. As a matter of fact, all the rich men who have been nominated for the presidency by party conventions in the last sixty years may be counted on the fingers of one's hand. Not even one of them can be fairly said to have secured the honor solely by a corrupt expenditure of money. The first very wealthy candidate that was named for the presidential office by any of the great parties was Tilden. While he did not resort to direct methods of using his money in influencing the election of delegates, he caused a good deal of it to be distributed through his agents. So much of this kind of work was done in 1876 that the term "barrel" was for several years afterwards in the mouth of every politician in describing a candidate who depended chiefly on his riches for public advancement. Every presidential year seems to bring out one or more of the barrel candidates. Not content with aspiring to governorships and senatorships, they occasionally look with a longing eye on the presidency. It generally happens that this ambition is started into life and then played upon by the sharp parasites who always hang on to the skirts of rich men with a weakness for notoriety or official distinction. Every large city has an abundance of such men.

Perhaps the most notorious example which we have ever had of the use of the barrel was eight years ago in the "Alger boom" for the presidency. General Alger is a son of Michigan, who has accumulated several millions of dollars. He has a reputation for kindheartedness and liberality, and out in the Wolverine state he has been regarded, and still is, as the mainstay of all the people who make philanthropy a trade, and of all the designing sycophants who puff small men into greatness—for a consideration. With many excellent qualities of heart, he seems to be one of those rich men who easily succumb to any one who can tickle their vanity. Having once been elected governor of the state, he contracted an itch for higher office. This he was willing to satisfy by the expenditure of money for the "good of the party." The result was that he had around him in 1888 a large number of individuals who firmly convinced him that "the party" was in danger, and that he was the coming man who would redeem it. Accordingly, a puff bureau was soon set to work. Pictures of Alger were distributed, biographies of Alger were printed, and beautiful little stories of Alger's munificence and patriotism were circulated through the newspapers. When the Chicago convention opened there was an elaborate Alger headquarters, a great crowd of Alger shouters and unlimited Alger refreshments. Alger having announced with charming frankness his intention to be a candidate, became the object of unbounded admiration from needy patriots and the mendicants of the press. People who had never heard of Alger were enlightened with all kinds of literature concerning his grand and glorious career. The fact was that he was a kind-hearted and well-meaning man, with his liberality as really the only title he had to recognition. He was a barrel candidate in the full sense of the term.

At the Democratic National convention in 1884 there was a barrel candidate of the same kind—Roswell P. Flower, of New York, then a Wall street broker. For several months before the convention the strikers in New York, and, for that matter, throughout the state, played upon Flower's ambition to be recognized as the favorite son of New York in place of Grover Cleveland. He had succeeded in going to congress by flooding one of the city districts with money. He then was encouraged to believe that he would obtain the Democratic nomination for president in the same way. A "literary bureau," which cost him many thousands of dollars, was put in operation for the purpose of influencing the country press. All over the Empire state a Flower boom broke out. Every man in politics or on the press who levies toll on the weaknesses of rich men was shouting or writing for Flower. The most ridiculously extravagant promises were made to him by people who could not control a single delegate. Flower was so elated that he went about declaring that he would certainly defeat Cleveland for the nomination, if he did not secure it for himself. He had no doubt that the convention would ultimately be obliged to go to him as the only representative New York Democrat in the field. A great crowd of Flower shouters were sent to Chicago. The Flower headquarters were lavish in their hospitality. Finally, when the convention got down to balloting, it was discovered that out of the seventy delegates from New York Flower had just four!

The friends of a rich man, even when he has ability, and when they have something like a genuine regard for him, are seldom made stronger in a national convention by the fact that he is rich. Tilden's wealth would have been a weakness to him if it had not been for his extraordinary capacity for political direction. Senator Henry B. Payne, of Ohio, who was Tilden's residuary legatee in 1889, is an illustration of this fact. He and his family spent their money freely in Ohio politics for the purpose, first of making him senator and then of nominating him for the presidency. This combination included every Democratic politician in Ohio whom money could reach, and every Democratic newspaper from the Ohio river to Lake Erie that could be subsidized. It was successful in its first object, but failed miserably in its second. The sheer weight of wealth broke it down. Outside Ohio it was impossible, even with Tilden's powerful aid, to induce thoughtful Democrats to touch Payne because of their fear of a barrel candidate. Inside the state there came to be a revulsion against it because Thurman, a poor man, was driven out of public life by the Payne crowd. Brice repeated the same tactics and has met the same fate.

