

AMUSEMENTS OF MILLIONAIRES.

The Relaxations to Which They Resort as a Sanitary Necessity. [New York Cor. Philadelphia Record.] Some years ago I sat one evening reading a volume of Prescott's histories in the library of a rich Wall Street man who was a bank president at 30, when he came in and asked me if I really enjoyed reading such books. He added that he found it impossible to interest himself in any of the hundreds of volumes he had purchased, though he had tried hard to do so. "When I take them up," he said, "I see nothing but rows of stock quotations on every page." This gentleman died at 40 and left a large fortune which his family has since dissipated. Had he had anything to occupy his mind outside of his office and when he left Wall Street he might have lived to enjoy the pleasure of spending the million he had made. In almost every case some special amusement or point of relaxation is a sanitary necessity for the business man whose brain is racked by the concentrated pressure of his six hours of daily "street" labor.

Jay Gould is a diligent reader of books and a cultivator of exotics. Vanderbilt never opens a book, but his horses and stables help to freshen up his intellect. John Jacob Astor climbs to the top of his house, and in a secluded sanctum hammers away at some mechanical inventions that are to revolutionize the industrial world—that is to say, if they are ever perfected. Yachts, horses, aviaries, dogs, flies and fishing-rods, or double-barreled shot-guns distract the attention of other men of wealth from the cares which riches bring in their train, and preserve the mental balance of their devotees. One well known broker keeps a select assortment of fowls in his back-yard, and he has no sooner entered his front door than he makes a bolt for the chicken-coop, where he fusses about until the repeated clamor of a starving household calls him to dinner. His neighbors complain of the crowing of his pet roosters, but he has a permit which protects his feathered friends, and he defies criticism. Before he kept fowls his nights were almost sleepless; but now he snores all night like a farmer.

It is the same story all around. "If I did not do this or that I should die," say the business-worn men who have returned to the loves and likings of their early life for relief against "black care." By the way, the contingent of Wall Street fishermen has returned from the first two or three days' sport among the trout brooks of Long Island with immeasurable disgust on their faces. In the teeth of a blinding snow-storm, and in some cases after wading through respectable drifts, they found the fish too sluggish to make a fight, though content to be caught, provided they were dropped squarely before their jaws. Their two days' diversion will last them for some weeks.

A Familiar Chromo. [Wall Street News.]

My son, if you are coming into Wall street to speculate come well heeled. That is, bring about \$100,000 with you. A man may be handsome and ever so good, but when it comes to margins the brokers want cash.

After you have got here with your cash you want to sit down and study a few of the big speculators, Gould, Vanderbilt, Sage, Keene and the rest of the boys have their peculiar traits and tricks. It will be worth \$10,000 to you to know that when Gould turns bull it is out of pure kindness to suffering friends whose stocks have been crawling backwards.

You will make some money. The chances are ninety-nine in 100 that you will. You will feel exultant and puffed up, and you will pity men who haven't the nerve to speculate. You will find yourself sailing with a fair breeze and a clear sea, and if your arms are long enough you will pat yourself on the back.

Then you will put your hat on your ear and bait your hook for big fish. You'll get a bite or two and feel tickled to death. You may even haul a sucker half way out of water, but all of a sudden away goes hook and line and pole, and an ice wagon knocks you down, an omnibus runs over you, a policeman clubs your bleeding remains, and a good-hearted blind man offers to show you some of the dirt roads leading to the country.

Patier Familias' Discovery. [London Truth.]

Arriving home rather late a few nights back I was accosted by a policeman who was hanging about outside my gate.

"Beg pardon, sir; but are you aware of the gongs-on of your servants?" "No; what do you mean?" I said rather sharply.

"Well, sir, it's just this: there ain't one 'em about the place." "Oh, nonsense," I said. "Why, they've all been in bed and asleep these two hours."

"Excuse me, sir, but if you'll follow me I'll soon convince you that you haven't a servant in your house."

Seeing the man was serious, I followed him to a certain dancing saloon not very far away. I had little difficulty in gaining admittance, and there, sure enough, was cook, housemaid and nurse disporting themselves in the mazy vale. The nurse was the first to "spot" me, and I at once began to reprobate with her for neglecting her special charge—a child in arms. Imagine my horror when, in self-defense, she produced the pride of the family from a cupboard in the corner, where she had carefully stowed it away so that the enjoyment of the dance might not be interfered with.

