## Two Alike and a Lady.

Written by JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER L

The tar on the roof of the railway station at Bierra Bianca was molten in a July sun at noonday. It had been a mistake to swab the surface with stuff that would melt at a temperature of 100 unshaded. Alternations of liquefaction and congealment had let the layer of pebbles alternately slip and stop, slip and stop, until half of them had slid off the steep enves into the tin gutter, which had also caught the drippings of tar until it was l full of the mixture. Not much is done in this lazy town on the Mexican border of and she wrung her small hands pitcously, the United States, and what is done once is hardly ever done over again, even by the railroad folks, who are all activity as | here. contrasted with the local stagnation. So the roof had become bare boards near the ridgepole, and a black muck toward the lower edges. It suggested a volcanic peak, from which lave had lately run down, and the still hot output, overflowing the thence to the eave-troughs, dribbled ground, making a black streak where it route; but that would make me miss this soaked slowly into the gravel. Along that | train, you see." mark an occasional drop of the resinous jet was falling.

An indolent group of American adventurers sat or half reclined under the portico. Their wide-brimmed hats were scattered on the floor, their red, blue or gray shirts were opened low at the necks, and several had pulled off their long boots. These fellows had thus made easy efforts to be cool. Not so the several Mexicans, Indians and half-breeds who stood in a half circle around the others, for they were too lazy to uncover their heads-too lazy, seemingly, to even sit down. All were watching the stripe of tar on the ground. One bearded man, in the semiuniform of a railway employe, lay on his breast, with his head uplifted like a balftorpid boa, and there was something like the snake's dull glitter in his eyes—as they moved warily along a six-foot section of the black line. That piece was marked at each end by a stone, and in the same way at the center. On the edge of the low platform, beside this man, lay silver coins of various small values. Not a word was spoken by anybody. Inert sleepiness prevailed, and some of the eyes that were fixed on the money and the tar were half

After something like ten speechless minutes, all the eyelids were suddenly raised, and the company stirred in an animate manner. A globule of tar had fallen from the eave and struck, with a little spatter, between the two stones at the left of the

"Left it is, and left wins," he said.

Then he duplicated every exposed coin by laying on it one of a like denomination; and, after a rearrangement of the silver by its owners, another interval of expectant waiting ensued. Again there was a drop of tar within the limits, but this time it was at the right of the divid-

"Right it is, and right loses," said the operator of this slow and singular game of chance, and he gathered in all the risk The distant whistle of a locomotive

stopped the gambling, and drove the men

to their feet. At the same time a ramshackle wagon was drawn up to the station. The vehicle held, besides a driver, two men marvelously alike. They were bearded and stalwart, in years about thirty apiece, and in countenances handsomea little affected by the unconventionality of the far Southwest. They alighted from the wagon with an activity which proved that they had not lived long in the lazy region of Sierra Blanca, and quickly, but very carefully, lifted out a large box. This was made smoothly and substantially of new boards. There were handles at the ends, but in one respect it differed strongly from any ordinary traveling trunk. There was no sign of a lid to open. Lines of screwheads ran along all the edges, but no hinge or lock was to whatever they were, had been securely meant to be disturbed on the way. The two men carried the box to the platform, set it down as though it was something at once heavy and fragile, and one remain ed with it, while the other entered the station to purchase tickets for New York.

"Seems as if you two oughter travel on one ticket," the agent remarked, glancing at the purchaser and then at the other **outside the doorway; "you're so jes**t

"Wish we could," was the meditative re sponse, as the speaker returned to his ticket until a junction with another road wallet the small remainder of his money, after paying for the costly tickets for the

railway trip across the continent. "Twins?" the agent asked.

"Yes, twins," was the reply, with a touch of weariness, for how many thousands of times had he been compelled to answer that question? Then he fore stalled the pleasantry, which he had come to regard as almost inevitable, by adding: Yes-brothers, too-twins and brothers. We are Daniel and Donald Warren. I am Dan, and he is Don. O, yes; all the incidents that could suggest, in the way of confused identity, have happened to us,' and he rejoined his brother at the box.