Secretary Whitney, whose marriage with a daughter of Senator Payne, of Ohio, brought him wealth which he dispenses with so lavish a hand, has long been looked upon by these boomers as a promising subject. Several attempts were made in Washington last fall to induce him to start a literary bureau that would be of service to him as a presidential candidate if Cleveland should decline to run for another term. I recall a Tennessee congressman who was with the party on the Columbia a few years ago watching the crowd drinking Whitney's campagne at one of Cramp's great lunches and who said that there was no man in Washington who was so much sought out by that kind of people as Whitney. "They would like to float him into the White House," he said, good humoredly, "on the back of a terrapin in a river of Pommery sec." The New Yorker has for the present given up all thought of presidential ambition, although all the strikers in the Democratic party have been importuning him during the winter in the hope that there might be some solace for them this year in a big campaign fund. An eminent Democrat in this city not long ago received from him a letter, however, in which he said that the whole outlook for the Democrats was so discouraging that he couldn't see a hope of electing anybody, and that he had no interest in the canvass beyond a wish that the party would not go to the demnition bowwows on the free silver toboggan at Chicago. The only Republican candidate who measures up to the barrel standard this year is Morton. He has it is understood, given some checks to his boomers in New York for their travelling expenses, but it is believed that his expenditures have been small and by no means what the mendicants expected.

Railroad presidents have always been favorite game for the strikers, mendicants and puffers who bring out barrel candidates. At one time Thomas T. Scott was played upon by such a combination. Hugh J. Jewitt, of the Erie railroad, was also picked out for the presidency by a crowd of the same kind. Some time ago, out in California, they seized upon the late Leland Stanford as their prey. The Depew movement in New York in 1888 was originally started on the same basis, but his great ability and real fitness for public affairs caused it to outgrow the limits of the professional puffers. The only occupant of the presidency who came near to being a millionaire when he was elected was George Washington. If you go to the trouble of looking into the biographies you will find that the sum total of their wealth did not exceed two millions of dollars.

SURVIVING VETERANS.

There Are a Million and a Half of Them in the Country.

Odd things are coming to light every day to show us what a great and magnificent country we have. Just to think, it is thirty years since the gerat war of the rebellion closed, and according to the census figures of 1890, now first published, it would take seven enormous books, each so big that a small boy could not lift it, to contain the names of all the veterans of that war still living. The official figures show that nearly 1,500,000 men who tok part in the rebellion were alive when the census was taken, about six years ago. The exact figures are as follows:

Union soldiers, sailors and marines	1,034,073
Confederate veterans	432,030
Total	1,466,603

All but 5 per cent. of the men who took part in the war on the Union side were white and the remainder were colored or civilized Indians. Of the white soldiers 90,00 were born of foreign parents and 172,000 were born in foreign countries. In other words, considerably more than one-fourth of the Union soldiers were foreigners either by birth or parentage. Quite different are the facts as to the Confederate soldiers. In the armies on that side of the line the colored troops numbered less than 1 per cent. of the whole, and the soldiers who were foreign born or born of foreign parents numbered only 23,000 out of a total of 432,000.

Some interesting facts concerning the geographical distribution of the surviving veterans have been gleaned from the official reports. A surprising number of Northern soldiers have settled in Dixie since the war. Union veterans are sprinkled all over the South, from 30,150 in Kentucky down to 2,063 in Georgia, but the number of Confederate veterans in the North is much smaller. The entire northeast, including New Jersey and Pennsylvania, contained in 1890 only 2,432, of whom 1,074 were in Pennsylvania and 787 in New York. There were only 11 lonely upholders of "the lost cause" in Vermont, but they had the sympathy of 14 Confederate widows. The western states along the Ohio river make a little better showing for the southern veterans, Ohio containing 1,227, Indiana, 1,353, and Illinois, 1,759, and Kansas has 1,916, but the number dwindled to 115 in Wisconsin and 48 in North Dakota. Southern widows were much fewer in these western states, outside of Missouri, where they numbered 1,940, against 17,558 southern veterans.

