CONCERNING THE BALLOT.

"A voting woman! Ah!" said he,
"That's something I would hate to see!
A woman shy and sweet should be,
And rule at home all modestice,"
As softly stroked his ample knee,
"But women ought to vote!" said she.

"The women, they are moved," said he, "By impulse, as you must agree, They might be won by sophistree, With arguments and subtletee." He poked with anxious pokes his knee, "But women ought to vote!" said she.

"To wield the ballot calls" said he, "For strength and for integritee, And power to solve with certaintee, The problems of the centuree!" He spread his hands upon his knee, "But women ought to vote!" said she.

This man, a candidate was he, A city efficer to be, Just then the door-bell jingled free,— A sable son of Afrikes, Had called, the candidate to see, "What does you pay for votes?" asked he.

The candidate uneasilee With nervous hand caressed his knee, "Call 'round election day," said he, "With Patsey Mack and John Magee," Then held the door all graciouslee, With candidatish courtesce.

"Is that a voter?" queried she,
"That he is strong, I must agree;
But can he solve with certaintee
The problems of the centuree?" The orator no more spake be, But madly pounded on his knee.

-Mrs. George Archibald, in the Hawkeye.

LOVE AND DUTY.

It was a wild and rocky coast, along which ran the path that led to the home of old Martin Frere. At ordinary times the cottage would have possessed but little attraction for a bold stirring youth like Owen Glenn. But a visitor had of late brightened up its precincts-a young girl named Annis, named after the aged grandmother who dozed by the hearth through the long evenings, content to watch the bright flames as they shot up from the broad fieplace, and perhaps to see visions of the past with her dim eyes.

Dame Frere was a sharp-voiced, bustling woman, long past middle age. and not having the name of possessing a very sweet temper, but she had a soft place in her heart for granny, and it was to please her she had invited her pretty name-child to come and visit them for a few months.

Annis was a tall, slight girl, as straight as a pine tree and as graceful as a fawn. Her yellow hair hung in a perfect mane of shining curls all about her shoulders and far down below her waist. Imagine a sweet, innocent face, lighted with great lustrous dark eyes, and a red mouth almost always curving into smiles, and you have some

idea of Annis. Most of the young girls in the vicinihair and eyes to match-both of intense blackness-and with more or less of the hoyden in them. Their laughter was loud and hearty, and their ways more frolicsome than refined. So it is not strange that when this graceful, quiet stranger came among them, with her shy ways and blonde coloring, her swift changes of express-

sion and native ease of manner, she

was at once taken into the hearts of

all the young people in the neighbor-

hood. It is a great mistake to think that one girl is insensible to another maiden's beauty. Sometimes, to be sure, she may have a feeling of jealousy with regard to it when she is naturally of that disposition, but oftener she loves the object of her admiration all the more because she embodies that ideal which exists in every human

soul to a greater or less degree. Owen Glenn had fallen head over heels in love at his first meeting with Annis, and had not missed an opportunity of meeting her at the various rustic gatherings to which she had been invited; and to-night he was going to test his fate by telling Annis that he loved her, and ask if he could hope for a response to the ardent feeling with which he had been inspired

Owen was not at all certain as to the success of his suit, for there was another who admired Annis, and who was far above him in worldy station and wealth, and as Owen, in his freedom from vanity, also thought, in good looks and in other qualities calculated to win a girl's heart.

Annis had received the pleasant little courtesies and attentions of both in a way calculated to wound neither; though, as to that, it would have been an impossibility for her to be other than so sweet and gracious as not to enkindle hope in each passionate young heart.

Thus matters stood as Owen started from his home to take the long and tedious walk over the cliffs, which must be traversed before he could reach the cottage which sheltered the object of his love.

