#### A WASHINGTON CHARACTER.

## A Once Noted Gambler and His "Pal

Ben Perley Poore, for many years a Washington journalist, in one of his sketches of past days at the national capital, says:

A feature of Washington, ante-bellum, at Christmes, was the magnificent supper provided for his patrons and the public by Pendleton, the prince of gamblers, at his superbly furnished rooms on Pennsylvania avenue, known to its frequent ers as "The Hall of the Bleeding Heart, while he preferred the appellation of "The Palace of Fortune."

Pendleton was at the head of his pro fession. He died too young for his fame, for he was gathering a reputation that would have borne him golden fruit. His establishment in Washington, called the Mother bank, did not engross his active genius. He had branch establishments in Baltimore and New York. As a professional man his rules were rigid and his conduct was upright. He was noted for a strong adherence to his principles, which were never to lend when his antagonist was "broke," and never to play for anything but cash. He was some what noted for his ostentation, for, inleed, display was a part of his capi-tal, and accordingly "sported" in equipage which quite cast the most aspiring into the shade, and by the elegance and magnificence of its ensemble provoked multitudes of persons of refined tastes to inquire for the busicess apartments of its owner. Few vising occasion to remember it. The proessional life of the subject of this notice extended through a period of a quarter of a century. The fortunes and salaries of many gentlemen of distinction passed through his hands, but his surest gains were from the hands of men who had no fortunes and no distinction.

Pendleton's "rooms" were hung with spirited and meritorious pictures, and the art of carving was carried to great perection in the side-boards, secretaries, and tables which served the various purposes of the establishment. The dining and supper tables were loaded with plates of the pure metal. The cooking would not have shamed the genius of Soyer, and it is universally admitted that he wines were such as could only have seen selected by a connoisseur. This in-comparable adviser had \$10,000 invested in his cellar and his closet. It is unnecssary to describe the rooms further than to say that they were lofty and well proportioned, and that their walls were covtred with pictorial transfers from the world of mythology and allegory, exesuted in the highest style of the upholsterers' art.

The people who nightly assembled to see and take part in the entertainments of the house consisted of candidates for he Presidency, Senators and Represenatives, members of the cabinet, editors and journalists, and the master worknen of the third house, the lobby. Pendleton's, in its palmiest days, might be called the vestibule of the lobby. Its nost distinguished professors might be ound there. They lent money to heir [clients when the "animal contacted too words."] heir [clients when the "animal cratched too roughly," that is to say, when the play ran against hem and they became "broke," as hey sometimes did. E. H. P. himself was an operator in the lobby. His pro-'essional position gave him great facili-ies. He assisted in the passage of many useful bills of a private nature, involving considerable sums of money. A broker n parliamentary notes is an inevitable etainer of broken voters.

In the outer parlors, as midnight aperoached, might have been seen leading nembers of Congress quietly discussing the day's proceedings, the prospects of 'he parties, and the characters of public nen. A few officers of the army added to the number and variety of the groups which occupied this apartment. all were drinking, smoking, and talking, generally in a light and jocose vein. Servants were gliding about with cigars, loddies, cocktails, and "whisky straights" on little silver travs.

But the third room was the haunt of the tiger! The company around the faro-table would be playing mostly with sounters of red, circular ivory, called fish or chip, each of which represented \$5. A few who were nearly were using white ones of one-fifth this value. The players were silent as the grave, because some of them were great luck," and large piles of red chips were standing upon different cards to abide the event of the deal, which indicated that they had been won from the oank; but alas! the close of the deal was anfavorable, and before the little silver box, from which the cards are drawn, vielded the last of the pack, the most of the red piles had been drawn to the bank But some of them have doubled, and the owner drew them down as his capital for the chances of the next deal.

If he had great good fortune and some prudence, he, the possessor of the red pile before named, would leave the house with a few hundreds or thousands of dollars; but the chances were that between midnight and dawn the gamesters would all retire minus the money.

## The Burial of a Giant.

At Shiffnal, in the west of England there was buried recently a man of grand stature named J. L. Stubbs. His coffin measured thirty-seven inches across the shoulders, seven feet in length, and two feet in depth. It required the united strength of ten men to lift it when the corpse was placed in it. Planks were placed against the bedroom window, and the coffin, lowered down to a truck, was thus wheeled to the churchyard. The ground was cut away at the head of the grave to form an incline, permitting the coffin to slide into its resting place. The weight of Mr. Stubbs was about 374

### HUMOROUS SKETCHES.

#### Caught on the Fly.

A crowd of sitters were occupying their usual positions in an Austin grocery store, swapping stories, and watching for a chance to "catch" somebody, when one of them carelessly remarked:

"It is a very high-toned affair." "What is?" quickly interrogated a young man from the suburbs. "A thunder storm," was the reply.