Texas now contains a larger number of Confederate veterans than any other state, or 67,000, against 49,000 in Virginia, 47,000 in Georgia and 44,000 in North Carolina. Pennsylvania contains the largest number of surviving veterans from the Union side, or 110,780. Ohio is second with 101,602. New York third with 86,000, Illinois fourth with 71,000, and Missouri fifth (greatly to the surprise of many people) with 64,000. A comparison of these figures of the surviving veterans of the Union with the number borne on the pension rolls indicates that more than two-thirds of the veterans are already drawing pensions. The number of veterans pensioned under the general law in 1895 was 352,453, and under the act of 1890, 365,118, exclusive of 17,767 navy pensions. This made a total of 735,338 invalid pensions growing out of the civil war, or considerably more than two-thirds of the 1,034,073 veterans living in 1890.

THE SORCERER.

When the condor Night, with her wings outspread,
Has frightened the sun away,
And the sentinel stars mount guard o'erhead,
Then I right he wrongs of day.

The workday world may run as it will,
But the night belongs to me;
As soon as the earth lies dark and still
I set all her captives free.

I gladden the invalid's tear-worn eyes
With visions supremely fair,
I summon the mourner to Paradise
And banish all worldly care.

The miser with his bags of gold
At my touch grows poorer far
Than the homeless urchin who sleeps in the cold
And is lighted to bed by a star.

I visit the hovel where Honor lives
And make it a palace grand,
I scatter the prizes contentment gives
With an eager and lavish hand.

The craven monarch who rules by night
I drag from his tottering throne
And place his neck 'neath the heel of Right
To torture his heart of stone.

The beggar I raise to a king's estate,
The banker I render poor;
I bid the cripple go forth elate
With a step both light and sure.

I seek out the places of vice and crime
And scourge all I find therein;
For, rest assured, in my own good time
They'll pay me for every sin.

Would you see my work? Just cast your eyes
On a cradle and take a peep
At the loveliest object beneath the skies—
The smile of a baby asleep.

I haven't a card, but I'll leave my name—
I'm the monarch of all that seems;
If I punish you, you've yourself to blame,
I'm the ancient sorcerer—Dreams.

—Frank S. Pixley, in the Times-Herald.

THE BLUE AND THE BLACK.

Here's a health to the lass with the merry black eyes!
Here's a health to the lad with the blue ones!
Here's a bumper to love, as it sparkles and flies!
And here's joy to the hearts that are true ones!

Yes, joy to the hearts that are tender and true,
With a passion that nothing can smother,
To the eyes of the one that are pensive and blue
And the merry black eyes of the other!

Mind this, now, my lad, with the sweet eyes of blue—
That, whatever the graces invite you,
There is nothing for you in this world that will do
But a pair of black eyes to delight you.

And mind, my gay lass, with the dear eyes of black,
In a pair of blue eyes to discover
That pure light of affection you never should lack
And you'll always be true to your lover!

Long, long shall your eyes sparkle back with a kiss
To the eyes that live to behold you!
Long, long shall the music of mutual bliss
In a heaven of rapture infold you!

And forever to you shall that singer be wise
Whose sweet thought is the truest of true ones,
That the answering luster of merry black eyes
Is the life of a pair of true blue ones.

—Wiliam Winter.

SELLING ONLY FOR CASH

Compels us to SHAVE PRICES to as low a point as is possible for good, staple and legitimate merchandise.

HERE ARE SOME TEMPTING OFFERS:

UNDERWEAR.

A complete line of all weights and sizes.
Fleece lined underwear, extra heavy. 47c
Heavy blue ribbed, absolutely fast color 47c
All natural wool and camel's hair 87c
All wool fleece, fine quality, only $1.00
Everything in heavy cotton and wool ribbed Jaros, Jaegers, Holroyds, and many other makes of finest wool underwear at great reductions.