It had been raining steadily all day long, and as night came on the wind

had risen to a gale. But, wrapped in his waterproof cloak and lighted on his way by a lantern, Owen cared not for the threatening elements, and walked along whistling softly, now and then pausing to shake himself, after the fashion of

some huge water dog. Then he would trudge on again, thinking what a terrible night it must be at sea, and breathing a prayer for the wave tossed mariners far from

Suddenly a duil, booming sound reached his ear. It came from a seaward direction,

but at first he kept on his way, think-"This is not the harbor, and every one who has the slightest knowledge of the locality will be sure to avoid

such a dangerous coast; so it's no bus-ines: of mine." Again the sound came. This time

Owen stopped and listened. A thought came into his mind as he did so, but it militated so directly against his inclinations to give heed to approaching the cottage she ran out Press. it that with an impatient "Pshaw !" he

It was this: "If a ship is in peril, and has lost her way, the only thing that could save her would be a huge beacon fire to cast a light upon her."

It was this: "If a ship is in peril, and has lost her way, the only thing that could save her would be a huge beacon fire to cast a light upon her."

It was this: "If a ship is in peril, and in Owen's face filled her with confusion. But outstretched hands roundings."
To build a fire would be a work of

time and of hard labor. To keep one up long enough to do done something to please you, for oh, Sun.

fulness, and he would have to abandon all hope of seeing Annis that eve- sake."

It was a hard struggle, but inclina-tion proved to be made of a material which could not hold its own against his strong sense of duty.

He gave up all thought of the pleas-ant greeting he had been living upon in his heart all day long, and set himself to work to gather fuel for the beacon fire.

After several hurried journeys to the woodland, which lay a little distance away, he succeeded in accumulating a pile of branches and dry twigs, which he had raked out with his hands from a deserted hut, which stood on the confines of the thicket, and had evidently been gathered together for some purpose; but under the circumstances Owen felt himself justified in taking it, as it would have been almost impossible to have kindled a flame of green wood.

Just as he had succeeded in coaxing a splendid blaze into life, a voice

"Hallo, Glehn, is that you? What in the name of wonder are you do-

"I am answering to a signal of dis-

tress. Hark!" as a dull sound came again from the sea. "Well, old fellow, I wish you joy of

your post, and hope it'll do the good you expect. For my part, I'm off to old Martin's. I hear little Annis is going away to-morrow, and I don't want to miss a sight of her beaming face to-night. It's bright and sweet enough to be a man's beacon light for all his life. Good-by, and good fortune attend your work. It's lucky all are not such selfish fellows as I am."

It was as if a thousand fiends were tugging for the mastery of Owen Glenn's heart, as he listened to the rattling talk of the gay, lighthearted

Should he give Robert this chance of seeing Annis, and of perhaps asking at the flood, leads on to fortune,' and her to be his wife, during this very night, while he stood and worked to do good, and in God's providence tried to be the means of saving the lives of people who were nothing to

Thus his thoughts ran over and over again, repeating themselves like the voices of mocking demons, while outwardly he labored on as unremittingly as though no influences of the kind were at work, piling on fresh fuel for flames, or pushing some burning log into a better position; and in that way he won the victory.

Peace succeeded to the wild storm night wore through

With the morning came a great calm. One would not have thought that the sun-flecked waves which came leaping in, white-crested and tumultuous, to meet the stern barrier of rocks, and crawl up, up almost to their summits, could be aught but playful in their force. Ah, it is a treacherous beauty—that of the sea.

Too tired to notice the beauty of the transition from storm to sunshine, Owen walked slowly home. His work was done, and he must rest.

Late in the day he started out for a walk. He was in that miserable state great exaltation of spirit. The thought that Annis had gone away without his seeing her again weighed upon his mind like an unwelcome incubus.

At the voice of Robert Hunter, who stopped to accost him, he shrank and say. Had he proposed to Annis, and

had he been accepted? "Glenn," he began, "I wish you and I could change places about last night's work."

"It's rather late for that, now," was the quiet answer. "I'm fully aware of the fact, and that's what I regret about it. I'm afraid I'm dished in a certain direc-

"What do you mean?" asked Owen, with sudden interest.

"Why, if you believe it, I might just as well have left my visit unpaid done so. Annis was so interested at the chance of there being a ship outside in distress that it was all I could storm and 'come and help,' she said; and she gave me some pretty hard I ought to have done and didn't."