The man who was caught merely said 'Oh," and congratulated himself on the fact that lightning seldom strikes twice in the same place.—Siftings.

#### A Complete Deception.

"Yes," said the noted detective, have seen a great many queer things in my experience." "Discovered a good many gigantic frauds, I suppose?" tured an admirer. "Well, I should say so," was the reply, "but, between you and I, the most complete deception I ever saw was a woman, young and pretty, and I would have sworn she was an angel. 'But she wasn't?' 'I should say not, She has a temper like a whirlwind, and when she gets mad the very earth seems to shake." "Good gracious! And how did you manage to get down to her true character?" "Well, I—ahem—the fact is, I married her."—Philadelphia Call.

#### What It Signified.

A railroad attache at East Buffalo was walking around the yards one day, when he espied a brakeman examining the tracks. He thought it would be a good idea to test this brakeman as to what he knew with reference to the running of trains, etc., and the first question he asked

"Suppose I should be walking down this track, and a train was coming up behind me, and the engineer would blow his whistle three times, what would that

"Oh," replied the brakeman, calmly, 'that signifies there is a cow on the track."

There were no more questions asked .-Buffalo Times.

#### Posted.

An old Chemung country farmer who came to the city to spend a few days with his son returned home posted to the ast notch.

"Find out anything about wheat?" sked a neighbor.

"Certainly I did." "What makes the low price this rear?

"No European demand, of course." "Don't they want any of our wheat wer in Europe?" continued the neigh-

"Not a single peck."

"Why not?" "Why not? Because they had a heap of cold pancakes left over from last year, sud have got to eat them up before hot weather comes!"- Wall Street News.

## What Was on His Face.

"Is there anything on my face, Jim?" isked one boy, anxiously, of another, is they issued from their mother's pan-lry, where they had been sampling the lam.

"Yes." said the other, with a grin.
"Oh, where is it?" excitedly, as foot-steps were heard approaching the kitchen; "is it big?"

"You bet; it's immense." "Oh, my! getting out his handker-chief, and rubbing his face furiously. "Is it off?"

"Well, where is it, then? Quick! I

hear ma coming."
"Right in the middle of your face." He made frantic digs at his face, then "Is it off?" in an agonized tone, as ma entered the room.

"Nope," was the laconic reply.
"Well, what is it?" He was fairly
shivering with terror, and dared not turn around.

"Your nose," coolly answered Jim, as he opened the back door and skipped.— Waterloo Observer.

## It Was Awful.

"It was awful, awful, awful!" ex-claimed the train boy, just as a group of ladies were passing down the platform. "What was that which was so awful? Has anybody been killed? Has there been a terrible catastrophe? What did they do with the wounded? When did the collision take place?" Such were a few of the questions that assailed the youth. "T'wan't no collision, ladies; but it was awful all the same." "What was it? Don't keep us in suspense!"
"Well, you see, ladies, a gentleman was standing right here on the platform, and just as the train started he gave a jump " "And was crushed beneath the wheels and his mangled corpse was strewn for miles along the track." "Not exactly, marm, but the train took his head right off." Instantly the air resounded with cries of horror from the feminine group. When the boy could make himself heard, he remarked: "I don't see anything horrible about it, la dies. The train took the man's body off. too. But he came awfully near being left." As the ladies turned to move on, the words, "disgusting little creature" were borne upon the air, mingled with a low chuckle from the train-boy's vicinity .- Boston Transcript.

## Showed Respect.

"I notice," said a gentleman from Boston, addressing an Arkansas man, "that the people in this country show a great respect for culture, although they make no pretensions to learning. That poor fellow standing over there, in a conversation with me just now, addressed me as sir. We have long since discarded this mark of respect in the East, but I must confess that I admire the custom.

Now watch that fellow. How long have you lived in this country?" "About twenty-five years, sar," replied the respectful fellow.

"Do you like it down here?"

"Yes, very well, sar."
"Don't you see!" said the Boston gentleman, turning again to the Arkan Just then the respectful fellow's dog

sheep.
"Come here, sar," yelled the respectful fellow. "Got no more sense than to run after a sheep, sar. I've a great mind to shoot your head off, sar."

jumped over a fence and started after a

"Yes, I see," said the Arkansas man.
"People in this country always show respect for learning and respectability."—

Arkansaw Traveler.

