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BRUSH.

I have learned a beautiful lesson,
Taught by the sweetpease standing there.
Those little clouds of sunset glory
Caught out of time in morning air.

You see their fragrant blossoms nodding,
Purple, crimson and pale rose blush,
On slender stems too slight to bear them
Without the helping, hidden brush.

To its brown arms, so strong and trusty,
The little tendrils cleave and cling.
The vine, unheld, in dust were lying,
A fallen, bruised and flowerless thing.

And yet the brush itself was barren,
Unquickened at the summer's kiss;
It bore no scent or sign of blossom,
But now it blooms again like this.

I think it must forget the sadness
Of its own broken life, and glow
With love for all the warmth and sunshine
That makes the sweetpease bud and blow.

It may seem but a dreary failure,
Deadened and storm tossed, dulled with strife;
But it has helped to bear the blossoms
That crown another, fairer life.
—Bessie Chandler in Harper's Bazar.

KADOUR AND KATEL.

Kadour-ben-Cherifa, sergeant major of the Algerian sharpshooters, was believed to be dying when he was carried into old Rippert's sawmill on the Sauerbach. For five long weeks he lived as in a dream, parched with fever and racked with the pain of his wound. Sometimes he thought he was in the battle again, shouting and bounding across the flax fields and hop gardens of Wissebourg; at other times he fancied himself once more at home in Algiers with his father, the kaid of Matimatas.

At last he opened his eyes and became dimly conscious of being in a cool, clean room, with white curtains at the windows, and outside green branches waving, and light clouds passing before the sun. Near his bed sat a little sister of charity, watchful and quiet, wearing indeed no silver cross, no rosary, no veil, but, instead, two long braids of yellow hair falling over a black velvet bodice. From time to time some one would call "Katel, Katel!" and the peasant girl would go on tiptoe out of the room, and then the invalid would hear a clear young voice which seemed to him as refreshing as the sound of the brook that ran murmuring under the windows of the mill.

Kadour was ill for a long time, but the Ripperts took such good care of him that his wounds healed, and they concealed him so cleverly that the Prussians were not able to send him to die of cold in a casemate at Mayence. Soon he began to talk, showing his white teeth; then he took a few steps round the room, with one sleeve hanging empty and a great gaping hole in the midst of the embroidery, and his arm still bandaged and helpless. Then he went every day into the little garden, and Katel would bring out a little rug seated armchair for the invalid, putting it down in the warmest corner by the wall, where the grapes ripened the earliest, and Kadour, who, being a kaid's son, had studied in the Arabian college at Algiers, would thank her in French, which sounded a little barbarous, mingled as it was with bono bezeff and maeach bono.

Without suspecting it the young Turk was falling under a spell. The easy gayety of the French maiden, who lived as free as a bird, her face unveiled even in the open air, and her window unbarred, astonished while it fascinated him. It was so very different from the walled up life of his countrywomen, with their white, lemon scented veils.

Katel, on her part, thought the stranger a little too dark skinned; but he had such a frank face and he hated the Prussians so! One thing displeased her terribly, and that was that over there in Algeria a man might have several wives. She could not understand that, and one day when Kadour, to tease her, said in his foreign jargon, "Kadour soon marry—have four wives—four"—the girl exclaimed angrily, "Four wives? Oh, the villain, the pagan!"

The Turk burst out laughing as gleefully as a child; then, suddenly growing serious and silent, he fixed his great dark eyes upon her face. That was the beginning.

Kadour, completely cured, went home to his father, and one can imagine the festivities that were held in his honor in the land of the Matimatas. The reed flutes and the little drums played their sweetest airs to welcome him, and when the old kaid, seated in his doorway, saw coming down the cactus walk the beloved son whom he had thought dead he trembled as if with ague under his white burnous. For a whole month there was an uninterrupted series of diffas and fantasias, all the Kaids and Agas of the neighborhood disputed for the honor of entertaining Kadour-ben-Cherifa, and every evening in the Moorish cafes he was entreated to describe the battles in which he had fought.

