

A Narrow Escape.

The following thrilling incident is told by a soldier of Mosby's command, he being an eye-witness of the scene, and I will here give it in his own words as nearly as I can remember them: "Late in the fall of 1864 our boys were ordered by Colonel Mosby to rendezvous at a certain point in the mountains, preparatory to receiving further orders. All the companies and commanders were to assemble in force near the turnpike road leading into the valley from Loudoun county, and we were all to be armed and equipped, preparatory for a raid. When assembled, we numbered about three hundred men, and with that force marched into the valley, crossing the Shenandoah about dark. We bivouacked for the night and the next day proceeded up the Charlestown and Winchester turnpike, where we succeeded in capturing a large wagon train of the enemy; not, however, without a severe skirmish, in which we lost several men and horses. After retreating and again collecting our forces we were ordered to separate into companies with the view of making different raids. The company to which I was attached proceeded in the direction of the Charlestown road, where we encountered the command of Captain Blazer, and after skirmishing with it and finding we were largely outnumbered, we concluded to retreat to the Shenandoah river, which we did under hot pursuit. We reached the river at dusk, and Blazer's men, fearing an ambush, drew off. After fording the river with some difficulty we bivouacked upon the opposite side, and the next day proceeded to the little hamlet of Paris, where we awaited the return of our command. At about 9 o'clock in the afternoon the different companies began to arrive, several having Federal prisoners, and shortly afterward Colonel Mosby, with the rest of his men, came up with twenty-five or thirty additional prisoners. He immediately gave orders that there should be a detail made from each company to take charge of the prisoners, and that they should be carried to some locality in the mountains, where a house must be procured, in one room of which the prisoners should be placed and kept under double guard. We were also told to proceed to Rectortown by break of day next morning. (I happened to be among the number of this detailed guard, which renders me so familiar with all the circumstances.) In pursuance of orders we went in search of a house, and finding an old deserted house we placed the prisoners in there and built a large fire for their comfort, as it was quite cold, being late in November. The room, being small, was pretty well crowded, but passing the night without further incident, we proceeded next day to Rectortown. Among the prisoners I noticed a young officer (a lieutenant), who seemed to be suffering from lameness, and he excited my compassion by his ineffectual effort to keep up. Riding up to him I offered him a seat behind me on my horse, which he gratefully accepted. As we were in the rear of the march and out of earshot we conversed very freely, and he gave me several points in his history, and I found him to be a refined and intelligent gentleman. He stated that he had only recently been brought from Louisiana, where he acted as an officer of artillery, and he deeply regretted being captured here, as he feared that he would never survive prison life. He was the only son of a widowed mother, and had recently been married to a young wife. He seemed deeply dejected, and I cheered him as well as I could, not knowing myself anything about the destiny of the prisoners.

"On arriving at Rectortown we found Colonel Mosby, with full command, drawn up in line, and he himself in consultation with his principal officer. One of these finally advanced toward the guard which guarded the prisoners, and gave orders to draw them up in line. The adjutant then rode forward and read an order. It is stated that seven of our men having been recently hung by the enemy it was determined that seven of the prisoners should be hung in retaliation, and lots for these seven would immediately be drawn. Upon the reading of this order a scene ensued which will be impressed upon my memory until the day of my death. A cry of anguish and consternation arose from among the unfortunate prisoners. Some implored the guard to intercede with Colonel Mosby and have them excluded from the drawing, two of them declaring that they were merely sutlers and not fighting men, never having fired a gun at a Southern soldier. Others said they had been drafted into the Federal army contrary to their wishes and were friendly to the South. Others again expressed a willingness to desert that army and join our standard. While this tempestuous appeal was going on among these poor fellows, the main body of prisoners heard the awful sentence with deep dejection but sullen resolution.

"In the course of twenty minutes, two officers approached, one of them holding a hat, in which had been placed a number of wads or balls of paper, corresponding with the number of prisoners. Seven of these wads are marked. The drawing then commenced, the officer with the hat requiring the right hand prisoner to take out a ball, which when drawn he handed to the other officer in attendance, who on opening pronounced it to be either a blank or otherwise. At first several blanks were drawn, then came a marked ball which was drawn by a cavalry soldier of Custer's command, and hailing from Michigan. This man very coolly remarked that he was prepared to die for his country. The drawing proceeded with varied results. I stood behind the young officer whose lameness I have mentioned and was much relieved when he drew a blank, upon which I congratulated him. He turned and seizing my hand pressed it warmly.