A second and nearer whistle of the loco

motive was heard, and half a minute later a train arrived; but it came on the tracks ed the ticket that Dan had surreptitiously of the San Antonio line, which ends at Sierra Blanca, and it waited there for a showing the hole that the punch had connection with a through train on the made. The conductor reached over to Texas and Pacific main route. A hundred passengers emerged from the cars, ed unsuspectingly along. and the place had a spell of enlivenment through their presence, who huddled in the shade of the station, or resorted to the makeshift restaurants and groggeries close by, during the hour that the coming train was belated. They were such a singularly mixed assemblage as can only be found near the southwestern border region of the Rio Grande. Three-fourths of them were men, and the women were either Indians. Mexicans or vicious specimens of eastern civilization—with one This was a lady. whose gentility, like her beauty, was to be seen at a glance. She was twenty years this train; but this message will indicate old, but worry aged her to twenty-five, how urgent the matter is." She drew old, but worry aged her to twenty-five. and jollity would soon have rejuvenated from her pocketbook a telegram, which her to a similar extent. It was not the ordinary fret and fear of travel without male excert that gave auxiety to the fair If you are not here with me at Kansas passenger. She was in manifestly serious City by noon of July 17 you will be too trouble. Looking about her for succor. and at first seeing repellant faces only, Ir. she at length went to the brothers Warren, who sat on their box.

"Will you pardon me, gentlemer," she said, in a politely modulated but agitated the military post at Fort Davis, but now voice, "and advise me? I have come from he is in Kaneas City, and it will be a ca-Fort Davis. I am on my way to Kansas lamity if I do not get to him in time to-City-or I was, but how to get there I do and she stormed without completing the not know. I purchased a ticket to Sierra sentence. Blanca only, because none for the main line could be had there. I had money minutes more than twenty-four bours, and enough to pay my way from here, but it the distance was 524 miles. The train left has been stolen from me in the car. I Sierra Blanca at 1 o'clock p. m. There

have not a dollar left." were scarlet, and her lips quivered. She | Warren and Mrs. Carter conversed about

<del>`</del> ers who, of all the assemblage, looked likely to befriend her considerately. With an inquiring look at each other.

and an assenting nod, Dan and Don were agreed that she was truthful. "We will buy you a ticket to Fort Da-

vis." said Don. "I am grateful," sobbed the lady, "but that would not help me. It is a most important matter-a question of life or death, sir, literally life or death-that requires me to be in Kansas City the very day that this next train will arrive there;" with the twitching symptoms of hysteria. "And there is only one train daily from

"I will speak to the ticket agent," said Don, "and maybe he will trust you for a ticket until you arrive in Kansas City." "I have already begged him to do so and he refuses. The most he will do is to telegraph to my friends there, and let them pay the money at that end of the

Don went to the agent, and pleaded in vain. That unimpressionable official's indement was that the lady was a professional pretender, but he expressed it less considerately than that, whereupon Don and he parted angrily. Then Don and Dan alternately guarded their box and canvassed the company for contributions toward the requisite forty-two dollars, first putting in the sixteen which comprised all the money left after their own expenditure for passage. Women pretty and good were so scarce in that bad part of the country that the men would not believe in this one, and their responses to the appeal were prompt denials, coupled in several Instances with remarks so uncharitable that the Warrens could hardly

restrain an impulse to whip the offenders The whistle of the expected train was followed by the rumble of its wheels, and then it slowed and stopped at the station. It had more and better cars than the other, for it was on a transcontinental route, and carried a more presentable assortment of travelers. It would be off in four minutes. Should it leave the lady behind?

"Dan, we did it once," said Don, suggestively.

"When we both got our meals and bed at a San Francisco hotel for a week, and paid for only one," Dan responded.

"That was in a financial emergency." "Well, so is this."

"Shall we try?"

During the dialogue the twin brothers were getting their box so placed in the baggage car, that it would not be subjected to rough usage, and the lady stood by herself on the platform, pale now with alarm at what seemed to her a certainty of being delayed for a day.

"We will try to take you along---" Dan said to her.

"Because we feel sure that you are not deceiving us," Don interposed.