But alas! all these fetes and honors did not make him happy. In the midst of the souvenirs of his childhood, his horses, his greyhounds, his arms and all the splendors of his father's mansion, there was one thing wanting—the artless, merry laugh of Katel. The little perpetual prattling of the Arab women, which had once made his heart beat with pleasure, now fatigued and annoyed him; he would not admire their orange flower wreaths and wide trousers of a rose color satin, but thought only of a pair of long braids having no pearl ornaments, yet shining like golden threads under the setting sun in a little Alsatian garden far away. And yet, if Kadour would but look about him, he could see a pair of beautiful black eyes made languid with kohl watching him from behind the grated windows of an old Aga's house not far distant. Kadour cared nothing for them; what he longed for was Katel's quick glance round the sick room to see if anything were wanting for his comfort; he sighed for the blue eyes in which the light played as brightly as in drops of clear spring water.

Little by little, however, the tender charm of those blue eyes, mingled with the memory of his convalescence and the gift [illegible]

gotton Katel, and throughout the valley of the Chelif nothing was talked of but his approaching marriage with Yamina, the daughter of the Aga of Djendel.

One morning a long train of mules was seen wending toward town: Kadour-ben-Cherifa and his mother were going to buy the wedding presents. The whole day was spent by them in the bazars, choosing burnous shot with silver, Smyrna rugs, amber necklaces and earrings, and while he fingered the pretty jewels, the floss silks and fine stuffs Kadour thought only of Yamina. The Orient had regained him completely, but more by means of the force of habit and the influence of the atmosphere than by genuine heart bonds.

Toward evening the train of mules laden with couffins all puffed out with treasures turned down the street of the faubourg, when before the door of the Arabian bureau they found their way obstructed by a greater crowd. It was a party of immigrants who had just arrived from France; no preparations had been made for their reception, and the unfortunate strangers were vainly entreating aid and seeking information. Some of them were hopelessly sitting on their baggage, exhausted by their journey and annoyed by the curiosity of the crowd; while to add to their misery night was coming on, increasing with its darkness the desolateness of the unknown land. Kadour looked at the exiles mechanically, but he was, on a sudden, seized with a strong emotion as he recognized the dress of the old peasants, the velvet bodices of their wives, and the women's long hair, of the color of the ripe harvest. In another minute his forgotten dreams had become reality, for he saw before him the soft features and golden hair of Katel. Yes, there she stood with old Rippert, her mother, and all the little children, far away from the sawmill on the rippling Sauerbach, which still flowed past the abandoned home.

"Kadour!"

"Katel!"

He turned pale and she blushed slightly.

In a few minutes the exiles' difficulty was settled. The Kaid's house was large and the immigrants were welcome to install themselves therein until their little portion of land was accorded them. Quickly the mother gathered up the bundles and called together her children, who had begun already to play with the little natives; pell mell they were all put in the couffins among the silks and precious stuffs, and Katel laughed merrily at finding herself mounted in such grand style on an Arab mule. Kadour laughed, too, but less heartily, and with a sort of suppressed delight.

As night was falling round and the air growing cool he wrapped his former nurse in a beautiful striped burnous, one of the wedding presents, embroidered with pearls, and with its soft folds falling round her and the fringe glistening brightly she sat motionless and smiling, looking like a blonde houri escaped from the harem.

As Kadour gazed at her a thousand mad projects crossed his mind. He would break his troth with the Aga's daughter and marry Katel—none but Katel for him. And some day they would be returning together from the city, all alone in a lane of oleanders, she smiling at him on the mule's back, he holding her bridle as at present. Eagerly, still dreaming, he gave the signal for the departure of the train, but Katel stopped him, saying in her soft voice:

"Wait a minute. Here comes my husband."

Katel was married. Poor Kadour!—From the French of Daudet in Buffalo Express.

Too Thoughtful.

In a tiny seaport village there was installed as postmaster, not long ago, a man whom everybody had always looked upon as a quiet, well meaning person, who minded his own affairs. Whether his elevation to office changed his nature, or only served to develop a trait of character which had long been waiting a chance to display itself, no one knows; but the fact remains that curiosity, of a most intense and persistent kind, seemed to take possession of him from the very day he assumed his new position.