"Six men have now been drawn," cried the officer with the hat, "one more must come."

"The next and last victim was a drummer boy, who, upon being informed of his fate, uttered the most piercing cries, and throwing himself upon the ground, exclaimed that he was only a drummer boy, with neither father nor mother, and begged to be spared. So greatly was the pity of the officers excited that they immediately applied to Colonel Mosby to spare the boy. He very promptly replied that he did not know there was a boy among the prisoners, and ordered that he should be re-

moved and the drawing taken over again. This was done, and on the second drawing, my friend, the lieutenant, drew a marked ball. I was shocked by this and he was deeply distressed, but exhibited a courageous resignation to his fate. Calling to him a soldier of his company, who had also been taken prisoner, he requested him to take to his wife an empty pocket-book and pencil-case, saying that these were the only souvenirs he had left when condemned to execution, and that his last thoughts were with his wife and mother. I was deeply affected at his fate and desired to assist him if possible. Whispering to him, I asked if he was a Free Mason? To which he replied in the affirmative. Immediately after this the guard was ordered to march off with the seven men who had been condemned. We proceeded with them (I being one of the guard) only a few hundred yards, when we were ordered to halt and await further orders, and in a few moments a freshly mounted squad of 15 men, commanded by a lieutenant and equipped for a raid, approached us with orders from Col. Mosby that we should be relieved from care of the prisoners. Among the number of this relief guard was an intimate friend of mine, to whom I related the circumstances in connection with the lieutenant and also informed him that he was a Free Mason. Being anxious to learn their destination, I questioned him about the recent order and he informed me that they had been commanded to take the prisoners across the mountains and as near to Sheridan's headquarters as possible and there to hang them. He promised me that he would do all that he could (consistently with duty) in behalf of the condemned officer. They then proceeded on their way, and several days elapsed before I heard anything of their movements. On meeting with my friend he gave me the following particulars:

"They reached Paris on the same night after leaving us and were there met by Captain Mountjoy, who was returning from the valley with a batch of prisoners. Being a friend of Mountjoy's he took the first opportunity of informing him of the situation of the lieutenant, and also informed him that he was a Free Mason and requested that he would try to save him. Upon hearing this Mountjoy requested an interview with the officer, and immediately afterward he crossed the street to where he kept his own prisoners and returned with two of them. These he presented to the officers in charge of the prisoners as two of Custer's men, whom he wished to substitute for the lieutenant. After some hesitation, and with the condition that Mountjoy should assume all responsibility, the exchange was made. The officer, after returning earnest thanks for his life, was hastily transferred to a batch of prisoners under the care of a sergeant, who was told to make all possible haste to Gordonsville, and especially to get out of 'Mosby's Dominions' before the break of day. Thus, in the course of a few hours, in the course of four or five days, was the fate of this man reversed three times in the most remarkable manner. At first, in the terrible ordeal of drawing a lottery for his life, he escaped. Then by a singular fatality the drawing was taken over again, and he found himself condemned to a sudden and awful death. When all hope was abandoned and he found himself on the way to execution, deliverance came in a manner equally as unexpected and remarkable."—Philadelphia Weekly Times.

The Debonnaire Isabella.

The ex-Queen of Spain gave a dinner recently, followed by a reception which the Corps Diplomatique attended. This fete was in celebration of King Alfonso's birthday, which ought to have been kept in November. My experience of the world leads me to class among proverbial fallacies the axiom which warns us that familiarity breeds contempt. Since Queen Isabella has entered into the circulation of Parisian life she appears to have gained in the estimation of Powers and Principalities, and the journals speak well of her as, "une Princesse debonnaire." Curious tales about her domestic arrangements are sometimes told, but nobody minds them, and least of all the Royal heroine of the stories. On State occasions there is an air of unaffected staidness in the ex-Queen which accords well with the surroundings in the midst of which she is then placed. At the birthday dinner much ceremony was shown in the lighting up of the Palais de Castille, the internal decorations, the show of liveries and uniforms, and the toilets of ladies, who dressed as if going to court. The ex-Queen was as fine as diamonds and royal robes could make her, and her staidness was tempered with affability. Her banquet table was furnished with old and massive and rare porcelain, and the dinner that was served was exceptionally well cooked.

