

THE LATE JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Some of the people of the North are having spasms on account of recollections that are being tendered to Jefferson Davis in several southern cities. At Montgomery, at Atlanta, at Macon and Savannah, the people have turned out by the tens of thousands to hear him speak, have strewn roses in his path, and gushed over him as only warm-hearted Southerners could gush. When they have cheered, they have used the "rebel yell," that was so familiar a score of years ago, and which meant business, as all boys in blue know so well. The people at the North, who defected these people on the fields of battle when they were armed and disciplined, do not need to be especially alarmed now, when the defeated are unarmed and are engaged in erecting tombstones to their dead. Mr. Davis' business at Montgomery was to dedicate a monument to confederate lead, and Atlanta to unveil a statue to Ben Hill. In speaking on the subject it was impossible to refrain from alluding to the services of the deceased friends, but the speeches contained nothing particular that the most loyal man would not have uttered under the circumstances. Davis admits that all was lost, except the honor of the Confederates, and that he is glad they are at peace with all the world. We cannot prevent expressions of love on the part of the living, for the Confederate lead, and who wants to? Nobody but the bitterest parson who wants to make political capital out of the erection of tombstones, Davis has, as one Confederate expressed it, had to shoulder the sins of the whole South since the war. He has retired to a farm, and does up bravely. Not being crushed, he has occasionally said something that were better unsaid, but what public man has not done so? And now that he is on the brink of the grave, and must soon pass away, it warms his heart to meet the men who suffered with him for many years, and all the gush does him good, and does no one harm. When he comes to die, he will have as big a funeral as any man in the South ever had, but it will not be necessary to call out the militia. The mourners for the brave old man, who fought his men longer than he ought, will return from his grave, loyal to the Union, and go about their business. Those who have traveled through the South late years, with no bitterness in their hearts, have been proud of the southern people, for their loyalty and respect for their dead soldiers. The writer has seen a loyal Union soldier, at Augusta, Ga., stand beside the Confederate monument on the main street, and uncover his head and look with sorrow, not unmingled with pride, at the grand marble shaft, with the sculptured wide awake boys in gray, standing at "attention." You cannot feel feeling the deepest respect for a people who were reduced to poverty, but have rallied, and are enabled to pay such homage to their dead. All through the South there are monuments to their boys. Perhaps if our boys had been defeated, we should have had as many monuments as the Southern people have. Milwaukee, or Chicago, or almost any city of over a hundred thousand people in the North, have wealth that makes the wealth of Southern cities seem insignificant, but where are the monuments to the soldiers that have saved these cities? In the South there is scarcely a city of twenty thousand inhabitants but has a monument to its dead but defeated boys in gray. In the North the monuments to the successful soldiers in blue can be counted, almost, on the fingers. Let each side have the privilege of burying its dead in peace, and erecting monuments as much as they please, and above all do not kick if the boys who walked home without any laurel wreath of victory on their brows get together occasionally to talk over the times that tried their souls, and paint a town or two pretty red. Had there been ten thousand Union soldiers at Montgomery and Atlanta, to mix up with the Confederates and shake hands, the old time enemies would have locked arms, and done a double act of painting the towns, and when the monuments were unveiled, the Union boys would have uncovered their heads the same as the southerners, and shown respect to as brave an enemy as ever fired a gun. There is something somewhere about "picking the meat out of your bone eye before you remove the boat from your mother-in-law's eye," which people would do well to practice. The constitution of the United States grants to every man the privilege of having a high old time, and yelling the top of his head off, if he wants to, and where is there any law to prevent a late Confederate soldier from shaking hands with his comrades, or his leader, or overlastingly whooping it up, one day in twenty years? There was a reunion of Union soldiers at Chattanooga a few years ago, and the confederate survivors in that part of our glorious country heard of it, and they got together and entertained the blue fellows, and escorted them, and drank with them, and made them so happy and so glad that they wished it might occur again. The next time we hear of a confederate reunion, let's get up a crowd of boys in blue and go there and make them think they are "took." The Sun would like to live long enough to see a reunion of about half a million boys in blue and gray, all mixed up so you couldn't tell 't'other from which. Speaking of the complaints about bringing Jefferson Davis from his retirement, a prominent Georgian said: "This does not mean any disloyalty. I will wager that if anything occurred to make it necessary for the government to call out troops, that Georgia would furnish more men for the Union army than any northern state of her population." And that is about the size of it: Now let us quit howling about poor old Jeff Davis. He has had happiness enough thrust upon him to make up for twenty years of isolation, and to last him as long as he can possibly live.—Puck's Sun.

SWINDLING THE GOVERNMENT

How Canceled Stamps are Cleaned and Used a Second Time.