Nobody could accuse him of holding letters up to the light to decipher their contents, or of reading postal cards, because he was never seen doing such things; but in what other way he could have acquired his knowledge of people's private affairs it was certainly difficult to imagine.

A lady in the village was anxious to have a message reach a friend on a certain day by the boat which took the mail to a neighboring town, and hastily writing a few lines on a postal she signed simply her initial and slipped the card with several letters into the box.

The next night when she went for her mail the postmaster handed her back the postal.

"I saw, Miss Green," he remarked, with a bland smile, "that you hadn't finished that card, having left off with the first letter of some word, doubtless an important one. I knew you'd slipped it in with your letters by mistake, so I saved it for you!"—Youth's Companion.

A Trick of the Wires.

A prominent Denver man was married recently with great eclat, but he is already unhappy. He is unhappy because an Associated Press dispatch which announced that he had married a handsome Colorado woman was mixed in transmission, and he now has the reputation of having married a handsome colored woman.—Detroit Free Press.

More Than One Sort of Bench.

"There goes a man who is said to have amassed a fortune while on the bench."

"Whoever said that is utterly ignorant of the possibilities of watchmaking. One's happy if he can make a living at it."

"Oh, he's not a watchmaker; he's a judge."—Jewelers' Circular.

A Girl's Curiosity.

He (reading)—Then their lips met, and——

She (interrupting)—Was it a protract[illegible]

All Paris Astonished.

A few choice spirits in the Parisian fashionable world are wearing flannels, with straw hat and chamois leather shoes, in town this summer, just as they would at the seaside. The daring innovator who conceived this brilliant idea showed himself for the first time in this guise in the Jardin de Paris two weeks since, and was much complimented by his friends, who immediately made up their small minds to follow his lead. What fun for the street boys! The fin de siecles shame the women with their love for fine clothes. Colored coats have quite taken the place of black for balls and parties with the younger members of the community. The latest fashion in coats is olive green, with crimson facings.

But not content with getting themselves up like gaudy parrots or performing monkeys, they must do the clown also. Their coats are of one color and lined with another, and so made that they can be turned inside out. In the middle of the evening, when the girls may possibly be tired (they think) of admiring their faces or their green get-up, they disappear, turn their coats, and reappear in vieux rose or "Eiffel" red—a transformation which earns them the applause of their own clan, and a fresh batch of admiration from their partners—poor dears—who are so simple that they do not notice how much their own toilets lose by not having the usual black background.—Table.

The Robber's Dog Was Tagged.

Chief of Police Speers received a letter from the chief of police at Kokomo, Ind., stating that a daring burglary had recently been committed in that town. The robbers who did the work, the letter stated, had a dog with them, and there was also a dog on the premises of the man whose house was burglarized. The two dogs got to fighting, and the robbers' dog was killed and its owners left its carcase in the yard where it fell.

Around the dead animal's neck was a collar; and fastened to it was a Kansas City dog tag that showed that it had been issued in 1889. Chief Speers turned the letter and the number of the dog tag over to the city clerk, who by looking over the records for 1889 found the name of the man to whom the tag had been issued. His residence was given as East Seventeenth street.

When the city clerk looked in the directory to see if the man still resided on East Seventeenth street he found opposite the name in brackets the words, "Removed to Kokomo, Ind." The authorities at Kokomo have been notified.—Kansas City Times.

A Snake in the Water Pipe.

An incident happened in The Tribune building which may be an effectual warning against drinking water from open faucets or from any vessel in the dark. Mrs. Finn, one of the women who clean the offices, was drawing water from a faucet at a sink on the seventh floor when she was startled by the sudden appearance of an extremely lively snake about two feet long. Mrs. Finn wasn't looking for snakes or thinking about them just then, and when this one emerged from the faucet she dropped her mop and pail and fled screaming through the corridors and down the stairs.

The janitor finally caught her and obtained a somewhat incoherent explanation. Seizing a stout stick, the janitor hurried up to the seventh floor, where he found the snake crawling in lively fashion over the tiled floor. The janitor was not frightened, and he soon crushed the reptile's head. It was a common water snake, not poisonous, but a decidedly unpleasant thing to come across in water used for drinking purposes.—New York Tribune.

Price of Peanuts Going Up.