Nothing is so rare as a good official dinner, which is generally contracted for at twenty francs a head. Queen Isabella's table was to be one of the worst served in Paris until Her Majesty bought Fontenay-Fresigny, whence her battery is supplied with garden, poultry-yard and farm delicacies. Prince and Princess Hohenlohe came back from Germany in time to attend the reception which followed the dinner. There were many pretty faces and elegant toilets in the ex-Queen's drawing-room. A belle of the evening was the Marquise de Moral, who is of little figure and very blonde. She is of English birth and wife of the First Secretary of the Spanish Embassy. The son and daughter of the late Duc de Morny came, as step-children of the Duc de Sesto, to make their bow to the ex-Queen.—[Pall-Mall Gazette.

The Galveston lawyers have got a good laugh on a brother attorney who was defending a colored kleptomaniac on the plea of insanity. The attorney for the defendant made an eloquent speech on the irresponsible condition of his client's mind to the jury and took a seat. His idiot client reached over, touched his advocate's arm, and said emphatically, "You are de biggest fool on Governor's Island." The opposing attorney instantly remarked, "There, I told you he had lucid intervals."

A Chicago woman broke a kerosene lamp while drunk, and the blazing oil ran over her. A man undertook to put out the flames, but she furiously fought him off, declaring that the fire felt good, and that it should not be extinguished. She was burned to death.

MALMAISON.

When Napoleon Bonaparte was winning fame and fortune as a general of the French army in Egypt he directed his wife Josephine to select a suitable country residence in the vicinity of Paris for summer use. It was the fashion then to make long visits much more than now, and the most educated men and spirituelle women of France were wont to receive their friends in their country homes, where they entertained with open air fetes, with literary amusement and with Watteau-like festivities. Poets would read their latest productions under the spreading trees to polite audiences. Actors and amateurs would give recitations from standard original plays, and the general style of amusements was more dainty than that in vogue now-a-days. The young men of that period, instead of hunting or fishing or golfing or rampaging about on bicycles, were content to sit on damp grass by the side of streams and listen to French poetry, or while away a day in witty converse. It was all very nice and genteel; but it must at times have been unutterably stupid.

Malmaison, before the time when Josephine, in following out the instructions of Napoleon, secured it for her home, had been inhabited by families of rank and fortune, and was well known in the salons of Paris as a resort of artists and literary men. The grounds were in good order, and a running stream of water all wide enough to be called a river ran through the well-wooded fields. There were few decorations. A temple to Venus was gracefully reflected in the bend of the stream, and there was a fountain and a few bits of statuary, but the place was utterly free from the stiffness which is characteristic of French gardeners generally, and found its most striking development in the artificial sylvan beauties of Le Notre. Napoleon brought from Egypt two small Egyptian obelisks, which stand to this day on the terrace in front of Malmaison. He seems to have approved of the choice made by Josephine, and made himself at once at home in his new mansion. One short walk overhung by arching trees he used for the lonely strolls during which, with his hands behind him, in the attitude which we all recognize in pictures, he devised the scheme, of conquest which afterward lent such an unholy lustre to his name. At this period he was only Gen. Bonaparte, and dreams of an Imperial crown had never yet troubled his repose.

After the divorce Josephine retired to Malmaison, there to pass the remainder of her days. Although Marie Louise was by this time the wife of Napoleon, Josephine was not neglected by a usually forgetful world. Princes and kings came to the quiet Malmaison home to pay her their respects, as if she still were on the throne. At Malmaison she died, and in the village church of Reuil near by she was buried. The funeral was the occasion of a great demonstration of popular regard; the street from Malmaison to Reuil was lined on either side with respectful crowds, and the coffin passed through ranks of weeping people. Josephine was buried beneath the chancel of the church, and the fine monument to her represents her kneeling and in life size. On the opposite side of the chancel is a corresponding monument to Hortense Beauharnais, Queen of Scotland, erected during the Second Empire by Napoleon III. Josephine had Malmaison very beautifully decorated in the style in vogue under the First Empire. The frescoes of the rooms, neat and delicate, were a reproduction of the Pompeian style, preserving its grace and discarding its licentiousness. The apartments of Malmaison were not large, but in the time of their fame they formed an ideal home.

