

AN ENTERPRISING BOOTBLACK.

He Makes Money Enough to Bring His Mother and Brother from Russia—A Good Son Had—Treated.

Not more than two years ago, says The Cincinnati Enquirer, a young Russian Hebrew appeared upon the streets of this city. He was evidently from the lowest class of his race in Russo-Poland, but had a native shrewdness and business adaptability that quickly made him friends. He was soon out as a bootblack, and rapidly worked himself into a large trade. Many were attracted by his story, and rewarded him with more than the customary nickel. In broken English, with a strong accent, he explained that not liking affairs at home he had worked his way to one of the German ports and finally secured sufficient money to take steerage passage on one of the cheap lines for New York. From that city he drifted west to Cincinnati. His father had been arrested in the old country for counterfeiting, and was still serving a long term of imprisonment in one of the Russian mines. Great tales had reached his people of the riches in America, and he concluded to emigrate and seek his fortune. It was his ambition to bring over his little brother, give him an education, and place him in business. All this was told in a simple, truthful way that impressed itself on the listener and made friends for the indomitable little struggler with such a worthy aim. His name, he said, was Leisel Dub, but on account of the intensely carrotty color of his hair he was dubbed "Red" by the general public, and his other name got entirely lost in the change.

About eight months ago "Red" seemed to become unusually pleased, and informed his friends that he had raised the funds and sent them to Russia. In a few days his brother would arrive. Sure enough "Red" soon appeared with a second but much smaller edition of himself. This he introduced with pride as his brother "Sam." The little Russian knew not a word of English, but "Red" took him under his fostering care, taught him the language word by word, until in a few weeks Sam was able to branch out as a dealer in newspapers and rival in enterprise the toughest of these gamin tradesmen. When he arrived Sam was clad strictly in the costume of the old country, but by degrees "Red" thoroughly Americanized him in this regard, and seemed to take great pride in his little brother's neat appearance. Sam, as soon as he had acquired sufficient command of the English tongue—and this did not require many months—disappeared from the streets. "Red" seemed to enlarge his territory and to work harder than ever. He could be found all over the city, and was a familiar figure at the summer and fall excursions. He informed those who were curious enough to inquire that he had placed Sam in a school on Liberty street, where he was doing well. There was always a rumor that "Red" had money, but nothing direct could be obtained from his lips, although he admitted he had a bank account, and "it might be over \$100." It was known that he was most frugal in all his necessities, and regularly laid aside a certain sum weekly.

Yesterday came a startling episode in "Red's" experience. He sought counsel of attorneys, and on their advice swore out a warrant charging his mother, Anna Dub, with embezzlement. It was then learned by outsiders for the first time that when "Red" brought Sam over he did the same favor for his mother. Since then the family have been occupying departments paid for and furnished with "Red's" money. "Red" also established his mother in a news-stand on Fifth street, after turning over to her all his savings, amounting to \$400, which he had deposited in bank. "Red" found out in some way that his mother had gone wrong, and that she had been accompanied on the ship by a lover from the old country. This lover pays his mother frequent visits at night, while "Red" was away at work with his brush and box. Every day's receipts were turned over to the woman, until "Red" had given her over \$600. Yesterday "Red" heard she was about to leave town, and he determined to take action so as to get possession of Sam, regarding the mother as an unfit custodian of the child, now 10 years of age.

Mrs. Dub was found late yesterday afternoon at her stand by a constable, and taken before Squire Bright. She raised a terrible excitement, and was followed by a large crowd through the streets. At the Squire's office there was a large audience. Recriminations were passed between mother and son, the latter bitterly reproaching the woman for the way she had treated him. He told the squire the story of his wrongs, and how, before he had sent over the passage money, he had forwarded \$20 every month for the support of the family. Finally he offered to compromise for \$300, she to pay the costs. Mrs. Dub wanted to give up only \$200, but when told the jail was staring her in the face, reached into the large sleeve of her dolman and brought out a fat pocket-book containing six \$100 bills. She reluctantly handed three to her son's lawyer and was released on her own recognizance to appear next Monday before the squire. The \$300 will be deposited to "Red's" credit.

Good-Bye, Lizzy Jane. The young man sat in the parlor dim, A hugging his Lizzy Jane; The old man came and he looked at him And shook a heavy cane.

The young man rose and said aloud: "This meeting gives me pain, For two is company, three's a crowd, So good-bye, Lizzy Jane—" And he flew.

—Washington Critic.

Great Luck. "What luck did you have, dear?" asked his wife as he returned home from a day's fishing.