Hard days are coming for those who love to crack and munch the savory peanut, and the small boy especially can prepare for misery, for the price of the peanut is moving skyward. The high price is due, it is said, to the short crops of last year and the year before. The best grade of Virginia hand picked peanuts is now selling at nine and a half cents a pound, and it is stated by dealers that soon the price will be ten cents a pound. The peanuts coming to this market are mostly from Virginia. The Virginia nut is medium sized, with a well defined and pleasant flavor. The North Carolina nuts are smaller than the Virginia, but have about the same kind of inside shell.—New York Times.

A Prodigal Indeed.

Pater—My son, beware of young Blinks. He's a spendthrift, and plays fast and loose with his cash.

Son—Never knew that of him, and I don't think you can prove your statement.

Pater—I can. I saw him buying for a lady in his company three pears and a peach, with the air of one who was doing an ordinary act.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Big Mosquitoes in New York Suburbs.

Policeman John H. Mullen, of the Tremont station, was accused of having been off post and lying in a field. He admitted that he was in the field, and excused his conduct by saying that mosquitoes up that way were as big as butterflies, and he had lain down with his face in the sod to avoid them.—New York Sun.

The Chewing Gum Habit.

A prominent New York physician told me a few days ago that the constant chewing of gum has produced weak minds in fourteen cases of young girls now under treatment, the constant movement of the mouth causing too great a strain on the head.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Last year the internal revenue from cigarettes was over $1,000,000. The increase over the year before was $145,000. And this indicates the increase of the consumption of the deadly article. During the year boys and young men consumed 2,250,000,000 of these little paper rolls of poison. There are multitudes of

BILL NYE AS A JUSTICE.

An Account of a Remarkable Marriage Ceremony in a Wild Country.

I forgot to say that the office of justice of the peace was not a salaried one, but dependent upon fees, the county furnishing only the copy of the revised statutes and a woolsack, slightly and prematurely bald. So while I was called Judge Nye, and frequently mentioned in the papers with great consideration, I was out of coal about half the time, and once could not mail my letters for three weeks because I did not have the necessary postage. Friends in the eastern states may possibly recall the time when my correspondence, from some unknown cause, seemed to flag. That was the time. Of course I could have borrowed the money, but I had, and still have, a foolish horror of borrowing money. I did not mind running an account, but I hated to borrow.

The first business that I had was a marriage ceremony. I met the groom on the street. He asked me if I could marry people. I said that I could to a limited extent. He said that he wanted to get married. I asked him to secure the victim, and I would get the other ingredients. He then wished to know where my office was. It occurred to me at that moment that there was no fire in the stove; also, no coal; also, that the west half of the stove had fallen in during the night. So I said that I would marry them at their home. He maintained that his home was over eighty miles away and that it would consume too much time to go there.

"Where are you stopping at?" I inquired—using the Pike county style of syntax in order to show that I was one of the people.

"Well, we met here, squire. She come in on the Last Chance stage, and I'm camped up in Gov'ment canyon, not fur from Soldier crick. We can go out there, I reckon."

I did not mind the ride, so I locked my office, secured a book of forms and meeting the young people at the livery stable went out with them and married them in a rambling, desultory sort of way.

The bride was a peri from Owl creek, wearing moccasins of the pliocene age. The rich Castilian blood of the cave dwellers mantled in her cheek along with the navy blue blood of Connecticut on her father's side. Her hair was like the wing of a raven, and she wore a tiara of clam shells about her beetling brow. Her bracelet was a costly string of front teeth, selected from the early settlers at the foot of Independence mountain. With the shrewdness of a Yankee and the hauteur of the savage she combined the grotesque grammar of Pike county and the charming naivete of the cow puncher. She was called Beautiful Snow. But I think it was mostly in a spirit of banter. She was also no longer young. I asked her, with an air of badinage, if she remembered Pizarro, but she replied that she was away from home when he came through. The cave dwellers were a serious people. Their plumbing was very poor indeed; so also were their jokes. Her features were rather classic, however, and—I was about to say clean cut, but on more mature thought I will not say that. Her nose was bright and piercing. It resembled the breastbone of a sandhill crane.