Owen Glenn's heart that he could hardly speak, and while he was strugthe effect of his words:

"Slie's not going home to-day just on that account. She told me to tell you to come up and see her and tell her all about it. I wish it had been feelings. You ought to see her eyes all that the Burmese can claim and on snap and sparkle when she was lecturing me about not staying to help you. I never saw her look so pretty. But, halloo! what has come over you." For Owen was hurrying off in the direc-

tion of the cliffs. As he went Robert caught a look upon his face which told him more than Owen intended. He stood staring after him, thinking to himself:

"I see it all. My failure will be Owen's opportunity. Well, he's a good fellow, and as long as I can't have her, what odds does it make? stick."

with an impulsive "Oh, how glad I am

murmured words of love were sound-

ing in her ears:

any good would take hours of watch- Annis, I love you so dearly that I would do or dare anything for your

And then, she never knew how it came about, but his arms were about her and his kisses were upon her lips, and she found that she loved him so well she was willing to promise to be his wife, whenever he should be able to earn enough to make a home for

They were both young, and it would not be hard to wait, and they were so sure of one another's love.

The prospect was at first that several years must elapse before their marriage, but suddenly all was changed for them as if by magic.

A letter came from abroad within a twelvemonth. It was addressed to the minister of the little seaside village, and asked for information as to the person or persons who had kindled a beacon light in answer to a signal of distress from a sailing vessel on the night of—, giving the correct date and the time when Owen had sacrificed inclination to the dictates of duty and of humanity.

That light had saved a valuable cargo from being lost, and the writer proosed to give half of the proceeds to the parties who had been instrumental in the matter. Also a medal was to be struck off commemorative of his gratitude that the lives of all on board had been thus preserved to their

Owen became at once the boast of the village. For when a man's fame has reached foreign countries his own townspeople are sure to re-echo it.

The wedding day was set for the first anniversary of the evening when his good fortune came to him in the guise of disappointment, and Robert Hunter was the first to congratulate the young

"Who'd have thought," he whispered to Owen, "that the tables would have been so turned? Truly, 'There's a tide in the affairs of men which, takyou took it, my boy."-Alfred Crayon.

The Destruction of Bhamo. The Kakhyen tribes have at last carried out their oft-repeated threat to destroy the Burmese town of Bhame, which is situated close to the Chinese frontier. Bhamo lies on the banks of the Irrawaddy at the distance of about a mile from its point of junction with the Tengyue river, which has been also called the Tapeng. Although only a small stockaded town consisting of a hundred houses, occupied by Chinese and Shan traders, besides a very small number of Rurmese officials, of agitation which had momentarily. Bhamo has been considered one of the ty were buxom, merry lasses, with threatened to engulf him. Thus the most important places in Burmah as the point of departure for the caravans proceeding to Talifoo, one of the chief towns of the province of Yunnan. It has been visited by all the principal explorers of southwest China since the ate Mr. T. T. Cooper so nearly reached t from the side of Yunnan during the height of the Panthay rebellion in that province; and for the greater portion of that period it has been the seat of an Anglo-Indian consulate, to which Mr. Cooper himself was the first person to be appointed. It will not be forgotten that he, who certainly did more than any one else to promote the success of exploration in the border of mind which oftentimes follows some districts and countries of India and China, was assassinated by one of his guards at this very place. The term Kakhyen, it may be stated, is the Burmese name of the tribes which inhabit the greater part of the northeast portion of what is nominally termed trembled as though in pain, but he the Burmese monarchy, and lying belistened as intently as though his life tween the Irrawaddy and Salwen depended upon what he was about to rivers. The Chinese call them Yeuhjin and in their own tongue they speak of themselves as Chingpaws or Singphoos, which means simply "men." These tribes are in their habits a mixture of robbers and traders; when brigandage, fails they take to barter. They have been tersely but accurately described as being "ignorant and credulous as children, but fully alive to the profits of the carrying trade." With regard to their own personal habits and characteristics, it may be said that these tribes have little to recommend them. Gen. Fytche calls them "dirty, unkempt, ugly barlast night; indeed, had far better have | barians, armed with bows and arrows, spears and match-locks; drunken, superstitious, and lawless to the last degree." At the time of Maj. Sladen's do to prevail upon her not to face the mission some of the principal chiefs bound themselves to maintain the security of the road, but the decreased rubs, I can tell you, about my leaving interest taken in the establishment of you alone to do 'the good work,' as communications between India and she called it. I don't believe that lit- China by the Indian government since tle Annis will ever look at me again his visit has suficed to cool the ardor without a thought in her mind of what of these tribes in commerce which mainly arose from a feeling of self-in-Such a tide of joy rushed through terest. The attack on and destruction of Bhamo are important principally because they show the extent of gling to hide his emotions Robert went | the disorganization caused by Thebaw's on with his revelations, little realizing misgovernment throughout his dominions. Unless prompt steps are taken the disorder will extend to other quarters, and one of the most fertile portions of Asia will be given over indefinitely to the prey of a number of my luck to make such a hit. Women rude tribes who can defy with imare great on any one who touches their punity the feeble authority which is