Indianapolis Journal: If the nation would stand it must stand for and upon righteousness, the right in little as in big things. Integrity does not mean honesty in a thousand-dollar transaction alone; it means honesty in the one dollar and the one cent matters.

Zion's Herald: One may hold with little harm an opinion in his own mind, but when he stands upon a platform, or speaks from the pulpit, no person can measure the possible results of the utterances of unwholesome opinions.

The Molasses Candy Business. [Globe in Philadelphia Times.]

The chief epidemic of this island, which is steady as the yellow fever at Vera Cruz, is money-spending. That never stops, and is the only systematic occupation of many a family. You put down so much for servants' wages, so much for grocer and butcher, so much for interest, taxes and plumbers, and lump it all and double it for spending money.

The noblest occupation of the young females here is to revive business. They go to the stores where you get everything for a grab and buy presents; steel jewelry, silk stationery boxes, stockings which black one's leg to the knee, dirt cheap, gloves which rip beautifully and button on a patent combination brass catch, cloaks of gold that run over night and stand for the rest of life on the hour of nothing to facilitate the missing of trains and pay schools, books with flour paste backs, glass inkstands and china babies—all are bought because they are cheap. Children lose their memories trying to count their toys. Nothing of old times survives but molasses candy.

That great manufacture goes on as a sign of salvation to females from Christmas to Christmas. The world still idealizes woman with her mouth full of it. Chewing-gum may come out of chocolate, but its brief revivals, but molasses candy is the particular bow set in heaven for the mothers of the coming race.

The dentists all prescribe it as better to draw out the teeth and keep business and bills brisk than the same amount of shoemaker's wax. The favorite way of spending money here is to go to the dentist's and have the ravages of molasses candy repaired and all the old fillings taken out and new ones put in. People who sell molasses and never retire and never fail. Our greatest banking houses in panics and straits maintain an underground connection with their molasses candy branch. In this way ruined or borrowing men are temporarily bridged over by getting the loan of what their families spend at the toothsome up-town succursale.

Prof. Swing's Advice to Editors. [Weekly Magazine.]

It is a pity considering the high office of the newspaper that it will not generally realize its greatness and pay off and discharge any reporter or editor who will sit down and indite a lie. If the daily paper is the history of a day and, as such, is of immense value, a deliberate lie is the last thing to be put into type. An oath now and then would do less harm. Washington is said to have uttered a few oaths when mad, but he atoned for this weakness by not lying. A lie is not a valuable factor in a daily journal. Man has no good history of Luther or Calvin or of any of the great men of the past, because all who first wrote these lives stuffed their pages full of what never came to pass. We have therefore no good history of any nation or of any person.

Metempsychosis. [Chicago Herald.]

A reminiscence of Mr. Dilke's, which appears in Mr. Buxton Foreman's edition of Keats' works, almost proves that the poet at one time believed in metempsychosis. After the death of Thomas Keats a white rabbit came into the garden of Mr. Dilke, who shot the creature. Keats declared that the poor thing was his brother Tom's spirit, and so earnest was he in this view, impressing it upon others in the circle, that when the rabbit was put on the table no one could look at it, and it was taken away untouched.

Japanese Paper Air-Cushions. [Popular Science News.]

Japanese paper air-cushions are said to have some advantages over those made of rubber. They may be rolled into a package of smaller dimensions when not in use; they will not stick together, as rubber does after it is wet; and for pillows they are better, because they have no odor. Their strength is marvelous: a man weighing 160 pounds may stand upon one without bursting it. They are said to be waterproof, and to make excellent life-preservers.

Spirited Miss Flood. [Chicago Herald.]

The denial of Miss Jennie Flood, the daughter of the California millionaire, that she is engaged to marry an English peer, recalls the fact that she once refused a New Yorker because, as she contemptuously told him, he had not energy enough to spatter the mud on his trousers in rainy weather.

Summer's Idea. [The Current.]