#### Invention of Scales

In the ancient Egyptian belief the hearts of all the dead were weighed be-fore Ostris in the hall of Perfect Justice, and a papyrus representing the ritual for the dead, preserved in the British museum, pictures the ceremony of the weighing "for good or evil," and incident-ally affords an excellent view of the scales of early Egypt. In these scales the balance beam is neither suspended by the center, as in the modern form, nor after the manner of the steelyard, but is arranged with a shifting fulcrum, the adjustment of which shows the difference between the weights of two objects. The weights used were of metal in the form of rings, and it may be said in general that this was the prevailing type of all early weights. These scales, it will be observed, are by no means of the simplest form, of that which would naturally first suggest itself to mankind, and this fact argues the employment and gradual improvement of weighing apparatus long anterior to the date of this papyrus (1350 B. C.) We have no knowledge of their earliest invention or forms. The discovery of their uses has been attributed to many geniuses, and doubtless with something of truth in the individual cases. Pliny credits them to Phidon of Argos, Gellius says that Pala-medes invented them, and a host of writers following in their wake, each crowns his own particular inventor with the honor. Among others

"Juno pours out the urn, and Vulcan claims The scales as the just product of his flames." But certain it is that they have been knows and tried from time immemorial. Their known existence, however, dates back very far, and puts to the blush the fictitious origins attributed to them. When in 1860 B.C. Abraham weighed out 400 shekels of silver as the consideration for the first real estate transfer of which history makes mention, he used them, and they are frequently referred to in the Bible, in Zechariah, Leviticus, etc. The earliest scales were temporary, simply a beam balance in a stirrup, the weights be-ing arbitrary and varied, though as above stated, usually in the form of metal rings. In ancient Egypt they were strictly under the superintendence of the priest-hood, and so continued until that people came under the Roman sway. They were kept in the public markets, as was also the practice in Greece and modern Egypt. The larger scales were constructed on the same principle of the beam and stirrup, with the addition of a flat board or platform suspended from each end of the beam by four ropes or chains.

In all scales accuracy and the quality of turning under the slighest possible inequality in balancing weights are the highest desiderata, and so great has been the perfection obtained by means of knife edges and agate planes in some of the scales that the declaration to Shylock that

# \* \* \* \* "If the scale turn But in the estimation of a hair,

Thou diest,

would be robbed of its terror. The English mint is said to possess a scale which turns at a 1-9,000,000 of the

weighing capacity.

In all ages the scales have been the emblems of justice, and it is to be hoped that the latter has kept pace with the improvements of its emblems.—Industrial World,

## The Orchestral Baton.

The baton was first used at the King's theatre by Chelard. He came to London at Monck Mason's invitation, with a German company, in 1832, and always conducted with a baton. Before that the leader alone, with his violin bow, conducted the orchestra. 3ir Michael Costa saw at once the advantage of the baton and adopted it from that time. But the practice was much criticised, both in the case of Weber and Mendelssohn, who case of Weber and Mendelssohn, who used it in conducting for the Philharmonic society. Professor Ella tells me that Mendelssohn in company with Meyerbeer and Costa, was dining with him the day after the Philharmonic rehearsal and was so much annoyed at the impertinent remarks made by the leaders of the orghests who by the leaders of the orchestra, who criticised his use of the baton, that he was seriously thinking of giving it up, when Ella exclaimed, with his usual when Elia exclaimed, with his usual strong sense: "My dear Mendelssohn, do no such thing; don't pay any attention to them. If you give up the baton to please them, it will be put down to cowardice on your part." Both Costa cowardice on your part." Both Costa and Meyerbeer urged the leaders to set a good example by accepting the baton. This decided Mendelssohn, and he retained the use of the baton, which was also used by Moscheles, and has been re-tained ever since.—Home Journal.

When pneumonia attacks the steady, square drinker, one who carries regularly his pint to a quart of whisky daily, says Dr. L. H. Washington, the treatment comes exclusively under the domain of the andertaker, as the first case of recov-ery has yet to be reported.

"A chip of the old block"-The miss ing arm of the Venus de Milo.

