

MEMORABLE NAMES.

WALTER WELLMAN MAKES A STUDY OF FAMOUS FAMILY PATRONYMS.

One Hundred Anglo-Saxon Names Conspicuous in American History—Smith Leads the List, White, Williams, Jones, Clark and Johnson Take High Honors.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, July 14.—Did you ever make a study of names? I never did until today, when it occurred to me to inquire what names have most frequently appeared in the list of American statesmen. I was prompted to this by the fact that now for the first time in the history of the country two men bearing the same name sit in the cabinet councils.

In making this study of names and families, I collated from official sources a list of about 10,000 of the men who have held conspicuous place in the public service since the foundation of the republic. The classes of persons included are delegates to the Colonial and Continental congresses, the senators, representatives and territorial delegates of the federal congress, cabinet ministers, justices of the supreme and other federal courts, high officials of the executive departments, governors of states and territories, diplomatic ministers, and such other men as have held positions of honor and trust in the civil service or exerted influence upon public affairs. The list of 10,000 names embraces practically all of those men who have helped to make the history of their country, though as a rule the names of those who distinguished themselves in military or naval service are not included, save where they also won distinction in civil life.

I was surprised to discover that about 2,500, or one-quarter of all these names, were embraced in 100 family patronymics. These 100 names become interesting to us, therefore, not only for the great careers which they suggest and the vast influence their owners have exerted upon the affairs of the country, but because they unerringly give us a compendium of 100 typical American family names.

The reader who cares to do so may take these 100 pure and prominent American family names and still further analyze them. For instance, he could note their almost unvarying Anglo-Saxon derivation and how they have come down to us through British, Scotch and Irish influences, planted in the colonies of New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia and the Carolinas, and thence rapidly diffused by migration and settlement throughout the length and breadth of the country. I think, from a cursory examination of the subject, that deeper and more comprehensive inquiry and analysis would enable one to choose 100 families from the lists of New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and Carolina colonists, and show that the diffusion of their blood had given to the country fully one-half of its statesmanship and civil leaders.

The 100 names which are entitled to rank as of greatest importance numerically in the history of the republic, with the number of individuals of each name who have won distinction in civil life, are given below. A pretty careful approximation of the number of individuals is given in the first thirty names, and the remaining seventy names follow in the order of their numerical importance:

Table listing names and their numerical importance: Smith (130), Williams (120), Jones (110), Clark (100), Johnson (90), Davis (80), Brown (70), King (60), Allen (50), Campbell (40), Taylor (30), White (20), Miller (10), Walker (10).

The above thirty names comprise more than 1,900 individuals who have been presidents, cabinet officers, senators, representatives, governors, admirals, generals, or who have otherwise served their country with distinction.

The seventy names given below, approximately in the order of their numerical representation in the higher walks of civil life, comprise nearly 1,300 more individuals of renown:

Table listing names: Butler, Foster, Morris, Porter, Wells, Edwards, Baker, Patterson, Robinson, Ward, Wood, Wright, Cooper, Lawrence, Nelson, Stone, Turner, Caldwell, Cook, Marshall, Russell, Strong, Young, Evans, Hill, Rogers, Morris, Baldwin, Hamilton, Harrison, Henderson, Tucker, Greenleaf, Wood, Wright, Cooper, Lawrence, Nelson, Stone, Turner, Caldwell, Cook, Marshall, Russell, Strong, Young, Evans, Fisher, Harper, Henry, Palmer, Washburne, Curtis, Clayton, Hubbard, McLane, Hawkins, Bryan, Livingston, Mason, Peck, Stephenson, Hunter, Dixon, Townsend, Humphreys, Biddle, Chase, Dickinson, Bailey.

Many of the family names which have been represented in the highest office of the republic do not appear in the foregoing list. Taking the presidential names in chronological order we find among our Great Ten Thousand only six Washingtons. One was the immortal George; one his nephew, Bushrod, who was a supreme court justice, and another his grandnephew, George C., who represented Maryland in congress. The remaining three are Peter G., a native of Virginia, who became sixth auditor of the treasury; William H., a congressman from North Carolina, and Joseph E., who is now a member of congress from Tennessee.

The Adamases have been one of our greatest families. Two presidents, who held many other high offices, Samuel, the revolutionist; Charles Francis, min-

ister to England, and many congressmen, governors and judges are among their heritages.

Thomas Jefferson's name stands alone. So far as I have been able to learn none other of his name has figured in the civil history of the government.

Besides James Madison there was only George, who was governor of Kentucky.

James Monroe's name is accompanied only by the names of another James, a congressman from Ohio, and Thomas B. and V., who were federal judges in Kentucky.

Andrew Jackson's name leads a list of thirty, among whom were governors, congressmen, judges and foreign ministers.