In the earlier days of Charles Sumner's public life, he used to contend that voting, being a duty, not a privilege, should be enforced by law. The logic of the position is impressive. The proposition should be mortified firmly into current reformatory programmes.

It Rather Annoys. [Chicago Tribune.]

It rather annoys the woman holding a pug dog in her lap in the street-car to hear a learned looking gentleman remark to a friend: "Do you know the female orang-outang at the museum has formed an attachment for a small dog and fondles it constantly?"

A Thrifty Little State. [Exchange.]

The little republic of San Marino, in Italy, with its army of forty men and its public debt of \$1,080, does credit to the system of self-government. The roads are numerous and well kept, the land is well cultivated, and the villages are clean and orderly.

Poetic License. [Oil City Blizzard.]

"Pa, what is poetic license?" "Well, my boy, as nearly as I can learn, poetic license is something which enables a man to say things in verse which would incarcinate him in a lunatic asylum if worked off at a political meeting."

The first full Masonic funeral ceremony that has occurred in England for nearly a century took place at Manston recently.

WASHINGTON'S MOTHER'S TOMB

It's Unfinished and Neglected Condition—A Relic Hunter's Sacrifice. [Cor. New York Telegram.]

The grave of Washington's mother at Fredericksburg, Va., is unkept, neglected and the favorite resort of relic hunters, who mutilate the partially completed monument and deface the grave with impunity. Mrs. Washington selected during her life the spot where she wished to be buried. It was west from the house in which she lived, just on the edge of this city, within the corporate limits, on the Kenmore estate, now owned by W. Key Howard, of Maryland, owned at the time of her death by her son-in-law, Col. Fielding Lewis, from whose hands it passed into possession of the Gordon family. Just where the Kenmore place begins to slope down on every side to the valley below is the grave, commanding a pretty view of the upper edge of the town, of the valley up toward the dam of the Stafford Hills and of the heights of Fredericksburg, including the now famous Marye's heights. Southward a few hundred yards is the Confederate cemetery, and from the hill beyond Marye's heights, now the National cemetery, the flag of the republic her son saved looks down upon Mary Washington's grave.

To the left of the monument as you face northwest is a private graveyard of small size surrounded by a brick wall. This is the last resting place of many of the Gordons. A few oaks and aspen trees shade this sacred spot. The monument was commenced by Mr. Silas Burrows, a wealthy merchant of New York, and all that has ever been expended on it was given by him. It has never been completed. Near the unfinished monument lies an enormous cone-shaped piece of marble that was to have been the capstone, so to speak, of the monument. It never was put on top of its place, and lies half buried in the ground, a sad spectacle of wasted efforts. The monument is square, the base large and massive, surmounted by a smaller square of solid marble blocks, built in imitation of a temple, the four sides being ornamented with two fluted columns, each of marble. It is sadly defaced. The marble columns are thrown down, broken, and some of them have been carried away.

The corners are chipped and broken. Bullets, shot and pencil have helped in the disfiguration. Grass and weeds crown the summit, and here it stands, a fitting emblem of the futility of human hopes, aspirations and works. The foundation of the monument was laid on May 6, 1833. In digging for the foundation the coffin was exposed. It was of black walnut. It had decayed and fallen apart, exposing the bones of Mrs. Washington. It is said that one relic hunting citizen, Mr. Anthony Buck, secured one of the finger bones, and that for years he showed it as a curiosity. The corner stone was laid on the 7th day of May, 1833, amid a grand civic and military display in the presence of the president, Andrew Jackson. It was on his way to attend this ceremony that Lieut. Randolph, of the navy, pulled the president's nose. I have talked with a gentleman who was present when the president addressed the people from the steps of Dr. Wallace's house on Main street. He tells me that an old negro man, George White by name, a vender of cakes and fruits, pressed up close to Jackson and called out, "Bress yer heart, honey! did dey hurt yer nose?"

Old Hickory looked like a gamecock as he drew himself up, his eyes flashing, and his white, bristly hair standing straight up, and thundered out, "No, by the Eternal!"

A Blessing in Disguise. [Detroit Free Press.]