The bell rang, the conductor cried "All aboard!" and there was no time for explanation. The Warrens and the lady entered a car, and found two empty seats adjoining. Each of the brothers took one, and Don placed their companion beside

nimself, next to the window. "Take this ticket," he said to her, "and show it when the conductor comes along. Don't pay any attention to what my broth-

to be overheard by anybody else. They stopped on hearing the call, "Tickets, please." The conductor had entered the car by the rear door, according to usage, scrutinizing and punching the tickets right and left of the aisle as he proceeded. Dan had one of the two tickets in his party of three persons, and Don had none. The conductor took a long strip of sectionally printed cardboard from Dan, and clipped a hole through the portion representing the journey as far as Fort Worth, about five hundred miles away. Then he turned to the passenger directly across the nisle, and after dealing with him in the same manner, crossed back to the seat in which Don sat with the lady. At that instant Don was settling down into his place, as though he had just moved there from the

was very intently looking out at the win-It is a practice of American conductors especially on long routes, to gaze directly into the face of every passenger upon the first inspection of the ticket, in order to memorize the visage, so that there may be no need of asking for another sight of the brings an influx of new passengers, with a necessity of a general punching. By this system he can, with remarkable facility, distinguish the comparatively few additional faces gained at the small way stations, from those which he has seen in his

seat next rearward, while the only part

of Dan's head visible was the back, for he

recruits does he demand a showing of tickets at these times. When Don sank into the seat that he had already occupied, with the deceptive motion of having moved forward from the other, the conductor was for an instant confused; but it seemed clear enough. when he looked into the Warren twin face, that he had just attended to this passenger. Any lingering, careless doubt was displaced when Don, with a smile, extendpassed to him behind the official's back. deal with the lady's ticket, and then pass-

previous rounds of the cars. Only of the

"We're good for a few bundred miles said Don to the lady, "if my anybow," brother and I are careful not to let the conductor see both of our faces close to-

"So I'll go back to the rear car," said Dan, "to put a safe distance between us," and be quietly departed.

"It is a shame in me to let you gentlemen do this," the lady said to Don: "and I wouldn't allow it, only that I am in a great strait. Forgive me if I do not fully explain the vital importance to me and mine, of my arriving in Kansas City on

Don read "Mrs. Henry Carter, Fort Davis, Texlate. For God's sake, do not fail. Hen-

"Henry is Lieut, Henry Carter, of the regular army," she went on, "and I am his rife. We have been living a year at

The time to Fort Worth was a few was no incident of consequence during Her eyes were full of tears, her cheeks the remainder of the afternoon. Donald was in a plight out of which her diffidence, the objects which they saw along the that of piteous appeal to the two strang- transportation. The lady proved keenly widows.

intelligent, and her gratitude was charming. Don left her alone several times to go to his brother, being careful to bold these meetings at the greatest separation from the conductor possible. At the stations, one or the other went to the baggage car to see if anything had happened to the box. There was no re-examination of tickets to dread, and the fear was slight that the conductor, seeing a Warren face twice in his walk through the train, would discover the repetition. Danger was fore seen for the night, however, for how could the problem of quarters in a sleeping car be solved? If the three travelers should remain in seats all night, that fact would direct attention to them, because they did not look like persons who would save a few dollars by earning them so arduously The difficulty had to be encountered, however, and Daniel engaged a section in a sleeping car. There were the asual upper and lower berths, thus giving a lower one for the comfort of Mrs. Carter and an upper one that would hold the brothers well enough, but how about the paucity of tickets? The practice is common to al United States railways, in the matter of slumberers, to see to it once for the night that every one of them has a transit ticket. After that is done, the lodgers are not disturbed, and it does not matter bow many occupants there are in a section The problem for the Warrens, then, was to occupy their berth without letting the conductor, or the poster, ever alert for fees, suspect that they were not one and the same person.

At this season darkness did not fall until 8 o'clock, and it was about an hou later that the feat was undertaken. Don had thus far led in the deception, and he now relinquished the leadership to Dan, but they were such perfect counterparts in appearance that Mrs. Carter was hardly aware which he was who escorted her to the sleeping car. Their manners and speech were as slike as their faces and figures. Dan directed the negro porter to make up the beds. When that was done. Mrs. Carter retired behind her own curtain and bestowed herself for the night snugly and safely, with a ticket under her pillow ready to produce upon demand Dan quickly climbed into the berth above Don entered the car fifteen minutes later choosing a moment when the porter was not close by, and made his way to the section. As two pairs of masculine boots standing alongside the daintier gaiters of Mrs. Carter, would clearly indicate three sets of feet, he was guilty of the impropricty of going to bed with his boots on No mishap in getting into the berth was anticipated, and none occurred. Even if the porter had seen the Warrens, if not together, he would not have imagined there were two of them. The crisis would come when the sleeping car conductor. making his special round, might discover -as it was his duty to do-that two men were there with only one ticket.

