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WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

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Catching Runaway Boys.

I've captured so many runaway boys at the Union depot in the last few months that people have got to thinking it's my specialty—as if a policeman could have a specialty. But I have got my eyes trained pretty well by this time to look after runaway boys, and I flatter myself that I can tell one of the chaps as soon as I see him. You see, the runaway boy is never experienced, either in traveling or any of the ways of the world, and he betrays himself very quickly if he is given an opportunity. He generally appears at the depot in pairs, and if the two don't do something very singular in buying their tickets they are certain to trip in finding their way to the train and getting on board. Sometimes they are loaded down with flashy papers or books, and sometimes they are armed to the teeth with pistols, as often stolen as bought. Generally they have their pockets filled with money, stolen from some relative, and their destination is almost invariably some western city. When they find themselves arrested their courage disappears at once, and one or the other makes a clean breast of it.—Globe-Democrat.

The Dude of Chinatown.

The cynosure of all eyes was Ah Spud, who has amassed a fortune as a potato peeler in one of our leading hotels, and who is the acknowledged dude of Chinatown. As Spud stood in the center of a group of Chinese dudes, envious glances were cast at his costume. Under his silken blouse he wore a spotted piquet shirt of the latest style affected by society young men, and this was the cause of the jealousy in his rivals. Ah Spud explained that there were but two shirts of the pattern worn by him in the state.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Farmers in the Senate.

The remark is current that "Judge Reagan of Texas will be the only farmer in the senate," but its propriety is most doubtful. There are numerous other senators who have farms. They do not work them personally, nor depend upon them for a living, nor yet derive any especial pecuniary profit from them. But then neither does Mr. Reagan. His wife runs the farm and says they lose money on it; for the soil is too sandy to raise any crops, and the sand is too poor to make into glass.—New York Tribune.

The Sewers and Catacombs.

The prefect of the Seine allows 800 excursionists a day to visit the sewers and catacombs in aid of the sufferers from the floods in the south of France.

As the Spirit Wings Its Flight.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Science, M. Hayem, of the medical school, read a paper of the phenomena noticed in the head of an animal after decapitation, with or without transfusion of fresh blood. As soon as the head is separated from the body the eyes move convulsively, and a look of wonder and anxiety is noticeable on the face. The jaws separate with force, and the tongue seems to be in a tetanic state. There appears to be some consciousness of what is going on, but this does not last more than three or four seconds. If preparations have previously been made so that the head after separation continues to receive a fresh supply of blood, the voluntary manifestations persist as long as the blood supply is sufficient—that is, for half an hour or so. When a blood supply is furnished after the head has become entirely motionless, the phenomena are as follows: Some contractions, very weak and feeble, take place, especially in the muscles of the lips; then some respiratory efforts; reflex actions of the eye, first weak, then well marked, but the eyelids remain drooping, the senses are quite asleep, and no will is manifested.—Science.

Ladies of the White House.

The recent presence in Washington at the same time of Mrs. Julia Dent Grant, the widow of ex-President Grant, and of Mrs. Cleveland, the present lady of the White House, and of Miss Cleveland, the last preceding lady who held that high position, has suggested that perhaps it might be as agreeable to the ladies concerned, as it certainly would be gratifying to those who might visit them, if all the ladies now living who have at any time presided at the executive mansion could assemble at the national capital and hold a reception together in the White House. Eleven ladies are now living who at one time or another have done the honors of the White House.—Chicago Times.

The Piute Turns an Honest Penny.

A Piute Indian recently appeared in Virginia City, Nev., with two large sacks of goose and duck feathers, which he was willing to exchange for coin. The sacks were stuffed till they were as round and plump as a bologna sausage, and apparently weighing many pounds. The Indian considered it a recommendation to say that the feathers were all white and the product of "big goosen." In these latter days even the Piute is beginning to have an eye to the turning of an honest penny. Formerly the only use he found for feathers was as a decoration for his warlike topknot. Now he puts them in a sack and peddles them among the "pale faces."—Chicago Herald.

The Other One.