There was to have been a suit for assault and battery before one of the justices in the temple yesterday. A farmer down in Springwells was charged with having slapped the jaws of his neighbor, and two wagon-loads of witnesses were on hand to swear to this and that. Both plaintiff and defendant seemed to be determined men, and their respective wives sat and glared at each other like two old cats. Some of the necessary formalities were being worked up when, all of a sudden, the wife of the complainant was taken with the toothache. It wasn't the kind which growls and mutters and foams around, but the old-fashioned, jumping ache, and in two minutes she was crying. Her tears at once affected the wife of the defendant, and after a little she slid over and whispered: "Poor thing—I'm sorry!" "Oh! such an ache!" sobbed the victim.

"I brought along some peppermint and here it is," said the first as she produced the phial. "What's all this?" asked the plaintiff as he came up. "Why, your poor wife is suffering terribly with the toothache, and I pity her from the bottom of my heart."

"Who's got the toothache?" inquired the defendant as he joined the group. "My wife."

"George! but that's too bad! Sha'n't I go to the drug store for you?" At this the plaintiff turned about, held out his hand, and replied: "Say, George, I was a fool to bring this suit. I called you a liar and you hit me, that was right."

"But I'm sorry, Jim."

"Then let's drop the whole business and ride home together and have a chicken dinner! Molly, git your cloak on."

And in spite of lawyers and spectators and the queer expression of his honor's face, the plaintiff paid all costs, slapped the defendant on the back, and headed the party outdoors with the explanation:

"Go to grass with your law and lawyers, and you women folks stop here till George and me have a drink!"

A Use for the Pooodle. [Exchange.]

A farmer's daughter in the west of England received a hairy pooodle dog from a friend in town. The unsophisticated damsel wrote back, thanking her friend for the present, and saying that she found it very handy, when tied to a stick, to clean windows with.

AN ARMY EXPERIENCE.

How an Old Veteran Escaped Annihilation and Lived to Impart a Warning to Others. [National Tribune of Washington.]

A pleasing occurrence which has just come to our notice in connection with the New York state meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic is so unusual in many respects that we venture to reproduce it for the benefit of our readers. Captain Alfred Rensom, of New York, while pacing in the lobby of the army, previous to one of the meetings, suddenly stopped and scanned the face of a gentleman who systematized conversation with one of the Grand Army officers. It seemed to him that he had seen that face before, partially obscured by the smoke of battle, and yet this bright and pleasant countenance could not be the same pale, and death-like visage, which he so dimly remembered. But the recollection, like Banquo's ghost, would not "drown" at command and haunted him the entire day. On the day following he again saw the same countenance, and ventured to speak to its owner. The instant the two veterans heard each other's voices that instant they recognized and called each other by name. Their faces and forms had changed, but their voices were the same. The man whom Captain Rensom had recognized was Mr. W. K. Sage, of St. Johns, Mich., a veteran of the Twenty-third New York Light Artillery and both members of Burnside's famous expedition to North Carolina. After the first greetings were over, Captain Rensom said:

"I hardly seem possible, Sage, to see you in this condition, for I thought you must have been dead long ago."

"Yes, I do not doubt it, for, if I am not mistaken, when we last met I was occupying a couch in the hospital, a victim of 'Yellow Jack' in its worst form."

"I remember. The war seems to have caused more misery since its close than when it was in progress," replied the Captain. "I meet old comrades frequently who are suffering terribly, not so much from old wounds as from the malarial poisons which ruined their constitutions."

"I think so myself. When the war closed I returned home and at times I would feel well, but every few weeks that confounded 'all-gone' feeling would come upon me again. My nervous system, which was shattered in the service, failed me entirely and produced one of the worst possible cases of nervous dyspepsia. Most of the time I had no appetite; then again I would become ravenously hungry, but the minute I sat down to eat I loathed food. My skin was dry and parched, my flesh loose and flabby. I could hold nothing on my stomach for days at a time, and what little I did eat failed to assimilate. I was easily fatigued; my mind was depressed; I was cross and irritable and many a night my heart would pain me so I could not sleep, and when I did I had horrid dreams and frightful nightmares. Of course, these things came on one by one, each worse than the other. My breath, which was sweet in the service, failed me entirely and produced one of the worst possible cases of nervous dyspepsia. 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