And to-day Malmaison is for sale, and any person with \$100,000 can secure this splendid property and the grounds about it. A company owns the property, has divided part of it into building lots, and seeks to sell the chateau and grounds. Strangely enough, no one in France seems disposed to buy the historical house. It stands empty and dismantled, the furniture dispersed, the hangings and curtains gone, the frescoes peeled off the ceilings, the papers which once adorned the walls lying in piles on the floor. The Prussians occupied the beautiful little building in 1870. They "broke the carved work thereof with axes and hammers." They wantonly defiled the walls, smashed the mirrors, and acted like savages generally. In the upper part of the grounds was a Belvedere dating later than the time of Josephine. It was a substantial brick building, but its interior is now a mass of dusty ruin. The Germans assumed themselves in this way in the environs of Paris. After the death of Josephine, Malmaison passed through various hands till it became the property of Queen Christina, of Spain, who lived here seventeen years with her husband and children. Whatever may have been the career of this woman in Spain, she certainly lived a reputable life at Malmaison, and she and her family were much respected and beloved. Christina kept the chateau in the same condition as in the time of Josephine, and built at one end of it a pretty Gothic chapel, where, with her family and priest he held her devotions. Well-a-day! The chapel is now filled with rubbish and old flower-pots. In 1867 Napoleon III. obtained possession of Malmaison, and Eugene filled it with a collection of furniture and other articles which had belonged to Josephine. The house and relics were then thrown open to the public during the Exposition of that year and attracted much attention. Christina did not wish to leave the place, but Napoleon and Eugene persuaded her to sell it to France. Then came the fall of the Empire, and the barbarous Prussians defaced the interior of the building. They took out the oil paintings and burned them. In the porter's lodge they found some photographs of distinguished Frenchmen and cut off their heads, leaving the rest as a memento of their visit.

Sad, dismantled Malmaison is to-day awaiting a purchaser. It is in the charge of a venerable French couple who have lived there forty years, during the entire reign of Queen Christina. It is said to bear them tell of the Prussian invasion; of the visits of Eugene and the late Prince Imperial; of the Spanish family of children who passed their infancy and youth there; of the relatives of the Bonapartes who now and then find their way to the old chateau. But more sad than

all is to stroll through the deserted chambers, to see the spot where Josephine sat at the head of her hospitable table, to be shown the place of the last parting between Napoleon and Hortense. It seems as if the blight that has touched the once great Imperial family of France is extending to the very houses in which they lived. Fallen! fallen! And the place that knew them shall know them no more forever! Their very homesteads had made desolate. It seems like the fulfillment of some dire prophecy of old, such as Jeremiah or Isaiah might have uttered. The Empire, founded on cruelty, cemented in blood, has cursed everything it touched.—[N. Y. Evening Mail.

Coffee in France.

The first coffee root was planted in France in the gardens of the King, at Paris, in 1714, where it speedily perished. It was imported by M. de Resner, a Lieutenant-General of the Artillery. It is said that the berry was not known in France till 1857, when the Venetians imported it, to the great disgust of the doctors, who thereupon prophesied evil things. Nevertheless, it had a great vogue. In 1699 the Ambassadors of Mahomet II. brought a large quantity of coffee (presumably a bulk), which sold in Paris at forty crowns a pound. It was at the beginning of 1700 that a Sicilian named Procope founded the celebrated cafe bearing his name, in front of the Comedie Francaise, which became the rendezvous of lovers of the drama, the battle-field of literary disputes, and was attended, as is a certain London literary club, "by gentlemen eminent in their respective spheres." Here Voltaire passed two hours every day, Madame de Sevigne put on a bold front against the prevailing fashion, but struggled in vain, as may well be imagined, when she foretold that Racine and coffee and the cafe would perish together on one and the same day.

The French housewife, than whom there is no better preparator of the fragrant cup, will tell you that one of the essential conditions of coffee being good is that it be old. When it is new it is acrid and exciting. With age it loses these defects, and thus may be compared to wine. Mocha coffee is the best. In France it is rarely found, even in the large grocers' shops. But the Bourbon is nearly equal to it. Coffee from Martinique is stronger and more exciting than those already mentioned and requires longer keeping. It is easy of course, to buy a large quantity of the green bean at a time, and taking care it diminishes, year by year, taking care that the store-room is dry, and above all, that no strong-smelling condiments are placed near the coffee jar, such as Worcester sauce, pickles, Indian confections and the rest. Coffee has a wonderful tendency to borrow the less fragrant perfume of other delicacies to destroy its own.