The device for safety was ingenious but very simple. Dan lay with feet in the direction that the train was moving, In accordance with the common usage. Don reversed this posture, and stretched out instead to ride head foremost. The practical operation of this plan was not long delayed. As soon as all the passengers in the car had gone to bed, the conductor went through, calling out for tick ets, and, after that warning, pulling each curtain gently aside at the head of the shelf-like couch, to see how many were inside. Mrs. Carter trembled with apprehension as her turn came, knowing that the success or failure of the fraud would immediately follow; but the twin brothers were cool and careful. Dan raised himself a little, so as to be sure that the blanket would not disclose outlines of Don's feet and legs behind him, and Don was further hidden by a handbag er and I do. We will attempt a dishonest and several garments, heaped in careless intelligent. Their engines were sime trick because we believe you are hunest. His district The quick eyes of the conduction, although not execute and limit of some lar, although not execute and limit of some thing wrong. He said nothing as ke acro tinized the ticket, however, and then he dropped the curtain. Don had pinned the drapery tightly at his end of the berth and now he was alarmed to hear the conductor pulling it loose. His head and shoulders were crowded as small and close as possible at the back corner of the berth, and were covered by the blanket He realized, however, that exposure was now certain. Acting upon impulse, and yet adroitly, he threw the coverings off, and with the same movement covered

> Dan, while snatching the ticket from his "I'm fussy about sleeping in a car," he said, as the conductor looked in; and at that instant he seemed to be changing end for end in the berth; "I suppose I'm the only traveler on earth who likes to go

> head first, ch?" It was the same face that had appeared at the other edge of the curtain. It's owner was floundering in the only space that could hold a second lodger. The ticket, with its new hole just punched. was in his hand. The conductor went

> Mrs. Carter prayed that heaven would bless her benefactors, and forgive their

(To be continued.) AN OLD DUNNING LETTER.

How Creditors Asked for Payment.

the Last Century. It is often remarked that with the forefathers courtesy was a studied art that recent generations do not have time to cultivate. This is quite well illustrated in the following letter. which was shown to a reporter a short

time ago:

"Whites Town, 16 June, 1798. Honoured Sir:-A few months ago you did me the honor to become my debtor for the purchase of goods at my store amounting to 12 dollars and eighteen pence. I have no doubt that a small transaction of this nature may have slipped your mind, and I trust you will pardon and excuse me for mentioning it to you upon this occasion. If you could find it convenient to forward it by safe hands the same would be greatly appreciated, for I am in expectation of the receipt of some nine barrels of extra fine rum, for which I shall owe the consignor a part of the purchase price, and which I desire to pay at the earliest convenience. If you should not find it convenient to forward the same, take no thought of what I have written until you might chance to come this way, when you may quit the indebted-

ness in your own time. "I should be pleased at any occasion to receive a visit from you, and should you be in need of rum, axes, log chains. or some very heavy monts for self or servants. I should be pleased to sell them to you. Your obedient servant,

"WM. GREEN." It is aderstood that Mr. Green had a small supply depot near Oriskany Creek, and his polite and apologetic dunning letter (so different from the "Please remit at once" of the present day) was sent to a man named Doxtader, who resided down the Mohawk Valley, somewhere near Fort Plain.-Litica Observer.

Russian Custom.

Black fabrics are never used to cover coffins in Russia. For a child or young person a pink shade of cloth is the custom; crimson is the style for a coffin THE CHILDREN.

Amusing Stories Selected Especially for the Little Readers.

FUN. FACT. AND FICTION.

Squirrel Navigators—"Ned Gray," a Story Illustrating the Influence of Bad Company.

Squirrel Navigators.

"Dear Jack," writes Jeanette C. W., 'may I tell your children what a squirrel did?

"She invented a boat to carry her babies in. At all events, a gentleman writing to a paper called the Toledo Blade says he saw her do it, and I believe him, for even animal mothers will do wonderful things when their babies are in question.

"They were on their way to a new part of the country in Ohio, and in the course of their travels they came to a creek. Mother squirrel tried to induce the babies to swim across the stream, but—bless their little hearts!—they were afraid, and could not pluck up courage even with mother to help them.