"So you have got a step-mother?" she said to the little girl of 7.

"Yes."

"Well, I feel sorry for you."

"Oh, you needn't do that," replied the little one. "Please feel sorry for pa!"—Detroit Free Press.

Destructive of Fish.

Seals are very destructive of fish, especially herring, of which they consume great quantities. A full grown seal requires ten pounds of fish a day for its food.

PHYSICAL STRENGTH.

THE WORK OF A YOUNG BEGINNER IN A GYMNASIUM.

The First Thing to Do—Something Else Needed Besides a Big Biceps—Gymnastics in Later Life—Finish with a Bath.

In these days of muscular activity a gymnasium is an interesting place even to those who know nothing about gymnastics. Here is a large hall, with a gallery running around it, and filled with all sorts of curious contrivances for developing physical strength. A dozen men, of as many kind of build, are exercising their muscles and preparing for the outdoor contests of power and endurance which are to take place during the summer. There are big men "shoving" dumb bells and little men standing on their hands, while men of middle size pull on strange looking machines composed of pulleys and weights. The outsider wonders what all these things are, and what they are for, and it may be well to satisfy his curiosity.

The first thing a man wants to do who wants to be a gymnast is to convert his soft flesh into tough, elastic muscle. The careless observer fancies that muscle ought to be as hard as wood, and he is often misled into fancying that the biceps is the chief, if not the only, muscle that is useful.

A BIG BICEPS.

"Oh, look at his muscle," is the common exclamation when a man brings his wrist upward his neck and raises a swelling lump on the front of his upper arm. Well, a big biceps is a good thing; but a man who lacks triceps and pectoralis major will not do a great deal of damage in a fight or in a football match. The biceps is a pulling muscle, and it happens that a man has to push just as hard as he has to pull in all contests of strength. So the young gymnast usually begins with Indian clubs, which produce a general development of the arms, shoulders and chest. At all public gymnastic exhibitions fancy club swinging is one of the features, and some of the intricate and graceful evolutions that are performed by crack club swingers are surprising. But for the mere development of strength three or four of the rudimentary movements, which can be mastered in an hour, are all that are necessary.

The young gymnast usually begins by working too hard. It is hard to teach a man moderation on his first day in the gymnasium, but on the second day it is usually more difficult to persuade him to do anything at all. The first day's exercise has a telling effect upon the untrained muscles. By the time the young gymnast goes to bed he begins to feel as if he had the rheumatism in every fiber of his body from the waist up, and when he arises in the morning he is so sore that every movement causes pain. He is loth to make a single motion that is unnecessary, and the exertion of strength causes him to groan. There is only one thing to be done, and that is to go right to work again. The muscles are stiff and the stiffness must be taken out. So let the young gymnast get his clubs and swing away. After the first few moments the soreness will begin to decrease and will gradually disappear. The next day it will be just as bad as ever, and must be removed by the same method. In a few days it will permanently disappear, and the gymnast will discover that his muscles have already begun to show the effects of systematic exercise.

THE PARALLEL BARS.

It will be time for him to take to the parallel bars—two long pieces of wood supported by uprights and placed side by side just about as far apart as the width of a good sized man's shoulders. The first thing that the beginner usually does is to practice pushing up and down. Placing his hands upon the bars he supports his body above them, while his legs hang down between. Then by bending his arms at the elbows he lowers his body as far as he can and pushes it up again by straightening his arms. This looks simple enough, but it is cruel, hard work at first. The beginner, however, must keep at it till he can do it fifteen or twenty times. He must continue the club swinging, and may add a little light dumb bell exercise. Heavy dumb bells should be eschewed by all except those who are not going in for heavy gymnastics. They are not healthful, and plenty of fine development can be got without them.