"Splendid," he said; just look at them." Opening his basket he displayed a lot of sausages. The butcher had mixed those baskets up.—New York Sun.

GHOULS OF THE PRESS.

How They Abused the Father of His Country.

Those who regard President Cleveland as the first chief magistrate who has been vilified by the press are ignorant of history, writes Ben Perley Poore in The Philadelphia Times. The spirit of defamation began when the man blamed the woman and the woman blamed the serpent. In all lands the public and private characters of chief magistrates have been assaulted, and no man, living or dead, was ever more cruelly maligned or outrageously defamed than George Washington. Let me adduce but a fragment or two from the mass of scurrility heaped upon him. He was denounced as "a traitor" for his proclamation of April, 1793, declaring amity with the belligerent powers of Europe, and warning citizens of the United States against all movements inconsistent with neutrality. For this plain act of duty under his oath he was held up to public scorn, he was accused of hostility to France and secret favor to England; and, as one of the results of this denunciation, at the opening of the third congress in the ensuing December the administration candidate for speaker was defeated by an emphatic majority.

The Aurora of that day said: "If ever a nation was debauched by a man the American nation has been debauched by Washington. If ever a nation was deceived by man the American nation was deceived by Washington. Let his conduct, then, be an example to future ages. Let it serve as a warning that no man may become an idol. Let the history of the federal government instruct mankind that the mask of patriotism may be worn to conceal the foulest designs against the liberties of the people." In a letter to Henry Lee, under date of July 21, 1793, Washington spoke of the violence with which his policy had been assailed. "But in what," he says, "will this abuse terminate? For the result, as it respects myself, I care not, for I have a consolation within that no earthly efforts can deprive me of, and that is, that neither ambition nor interested motives have influenced my conduct, and the arrows of malevolence, therefore, however barbed and well-pointed, never can reach the most vulnerable part at me though, while I am up as a mark, they will be continually aimed. The publications in Freeman's and Buck's papers are outrages on common decency."

When, on one occasion as Jefferson tells us, Knox made some allusion to recent libels uttered by the press, Washington became very much excited, "got into one of those passions when he can not command himself; dwelt much on the personal abuse which had been bestowed upon him; denied any man on earth to produce one single act of his since he had been in the government which had not been done with the purest motives. He had never repented but once the having slipped the moment of resigning his office—and that was every moment since—and by God, he had rather be in his grave than in his present situation. He had rather be on his farm than be made emperor of the world, and yet they were charging him with wanting to be a king. That rascal Freeman sent him three of his papers every day, as if he would become the distributor of them—an act in which he could see nothing but an impudent design to insult him."

On the second day after Washington's retirement from the presidential chair the following appeared in The Aurora: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation," was the pious ejaculation of a man who beheld a flood of happiness rushing in upon mankind. If ever there was a time which would license the reiteration of this exclamation that time has now arrived for the man who is the source of all the misfortunes of our country is this day reduced to the level with his fellow-citizens." Such diatribes against the foremost man of the nation show that personal vituperation is not a modern weapon.

A Sleeve Button for a Seal.

The Washington Critic tells on the authority of Chief Clerk Brown, of the state department, this story, which, it says, has not before been printed. When the treaty of Washington was being signed at the state department by the representatives of Great Britain and the United States in the little room of the present Washington City Orphan asylum, the Marquis de Ripon, Lord Tenterden, Earl Grey and the American members of the commission, among them Hon. E. Rockwood Hoar, were present. Lord Tenterden had signed the paper and followed this up with affixing his seal, which he wore on his watch chain. Then, turning to Mr. Hoar, the English nobleman asked, "Have you not a seal or a family crest that you will attach to this document?" "I have a sleeve button, sir, which will answer the purpose, but thus far my family has been destitute of any other insignia." There was a laugh at the expense of the Britisher, and turning back his coat sleeve the American sealed his name with his cuff-button.

The Great Eastern.

The Great Eastern steamship has been converted into a show vessel, and for the first time since her construction is making money for her owners. The ship, which for several months has been on exhibition at Liverpool, has lately gone to Dublin, where she will stay for the winter. Only her screw propeller is now used.—Scientific American.

A Peculiar Bird.

A hunter near Hartwell, Ga., shot a peculiar bird a few days ago. It measured six feet from tip of wings, has a head as large as the largest house-cat, and a thick coat of white feathers with small dark spots. It is not at all vicious, but will allow a person to stroke its head and appears to enjoy it. It has large yellow eyes, and an appetite for small birds, and its legs and feet are thickly coated with feathers.

Moderly on Sleeping-Cars.