"The squirrel mother was very much distressed at this, and for a few moments seemed at a loss what to do. There was the creek, and it must be crossed. Pretty soon a bright idea struck her, and she ran briskly up and down the bank of the stream until she found a piece of wood about a foot long and half a foot wide.

"She dragged that to the edge of the stream and pushed it into the water until only one end of the piece of wood rested lightly on the bank.

"Then she coaxed the babies to walk out on the little boat. They stepped on board very timidly and snuggled close together. The little mother then pushed the boat into the stream, and taking hold of it with her teeth, swam behind it until it touched the opposite bank, when the babies scampered nimbly ashore, delighted to know that their mother was placidly following them."

This story is all very well and very true, but I have one to match it. One day the dear little school-ma'am saw a squirrel sailing on the creek that runs by the red school-house. To be sure. there was no sail to the boat, and there was no boat either, for that matter. The squirrel was seated high and dry on a big piece of bark and another squirrel was swimming behind and steadily pushing the barque (as the deacon calls it.) Whether the furry passenger was timid, or merely lazy, I cannot say, but probably she was the to being waited upon.--"Jack-in-thc-Pulpit," in St. Nicholas.

All the young people of Belleview nic. It was a perfect Indian Summer day early in November. The squeet tints of the autumn leaves shone with wondrous beauty, dazzling in their brilliancy, and there had been just enough frost to open the burrs on the chestnut trees scattered through the grove. Winter storms would soon come, making out-door recreation impracticable; so the boys and girls were improving to the fullest extent their present opportunities.

Ned Gray, it was easy to see, was the hero of the occasion. He had only recently come to Belleview, but had already made every one's acquaintance and won golden opinions on all sides. He was so graceful, so obliging, so polite, that the girls all held him up to their brothers as a model. This probably would not have assisted him in gaining the good-will of the boys had they not discovered at the same time that he was an expert fisherman, could make and set any sort of trap, and "could hold his own" in any game that might be proposed. Besides, he was 18-rather older than most of themhad lived in a city nearly all his life. yet never put on any airs, and was always an entertaining companion. Therefore it is not strange that he was

a universal favorite. There was one exception: Netties Taylor was rarely found in the group that surrounded him. She listened in silence to the praises of her companions, and treated him with the polite consideration she gave every one, but said confidently to her mother:

"I don't like him; I would not trust him. His black eyes are snaky. There always seems to be one expression, a good pleasant one, on the surface of them, and another, a very different one, back of that, that shines out once in a while when he thinks no one is watching him."

Late in the afternoon the picuic party had scattered somewhat, and Nettie happened to be for a few minutes alone. She stopped to pick up some chestants, and, hearing voices, glanced into the tree above her. Ned Gray and Charlie Rivers were perched on a limb half-way up, resting from their labor of beating the tree. Ned was saving:

"To-morrow afternoon will be the best time. We'll take the horse and langgy, start right after dinner, get supper at Willis's and come home in the evening."

The boys did not see Nettie, and, not wishing to play cavesdropper, she wandered on. She felt uneasy. Charlie was an old friend of hers-a merry, good-hearted lad, but rather headstrong. Willis's was a hotel, about eight miles from Belleview, that bore a not irreproachable reputation. Whatever the proposed excursion might be. Nettie felt that Ned Gray's company and a supper at Willia's boded no good to her old playmate. To say as much and inexperience pointed no escape, save route, and their fraudulent method of of a married woman, and brown for to Charlie would be more folly. He would be sure to resent the idea that and no father."-Chicago Ledger.

associates and amustments. Couldn't she coax him to go somewhere with her? It would seem such a forward thing to do; still, if it kept him out of harm's way-at best, if she succeded it would only be for once. Would it pay to risk offending Charlie by trying? She decided that it would, as she was only responsible for what she could, not what she could not, do. Then she remembered that her old nurse lived at back and found Charlie.

Charlie, I want to ask a favor. I want to go to Nurse Adam's to-morrow afternoon. Papa won't let me go alone, because I have to cross the railroad so often, and he is too busy to take me. Will you drive me over?"

"Why, Net, I'm real sorry! I'd like to, but I've just made an engagement with Ned Gray."