The man who has to sit in an office all day can go to his gymnasium for an hour in the evening and get all the exercise needful for health and strength. Once acquired, the ability to do gymnastic feats may be retained for years. Daily practice is all that is necessary. It is a mistake to suppose that a man must give up gymnastics when he has got along to say 60 years of age. If he will continue to practice an hour daily he may go on doing good back and front somersaults until his children are old enough to take lessons from him. And if he cannot spare the time to go to a gymnasium he can keep up his muscles at home. Five minutes' dumb bell exercise before going to bed, a few pushes up and down on the backs of two chairs by way of parallels, and five minutes' club swinging in the morning will preserve for many years the muscles developed in the gymnasium.

One thing should never be neglected. If a man wants to get the very best possible benefit out of his gymnastic work, let him always finish with a bath. The water should not be warm, nor yet quite cold, and the ablution should be ended with a cold shower bath. After that let the gymnast rub down hard with a Turkish bath towl and dress himself. He will leave the gymnasium feeling as if he could whip John L. Sullivan, eat a Texas steer, or go around the world on a toboggan. New York Times.

Patience a Great Help.

A lady who had been prostrated by a serious accident underwent a critical surgical operation. After it was over she inquired of the surgeon how long she should have to remain in bed. "Only one day at a time," he cheerfully responded. The thought had a soothing influence upon her, and as she gave utterance to it from day to day, a feeling of resignation was engendered which did much to neutralize the effect of months of weary confinement to bed. Heroic effort often restores the mind to a healthy balance, but patience, in the true meaning of the word, is the best aid to recovery in surgical cases.—Herald of Health.

GLUTTONS OF BYGONE DAYS.

Some Distinguished Cases of Tremendous Appetites—From the Records.

Elizabeth Charlotte, the Duchess of Orleans, writing under date of Dec. 5, 1718, says: "The late king, monsieur the dauphin, and the Duc de Berri were enormous eaters. I have often seen the king eat four plates of different kinds of soup, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a dish of salad, two thick slices of ham, mutton flavored with garlic, a plateful of pastry and finish his repast with fruit and hard boiled eggs." There was a good old German from Wittemberg, where my Lord Hamlet attended the university, who had a fine faculty for storing away provender. His case is well attested. For a wager he would eat a whole sheep or a whole pig or put out of sight a bushel of cherries, stones and all. He lived until he was about 80 years of age, a great portion of the time supporting himself by exhibiting the peculiarity of his appetite, which, to say the least, must have been a very eccentric one. Thus, he would chew glass, earthenware and flint into small fragments. He had an especial preference for caterpillars, mice and birds, and when these were not procurable he would content himself with mineral substances. Once he put down his "maw and gulf" a pen, the ink and the sand pounce and he would have gobbled the inkstand, too, had he not been restrained.

Taylor, the water poet, tells of Nicholas Wood, of the county of Kent, in England, who was a tolerably good trencherman. On one occasion he got away with a whole sheep; at another time with several rabbits; at a third with three dozen pigeons—well grown pigeons, not squabs; again with eighteen yards of black puddings, and on other occasions 60 pounds of cherries and three pecks of damsons. Dr. Copland, in speaking of two children who had wonderful appetites, the youngest, 7 years old, being the worst, said: "The quantity of food devoured by her was astonishing. Everything that could be laid hold of, even in its raw state, was seized upon most greedily. Other articles, an uncooked rabbit, half a pound of candles and some butter, were taken at one time. The mother stated that this little girl, who was apparently in good health otherwise, took more food, if she could possibly obtain it, than the rest of her family, consisting of six beside herself.

A trifle over a hundred years ago a London youth ate five pounds of shoulder of lamb and two quarts of green peas in fifty minutes; and a Polish soldier, who was presented at the court of Saxony, succeeded in one day in getting outside of twenty pounds of beef and half a roast calf, with the appropriate "fixings." When George III was king, a watchmaker's apprentice, 19 years of age, in three-quarters of an hour devoured a leg of pork weighing six pounds and a proportionate quantity of pease pudding, washing all down with a pint of brandy, taken in two "tots." The tall Nick Davenport, the actor, is known to have eaten a seven pound turkey at a single sitting. Instances of depraved appetite are numerous, and men have been known to swallow fire, swords, spiders, flies, toads, serpents, cotton, hair, paper, wood, cinders, sand, earth, clay, chalk, flint, musket balls and earthen ware. One man could swallow billiard balls and gold watches.