London Telegraph. Jews in Prussia.

rare occasions attempt to assert .- Cor.

In 1816 there were in Prussia 123,938 Jews, in 1843 206,527, in 1861 262,000, and in 1880 363,790. Seventeen per cent of all Jews in the kingdom reside in Berlin. Jews emigrate from Prussia much faster than they immigrate to Prussia. Between 1822 and 1840 the immigrants were in excess by 10,400, but since then the emigrants And I saw last night that she cared no more for me than if I had been a have had the majority by 35,100. In 1880 there were 16,000 foreign Jews residing in Prussia, of whom the greater ing, in addition to which you must pay gave them all the water they would trying for a week to find out what er part were Russians.—Philadelphia extra for the soap used in the process. hold, and then left them to the mercy of this thing is that you gave me for a When Annis caught sight of Owen er part were Russians.—Philadelphia extra for the soap used in the process.

A Historical Death.

A young lady from the West who is visiting friends in Boston, was admiring Bunker Hill monument. "This is where Warren fell, you

know," exclaimed her companion. nurmured words of love were sounding in her ears:
"I am as glad as you that I have have killed him instantly."—New York COLOMBIA.

A Captain's Experience in the Civil Wars of South American State.

"I am back from a country where it is possible to go to sleep under one form of government and wake up a subject of another," said Capt. Peter Letournau, punctuating his remarks with puffs of smoke from a Guayaquil cheroot. Capt. Letournau has just returned from the Pacific coast of the United States of Colombia, where he has filled the position of commander of a war steamer. He left Wilmington, Del. Jan. 3, 1884, in command of the Boyaca, built there for the Colombian government. Among his officers were Capt. Charles Miller, Jr., first officer, and Miller Moore, second engineer, both Baltimoreans. On his long passage the ports of Trinidad, Pernambuco, Rio Janeiro, Montevideo, on the Atlantic, were touched at, and passing through the straits of Magellan, Valporaiso, Callao, Ghauaquil and Buenaventura were taken in on the Pacific side. At the latter port the Boyaca was turned over to the authorities, and her name changed to the Colombia. Then Capt. Letournau and his officers were commissioned, but because of the absence of any law to enforce naval discipline the officers declined to wear the livery of the Colombian government. Up to October last the Colombia was most of the time at anchor off Buenaventura. This forced idleness arose from the inability of the government to buy enough coal to keep the vessel cruising. In the early part of that month one of the chronic revolutions of the coast was evolved from the ambitions of several generals of the state of Panama. With the consent of the general government the Colombia was placed at the disposal of the Panama authorities, and the most important factors in the expected naval engagements were two pieces of ordinance on the steamer, for which there were neither powder nor shell. Previous to the Colombia's arrival at Panama the steamer Avaralla had been taken possession of by the revolutionists and started on an expedition along the coast. Another vessel, the Moro, was sent after the filibuster, but returned defeated to Panama. The Avaralla put into Agua Dolce, landed her handful of revolutionists, returned to Panama, and surrendered. The Colombia then prepared to capture the revolutionists. Capt, Letournau's material was of the most primitive trees down each street. The rock tacharacter, and his fighting strength was about fifty Colombian soldiers and a number of generals.