"Can't you break it? Ask him to excuse you. Please do. I've set my heart on going. I can't have the horse any other day this week. Ned is always ready to do anything to oblige a some of the other boys, but papa won't let me go with every one, you know."

Who could resist such an appeal? Not Charlie, certainly. He hunted up Ned, and soon came back to tell Nettie | people of the United States. But this he would go with her.

They found Nurse Adams mourning over the misdeed of her only son, whom his employer had just discharged.

"Jim has always been such a good boy until lately, since a new clerk came to the store. He led my boy astray, taught him to drink, play cards, and gamble. Now Jim is discharged without a recommendation, and the other fellow that got him into trouble-Gray, his name was—isn't blamed at all." Nettie and Charlie exchanged glances.

R-, where Jim had been, was the city from which Ned Gray had come. "What was this Gray's first name?" asked Charlie.

"Edward, I believe. They call him Ned," said Mrs. Adams. "Net," said Charlie, on the way

home, "did you know this when you asked me to come?" "Not a word of it, but I mistrusted him, and I didn't want you to go with him. It would have been useless to tell you, so I had to devise some other

"Nettie," said Charlie, warmly, "you're

The expression wasn't elegant, but the boys will understand what he meant by it.—Forward.

EXCELLENCE OF NEWSPAPERS. While the great journals of to-day may have a tendency to overwhelm feeble minds by the mere magnitude of their bulk, he who reads them with atmother of the family and she was used | tention will probably obtain more solid knowledge, more pregnant suggestion, more general ideas, more food for thought, and more educational progress than he would be at all likely to derive from any book reading possible in the same time. The modern newspaper often contains the matter of an octavo volume in one issue. Sometimes it contains the matter of more than one such volume. Frequently it devotes to a single object as much space as one of the great encyclopædias would give, and in presenting papers of the kind it often puts at the disposal of its readers the precise and exhaustive knowledge of some eminent specialist. In dealing with current events the newspaper aims at accuracy, intelligent discussion, attractiveness of style, and compactness and condensation of matter. The result is that it treats its topics far more tersely and vigorously than as a rule they are treated in books. It furnishes the public with ideas reduced to the most simple and digestible form.—New York Tribune.

OLD-TIME WAGES. In a recent lecture before the Harvard University students, Prof. Thompson gave some facts touching wages in "the good old times." In 1793 the Susquehannah Canal Company advertised for workmen at \$5 per month in winter and \$6 in summer, with board.

In Congress the next winter a Vermont member said that farm hands in his State were bired at \$4 per month with board. A stout boy in Connecticut could be had at \$1 a month, and it took three months' earnings to buy a cotton shirt. Butter sold at 8 cents a pound, and its rise to 10 cents for a short time set farmers' wives crazy.

Matthew Carey, in his letters on the charities of Philadelphia, 1829, told of men leaving the city to find work at 60 cents a day, women carning but 25 cents a day, and a multitude unemployed, with deaths from cold and want. The goods which people were compelled to buy with these low wages were much higher than now.

With the building up of varied home manufactures under our tariff policy, wages have risen and goods grown chesper. - Detroit Tribune.

CHARGED WITH WHISKY. "I don't know what I'm arrested for, Your Honor, I'm an oyster-man, and went into a restaurant and got clamorons, that's all. Asked the waiter for fish. 'What kind of fish-bluefish?' says he. 'It don't matter,' says L 'blue or red, it's no difference to me. I'm color-blind.' Then he thought I was making fun of lum, and there was a free fight." "Officer, what was this man charged

"Whisky, Your Honor."

A LOVER'S MOTTO. "Fanny motto to put on your cost

"Ten dollars fine!" - Chicago Ledger.

of arms. Bigsby!" "What's that?"

" 'So for, and no farther.'" "Ain't it all right?"