In the New York medical journals for 1822 a record is made of a man who could swallow clasp knives with impunity. One day he overdid the business by swallowing fourteen and it killed him, which well it might. In 1870, in England, two men of Wiltshire wagered with each other as to which could consume the greatest quantity of food in the shortest space of time. One of them blotted from existence six pounds and a half of rabbit, a loaf of bread and two pounds of cheese in a quarter of an hour, and he was so pleased with the approbation he received from the bystanders that he finished off with a beefsteak, a pint and a half of gin and a half pint of brandy.—Good Housekeeping.

The Railway Postal Clerk.

Now the train starts. The postal clerk has been pulling heavy pouches around or throwing letters into the boxes for half an hour, and if he is unused to the work his muscles begin to feel tired. But he must not quit or take rest, even for a moment, because his labor has just begun. He must brace himself up and enter upon a desperate game of follow my leader—the leader being a man who has been in the service for years and has worked himself up from an apprentice to the high and mighty office of chief clerk in charge of the car, whose power is for the time as absolute as that of the czar of all the Russias. As the train dashes along all these clerks must continue their work, now made 100 per cent. harder by the swaying of the car. They must brace themselves first one way and then another, always keeping up that ceaseless throw, throw, throw, not for one hour or two, but for eight or ten hours, taking on additional pouches as the train flies through the country at a breakneck speed, and throwing off other pouches as the stations are passed, all the while in a state of uncertainty as to whether the pouch knocked out the small boy standing on the station platform, or landed in the middle of the cornfield near by.

The train does not stop at any but important towns, and the postal clerks must take chances on the pouch they throw off to the rural postmaster striking the ground anywhere within a quarter of a mile of him. By the time the clerk has got to the end of his run, the place being Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburg, Grafton, Cleveland, as the case may be, and having been kept in a violent motion, legs, arms and mind, all the time, it is only reasonable to suppose that he feels tired, and he does.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

ON A MEXICAN STREET.

STRANGE PHASES OF LIFE NOTED BY AN OBSERVER.

Itinerant Venders of Curious Articles Lottery Ticket Sellers—Water Carriers Dirty Street Beggars—Birds for Sale Bulky Loads—"Bonnyclabber."

The lottery ticket sellers in Mexico are a strong guild, for the business is a profitable one. The lotteries are conducted by the government and the ticket venders are paid a liberal percentage of their sales. Men, women and children recruit the ranks; they are found everywhere. They have no distinctive features save the great budget of flimsy, translucent tickets, which they try to force upon the passer by, and their scissors for snipping off coupons. Several prominent journals of the United States have lately printed the remarkable statement that "all the newsboys of Mexico are women, who never cry their papers but silently hold them toward the passer." The chronicler of that error had in mind these sellers of lottery tickets, the large printed sheets of which do somewhat resemble newspapers. It is safe to "gamble on" the proposition that there is not a woman peddling newspapers in Mexico. The newsboys are men and lads who cry their papers and a suggestion of their contents with true professional yells. They urge their wares pertinaciously, thrusting them through the windows of coaches and tram cars, and invading the latter if they can elude the conductor's vigilance.

THE WATER CARRIERS.

The aguadores or public water carriers are picturesque and characteristic sights. They wear a species of leather harness, breastplate, backshield and apron, and a flat cap usually of straw served with leather. On the back, suspended by a broad leather crossing the forehead rests an earthen jar with three handles, odd in shape, called a chochocol, and from another strap farther back on the head depends the jarra, another earthenware vessel shaped like a pitcher. In these utensils is carried from the public fountains water for domestic use in such houses as have no piped water supply. It is noticeable that these men all have flattened heads, as may well be, when their craniums are subjected to almost constant pressure and the weight of some ten gallons of water.