Upon the arrival at Agua Dolce the shortly after, the citizens of Panama taken her departure in the night, loaded with revolutionists, who were to attack Ecuador. She was next heard from as having had an engagement with a man-of-way of that state about Nov. 20, off Tomaco. With the proverbial good luck of the average South American revolutionists, the Avaralla came out victorious, and made the legitimate authorities seek safety in the Guayaquil river. The Colombia, under Capt. Letournau, was again alive with preparations for a naval fight. Her orders from the Panama government were to drive the Avaralla out of Colombian waters or destroy her. Upon her arrival at Tomaco it was learned that the Avaralla had landed her men in the Guayaquil river and was then destroyed. At the latest accounts the revolutionists were waiting to be bought. Returning to Buenaventura, Capt. Letournau resigned, and Capt. Charles Miller was commissioned commander. The Colombia returned to Panama, and as the vessel had burned considerable coal in her two cruises, it is supposed she will lie there until the country collects some taxes.

"I was glad to get away from that part of the Pacific coast which is owned by the Colombian government," said Capt. Letournau. "At Buenaventura. where we laid most of our time, there is almost a perpetual rainfall. The climate is full of fever, having much the same effect as Chagres. Tomaco and Buenaventura, excepting Panama, are the only places of importance on the Pacific coast of Colombia, and the only ports visited by the vessels while under my command. Buenaventura has about fifteen hundred inhabitants, of whom fifty probably are white. It has a dozen stores, and derives its prosperity from the market it affords to the vast country lying back of the mountains which wall it on the east. A railroad is being built from it to the interior. Nineteen miles have been completed, and the work is progressing very slowly. The enterprise is in charge of a Mr. Connelly and his son, both of Wilmington, Del., where the rolling-stock and bridges were built. The exports of the place are dry hides, india-rubber, ivory nuts, and cattle to Panama. The whole coasting trade is done in British steamers, which are making money by their extortionate rates. For example, they charge \$45 in gold for a passage between Buenaventura and Panama, a distance of three hundred miles. Salt, on which with those obtained by the ordinary 31 cents per pound import duty is paid, is brought from Peru. It is sent to the interior on mules. The quantity of American goods furnished along the coast struck me very forcibly. The principal articles are hardware, canned goods, soaps, candles, coal-oil in cases, ery. Customs duties are enormously enlarge them sufficiently by the "bean" high, and the most exorbitant prices prevail for everything needed. From \$3

to \$4 per dozen is demanded for washcents per pound, potatoes 20 cents per pers had raised up on one side, expos-

tropical fruits abound. "The natives live in bamboo huts. and their dress is of the Adamite pe-

of hardwood forests, the houses in which the representative people live.are erected of pine from the forests of California. To give an idea of the size of some of the trees in these magnificent forests, there are canoes in the harbors seventy feet long, six feet wide, and four feet deep, dug out of a single tree. I have seven steers transported in one of them from the shore to a

steamer in the harbor. "The people have little religion in them. Sunday is almost unknown, or at least it is regarded as the best day for fandangos and orgies of a questionable character. A priest occasionally calls, but an effort for several years past to build a chapel has only been rewarded with the erection of the frame.

"The United States of Colombia has an army of about five thousand soldiers, who up to the last annual celebration of their independence were a shoeless lot of ragamuffins. They got new suits on that occasion. steamer Colombia comprises the navy on the Pacific coast. The absence of any rules or regulations for the government of a ship-of-war in commission gave me many trials with my crew. They left whenever they pleased, and I had no redress in claiming them. The national government is almost bankrupt, and because it could not pay for coal my vessel did