"The most troublesome offenders against government laws are the experts who use canceled postage-stamps," said a postoffice official the other day. "They have a system of washing out the cancellation marks that is so successful as to make detection almost impossible. In the offices of large cities like New York and Chicago, where so many letters are handled daily, and where rapidity is the most desirable feature, it is impossible for the men who cancel stamps to examine each one carefully. Then, too, a great deal of the work is done by gas-light, and this is a point which tends to aid the conspirator against the government's income.

"Anyone who has seen a postoffice employe in the New York office grab a bundle of letters and cancel the stamps with lightning-like rapidity can readily see how impossible it is for him to detect bad stamps unless they are particularly bad. The men engaged in the business of using canceled stamps are extremely clever. They have an acid in which they wash the stamps. The acid acts upon the cancellation marks, and not upon the colors of the stamp. In this way a stamp that has once been used is relieved almost entirely of its black marks. If any black remains after the washing process, the operator takes a sharp knife, which he has made for the purpose, and deftly scratches the stamp until the remaining black marks are almost, if not entirely, removed. This can be done readily when the marks are upon the bald head or face of the historic personage whose vignette adorns the stamp, as this portion is white; and upon a white space the stamp can be scratched until it is nearly through without detection.

"Another clever trick that is employed is the cutting of stamps. Often in the hurry of postoffice work the cancellation-mark does not cover the stamp, but falls only upon one corner, the rest going upon the envelope. The operator takes a stamp that has a black mark, say upon the left-hand lower corner. He carefully cuts a square piece out of that corner, making it large enough to cut away all of the canceled portion. He then secures a stamp on which the cancellation mark has fallen in some other corner. He carefully cuts out the same-sized square from the lower left-hand corner of this stamp, and joining it with the first stamp he has a whole stamp upon which there are no cancellation marks. These stamps are used upon packages which are tied with a string, and the string is ingeniously placed over the cut stamps.

"Take any package of a dozen letters and you will see how easy it is to find stamps for this business." As he spoke the official drew from his pocket a bundle of half a dozen letters. Upon the first letter the cancellation mark was only upon the lower right corner of the stamp. The second was canceled completely, and the third was marked only upon the upper left-hand corner. So a combination could have been easily made with the stamps upon the first and third letters.

"Many of these operators," continued the official, "grew expert in the work. They have clever tools and the right kind of nuclage, and some go even so far as to have coloring processes for touching up a Garfield black eye or a Washington soiled cheek. What do they do with the worked-over stamps? They do not sell them, as many suppose, and that fact renders detection more difficult. When a man becomes successful in working over canceled stamps he endeavors to get into some business which will require the sending and receipt of many registered letters and packages. The most popular scheme is to go into the cheap jewelry and fancy-trick business. The operator lays in a stock of the cheapest kind of jewelry and advertises thoroughly through the country, especially in rural districts. A gold watch with chain and charm for \$4.50 is a bait that catches a great many green speculators, and as they are instructed to send remittances by registered letter, the operator receives a number of 5 and 10-cent stamps. These stamps he operates on, and when he returns the jewelry he pays the postage in whole or in part with canceled stamps. He makes 100 or 200 per cent. on the jewelry, and does a thriving business in illegal stamps at the same time.

"Ah, yes, there are a great many in the business, and their success is wonderful. All that we can do is to keep on the lookout and catch one of them when we can. We get an idea that a man is doing crooked work, and then watch him. When we once get an idea it does not take us long to ascertain the truth. Whenever the person presents a package for registration we have it held for inspection, and if there are canceled stamps upon it we are pretty sure to find them. Often the bad stamps are detected before they reach the cancellation clerks. When they are being taken from the receiving-baskets they are sometimes detected. There is now awaiting the action of the grand jury a man who is held for doing a rushing business in canceled stamps from his store on Broadway. He followed the usual plan."—New York Star.

Wilkins' star Proverbs.

Any man can make money—go,
A small soul is almost lost in a narrow-minded man.
Vice has no more abject slave than a lazy man or woman.
The gale of failures often clear the business craft of its barnacles.
Kind words are the tendrils on the vine of Christian manhood.
Many a self-consulted judge will be judged by his own judgments.
A vulgar merchant is a gross sir, and a vulgar woman is also a gross her.
Every man is the architect of his own character, but good architects are scarce.
To judge human character, a man must have plenty of the commodity himself.
The dancing jack of genius never moves gracefully except when wisdom pulls at the string.—Whitwell Times.

An Elevating Topic.