The street beggars are sights to be beholdvilely dirty and ragged for the most part, they swarm in the streets and against the doors of restaurants and other public resorts, in defiance of the municipal efforts at their repression. But the effect is to callous the sensibilities, instead of inspiring pity. Many of the ailments are artificial and the exhibitors in comfortable circumstances. No end of lazy or vicious people trump up a story on the spur of the moment to extract shekels from the stranger. The real misery of the country is not amidst the professional mendicants nor these semi-genteel beggars who come whining with a story, interlarded with ceremonious apologies and high flown compliments, of a sick and needy grandfather, or a son, the sole support of a large and interesting family, unjustly thrown into prison, where he must languish for the lack of a very small sum indeed, which perhaps the senor, whom the saints requite, will be good enough to lend.

BIRDS LOADED WITH SHOT.

Every here and there may be seen a man standing on the curbstone holding out his finger, on which perches a dainty bird, with never an attempt to spread its wings and fly away, although the little, beady, bright eyes are full of terror at the roar of the street. Is the little creature drugged? No, it is too alert and bright of gaze for that. What, then, is the secret of its tameness? It is in like condition to the Jumping Frog of Calaveras, the vender having taken the precaution to fill up its gullet with shot before sallying forth to find an unposted purchaser. It is unsafe to buy birds sold in the City of Mexico, except with the precaution of keeping them several days on trial, lest they die shortly, and after a bargain is concluded after such a test they should never be trusted in the hands of the seller, who will administer a dose which will kill them after a certain period, to leave a vacancy for fresh sales. Here is a tinware peddler, clad in white cotton raiment. He stalks along, surrounded by a toppling pile of funnels, cans, huge barred cages for parrots, and a variety of other matters, whose use is hard to divine. Then the wovenware man, who carries great loads of matting woven from the tule reed, odd, fanlike fire blowers and the beautiful, cylindrical baskets, woven in brilliant hues and geometrical design that come from Nuevo Leon. These are in all sizes, from about as big as a beer bottle cork up to eight or ten inches in diameter. They are very compressible and make desirable catchalls, photograph holders, work baskets, etc., selling from six to eighteen cents each.

BULKY LOADS.

Another fellow is carrying a load of bulk enough to fill a cart. Its weight is light—stools, baskets and lay figures for dressmakers—all fashioned out of cane. Here is one carrying, fastened together in a double row more than twice his own length, twenty-eight of the large chairs set out for him on the Zocalo and the Alameda at the fashionable hours of promenade there. Twenty-eight chairs! It is a marvel how they can be arranged to hold together and balance. Close behind this man comes another strapping fellow, across his shoulder resting a long pole, to which is firmly lashed a row of small earthen jugs. "Jo-co-o-o-que-e-e-e!" is his cry. And what might that be? Curds, if you please—or, rather, what was known down south as "bonnyclabber." Here is a perambulating hennery; suspended by a broad leather band passing across the bearer's head, there rests on his back a big crate of cane, in the upper compartment of which are dozens of fresh eggs, and below a large and enthusiastic assortment of chickens, duly provided with their commissary department, and setting up boisterous opposition to the loud calls of their carrier. Perhaps it indicates a want of courtesy to name in such close juxtaposition to these creatures of the ol polloi a being who is, in appearance at least, of the genus swell; but the exigencies of space must justify in this instance a case of cruelty to animals.—City of Mexico Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

The last edict issued by the cultured society of Boston is that the use of pet names should be abandoned. Mamie is now plain Mary, Lulu becomes Lucretia. Sallie abandons the terminal ie and is written Sarah, etc.

STANTON'S PUBLIC RECEPTIONS.

The Secretary was Always Accessible to Soldiers who had Fought.

Although Mr. Stanton was by nature an accessible man, it was simply impossible for him to give private audience to a tithe of the persons who daily inquired for him. Even senators and representatives in congress often had difficulty in seeing him at times and in the manner they desired, and frequently accepted pot luck with the crowd in the reception room. Col. Hardie, a handsome Scotch looking officer, took charge of this room early in the morning, and, in the name and by the authority of the secretary, dispatched the business of such as neither needed nor insisted upon the personal action of the secretary. He also sent in the names of such callers as he thought the secretary would privately receive, and from time to time went in himself to take the secretary's commands upon some case of special difficulty or importance. As nearly as possible to 11 o'clock, the secretary, who had an almost religious regard for this daily observance, came into the room and took station at the little high desk near the bottom, Col. Hardie or Maj. Pelouze being in attendance to assist him. He waved everybody back who approached him, until he had completed a deliberate scrutiny of the company and had received from the officer in attendance a statement, in a low voice, of the exceptionally urgent or meritorious cases.