#### DUELING MINISTERS.

# Gergymen Who Have Killed Their Men—Bead Shots in the Pulpite

To those who have never heard of such a thing, the statement that ministers of the gospel have killed their fellow-beings in duels will cause surprise, writes Major Ben. C. Truman in the Alta California. But such is the case, and, as late as 1799. the Rev. Henry Bate, an Episcopal minister, had fought and killed three men in duels. He died in 1824, holding a high position in Ely cathedral, England. A description of this man's life shows him to have been a brilliant but profligate fellow, althougha parson. He was a dead shot, but was "winged" at last by Captain Stoney Robinson, who was also dangerously wounded by the unclerical parson—a lady having been the cause of the trouble. In 1815 the Rev. Mr. Bate (or Dudley, as he had taken the name of Dudley in 1784) was made a baronet. Two of his wrangles and duels were over actresses, and another on account of articles he had written. In 1782 an Episcopal minister named Bennett Allen challenged and killed a Marylander named Lloyd Dulany. The duel took place in Hyde park, London, a short time before midnight, and was fought with pistols at eight paces. Du-lany fell to the ground and raised himtelf almost like a flash, and then tot-tered backward and fell into the arms of his second, Henry Delancy, of Hagerstown, Md., mortally wounded. The difficulty was caused by the publication of anonymous articles in a London news-paper reflecting upon Dulany and other American loyalists, and a subsequent publication of a card in the same paper talling the writer of the articles a liar, a scoundrel and a coward. Allen at-tempted to quit the country the day following the duel, but was arrested and tonvicted of manslaughter and sentenced lo six months' imprisonment in Newgate. In 1764 the Rev. Thomas Hill was chalenged by Cornet Gardner, of the "Carabineer," for ungentlemanly conduct, and was killed at the first shot. Perhaps one of the most interesting

anecdotes of these Christian fighters, who seem at times to have almost forgotten the "Sermon on the Mount," is the one about Doctor Blackburn, who was in the early part of his life an active buccaneer in the West Indies-for even buccaneers could not do without a parson. And during one of their cruises, as the story goes, the first-lieutenant, having a dis-bute with Blackburn, told him that if it were not for his gown he should treat him in a different manner. "Oh!" extlaimed the parson, "that need be no hindrance;" and stripping off the gar-ment, he added: "Now, I am your man!". At this it was agreed that they thould fight on a small island near where the ship lay, and that the one who fell should be rolled into the sea by the survivor, that it might seem as if, while walking on the cliff, he had lost his footing and tumbled in. The lieutenant fell, to all appearance, as if shot dead. Blackburn at once rolled the prostrate man down the cliff; but just at the last shelf of the declivity, the lieutenant recovered sufficiently to cry out: "For God's sake, hold your hand!" "Aha!" said Blackburn, "you called just in time, for in another moment you would have been in the sea." The same parson and buccaneer was afterward made archbishop of York, and when Sir Charles Wager heard of the promotion he said: What, my old friend Doctor Blackburn created archbishop of York? I ought to have been preferred to it before him, for I was the elder buccaneer of the two."

Notwithstanding the many edicts is-sued by the Catholic church, Cardinal de Retz once challenged a priest of high birth at the altar. It is said of this "holy man" that he was one of the most noted duelists of the seventeenth century, and was the hero of thirteen hostile meetings. Cardinal Norrisonce accepted a challenge to fight a noted Jesuit named Macedo, in the forests of Boulogne, but the meeting was interfered with by the pope, and Macedo, it is said, nearly died from grief in consequence. Joachim Murat, afterward king of Naples, and one of the deadest shots that ever lived, fought his first duel while occupying a high church position as the Abbe Murat—the cause of the trouble being a pretty maiden of Tou-

The writer has no knowledge of such dueling scenes among American clergy-men, although he has met "mem-bers of the cloth" who carried pistols and were known as excellent shots. He calls to mind a young Kentuckian, of most profligate habits, who preached in St. Athanasius' church, in Los Angeles, ia 1868, who could whip out a six-shooter and knock the spots out of the six of diamonds at twenty yards, or ring the bell at a shooting gallery with a rifle twelve times in succession. He was a brilliant young minister, but a slave to intoxicants, and died from the effects of intemperance shortly after having retired from the rectorship of a church at Elkhart, Ind., in 1879. The last words of this gifted minister-uttered at the very threshold of death—are so full of startling pathos and so painfully illustrative of the course of so many who have looked too frequently upon the delicious nectar in its blush that we present it here, trusting that it may not be without its lesson to those who are too heedless of the possible consequences of too much "drink;"

"But now the struggle is over. I can survey the field and measure the losses. The demon tore from around me the robes of my sacred office and sent me out churchless and godless, a very hissing and byword among men. Afterward I had business, large and lucrative, and drunkard's office. I had money-ample Republican.