SHIRT SPECIAL.

Finest quality percale plaited colored bosom shirts, including one pair link cuffs, were $2.00, now only $1.25
13c. Collars, all styles, now 10c
25c. Cuffs now only 18c
50c. Suspenders now only 25c

HATS.

The $1.50 grade now $1.12
The $2.00 grade now 1.50
The $2.50 grade now 2.00

CLOTHING.

Although an entire new department, we have had wonderful success. There is some tone about our line of clothing that compares very favorably with any clothing made to measure by swell merchant tailors.

Genuine Clay worsted sack and frock suits, guaranteed not to fade or wear glossy $10.00
Fall weight overcoats of black Vicuna, pure silk lined and faced, marked as low as $15.00
Our swell "Epsom" top coats, very natty garment in gray and brown mixed Vicunas, elegantly trimmed $15.00
Fine English covert cloth top coats. A complete line, cut in the very latest fashion, selling as low as $10.00

Christian 412 Spruce St. Cothier Hatter and Furnisher

GOT OUT OF BED ON THE WRONG SIDE BUT

NUX-PHOSPHO MADE A NEW MAN OF HIM!

There is no doubt that functionary nervous ailments, such as failure of brain power, hysteria, hypochondria and prostration are on the increase. This is owing to the terrible competition in the struggle for life and position in modern times. There is no nerve medicine before the public today that equals NUX-PHOSPHO. Sold throughout the civilized world by druggists and dealers generally. If your druggist says he does not keep it go to an up-to-date drug store or write to us. The Nux-Phospho Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

WHEELS WHEELS

BICYCLES.

ON AND AFTER SEPT. 1ST, 1896, WE will offer all of the following wheels we may have in stock at Jobber's Prices: Wolf-American, Pierce, Iver-Johnson, Waverly and Featherstone Lines. This is an opportunity to get a good wheel cheap. We still have the famous "Crawford," a wheel that runs as light and easy and wears equal to any $100 machine on the market. Come and see what we can do for you in our line.

E. R. PARKER, 321 SPRUCE ST.

POULTRY

Turkeys, Ducks, Chickens, Fresh Every Day.

ALSO

Pheasants, Quail, Prairie Chickens, Wild Ducks.

W. H. PIERCE, PENN AVE. MARKET

MERCEREAU & CONNELL

ESTABLISHED THIRTY YEARS.

NOW IN OUR NEW STORE,

130 WYOMING AVENUE.

Coal Exchange, Opp. Hotel Jermyn.

We have the finest store and most complete stock in all this section, of

WATCHES, FINE JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, STERLING SILVER WARE, STERLING SILVER NOVELTIES, RICH CUT GLASS, CLOCKS, ETC.

Our Prices are always bottom.

If you have not seen us in our new store it will pay you to call.

A GREAT SLUMP IN '97 CYCLE PRICES

Has been predicted all through the season just past. THIS IS THE WAY NUMBERS HAVE BEEN REDUCED.

	'96 Price.	'97 Price.
Roadster,	$110.00	$115.00
Tourist,	112.50	117.50
Lady Humber,	117.50	122.50
Racer,	125.00	150.00

Prices seem high, but then you know it's HUMBER QUALITY.

CHASE & FARRAR

515 Linden Street.

MT. PLEASANT COAL AT RETAIL.

Coal of the best quality for domestic use and of all sizes, including Buckwheat and Birdseye, delivered in any part of the city at the lowest price.

Orders received at the Office, first floor, Commonwealth building, room No. 62 telephone No. 2624, or at the mine, telephone No. 272, will be promptly attended to. Dealers supplied at the mine.

WM. T. SMITH.

The St. Denis

Broadway and Eleventh St., New York, Opp. Grace Church.—European Plan. Rooms $1.00 a Day and Upwards.

In a modest and unobtrusive way there are few better conducted hotels in the metropolis than the St. Denis.

The great popularity it has acquired can readily be traced to its unique location, its homelike atmosphere, the peculiar excellence of its cuisine and service, and its very moderate prices.

WILLIAM TAYLOR AND SON.