"I don't understand it." "It refers to my courtship, and its happy and speedy termination was because we told the old man at the beginning that our principles were so-fa. BY BEN: PERLEY POORS

perpetuity of name or estate had Jef-M-, a pleasant afternoon's drive, that | ferson, Madison, and Jackson? They she had meant to go soon. She turned bave immortally, not in heaven only, but on earth as well. Should not that suffice? And as to Washington, what have continued his fame? Let us be content to have him stand in his solitary grandeur. We should not have tolerated a descendant of his presuming on his blood, nor should we have been satisfied with one of inferior metal. And it is unjust to complain, as we are too prone to do, of this or that descendant of his brothers, if, in the possession of a fragment of the Mount Vernon estate, he do not maintain the mansion house and its grounds in the lady; he'll release you. I could ask style of its opulent builder; and still more unjust to complain of such a collateral successor, if he do not, as of himself of course he cannot, provide there a Mecca for the resort of the misplaced expectation has at length turned to good, now that, about to pass into the custody of the ladies of America, Mount Vernon becomes a central shrine, a national temple, in which, by the sanctifying influences of burning bright forever the sacred fires of the love of home and of country. And thus we have it. Such a memory, calm, grave, dignified, severe, is well guarded by the fair maidens and pure matrons of our land, fit ministering priestesses at a holier and loftier than all the alters of the classic Vesta." Rufus Choate, speaking of Daniel

Webster, said that he never heard him make a speech, a great speech, whatever were the topic or the time, that did not leave the impression that he loved nothing, desired nothing, so much as the good and glory of America; that he knew no North and no South; that he seemed to summon around him the whole brotherhood of States and men and hold them to his heart. This gave freshness and energy to all his speeches; this set the tune to the universal harmony. Even his studies revealed this passion. He knew American history by heart as a statesman, not as an antiquary should know it. The plain, noble men, the high aims and hard fortunes of the Colonial time, the agony and the glory of the Revolutionary War, and of the age of the Constitution were all familiar to him; but chiefly he loved to mark how the spirit of national life was evolving itself all the while; how the colonies. grew to regard one another as children of the same mother, and therefore fraternally; how the common danger, the common oppression of the anteperiod served to fuse them into one; how the Constitution made them formally one; and how the grand\_and sweet and imperial sentiment of a united national life came at last to penetrate and warm that whole vast and various mass and move it as a soul.

When Franklin Pierce was candidate for the Presidency, the pictorial papers of the day, among other items, gave a picture of Mr. Pierce's house at Concord. The facts were, he did not own a house there or elsewhere. Before his election he lived in a hired house. or boarded his family. The house represented as his was the fine residence of Willard Williams, with whose family he boarded. After the expiration of his presidential term of office, he purchased the tract of land situated a mile west of Main street, and while he traveled in Europe had a portion of it walled and otherwise improved. While abroad he obtained a plan for a mansion from some European model; but it was found to be too costly for his purposes and its building was abandoned. On his return from Europe he had a stable built, and the work of excavating a cellar for a house upon another plan entered upon. But after awhile work upon the cellar ceased, and, for cause not known to the public, the enterprise was forever abandoned. The general belief was, that the chagrin arising from the obtaining and exposure of his original letter of sympathy and assurance to Jeff Davis in favor of the rebellion of the Southern States was so crushing as to influence the abandonment of his building designs. Mr. Pierce was never himself before the people of his native State and the North after this exposure. The au-Having completed his "Thirty Years

in the Senate," the last chapters of which were written when he was physiacute pain, Col. Benton sent for several the signal for disunion. I have known you long, and I knew you would hona higher power to support and guide you. We will soon meet in another world; I am going now, you will soon follow. affairs arranged; but I could not go addressed a letter to his old Tennesses sentative Jones, requesting that Con- bor and keep it in view to reach a grees would not notice his departure. haven.—Princeton Beview,

he couldn't safely choose his own EEMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC This is," he said, "no rule of either House that will authorize the announcement of my death, and if there were such a rule I should not wish it to be Caleb Cushing, who left no children, applied in my case, as being contrary in a letter which he wrote from Mount to my feelings and convictions long Vernon one Fourth of July, said: "We entertained." Both Houses adjourned, may regret sometimes that Washington | however, to attend Mr. Benton's funeral, left no posterity of his own body to at which there was a large attendance, continue his name and race, and to re- including the President, heads of detain and cultivate his lands. But what partments, foreign ministers, members of Congress, and other distinguished persons. Only two of his daughters, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Jacob, with their husbands, were present; the other two, Mrs. Fremont was at the time on her son or grandson him succeeding could | way to California, and Mrs. Bolleau was in Calcutta. The remains of one of his grandchildren, who had died a short time before, were to be taken to St. Louis with his, and at the funeral they reposed side by side, friendly hands having strewn their common bier with flowers, some in mature bloom, others just budding into beauty.