for all necessities-but it took wings and went to feed the coffers of the devils which possessed me. I had a home adorned with all that wealth and the most exquisite taste could do. The devil crossed its threshold and the night faded from its chambers; the fires went out from the holiest of altars, and, leading me from its portals, despair walked forth with me and sorrow and anguish lingered within. I had children-beautiful to me, at least, as a dream of the morning—and they had so entwined themselves around their father's heart that, no matter where he might wander, ever it came back to them on the wings of a father's undying love. The destroyer took their hands in his and led them away. I had a wife whose charms of mind and person were such that to see her was to remember, and to know her was to love her. For several years we walked the rugged path of life together, rejoicing in the sunshine and sorrowing in the shade. The infernal monster would not spare me even this. I had a mother, who for long years had not left her chair, a victim of disease, and her choicest delight was in reflecting that the lesson taught at her knee had taken root in the heart of her youngest born, and that he was uieful to his fellows and an honor to her who bore him. But the thunderbolt even reached there, and there it did its most cruel work. Other days cured all but this. Ah me! never a word of reproach from her; only a tender caress; only a shadow of great un-spoken grief gathered over the dear old face; only a trembling hand laid more lovingly upon my head; only a closer clinging to the cross; only a piteous ap-peal to heaven if her cup was at last full. And while her boy raged in his full. And while her boy raged in his wild delirium two thousand miles away, the pitying angels pushed the golden gates ajar, and the mother of the drunkard entered into rest. And thus I stand, a clergyman without a church, a barrister without brief or business, a husband without a wife, a son without a parent, a man with scarcely a friend, a soul without hope-all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink!"

#### The Whims of Sallors.

A man who had been much among sailors was talking with a *Tribune* reporter recently regarding the characteristics of the toilers of the sea. "Few writers," said he, "have understood the character of sailors thoroughly. I think in some of the best sea-stories that have been written the sailor is looked at from the quarter-deck. One peculiar thing about sailors is their generosity. As long as a sail-or is well his shipmates will share everything with him; will go through fire and water for him and risk their lives freely in his behalf if need be. But let a sailor fall sick and their devotion is apt to grow cold. If a sailor falls overboard there is no end to the heroic efforts which they will make to save him. But if he is drowned they divide his personal effects with cheerful alacrity if they are allowed to do so. I have known many cases in sailors' boarding-houses, where a sailor has been sick and in need of assistance, and it was found almost impossible to raise any considerable amount by sub-scription among his comrades. If he had been well they would have given him their last penny. Still I think sailors often think lovingly and regretfully of their dead shipmates. They are a strange mixture of good and bad; and their characters are so complex that few, not sailors themselves, have ever been able to understand them.

## Color Deafness.

I sometimes think there is a disease of the ear corresponding to what in the eye ness might be defined as the inability to distinguish the nice shades of difference between related sounds. It is possible that persons afflicted with this infirmity are unable to recognize all the values of the vowels and consonants of spoken language; the sounds of certain letters may not reach the ear, or their ear may report unwarranted sounds. A school teacher (from New England, I believe) was instructing a class in the science of punctuation. On her calling attention to the use of the comma, some of the children laughed. "What are you laughing at?" asked the teacher. "You said comma," answered a forward boy. "And what do you say!" "Comma" (with comma," answered "Comma" (was-what do you say!" "Comma" (was-what do you say!" "Well, I say comma, In much sharp precision). "Well, I say comma, too," was the teacher's reply. In much the same way, a Southern lady of my ac-quaintance suffers from color deafness, mistaking broad a for r. charged with defrauding the r in "good morning," she good-humoredly attempted to acquit herself: "Listen. I say good mawning, too," but she dwelt only a little longer than usual on the aw sound .-Atlantic

## A Practical Use For Finger Rings.

The recent disester to the City of Coumbus brings to the minds of many the necessity of some sure means of individual identity. All are liable to fatal acci-ents, and those who make long journeys are exposed to diseases that change the looks of an individual so that near friends would not recognize them. Many such unfortunates in a condition unable to account for themselves find their way to hospitals. The writer has seen several bodies after the Mill river flood, French Catholic church, at Holyoke, and the Sciota steamer on the Ohio, near Wheeling, in each case rings were an easy means of The writer has worn for identification. many years a ring with his name and address in full engraved upon the inner surface. A ring of this kind will also prove my voice was heard in many courts pleading for mercy, justice and right. But the dust soon gathered on my books and no footfall crossed the threshold of the is the writer's experience.—Springfield