The groom was a man of great courage and held human life at a very low figure. That is why he married Beautiful Snow without any flinching; also why I have refrained from mentioning his name; also why I kissed the bride. I did not yearn to kiss her. There were others who had claims on me, but I did not wish to give needless pain to the groom, and so I did it. He had no money, but said that he had a saddle which, if I could use, I was welcome to. I did not have anything to put the saddle on at home, but rather than return empty handed I took it.—Bill Nye in Century.

Love of Old England.

When Mr. Christie Murray started for Australia the anchor of his vessel in Plymouth sound brought up a quantity of Devon mud and ooze, which in the course of a day or two, under a summer sun, baked into a stiffish earth. Half by way of a sentimental joke and half seriously, he took a cubic inch or thereabouts of this English soil, placed it in an envelope, and determined to carry this morsel of old England with him on his travels.

Many months afterward a pastoralist up country, whose guest Mr. Murray was, begged this bit of earth from him. "You'll be going back there," he said, "and I never shall. I've been away from home for sixteen years and I'd value that bit of Old England more than the Kohinoor." "When next I passed his way," says Mr. Murray, "I found that he had ridden sixty miles (out and home) to buy a little plush stand and a glass shade for the precious trifle."—London News.

Steel Divining Rods.

A man in San Francisco has some queer divining rods. They are four slender pieces of steel, tapering to a point at one end and flattened out at the other, with notches in the extremities like the notches in an arrow. Two are an inch shorter than the others. Two persons use them, each taking hold of one long and one short rod with the thumb and forefinger and holding them out horizontally with the hands close together. The notches are pressed together. In a few minutes the rods move from side to side, or up and down, pointing, it is said, to that part of the room where coins or jewelry may be concealed. Some persons cannot use the rods, but those who can may easily find the hiding place of any valuable.—New York Sun.

Worth Thinking Over.

Young Mr. Garter—Is your sister in, Harry?

Little Harry Clasp—Yes. But she isn't going to receive any gentlemen after this unless he comes in a dress suit.

Mr. Garter—Why? What brought her to that decision?

Harry—I guess she must have found [illegible]

AN OLD TIME THEATER.

AT "THE GRAND DUKE" MANY BRIGHT ACTORS GOT A START.

Newsboy and Bootblack Vaudevilles Who Once Made a New Sight for New Yorkers—Most of Them Have Prospered and Some Are Famous in a Way.

Two decades ago the Grand Duke theater, or newsboys' playhouse, was one of the most famous institutions of this metropolis. Today the projector and chief manager of this unique resort runs an express team from a stand in the New Bowery. His name is Richard Burke. Dick Burke is not a large man physically, but he is a person of acute mental development. He is, as were all the leading newsboy players connected with the original Grand Duke theater, a typical New Yorker. He was born in the "Fourt" ward, and he knows about every inch of Manhattan island. He sold newspapers as early as he was able to walk, and there never was a thing in or about New York that Dick didn't know.

Now that all the boys of that time are grown to manhood, and many of them are firmly fixed in the real theatrical world, the story that Richard Burke can tell of the old days in the cellar at 21 Baxter street has a peculiar interest. That cellar was a spacious affair, as cellars go nowadays. It was entered by a flat door, which opened from the street. One dived down into this thespian home instead of climbing upward. The furnishings were primitive in the extreme. There was not even a raised stage. The boy actors played their parts on the same floor from which the spectators applauded.

About the only accessory that the cellar boasted was a curtain of bedticking, which hid the players from the people. There were about seven boys in the original Grand Duke company, headed by Teddy Sullivan and Dick Burke. They had no paid tutors. Schools of acting did not flourish then. As Burke explains, "They went to the real theaters and caught onto their pieces."

WHERE THEY PLAYED.

They played mainly negro sketches in that old cellar at the corner of Baxter and Worth streets, and many of the "kids" played better than they knew, for nearly all of them have since distinguished themselves before the public on the professional stage. It was a time ripe for such an innovation. There was a chivalric spirit abroad in the breasts of the youth of the land which made deeds of heroic strength and valor rank high. Ned Buntline was recounting the deeds of Buffalo Bill in the New York Weekly. Leon Lewis was writing of the adventures of daring youths in The Ledger. Everywhere bravery showed its front. It was not unnatural, therefore, that these New York newsboys should strive to do and dare for themselves, and, adopting the buskin, cleave their own career in the face of many difficulties.