AGE AMONG THE CHINESE.

from the day of birth, but from New

Year's day. It is on this account some-

times difficult to find out the true age

The Chinese do not reckon their age

of young children. Here is a tiny shaved-headed bundle of humanity, scarcely able to stand alone for a moment, and you are gravely assured that he is three years old! If you have left the sacred rules of propriety at home, you venture mildly and politely to cast just a faint shadow of doubt upon the statement; or if you do not discredit the parent's assertion, but are still unthe memory of Washington, to keep acquainted with the mode of reckoning, you probably condole with its parents on the slight degree of progress he has made toward maturity. Should a child arrive into this world at five minutes to 11 on New Year's eve the fond father will proudly assure you next morning that the new arrival is two years old, and never so much as think that what he says is untrue. Seeing that clocks are very scarce articles except along the coast, and that even where a clock is found time is a very elastic and variable quantity, one wonders how such matters are determined in certain cases. The Chinese do not conceal their age, nor do they ever try to represent themselves as younger than they are. There is a much stronger tendency to add to the stated number of their years than to diminish it. On being introduced to a new acquaintance, the first question is, "What is your distinguished surname?" and the second is, "What is your honorable age?" You reply to one as readily as to the other. Age is so much respected that it is considered a distinction to be advanced in years. There are eight or ten different names which correspond to "Mr.," according to the appearance of age, or real age, to which a man has attained, and the same for women. Besides, it is a matter of great congratulation as years go by that one has been spared to add another year to the term of life. The length of the reign of the Emperor, the term of official service, the engagements of servants, the period of residence in a locality—all are dated from the New Year .- Brooklyn Magazine, WHAT A WOMAN IN SAID TO HAVE

"Yes," said a veteran conductor, "a great many women do flirt on the cars. I suppose that time hangs heavily on their hands during a long journey, and they hardly know what to do with themselves. Under the circumstances it is quite natural for them to fall into conversation with their fellow-travelers of the opposite sex, and having made a beginning it is very easy for them to become silly. Let me tell you about the worst case of flirting I ever saw. It was about two years ago, down in Ohio. On my train was a young woman dressed in deep mourning, and at the beginning of her journey having a heavy black veil over her face. She was apparently of a lively disposition—a cheerful soul, always disposed to look on the bright side of life and to make the best even of unfavorable circumstances—and it was not long before she removed the veil. Soon afterward she began looking at her fellow-passengers, and in an hour or two I saw her in animated conversation with a handsome young drummer from Chicago. They talked and laughed and exchanged cards, and really grew quite fond of each other, and, for all I know, made arrangements to carry on a correspondence. This was bad enough in itself, but what made it all the worse was the fact that the woman's husband was on the same train, ahead in the baggage car."

"The baggage agent?" "No, he was in a long pine best in charge of the baggage-master."

REALISM IN PHILOSOPHY. But, it is asked, are we unmercifully to cut off every form of idealism? It is thenticity of this letter was never de- urged that we may commit the same mistakes in philosophy as a modern realistic school in art does when it exhibits objects so bare and haggardskull and bones, wounds and sores—as cally very weak, in bed, and suffering to make them unattractive, at times horrid. Some feel that if we proceed old friends to bid them farewell, in this way we are abnegating all that Among them was the President, to is interesting in speculation. Upon this whom the dying man said, taking his I have to remark that under realism hands: "Buchanan, we are friends. I the speculative intellect is allowed to supported you in preference to Fre- discuss all manner of subjects, but its mont, because he headed a sectional first and final aim should be out of these party, whose success would have been to construct a philosophy. When it has done so, it may wander as widely as its feet can carry it, and mount as high estly endeavor to do right. I have that as the air will bear it; but let it know faith in you now, but you must look to said scknowledge, all the while, the difference between air and carth, and ever be prepared to settle on terra firms. It will be proper to continue My peace with God is made, my earthly the discussion as to the atomic and monadic theories, as to a priori and a without seeing you and thanking you posteriori ideas, the relative and the for you interest in my child." Mr. sheolute, and a hundred other topics, Buchanan was deeply affected, and wept but it has now a test by which to try like a child as he said "Farewell." A all hypotheses—Do they agree with week before Col. Benton's death, he facts? The vessel may sail over a wide ocean, but it should always start from friends, Senator Houston and Repre- land and seek land; go out from a har-

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