Then, one after another, he indicated those whom he wished to draw near, beginning with the soldiers, and, after them, calling up the plainly dressed women, who looked as if they might be soldiers' kinfolk. If he happened to notice that a soldier had crutches or was weak from illness he would leave the desk and go to him where he was seated. Officers bearing visible tokens of wounds or disability were also preferred suitors, but with other gentlemen of the shoulder strap he was usually curt. Civilians he treated according as his humor was affected by their statements or manner, but there was always a general observance of the underlying principle that this public reception was for those who had no other means of access to him.

It was here that Mr. Stanton might usually be seen at his best. If a case of unusual gallantry, merit or suffering were stated he would comment upon it aloud to the company, ending with a moral, inviting to patriotism, virtue or fortitude. On the other hand, if he found a woman suppliant embarrassed by the publicity of statement and action, he would draw her beyond the desk to the window recess and hear her there, or send her to his room to be heard more leisurely or privately. Some of us used to think, while watching the secretary at these receptions, that a great power had been lost to the pulpit when he became a lawyer; for he was an admirable preacher, and far from averse to sermonizing.—The Century.

An Old Time New England Doctor.

Dr. John D. Meers, of Naugatuck, was widely known as one of the most skillful and successful physicians of his time. His practice among the farmers was quite extensive, and it was his custom to take his pay for services in the produce of the farms, seldom or never keeping accounts or making any charges, but sending for a bushel of potatoes or corn or a barrel of cider as he happened to want it. His drafts on the farmers were always honored at sight, for he used to say he "did not intend to overdraw," and, as the families in those days were large and the children quite as likely to be sick then as now, it is quite likely that he paid in his way for all that he received. He was always very careful not to injure his patients and gave very little medicine, but, if called to see a man who was a little out of sorts, would prescribe a diet of toast and cider, or something equally simple, and leave nature to effect a cure. He was once called to see a man who had been in bed several days, and on entering the room he sat down, stuck his long legs under the bed, moved his spectacles to the top of his bald head, and sat and told stories for an hour. He then sent one of the boys to draw a glass of cider, which he drank, and made his preparations to leave the house. The sick man asked if he was not going to prescribe for him or give him something to take.

"Oh, yes, yes," replied the doctor; "you just get up and stir about a little, and wash up and put on a clean shirt, and you will be all right, I guess."

Notwithstanding the doctor's peculiarities in such cases, he was one of the most careful and devoted physicians in cases of dangerous illness, and would often appear, unsolicited and unexpected, in the sick room long after midnight, so great was his anxiety for the welfare of his patients.—Waterbury American.

Shrewdness of the Newsboy.

The newsboy is a grade above the ordinary gamin; he frequently comes from better stock, and is under more restraining influences. He is more intelligent and, I almost feel constrained to say, more unscrupulous. He has facility of expression, though it may lack correctness; he is posted upon current events; he has opinions, formulates theories, encourages expectations. He is generous, he likes a good feed, he is ready to help a chum, he hates shams, he doesn't indulge in make believes, he is sure of the past, he is confident of the present, he doesn't trouble himself much about the future.

He is shrewd, wary, artful; he is quick at resentment and sharp in repartee. At one time I had a weakness for chaffing newsboys, but I don't chaff them now. I generally came out second best in the encounters. Out of many instances I can recall two in which I was left three or four laps behind. On one occasion I gave a newsboy a bright new cent for a paper. "I made that cent," I said. He shot me a swift glance and replid: "Well, you look like a counterfeiter." On another occasion I said to one of them: "Bub, do you know how you can sell twice as many papers?" "How?" he asked, with keen interest. "By keeping your face cleaner," I said. "Humph!" he ejaculated, with a scornful, deliberate survey of me. "If my face was as hairy as yours I reckon it wouldn't matter much whether it was clean or dirty."—"Observer" in Philadelphia Call.