They were strong, healthy, sensible boys, and they knew that in minstrelsy they had their forte. That they did not aspire to the higher distinction of playing Shakespearean parts only emphasizes their good sense. So they played in black faces, and those famous old time sketches, "Beasley's Dog" and "The Coming Man," figured conspicuously in their repertory. The elite as well as the ragtag and bobtail of the town dived down into the dingy cellar to witness the antics of the merry lads. The Grand Duke Alexis, on his memorable visit to America, was a distinguished auditor one night. In fact, the theater afterward had its best known title from this august potentate, who smiled and paid for his fun at the newsboys' theater.

There was one typical episode in the career of this juvenile lyceum to which Mr. Burke still refers with pleasure. About the time that the boys' theater was in progress James Gordon Bennett was organizing souphouses throughout the city. One night a swell party entered the cellar. Among the visitors was Tony Pastor. Each person put down a dollar for his entrance fee.

ACTING FOR CHARITY.

The souphouse business was uppermost in everybody's mind, and Pastor had recently created a fund for its support. J. J. McCloskey, the playwright and then actor, was one of the party. What did he do but spring up in the middle of the performance and make a ringing speech calling upon those present to contribute to the soup fund.

Dave Conroy, one of the boy players, leaped to his feet and declared that the Grand Duke company would give an entertainment to help the cause. Others of the boys seconded the motion, and it was carried amid enthusiasm.

On a later night a special programme was arranged, the souphouse benefit was given and $156 was realized, which was handed over to Mr. Bennett. This was succeeded by other entertainments of a charitable nature, heartily entered into by the Grand Duke boys, until their theater gained a wide reputation, not only for its uniqueness, but for the practical good it was doing. But all this couldn't last. The boys grew to manhood and the things of the old time were swept away. Teddy Sullivan was drowned at the Fulton street ferry three or four years ago. Two others of the Grand Duke actors are now robust and popular policemen. Sam Bernard is a variety agent, and has made money and reputation also as a Dutch comedian. Jack Conway is of the vaudeville firm of Conway and Dempsey. Michael Coyne is a partner in the "teams" of Sheehan and Coyne, and the two seldom work for less than $200 a week. Dave Conroy and Jack Dailey are of the funny Four Shamrocks, who are also very well paid. Frank Bush, one of the brightest of the Grand Duke lights, is known everywhere for his quaint mimicry of Hebrews. He is rich too, and the manager who hires him has to pay $200 a week.

The old cellar is now used for other purposes. Its walls never again will [illegible]

MADE SOBER BY TREATMENT.

How Dr. Keeley Chases Out Whisky with Gold.

Unless several thousand very intelligent Americans are in a grand conspiracy of falsehood or most egregiously mistaken, Dr. Leslie E. Keeley has invented an infallible cure for drunkenness. That thousands have already been cured at his famous institute at Dwight, Ills., is proved by what may be called universal testimony. If there is one man who has tried the method and failed, he is keeping very still about it.

The doctor is criticised, however, for not making his remedy public according to medical ethics and for his extreme confidence. He is certainly not modest in speaking of his bichloride of gold. "I will," he says, "take any drunkard who has been debauched and sodden for twenty years and make him sober in an hour. I will cut short his worst spree in two hours. I will take him to perfect sobriety without nervous shock or distress. In the meantime I will give him all the liquor he wants, and in three days after I take him he will refuse it. I will do more for a liquor habitue in three weeks than can be done for him elsewhere on the face of the globe. I will place him where he was before he ever tasted liquor, in fact, I will put him back to his early boyhood days."

DR. L. E. KEELEY

The doctor does not exactly claim the power to work miracles, but this comes very near it. The method is simple. The patient is required to observe regular habits, take a dose of bichloride of gold every two hours and submit to four hypodermic injections of some unknown preparation per day. Ordinary cases of the opium habit are cured in from eight to twenty days, but it is an odd fact that longer time is required to cure a woman than a man. Any man, Dr. Keeley says, can be cured in three weeks and any woman in four, this time being allowed for the worst cases.