Beware of roasting the bean too much. All travelled Englishmen in France have seen garcons twirling in the cylindrical shaped organ containing the bean in process of being cooked, and will be remarked how very few turns serve to render it fit for the mill. A clever cook, when such a machine is not available, will obtain the same result by pouring sufficient sweet oil to cover the bottom of a frying pan, and shaking the beans therein for a minute or two, till they attain the slightest brown tint, and letting them leap at once from the frying pan into the mill, thence into the French humble double tin cafetier, in which only true coffee is to be made. Above all, let it be made by the lady of the house in the dining-room before her guests. It is a very simple proposition to make, but kitchen coffee is never so good as when it is prepared by the head of the establishment. Servants will "just merely" keep back part of the brown powder for their own use, or will deluge the coffee-pot with water with the same view. Moreover, it is the "true beginning of the end" if the guests have dined well; they have three further pleasures before them. The elegance with which their hostess manipulates her kettle, her coffee-pot and cups; the delicious aroma that speedily fills the room, and chases away the too long lingering fumes of the "cotelette a la Souabe," or the acrid vapors of a soup "a la bonne femme," and the final enjoyment of the precious liquor that will render digestion easy, and therefore insure their success with the ladies in the drawing-room after the famed "chasse" has been duly discussed.

What a Volcano Can Do.

Cotopaxi, in 1738, threw its fiery rockets 3000 feet above its crater, while in 1754 the blazing mass, struggling for an outlet, roared so that its awful voice was heard at a distance of more than 600 miles. In 1797 the crater of Tunguragua, one of the great peaks of the Andes, flung out torrents of mud, which dammed up the rivers, opened new lakes, and in valleys 1000 feet wide, made deposits 600 feet deep. The stream from Vesuvius, which, in 1837, passing through Torre del Greco, contained 33,000,000 cubic feet of solid matter, and in 1793, when Torre del Greco was destroyed a second time, the mass of lava amounted to 45,000,000 cubic feet. In 1760 Atna poured forth a flood which covered 84 square miles of surface, and measured nearly 1,000,000,000 cubic feet. On this occasion the sand and scoria formed the Monte Rosina, near Nicotola, a cone of two miles in circumference, and 4000 feet high. The stream thrown out by Atna in 1810 was in motion at the rate of a yard a day for nine months after the eruption; and it is on record that the lava of the same mountain, after a terrible eruption, was not thoroughly cooled and consolidated for ten years after the event. In the eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79, the scoria and ashes vomited forth far exceeded the entire bulk of the mountain; while in 1860, Atna disgorged more than twenty times its own mass. Vesuvius has sent its ashes as far as Constantinople, Syria and Egypt; it hurled stones eight pounds in weight to Pompeii, a distance of six miles, while similar masses were tossed up 2,000 feet above the summit. Cotopax has projected a block of 100 cubic yards in a volume of a distance of nine miles; and Sumbawa, in 1815, during the most terrible eruption on record, sent its ashes as far as Java, a distance of 300 miles of surface, and, out of a population of 12,000 souls only 20 escaped.

The English Rothschilds.

Mr. Nathan Meyer Rothschild has received letters of denization from George III. in 1804. We constantly read in the papers of the early part of this century of his conferences with the Duke of Wellington and other statesmen. In 1822, on the advice of Prince Metternich, he received the dignity of Baron of the Austrian Empire at Vienna, and when he died his descendants had permission by royal license from the Queen of England to bear the same style and title of Baron. The founder of the English house of Rothschild lived in New Court street, Swifthin-lane, where the office of the great firm still is, and I have heard one who remembered those days relate that visiting the Baroness of that date he found the floor strewn with bars of gold, which had been temporarily placed for security in her own boudoir, so that she and her children trod literally upon gold. That was the Baron Rothschild, of the City, the most capable and trusted head of an eminently trusted family. He was the father of the three sons, of whom the youngest was married a short time since. There was another Baron Rothschild, as popular as his brother in society, and able to see more of it; and also a great upholder of the Turf, on which, after a long career of adverse fortune, he finally won the Derby with that splendid steed Favonius. When he died his brother, Baron Lionel, took care that the racing establishment which gave employment to so many hard-working people should not be broken up, and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, under the name of Mr. Acton, directed for his father the training and races of the horses, and won a second time for the house of Rothschild the Blue Ribbon of the Turf. The other of the elder trio of brothers was Sir Anthony de Rothschild, whose magnificent house at Aston Clinton was often thronged with distinguished and interesting guests.