"I have just come from that painful luxury the sleeping-car," said a belle to a correspondent of The Albany Argus. "How incongruous and improper it was, for instance, to discover that the grumbler in an upper berth, whose mildest remark in the course of the long night was 'It's cursed hot up here' was none other than a full-fledged major general. By day he was a gorgeous vision of spectacular gallantry, by night he was a howling demon of profanity. But enough of men, the commonplace creatures; their ways are as plain as an open book, and their characters as easily read. Let us return to the inexhaustible field for psycho-anthropological resources. The first night in a sleeper is nothing to the first morning. Well do I remember my first experience. The toilet is accomplished under such harrowing circumstances. Said a stout young woman from an adjoining section: 'I have traveled all the way from San Francisco in a sleeper, and I've lost the last shred of modesty.' I believed her when I saw her sitting on the end of her berth in her corset, with loosened lacings, drawing on her boots, with a lavish display of plumply-filled hosiery, the curtains pushed back, and men and women passing to and from the toilet-room. It was a needless exposure. The girl across the aisle, No. 3, emerged from her closet curtains with not a crinkle in drapery, boots buttoned, and hair as smooth as satin to the line where it broke into billows of crispness over her forehead. How did she do it? She was in the toilet-room with the first streak of dawn, for I peeped through my curtains as she passed by in dressing-sack and skirts, the voluminous drapery on her arms, and the crimping-pins held by a lovely turban. There was a difference! She could travel to China and back without danger to her modesty."

Watching a Bear Hunt in a Mirror.

In 1845, as John Minto had to go up the Columbia river, he took passage with an Indian chief who had something of a retinue. There was a sub-chief, who looked after things of minor importance, and a dusky maiden, to whom old Pa-Pu Mox-Mox, who was then a great chief and was destined later to fall in battle in command of the combined forces of the inland empire, showed very devoted attention. There were also several slaves, who drove the canoes with their paddles for motive power. Somewhere on the grand river, when among the ranges that tower above Cape Horn, Minto noticed that the Indians acted very singularly and rather suspiciously. They stopped the canoes and looked down in the water intently. Then two slaves and a sub-chief got into the smaller canoe and started to cross the river. Suddenly Minto "dropped on it," and saw what the Indians saw. It was one of those beautiful transparent days when the air and water are as clear as crystal. The sun of autumn either had not risen so as to reach the deep canon with its rays, or had dropped behind the western heights. Anyway, these heights were reflected so perfectly on the surface of the river that the Indians had watched the mountain sides as they paddled along. The cause of their strange action was seeing a bear on a high ridge across the river from them eating berries. The two slaves took the fuses and crossed the river to attack. They climbed the bluff, took aim, fired, missed, and the bear ran away—he was not hurt. All this Minto saw on the river surface without straining his eyes to the mountain's summit.—Portland Oregonian.

False Hair and Headaches.

A member of the medical profession is credited with the statement, says The New York Graphic, that the practice of physicians has been considerably diminished within the past few years by a certain change in feminine fashions. The change referred to is in the matter of wearing false hair. Although it is still worn to a considerable extent the custom of loading down the head with a heavy mass of false coils and braids is a thing of the past, and those who still resort to the habit indulge in this form of "beautification" to a very moderate extent, confining their capillary increment chiefly to the frizzes and bangs of airy lightness that wave about their foreheads, and upon the slightest provocation shed themselves in generous profusion over the surface of the young man's new winter overcoat. In the age of heavy obnoxious the general prevalence of severe headaches, pains in the neck, weak eyes, scalp affections, and a dozen other feminine complaints were directly traceable to the custom referred to. Now they have for the most part disappeared, and authorities say that we are to have a healthier and more robust race of women in the future. It is remarked, however, that the loss of practical resulting from this change of fashion to the medical profession has been partially compensated by the increased use of cosmetics and the evils resulting therefrom. Thus, as far as actual gain is concerned, it proves to be six of one and half a dozen of the other, and shows that the age of folly is by no means yet at an end.

Mixed Metaphors.

When the bowl of poison was handed to Socrates, he remarked: "It is a pity that the guillotine has not yet been invented, as I would have preferred it to this hemlock tea," and smiling, he quaffed the flowing bowl.

When Alexander the Great cut the Gordian knot with his sword, he said: "That is Columbus' secret of making the egg stand on end."

When Louis XVI ascended the scaffold, he remarked: "It is high time capital punishment was abolished in France."

When Rubens was painting a Spanish nobleman, the latter expressed impatience at the slowness of the job. "Senior," said Rubens, calmly, "if you have not time to have your portrait painted by an artist, you should go out to Coney Island and get a tin-type of yourself in a group.—Texas Siftings.

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