The elevator is a movable stairway. A sort of a shorthand method of getting to the top of a building. The elevator is called a lift in England. There are our or five lifts in the British Islands. The elevator is kept as a sort of mechanical curiosity, and no reputable gentleman ever trusts his precious life to it. I am only personally acquainted with two lifts in London. One is a great, ponderous affair that looks like a section of an abbey, and runs to the fifth story of a big hotel. It is the most deliberate elevator I ever had the pleasure of riding in. Heavy iron doors, like those of a prison, bar the entrance at each story. There is no electric bell to ring to let the elevator man know you want it, and the elevator comes up and goes down just when it gets ready. If a person has plenty of time he takes his elevator, but if he is in a hurry he walks up. It starts with a rumbling shake, as if all that part of the building was experiencing an earthquake, and then goes slowly up from floor to floor. "Why don't you have a sleeping-car attached to this elevator?" I said to the man who ran it. He said the English people didn't care to jump from floor to floor and run the risk of breaking their necks.

The other elevator that I know is down in the "city." It is on a different principle from the abbey one. It is a series of shelves, which pass up on one side and down on the other. The floors at each floor are open and you step on a shelf, and when you are carried to the floor that you want you step off again. Nobody runs the elevator, and the doors are always open. You can stand on the shelf and go clear up to the roof, over the upper drum, and go down if you want to. This is one of the places in England where liberty and law go hand in hand. I never heard of any one being killed on it, but there is every facility for extinction. The cellar may be full of dead bodies for all I know.

One of the strangest elevators, or rather an elevator in the strangest place, is in the Cathedral tower at Montreal. They charge you a quarter to go up on it and take you down free.

They use the lift—sprawlingly—on the continent of Europe. Hotels that desire American patronage generally have an "ascensor," as I think they call it. I stayed at a hotel in Rome where they had one of these modern improvements. One day I rapped at the door of it and wanted to go up to my room. The unexpected desire on my part caused a great commotion in the hotel. Somebody told the clerk and the clerk told the bookkeeper and the bookkeeper sent a messenger in hot haste for the proprietor. The proprietor was much agitated. He finally sent somebody or the lift engineer and when that astonished individual came he tried a bunch of keys on the door and finally opened it. By this time a large crowd had collected. He got in and I got in with him. My bravery was evidently very much admired. There was almost a cheer from the crowd as we went up. The elevator had a halting, jerking, uncertain motion about it. It stuck with the top part of it just above the first floor door and positively, firmly, refused to go either up or down. Those outside opened the door and by climbing on the back of the engineer and with some assistance from those on the first floor I crawled out. The engineer was rescued sometime afterwards and I believe the elevator is there still. When I came to pay my bill there appeared the following item: "One ascension, fifty centimes."

It may not be generally known that the introduction of the elevator has changed the whole appearance of the City of New York and almost every other American city. It has added many stories to the buildings that have been recently erected until now a visitor looking at New York from the outside sees Trinity Church steeple almost hidden by the tremendous height of the surrounding buildings. I was very much impressed some years ago in coming fresh from the country Town of London to see the rush of business done by the elevators in a new building which had been erected in my absence. Four elevators ran side by side. The two outside ones seemed to be sort of through express. The two inside ones stopped at all way stations and could be flagged at crossings. A couple of uniformed guards stood at the doors and flung them open when the elevators appeared behind the gratings. A continual stream of busy New Yorkers poured up to these elevators and were "wafted to the skies on flowery beds of ease." The Free Press office in Detroit had an energetic and rapid elevator, after the approved American fashion. The Free Press office in London has the old style of step-by-step elevator, where everybody does his own elevating after the approved English fashion. Most of the American elevators have attached to them a small boy, who accurately stops the machine on an exact line with every floor. It seems a very easy thing to run an elevator, but I found the other day that it is not every idiot who can operate one of them in a manner that throws distinction and luster on his efforts. Between the hours of 12 and 1 The Free Press elevator rests from its labors, down in the cellar. Now, if there is anything that I mortally hate it is to climb the four flights of stairs to reach the editorial rooms. One day last week I came in at the time the elevator was taking its noonday rest. I didn't want to wait until 1 o'clock, and I didn't want to climb those stairs, so I went down cellar and entered the elevator. This is prohibited, but I didn't think anyone would find it out. The electric light of the elevator was out and the movable room was in darkness. I pulled down on the wire rope, but the "lift" didn't start. I pulled down harder, when up we shot at the speed of lightning. The elevator was feeling particularly lively that day. It is a hydraulic elevator, but there seemed to be something stronger than water influencing it. As we shot past floor after floor I grasped the wire rope with all my might, which speedily reversed the motion. Then, before I could draw my breath, we dropped into the cellar again. I sat down on the seat and waited till the rest of me came

down, then I gently pulled on the rope again and we started cautiously up. But between the third and fourth floors the elevator got tired and stopped. I gave another pull to the rope and just missed flying clear through the roof. Another inch would have done it and I should now have been floating over the City of Detroit in a runaway-elevator instead of writing this article.