most of her cruising at anchor." Referring to the Panama canal, which Capt. Letournau paid attention to on the trip across the isthmus, he said: "The canal is progressing very slowly. It is in sight of the railroad nearly all the way between Panama and Aspinwall. Villages are scattered along the different sections, made up of the habitation of the workmen, of which there are about 12,000. Work on the Panama end had just begun on the arrival of the dredging and other machinery, and the operations on that side will be confined to the deepening of a river on which the canal is to enter from the interior. A few feet has been taken off in places along the canal in the interior, but at Aspinwall improvement is noticeable. A breakwater half a mile long has been built to protect the entrance to the canal and afford a safe harbor for vessels waiting. A handsome town has sprung up on the breakwater, comprising two streets of cottages erected after the American style and ornamented with double rows of cocanut ken from the excavations has been used in macadamizing the muddy streets of Aspinwall is famous, breeding death and pestilence, are being revolutionists consented to surrender filled up, and the sanitary prospect is thief, and Grant went right to him and conditionally if paid a sum of money. | very cheering to those whose lives are | told him he had been deceived, and Payment was promised, and the rev- spent in that home of chills and having borrowed the money on his olutionists embarked and were landed | Chagres. On the Aspinwall end the at Panama and so ended another of canal has pierced the country about the typical revolutions. One morning, three miles, and is about one-third the width intended. At present it has awoke to find that the Avaralla had about six feet of water in it. The arrivals of lumber from America for the canal are immense."-Baltimore Sun.

A Well of Castor Oil.

What there is just inside the little earthy crust of this old globe of ours will probably never be known. In the old-fashioned theologies it was considered a prison or hospital for all the small gods that the big gods knocked out but couldn't quite kill. After the heathen deities ceased to be looked up to by anybody but poets and artists, our religious ancestors fixed up the interior of the earth and converted it into a residence for Satan. And now this idea is nearly exploded, and men don't know much more about the place than they did 4,000 years ago. Now and then a volcano or an earthquake will shake up something new, and miners occasionally strike a fresh fact and bring it up to light, at the risk of having it taken to some learned professor, who will call it such a hard name that nobody will ever try to pronounce it.

Mr. William Gutchess, a farmer of Port Byron, dug a well on his premises last fall, and when he got to where the water was due he struck oil. And it wasn,t kerosene, either, but real good, sweet castor oil, such as his mother used to give him when he had the croup. Instead of running off to some chemist with a sample of it, he took a bottle of it to his neighbors, and they all said it was as good as could be bought at the drug store for \$1 a pint. The whole country around there is said to have caught the craze and gone to digging wells. -Boston

Impure River Water. It appears that impure drinking waters contain bacteria in numbers proportioned to their degree of impurty. Acting upon this fact, MM. Proust and Fauvel had been cultivating various river waters in gelatine, and afterward, by the use of a microscope constructed for the purpose, have succeded in counting the number of microscopic organisms in each cubic centimeter of the fluid. The water of the Vaune, which is considered good, contained 11,000 bacteria. The Seine water was found to contain 242,000 of the organisms, thus justifying the serious complaints made against it. The result arrived at by the microscope are in exact accord complicated and expensive chemical analysis.

A Boston Bean Story.

shoes without trying them on, found on reaching home that they were just process, so he filled each shoe to the top with large white beans-the variety that swell to nearly double their sizesugar brings 30 | the beans. In the morning he found that | New Year's present. cents per pound. California flour \$14 | they had increased in size from No. 5 per hundred-weight, fresh beef 30 to apparently No. 8, and that the uppound and hard to get, cabbage from ling a huge crevasse and allowing the Callao 75 cents per head. Plantain is beans to escape for several feet around. the only vegetable cultivated, but | The next time he will pare down his feet .- Boston Journal.

Some of the New York club men have be riod. Notwithstanding the country taken themselves to the innocent amusement abounds in the most valuable species of chewing gum as a hard-times diversion.