Neither Sir Anthony nor Baron Meyer left sons; the younger trio of brothers are sons of Baron Lionel. A daughter of the house had previously married a Fitzroy. The two daughters of Sir Anthony married, in a like manner, beyond the pale of their ancient race. Mr. Cyril Flower became the husband of one, and the late Honorable Constantine Eliot Yorke of the other. Miss Hannah de Rothschild, the only daughter of the late Baron Meyer, became Lady Rosebery, and has given birth to an heiress of that house. Mrs. Flower and Mrs. Eliot Yorke published an elaborate work on the religion and literature of the Israelites, in which the influence of Dr. Kalisch on their education is perceptible; Lady Rosebery is the authoress of an article on Jewish women (she was then Miss Hannah de Rothschild), which appeared in one of the quarterlies; and Baroness Lionel de Rothschild has received high praise from the critics for a charming collection of stories and essays and other works. Baron Ferdinand and Miss Alice de Rothschild, who represent what was once the Neapolitan branch of the family, are much esteemed in English society. Baron Ferdinand married Evelina, a daughter of Baron Lionel, and when she died he founded, and still maintains in memory of her, the Evelina Hospital, in South London.

The Rothschilds of Frankfurt and Vienna, the Rothschild villa at Pregny, near Geneva, their blind hospital at Geneva, their hospitals at Jerusalem and elsewhere, are well known. The head of the English house, Sir Nathaniel Meyer de Rothschild, M. P. for Aylesbury, who, by a special limitation in the letters patent, succeeded his uncle, Sir Anthony, in the baronetcy, married among his own people. Baron Lionel had wedded a beautiful daughter of the house of the Neapolitan Rothschilds, Sir Nathaniel married Emma, daughter of Baron Charles de Rothschild, of Frankfurt. Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, the second son, remains unmarried. Now Mr. Leopold Lionel de Rothschild has chosen as his bride a daughter of the respected Jewish family called Perugia, of Trieste, previously allied in marriage with the great Oriental banking house of Sassoon.

There has always been a division of labor between the brothers who have directed the conduct of the house. Sir Nathaniel has a longer experience in politics and finance. Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, who is a governor of the Bank of England, represents the firm on many philanthropic and state occasions. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild is the almoner of the charities of his mother, and continues the racing establishment and fulfillment of the social graces and duties which distinguished his uncle, Baron Meyer. But no hard or fast line can be drawn between the occupation of the three brothers. Their provinces overlap and interlace. Their quickness of intelligence and warmth of heart forbid either of them to entirely abandon any one part of the vocations which make up the brilliant and useful life of the modern banker-philanthropist. Of their success in society nothing need be said. They have the means and the will to collect everything which can make life agreeable to their friends; and they have the refinement of taste and genuine kindness of heart which make their other capacities for giving a zest to life valuable and effective. From their youth upward they have been accustomed to associate with the ablest, the most highly placed and most charming of mankind.

"Make a Vacancy or I Will."

During the late administration of Grant there chanced to be a young man in one of the departments who, like so many others then and now, had entered on that horrible declivity which begins with the gilded tipping saloon and ends—who shall say where? He was a capable clerk, and his spears and short-comings were condoned for the sake of the memory of his honored father, Senator —. But the road was sure; and in time, with a discharge in his pocket and a drunkard's record behind him, step by step he passed the down grade of dissipation, until wife, children, and friends cut loose, and the quondam gentlemen slept in the parks and lived on charity. He was abandoned by all— all save the angel of mercy hovering near, though unseen. A temperance reform movement claimed him as a trophy and he began the upward struggle. Wife and children came back; but who believes in "reformed drunkards"? It was a struggle for years to find bread for the little ones, but he fought bravely, and, disappearing those who looked for his fall-