Branch institutes have been established at Philadelphia, White Plains, N. Y., and Blair, Neb. "Neurasthenia" is the enemy Dr. Keeley aims at—that is, degeneracy or loss of tone in the nerve tissue, which is the great curse of modern civilization, the cause of insomnia, irritability, insanity and a hundred lesser evils. One of the strangest features of the case is that men who have been at Dwight are eager to proclaim the fact, instead of concealing their former condition they revere it and rejoice greatly in the cure.

Curious and important facts have thus been brought to light, not the least curious of which is that three-fourths of the morphine victims are physicians. In the institutes there are two classes—the jovial and the morose, the former are the whisky drinkers, the latter the morphine users. The latter live very much to themselves while under treatment, form no clubs, and once away from the place rarely mention it. The liquorites, however, not only organize all sorts of social affairs while at the institute, but express regret on leaving, revisit the place with delight and form "Bichloride clubs" in cities where enough of them can get together.

Many of the patients at Dwight have been professional men, including several preachers and a very large proportion of talented newspaper writers.

Conspicuous among the latter was Opie Read, of The Arkansaw Traveller, and he is enthusiastic, indeed, over the results, but some of his statements have a very doubtful ring, as, for instance, this little testimonial. "When I was at Dwight a Swede was employing a crippled old horse in hauling beer to a Swede settlement a few miles beyond the town. One day as he was passing the Keeley institute the horse failed under his load and fell exhausted in the gutter. One of the doctors of the place, seeing the misfortune that had befallen, gave the horse a couple of injections of the gold. The poor animal suffered in the ditch for awhile, and then got up as strong as ever. But do you know that forever after that horse refused to haul the beer wagon? He would draw the ginger ale and brown pop, but he wouldn't move a step if there was beer on board."

A Legacy Lost by Carelessness.

No matter how carefully a lawyer draws a will, some other lawyer can be found to pick flaws in it. S. J. Tilden was one of America's great lawyers, and left a will written by himself, in which he could detect no defect. Yet, hardly was it published after his death when some of the heirs began a legal fight that lasted for years. The same state of affairs exists in England, but in the recent case of Tottenham versus Ely, on trial at London, carelessness was shown to have played a large part.

The late Lord Ely bequeathed £2,000 to his cousin, Adam R. C. Loftus, son of his late uncle, the Rev. Lord Adam R. C. Loftus, unless he should immediately on the testator's death succeed to the title of Marquis of Ely. The name "Adam R. C. Loftus" was a mistake of the draftsman for that of "Lord G. H. Loftus." Parol evidence is allowed to explain latent ambiguities, but here the ambiguity was patent—that is on the face of the will—as the gift was to a nonexistent person, and Mr. Justice Kekewich refused to permit parol evidence to be adduced.

This is certainly hard, and as the will gave him another designation besides his name, namely, "son of my late uncle," and as he was, both at the date of the will and on the death of the testator, the only surviving child of that uncle, some attempt might have been made to obtain the legacy for him on the ground that the rest of the description of him was a false demonstratio. Still this would be dangerous, as a testator might intend the gift for a person whose death he had not heard of, and not for the person who best answered the description at the time of the execution of the will and the testator's death.

The Ancient Vine at Hampton Court.

For centuries the great grapevine at Hampton Court has been an object of interest to people who visit that historic English locality. Each season it renews its youth, and the present year it has done better than ever, producing 1,500 bunches of magnificent grapes, all of which are the property of the queen. But while the vine flourishes, the ambitious creations of man thereabout decay. The task of renewing and replacing some of the carved work in the Fountain court at the palace has been completed, and the result is somewhat peculiar. Of the forty or fifty carved heads which adorn the court, it was discovered that nine had crumbled or were fast crumbling, owing to the inferior stone [illegible]

DRESS WITH A HISTORY.

WHAT THE SOLDIERS WORE IN THE OLD COLONIAL DAYS.

How Part of the Uniform Has Survived to the Present Day—The Origin of the Blue and Buff and What the Riflemen Wore.

