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 down so much for servants' wages, so man who was a bank president at 30, much for groeer and butcher, so much when he came in and asked me if I for interest, taxes and plumbers, and really enjoyed reading such books. He lump it all and double it for spending added that he found it impossible to in- money. volumes he had purchased, though he females here is to revive business. They had tried hard to do so. "When I take go to the stores where you get everythem up," he said, "I see nothing but thing for a grab and buy presents; steel rows of stock quotations on every jewelry, silk stationery boxes, stockings page." This gentleman died at 40 and left a large fortune which his family has cheap, gloves which rip beautifully and to occupy his mind outside of his office catch, clocks of gold that run over and when he left Wall street he might night and stand for the rest of life on have lived to enjoy the pleasure of the hour of nothing to facilitate the spending the million he had made. In missing of trains and pay schools, books ment or point of relaxation is a sani and china babies - all are bought betary necessity for the business man cause they are cheap. Children lose trated pressure of his six hours of daily toys. Nothing of old times survives "street" labor.

Jay Gould is a diligent reader of Intionize the industrial world—that is coming race. to say, if they are ever perfected. fishing-rods, or double-barreled shot- business and bills brisk than the same guns distract the attention of other men amount of shoemaker's wax. The bring in their train, and preserve the to go to the dentist's and have the ravmental balance of their devotees. One ages of molasses candy repaired and all well known broker keeps a select as- the old fillings taken out and new ones sortment of fowls in his back-yard, and put in. People who sell molasses andy he has no sooner entered his front door never retire and never fail. Our greatthan he makes a bolt for the chicken- est banking houses in panics and straits coop, where he fusses about until the maintain an underground connection repeated clamor of a starving household calls him to dinner. His neighbors complain of the crowing of his temporarily bridged over by getting the pet roosters, but he has a permit which protects his feathered friends, toothsome up-town succursale. 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,' returned to the loves and likings of from the first two or three days' sport faces. In the teeth of a blinding snowstorm, 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

#### 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 brokers want cash.

cash you want to sit down and study a few of the big speculators. Gould, Vanderbilt, Sage, Keene and the rest the garden of Mr. Dilke, who shot the pressed up close to Jackson and called of the boys have their peculiar traits and tricks. It will be worth \$10,000 to you to know that when Gould turns of the boys have their peculiar traits are stored; my stomach reinvigorated; my stomach buil it is out of pure kindness to suffer- ing it upon others in the circle, that ing friends whose stocks have been when the rabbit was put on the table crawling backwards.

You will make some money. The away untouched. will. You will feel exultant and puffed up, and you will pity men who haven't the nerve to speculate. You will find back.

Then you will put your hat on your von down, an omnibus runs over you, a servers. policeman clubs your bleeding remains, and a good-hearted blind man offers to show you some of the dirt roads leading to the country.

#### Pater Familias' Discovery. [London Truth.]

"Beg pardon, sir; but are you aware of the goings-on of your servants?" "No; .. hat do you mean?" I said

one on 'em about the place."

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 valse. The nurse was the first to "spot" me, and I at once began to remonstrate 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 terances of unwholesome opinions.

### The Molasses Candy Business.

["Gath" in Phr'a le phia 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

terest himself in any of the hundreds of The noblest occupation of the young since dissipated. Had he had anything button on a patent combination brass almost every case some special amuse with flour paste backs, glass inkstands whose brain is racked by the concent their memories trying to count their but molasses candy.

That great manufacture goes on as a books and a cultivator of exotics. Van- sign of salvation to females from derbilt never opens a book, but his Christmas to Christmas. The world horses and stables help to freshen up still idealizes woman with her mouth his intellect. John Jacob Astor climbs full of it. Chewing-gum may come and to the top of his house, and in a se- go, chocolate hath its brief revivals, cluded sanctum hammers away at some but molasses candy is the particular mechanical inventions that are to revo- bow set in heaven for the mothers of the

The dentists all prescribe it as better Yachts, horses, aviaries, dogs, flies and to draw out the teeth and keep of wealth from the cares which riches favorite way of spending money here is with their molasses candy branch. In this way ruined or borrowing men are loan of what their families spend at the

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

It is a pity considering the high office of the newspaper that it will not say thole business worn men who have generally realize its greatness and pay off and discharge any reporter or editor their early life for relief against "black who will sit down and indite a lie. If care." By the way, the contingent of the daily paper is the history of a day Wall street fishermen has returned and, as such, is of immense value, a de-liberate lie is the last thing to be put among the trout brooks of Long Island with immeasurable disgust on their faces. In the teeth of a blinding snowmad, 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 though content to be caught, product the fly were dropped squarely before their jaws. Their two days' diversion will last them for some weeks.

any of the great men of the pass, cause 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

### Metempsychosis.

[Chicago Herald.] A reminiscence of Mr. Dilke's, which good, but when it comes to margins the appears in Mr. Buxton Foreman's edition of Keats' works, almost proves that After you have got here with your the poet at one time believed in no one could look at it, and it was taken