I started down again and brought up once more in the cellar. Then I got out and walked up stairs. It requires judgment as well as muscle to run an elevator.—Luke Sharp, in Detroit Free Press.

Horace Taylor's Monkey.

Most of the readers of the Sun have heard of Horace A. Taylor of Hudson, Wisconsin, who was for some years consul at Marseilles, France. When Mr. Taylor established the precedent of resigning a foreign position, and returned to his native land with his family, he brought with him a small monkey which had been purchased in France, an affectionate little thing about as large as a small rag baby. It was placed in a basket after arriving in New York, and the family came through in a Pullman sleeper. There being rules against the transportation of live animals on Pullman cars, Mr. Taylor's people kept him under the seat in a small basket. The first night the porter suspected that there was something wrong in the basket. On previous occasions he had found that travelers had smuggled dogs under the seat, and by making a fuss about it he usually got a fee from the owner of the dog. It occurred to him to investigate the basket. He took hold of it, raised the cover and something jumped out. The colored man dropped the basket and went back to his place with visions of a small child's face flying about the car. He had seen the face of the monkey in the dim light, and he thought that some orphan asylum had lost a promising member. The monkey ran through the car, attempting to find his friend. Mr. Taylor heard the monkey squeal and was satisfied that he had escaped, so he got up, and attired in his night cap, searched for the monkey. There was a fat man in a berth adjoining Mr. Taylor's, who had been snoring in a loud tone of voice, and the snore suddenly ceased. Mr. Taylor thought that it might be possible that the monkey was the cause of the snore, and he drew the curtains of the berth aside and looked in. The monkey was sitting on the breast of the fat man, and the eyes of the fat man were open and sticking out far enough to hang a hat on. His face was red and pale by turns, and he was evidently considerably worked up. Mr. Taylor said: "Partner, I guess I will take this monkey away." The man looked at Mr. Taylor and said, "Doctor, I am satisfied that you mean kindly, you are trying to make me believe that there is a monkey here; but I have got them, and I know it. Now, if there is anything in your medicine case, give it to me, but don't waste time trying to tell me that there is a monkey here." Mr. Taylor tried to reassure him, and tell him that he need not be alarmed about his condition, and he reached up to take the monkey off. The fat man reached up and said, "Doc, just give me a little whisky and it will be all right." Then, Mr. Taylor, who felt sorry for the man, put the monkey back in its basket, opened his valise and brought out a bottle of brandy, such as all republicans bring from France on their way home, and told the victim that he would feel better after taking it. The man drank the brandy, rolled over and went to sleep, nothing further was said about the monkey, and to this day that fat man thinks that he had the narrowest escape from jinx since a man ever had in the world.—Puck's Sun.

Dream Representations.

Wundt regards most of dream representations as really representations, since they emanate from sensorial impressions, which, though weak, continue during sleep. An inconvenient position during sleep causes the representation of painful work, perilous ascent of a mountain, etc. A slight intercostal pain becomes the point of an enemy's dagger or the bite of an enraged dog. Difficulty in respiration is fearful agony caused by nightmare, the nightmare seeming to be a weight rolled upon the chest or a horrible monster which threatens to stifle the sleeper. An involuntary extension of the foot is a fall from the dizzy height or a tower. Flying is suggested by the rhythmic movements of respiration. Further, "those subjective visual and auditory sensations which are represented in the waking state as a luminous chaos of an obscure visual field, by humming and roaring in the ears, and especially subjective retinal sensations, have an essential role," according to Wundt. "There are shown to us innumerable birds, butterflies, fish, multicolored pears, flowers, etc." But if there be some cutaneous irritation these visions are usually changed into caterpillars or beetles crawling over the skin of the sleeper.

The sleeper sometimes dreams of his appearing on the street or in society only half dressed; the innocent cause is found in some of the bedclothes having fallen off. An inconvenient position of the sleeper, a slight hindrance of respiration or interference with the action of the heart may be the cause of dreams where one seeks an object without being able to find it or has forgotten something in starting upon a journey. The movements of respiration may suggest to the sleeper, as previously mentioned, flying, but this flight may be objective, and instead of himself flying he sees an angel descending from the heavens or a luminous chaos where birds are swiftly moving.

The representation of dreams having sensorial origin may have mingled with them those which arise solely from the reproduction of past memories. Thus parents or friends cut off in the flower of life ordinarily appear in dreams because of the profound impression which their death or burial has made, whence the general opinion that the dead continue during the night their intercourse with the living.—Medical News.

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