In the colonial days the militia wore the dress that they had inherited from England. Three, at least, of those costumes have survived to the present day. One is that worn by the City Troop, of Philadelphia. Modifications, it is true, have been made in the hat from time to time, but they have been in detail of form, and not at all in character. The uniform was and is one of the handsomest that was ever worn by a soldier. There is a company in Hartford which still wears scarlet coats and the hat of the last century, which call to mind the British Grenadiers and the soldiers of Frederick the Great. In Richmond, Va., there is a company that wears an abominable hat, invented in the time of the Stuarts, and possessing only the merit of being historical.

IN REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

In the war of the Revolution uniforms for the troops were out of the question. It was simply impossible to procure the cloth from which to make them, or the money to pay for them. The difficulties in the way of Washington and the Continental congress in this respect have already been fully explained. As for Washington, he adopted a simple uniform of blue and buff for general officers, which may have been suggested, as has been intimated by a high authority, by the Whigs and the Scotch Covenanters, but which were more likely inspired by the uniform of the Blues, in which Lord Fairfax, Washington's friend, was an officer.

It was a plain, pleasing uniform, not brilliant, but eminently fitting to the wearer and the cause of which he was a leader. It was late in the war when an enlisted man's uniform was buff and blue, and then only on paper. The only clothes that were obtainable were the very best for actual service. As early as the French and Indian war Washington, as the commanding officer of the Virginia militia, urged Governor Dinwiddie to provide the troops with the simple and useful dress of the hunter, and afterward, in the Revolution, he urged that as many as could should procure this comfortable dress, which, as it was the costume of the riflemen, struck terror to the heart of the enemy.

The riflemen of the last century wore loose fitting tunics or jackets made of homespun. While the rest of mankind wore breeches they wore trousers. They were, indeed, the first to introduce that useful garment, but the trousers did not closely resemble those of our own time. Instead of being tight above the knee, they gave free play of the muscles of the leg, and were gathered close at the ankle by buttons, so that they were not like the awkward flapping, catch all impediments of today. These clothes were ornamented with furbelows or ravelings of the materials of which they were made, a fashion that has been always popular with frontier Americans.

THE RIFLEMEN'S DRESS.

The American riflemen wore the dress that was in its time the best possible service uniform. It was an ample protection from the weather, for it might be of cotton in summer and of wool in winter. It was not burdensome. It permitted the unobstructed use of all the wearer's powers. It did not distract him by petty annoyances. The shoes were closed and guarded by the buttoned bottoms of the trousers, so that during a long march dust and gravel did not intrude to the wounding of the feet and the laming of the men. The hat was a soft wide brimmed felt, not pressing too much on the head and shading the eyes.

The accouterment of the rifleman consisted of what was useful to him. Of all the soldiers of his time he alone wore a body belt. Into this belt he stuck a hunting knife, with which he cut his fuel, his food, or his pathway through the forests. His weapon was better than that issued to the troops opposed to him, and the British soldier with his Brown Bess feared the Yankee rifle. Finally his cartridge box and canteen were carried from his shoulders. This was a virtue of the period, however, for a hundred years ago no soldiers carried weight on their waists.

It is probable that the absence of uniforms greatly assisted the American army in its struggles with the well clad enemy. The dress of the period was certainly not calculated to aid action. It is almost impossible to imagine anything that could make a fighting man more ineffective than the heavy hats, the full, long skirted coats, the skin tight breeches and the leather stocks with which custom clothed the British soldier. Most of the muscles of the body were cased in, and were directed to preserving the rod like stiffness which was prescribed by the drill master. It is easy to understand how, other things being equal, men whose clothes permitted them to be active and agile could easily overcome the buckram men, who had to shoot over leather stocks.—Harper's Weekly.

Pen Made Money.

Regularly every six months the treasury department receives either a twenty or fifty dollar bill which, from all appearances, instead of being made from a plate, is executed entirely with a pen. The work is of a very high order, and several times these bills have defied detection and passed on their tour of circulation unhindered. The counterfeiter seems to be a genius who yearns for notoriety, as he could not make his living by his penmanship. The culprit has not yet been captured, although efforts have been made to find him, and it is believed that he has had the pleasure of viewing [illegible]