Vanderbilt and Grant. About once in so often it becomes

the duty of The Sun to say something

decent of a millionaire, and some very respectable people have almost come to the conclusion that this paper is regularly retained by millionaires, to stand by them when they get in a tight place. No man is so poor that The Sun will not do him justice, and no man can be so rich that it will see a national injustice done him and not enter a protest. The subject of this interesting sketch is William H. Vanderbilt, of New York. Half the papers in the country are warming William up one side and down the other, because it is alleged that he is ruining General Grant by causing him to mortgage all his property, trophies, presents, etc., to secure the hundred and fifty thousand dollars Grant borrowed the day before his firm failed. The papers say Vanderbilt is a heartless wretch, a whelp and a nine-spot. "Vanderbilt Takes All!" is the heading of the article going the rounds, and editors who can think of anything mean to say, say it, and say it quick and often. And yet, Vanderbilt is showing more genuine heart in the matter than Grant's most intimate friends, and has allowed this stuff of Grant's to be covered by his mortgage in order to save the trophies from Grant away from the creditors of the thief Ward. Did Vanderbilt show a very mean disposition when Grant went to his house one Sunday and asked for a check for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to save his bank, and "Bill" signed the check and handed it over to Ulysses? Vanderbilt simply knew Grant as a great general, and he didn't ask any security except his word. Would he have done the same by any business man in New York? Not likely. He was not lending money as a business, and was not protecting banks from failure, but there came to him an old man, hobbling on crutches, a man who had saved his country, as nearly as one man could save a country. He did not come as a business man, but as a neighbor, a friend. Vanderbilt would have lost the money before he would have humiliated the old man by asking security. He just handed the money out as he would lend a shirt to a friend whose shirts had not come back from the laundry. The next day the check was used, and the bank busted, and there were not assets enough to put in tea. Vanderbilt no doubt felt sore, but he didn't feel as sore as Grant did. Grant knew what Vanderbilt had a right to think of him. He had a right to class Grant with Ward, the own personal account he wanted to secure Bill, so he mortgaged everything he had on earth. It is well he did, and well that a man with so kind a heart as Vanderbilt, the abused millionaire, holds the mortgage. When a subscription was started to raise money to pay the "Shylock" who held the mortgage on Grant's property, the "Shylock" says, "Well, you put me down for about \$60,000." And if no money was raised the mortgage would never be foreclosed. It is a very serious thing for a man to be worth as many hundred million dollars as Vanderbilt is, because it

ands of people talking and writing against him, and a man has got to have a pretty level head to keep from hating the whole world, if he reads a thousandth part of the bad things said of him, but we doubt if there is a man in America who does more good with money than this same Vanderbilt. He cannot stand on the street or in his office and be giving all the time, in fact he can scarcely give at all, personally, except in cases like the half million dollar gift to the College of Physicians and Surgeons. If he gave audience to one in ten of those who want to talk to him to bleed him, or to get subscriptions, it would take him twenty hours a day, and because he refuses to be importuned, he is called a hard-hearted wretch, and yet through others he gives away enough every year to build a hundred miles of railroad. His action in regard to General Grant is generous, kind hearted and noble, and that case is not an isolated one by any means. If the public knew of a hundredth part of the good that side-whiskered man does, they would take off their hats to him when he passes on the street, instead sneering as many do, and when they pass his mansion on Fifth Avenue they would say "God bless that man," instead of what they often do say, and if the time ever came when his house was surrounded by a mob, as was Jay Gould's recently, a million men would march to its defense at a moment's notice, and make a human wall around Bill Vanderbilt and his loved ones that no crazy mob in all the world could have any impression on. It is cruel, unpatriotic and desperately mean for respectable newspapers to allow irresponsible reporters and cheap writers to have carte-blanche toabuse a man ike Vanderbilt, and it is little wonder that he delights in getting in a wagon behind a fast horse and flying away from all mankind, and forgetting that he is abused and misunderstood and maligned because he is rich and does not advertise in the newspapers every time he gives away a million dollars for charity. About fifty years from now the fellows that are abusing Vanderbilt will be giving money freely A Florida youth who bought a pair of to build a monument to him. and they will ask pardon of high heaven for the wrongs they have done him. He is a dry goods of very loud colors, ready- an eight of an inch too small all around. | thoroughbred, and the time will come made clothing, glassware, and crock- He thought, however, that he would when everybody will believe it. Peck's

sets thousands and hundreds of thous-

Use For It.

Mr. Blank-My love, I have been trying for a week to find out what

Mrs. Blank-How stupid! Why, it is a purse to carry your money in. "Strange I had not thought of that. Curious contrivance, isn't it? But you know, dear, I have no use for anything of the kind."

"Nonsease. Of course you have. By the way, the bill for it has just been sent. Here it is." "How fortunate. I can carry the

bill in it."-Philadelphia Call.