ure, he held on, and even saved others from going over the precipice. President Grant, who had known his father, heard of his struggles and sent for him. Congratulating him on his reform, he said: "I want to help you; what can I do?" "I want work," was the reply. "You shall have it. Where would you prefer to go—in new scenes or old?" The young man said: "Send me, sir, where I left a blackened record. It may encourage others if I regain a good name, and I would be more useful in my former position." The President wrote a note to the Secretary of that department and handed it to the young man, who left, but ere long returned with a long face. "The Secretary sent out word that my application would go on file!" The President, with an ironical expletive, said: "You can't put your wife and children on file, can you?" Writing another note and handing it to him, he said: "Give this in person and bring me an answer." Armed with this missive he confronted the awful presence beyond the balize doors and met an impatient refusal. "What shall I tell the President?" he calmly inquired. "That there are no vacancies." When this was delivered at the White House the imperturbable Grant, biting the end of a cigar, seized a red ink pen and wrote across the face of his former note: "Make a vacancy, or I will!" "Take that and bring his answer!" Yet again did the young man return unsuccessful. The President obtained temporary employment for his friend, taking him in person to another department, and awaited the cabinet meeting the following day. Here the President seemed as quietly imperturbable as a sphinx. As the members left the room the President followed Secretary — to the door and said: "By the way, Mr. Secretary, who would you recommend for your successor?" The astonished gentleman replied, and passing into another department, wrote a hasty resignation and sent it in. He was relieved of his portfolio the following day.

That young man made excellent use of the faith shown in him by this wonderful judge of character, and rose to a position of eminent usefulness and respectability, which he occupies to day in one of the largest cities of our land. So did the friendless stranger win his place and the honorable Secretary lose his, because the warrior chief had traced his course in lurid characters, not with sword tip, but with pen. "Make a vacancy, or I will," and now, as of yore, to say was to do, and the man who "would fight it out on this line," etc., undeviatingly kept his word.—[Washington Republican.

Registered Bondsman.

In the Treasury Department, writes a correspondent at Washington, there is an interesting set of books printed and bound, and each one about the size of Webster's Dictionary. But they are not open to public inspection. These books contain the name and residence of every holder of registered four per cent bonds in the United States. The amounts range from \$50, which is the smallest, up to \$51,000,000, which is the largest sum owned by one person. This latter sum is owned by Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, and upon it he draws \$510,000 in interest every ninety days. A check for that amount is mailed to him quarterly. At the same time the owner of the \$50 bond receives 50 cents. These bonds are very popular, and, although the original holders of them paid but par on a little share, since which time the bonds have advanced to about thirteen per cent premium, yet the books of the company show but comparatively few transfers. The premium is not sufficient temptation to cause the average holder to part with his securities. For instance, the bonds owned by Vanderbilt are now worth about \$58,000,000, but he holds on to them all the same. W. H. Vanderbilt individually owns more registered United States bonds than are owned in all the nineteen Western States and Territories. These States and Territories have a population of over 20,000,000, yet there is held among them but \$40,000,000 of registered bonds, or less than Mr. Vanderbilt owns. In the fourteen Southern or States \$12,000,000 are owned, or about one-fourth the amount held by a single citizen in New York. A prominent treasury official, in speaking of these figures, said that he thought it would eventually cause discontent. A man with the enormous wealth now possessed by Mr. Vanderbilt could add to it very rapidly; in fact, it will double itself in 20 years if put into 4 per cent bonds and let alone save to add the annual interest. With the present "start" which Mr. Vanderbilt has in bonds and dividend-paying stocks, it will be an easy matter for him to be worth at least \$250,000,000 should he live twenty years hence. It is said that he is worth more than half of this sum now. Outside the Vanderbilt family there is no single individual who owns over \$5,000,000 of registered bonds. Those who own \$1,000,000 are not numerous. Quite a number, several hundred in fact, in different portions of the country, have over \$100,000. This is regarded as a nice plum, and the man who has tugged a long time to get the round \$100,000, can well afford to take a rest and draw \$1000 in interest every 90 days. He enjoys it almost as much as the man who, by daily labor and application, earns an equal income.

INEQUALITIES OF REPRESENTATION.—It is now seventeen years since Nevada was made a state, yet the census of last year shows that her population is only 62,265—an increase of less than 20,000 since 1870. At this rate of growth she will not get the number of inhabitants now required in other States for a single representative in Congress until 1920. Meanwhile she casts one vote in the house and two in the Senate. New York with 5,083,173 inhabitants has thirty-five votes in the two houses of the national legislature. Each vote has behind it 145,233 people. Each of Nevada's three votes has behind it only 20,755 people. The inhabitants of Nevada may therefore be said to exercise seven times as much power in the business of legislating for the United States as one inhabitant of New York.