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

Japanese paper air-cushions are said yourself sailing with a fair breeze and to have some advantages over those a clear sea, and if your arms are long made of rubber. They may be rolled enough you will pat yourself on the into a package of smaller dimensions when not in use; they will not stick together, as rubber does after it is wet; ear and bait your hook for big fish. and for pillows they are better, because You'll get a bite or two and feel they have no odor. Their strength is tickled to death. You may even haul marvelous: a man weighing 160 a sucker half way out of water, but pounds may stand upon one without all of a sudden away goes hook and bursting it. They are said to be water-line and pole, and an ice wagon knocks proof, and to make excellent life-pre-

#### Spirited Miss Flood. [Chicago Herald.]

The denial of Miss Jennie Flood, the daughter of the California millionare, that she is engage I to marry an English peer, recalls the fact that she once re-Arriving home rather late a few fused a New Yorker because, as she nights back I was accosted by a police- contemptuously told him, he had not man who was hanging about outside my energy enough to spatter the mud on his trousers in rainy weather.

## Sumner's Idea.

[The Corrent.] In the earlier days of Charles Sumrather sharply. In the earlier days of Charles Sum-"Well, sir, it's just this: there ain't ner's public life, he used to contend that voting, being a duty, not a privi-"Oh, nonsense," I said. "Why, they've lege, should be enforced by law. The all been in bed and asleep these two logic of the position is impressive. The proposition should be morticed 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 re-mark to a friend: "Do you know the female ourang-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 incarcerate him in a lunatic asylum if worked off at'a political meeting."

The first full Masonic funeral cerespeaks from the pulpit, no person can mony that has occurred in England for ing her friend for the present, and say-measure the possible results of the ut nearly a century took place at Manston ing that she found it very handy, when recently.

## WASHINGTON'S MOTHER'S TOMB

It's Unfinished and Neglected Condition .- A Relie Hunter's Sacrifege.

[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, com-manding 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 vards is the Confederate cometery, 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 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 curiosity. The corner stone was laid 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

as the 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 jus-tices 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 fools around, but the oldfashioned, 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 an I whis-

"Poor thing-I'm sorry!" "Oh! such an ache!" sobbed the vic-

"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?" in-quired 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

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!"

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## A Use for the Poodle.

[Exchange.] A farmer's daughter in the west of England received a hairy poodle dog from a friend in town. The unsophisticated damsel wrote back, thanking her friend for the present, and saytied 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 reproproduce it for the benefit of our readers.

Captain Alfred Rensom, of New York, while pacing in the lobby of the armory, previous to one of the meetings, suddenly stopped and scanned the face of a gentleman who was in earnest 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 "down" at command and haunted him the entire day. On the day following he again saw the same countes-A pleasing occurrence which has just following he again saw the same counten-ance, 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 and torms had changed, but then 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 fa-mous expedition to North Carolina. After the first greetings were over, Captain Rensom said: "It hardly seems 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 occupy-ing 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 Cap-tain. "I meet old comrades frequently who are suffering terribly, not so much from old wounds as from the malarial poi-sons which ruined their constitutions."

sons 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 snattered in the service, failed monument is square, the base large and | 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 cat I loathed food. My skin was dry and parched, my flesh loose and flabby. I could hold noth-ing on my stomach for days at a time, and what little I did eat failed to assimilate. I was easily fatigued; my mind was de-pressed; I was cross and irritable and pressed; 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 was foul, my tongue was coated, my teeth decayed. I had terrific headaches which would leave my nervous system completely shattered. In fact my existence, since the war, has been a living death, from which I have often prayed for release."

"Couldn't the old surgeon do you any

"I wrote him and he treated me, but like every other doctor, failed. They all said my nerve was gone and without that to build upon I could not get well. When

tics I could not move my bowels at all.
My blood got like a stream of fire and
seemed literally to burn me alive."

"Well you might better have died in
battle, quick, and without ceremony."

"How many times I have wished I had
died the day we captured Newberne."

"And yet you are now the picture of
health."

health. "And the picture is taken from life. I am in perfect condition. My nerve tone is restored; my stomach reinvigorated; my of life wholly as the result of using War-ner's Tippecanoe. This remarkable pre-paration, which I consider the finest tonic and stomach restorer in the world, has overcome all the evil influences of mala-ria, all the poison of the army, all traces of dyspepsia, all mal-assimilation of food, and indeed made a new man of me."

The Captain remained silent for awhile evidently musing over his recollections of the past. When he again raised his head the past. When he again raised his head he said:
"It would be a godsend if all the veter-ans who have suffered so intensely and also all others in the land who are endur-ing so much misery could know of your experience, Sage, and the way by which you have been restored."

And that is why the above conversation

is recounted.

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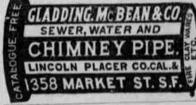
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