A Ventilating Window Pane.

A German engineer named Henkels has invented a ventilating window pane which admits fresh air while preventing a draught. Each square meter of glass contains 5,000 holes, which are of conical shape, widening toward the side. The new device has already been adopted by many of the German hospitals.

MARTHA WASHINGTON

NOT AN EDUCATED WOMAN IN THE SENSE OF TO-DAY.

She Was a Poor Speller and Her Grammar Would Hardly Pass Muster—Indiscriminate Use of Capital Letters in Writing—The Home Sphere.

Martha Washington was not an educated woman in the sense of to-day. She did not spell well, and her grammar would hardly stand the parsing of the public schools. Copies of two of her letters to her sister, Mrs. Bassett, lie before me. They were written at about the beginning of the revolution. She begins one thus: "I *have wrote* to you several times, in hopes it would put you in mind of me, but I find it has not had its intended effect." Further on she says: "The rivers *has* never been frozen hard enough to walk upon the ice since I came here." Among the misspelt words of the letter are: "Navey" for navy, "loded" for loaded, "coles" for coals, "distant" for destined, "clere" for clear, "heare" for here, "plesed" for pleased and "greatful" for grateful. Company she spells "companey," and persuaded "perswaded."

In the fac-simile of a letter that she wrote to William B. Reed, of New York, in 1777, I see that she knew no other punctuation mark than the dash, that the apostrophe was a stranger to her, and that her writing, though not illegible, was far from beautiful or elegant. The use of the capital was as embarrassing to her as the use of the punctuation point, and her letters look as though the capitals had been shaken out of a mammoth pepper box and permitted to lie wherever they fell.

ONE OF HER LETTERS.

One of her letters, commencing "My dear Fanny," was lately communicated by the Rev. H. E. Hayden, of Pennsylvania, to The Magazine of American History. It is dated "Mount Vernon, Aug. 7, 1784." and the verbatim spelling and punctuation are preserved in the publication. Some of the sentences begin with capitals and some without. She writes of "My little nelly," referring probably to Nellie Custis, and in the same line says that "Tut is the same claver (clever) boy you left him;" thus capitalizing the boy's name, while she gives no capital to that of the girl. She writes Fanny that "The General had received a letter from her papa," dated at "richmond," begins the next sentence with a small letter, and in it capitalizes "Brothers," "Family," and "General."

A person uses his best grammar while writing, and he who makes mistakes here makes more in conversation. Martha Washington may have been well educated in the school of society and in that of life. She was certainly not so in books or literature. There was no library to speak of at Mount Vernon, and Gen. Washington was more of an out-of-door man than a student. We have no record of his wife being a reader, save that she read a chapter in her Bible every morning after breakfast. She knew nothing about novels, and the American monthly magazine, the great family educator of the present, was not yet born.

Martha Washington had, however, the best advantages of the day. Her whole life was spent among learned men and bright women, but there is no record left that she was brilliant in social conversation, and you will read in vain for the reported bon mots of Martha Washington. The truth seems to be that Martha Washington thought woman's sphere was home, and that knitting and cooking were more important than writing letters and a knowledge or French. She is said to have been a good business woman, and to have managed the large estate of her first husband very ably before she handed her share of it over to George Washington.—Frank G. Carpenter in The Cosmopolitan.

Brotherly Affection.

"What's the matter with your eye, Mickey?" asked a gentleman whose janitor came down to the office looking as if he had been run through a bowlder crusher.

"That eye? O, that's merely a little mark of esteem put there by me brother."

"You and he seem to have it out pretty often, and I notice that generally you get the worst of it."

"Yis, but I don't moind that. He always pays half the doctor bill in the koindest way you could imagine; and it's worth something to have a rale, old fashioned bout wid some one that understands the science."—Washington Critic.