Besides Martin Van Buren the records show only John, a judge and congressman from Ulster county, N. Y.

Among a dozen or more Harrisons we have two presidents, the son of the first and father of the second, John Scott, who sat in congress; Albert G., congressman from Kentucky; Carter B., and Carter H., congressmen from Virginia and Illinois, respectively; Horace H., congressman from Virginia; Richard, auditor of the treasury for fifty-five years; Richard A., congressman from Ohio; Robert H., secretary to Washington and chief justice of Maryland; S. S., congressman from Pennsylvania, and William, delegate from Maryland to the Continental congress.

John Tyler's name stands almost alone. Another John Tyler was federal judge in Virginia, and Royall Tyler was chief justice of Massachusetts and a successful dramatist.

Besides James Knox Polk there were Charles, governor of Delaware; Truxton, senator from the same state, and William H., the president's brother, congressman from Tennessee.

Two more Taylors have won places in our list. Zachary was president, and perhaps twenty-five of the others have been members of congress.

Our records show but one Fillmore. Nearly a dozen Pierces, several of them of the immediate family of the president, have won distinction as congressmen, judges and governors.

James Buchanan's father was a member of congress, and a relative, James M., was minister to Denmark.

The name of Lincoln appears only half a dozen times in the record. Enoch was governor of Maine; Levi, Sr., and Levi, Jr., governors of Massachusetts; W. S., congressman from New York, and Robert T., Abraham's son, secretary of war and minister to England.

Ulysses S. overshadows the few Grants whose names appear in the list. A. P. was a congressman from New York and Fred Grant is minister to Austria.

Besides Rutherford B. three or four Hayeses have won place as congressmen and judges.

There has been but one Garfield, though Selucius Garfield was a congressman from Washington.

William Arthur was congressman from Ohio.

Chauncey F. Cleveland represented Connecticut in congress some years ago, and Orestes Cleveland was a representative from New Jersey.

Which is the greatest name in American history? This is a question which comes naturally as we look at the past through these novel glasses. Inasmuch as it is a matter of opinion and not of fact, I shall not presume to decide. More than a hundred Smiths have won mention in the ten thousand list, but in the opinion of some of my readers all the Smiths, none of whom ever reached the highest offices, may be outranked by the name of Webster, which was borne by but one man of genuine fame, or by that of Blaine, which stands alone.

The Washingtons, who were not numerous enough to receive mention in our list of a hundred great names, unquestionably exerted more influence upon the affairs of the nation than the seventy-five Williamases. Still, if one were to try to reach a conclusion on this subject, he would have to take under consideration such names as Adams, Harrison, Bayard, Sherman, Davis, Blair, Breckinridge, Livingston, Jackson, Clayton, Butler, Clay.

Speaking of there now being two Fosters in the cabinet reminds me of a somewhat remarkable fact. Though nearly 250 men have occupied seats in the cabinet council in the history of the government, in only seven instances has a name been repeated in the list. These were two Smiths—Robert, as secretary of state under Madison, and Caleb B., as secretary of the interior under Lincoln. There were two Porters—Peter B., as secretary of war under J. Q. Adams, and James M., in the same position under Tyler. John Marshall was secretary of state under John Adams and James W. Marshall was postmaster general under Grant.

John Sherman was secretary of the treasury under Hayes, and Tecumseh Sherman was for a short time secretary of war under Grant. Jacob Thompson was secretary of the interior under Buchanan, and R. W. Thompson and Smith Thompson secretaries of the navy under Hayes and Monroe, respectively. Reverdy Johnson was attorney general under Taylor, and Cave Johnson postmaster general under Polk. Two men of the same name never before sat in a cabinet together.

The states which have been represented the greatest number of times in cabinet positions are New York, 26; Massachusetts, 24; Pennsylvania, 22; Virginia, 21; Ohio, 18; Maryland, 15; Kentucky, 13; Connecticut, 10; Tennessee and Indiana, each 9. Illinois, though now the third state in population, has had but 5 cabinet places. Fourteen states have never had a cabinet minister, among them being little Rhode Island, big Texas and faraway California.

WALTER WELLMAN.

A Texas Mastodon.

The skeleton of a mastodon has been found by a farmer living near Sherman, Tex. From one of the jaws a tooth was taken that weighs three and a half pounds. A tusk, still well preserved, is nearly six feet long.

A Lesson in Geography.

"Johnny, I hope you are studying well at school?" said Mr. Harlem Heights to his son.

"Oh, yes, pa."

"I'd like to ask you a few questions just to see how you are coming on."

"Yes, pa."

"Where are the Rocky mountains?"

"In the western part of the United States, pa."

"Where is the Blue Ridge?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I'll teach you," and seizing the boy by the neck the irate parent smote his offspring several times with a cane which he had held concealed under his coat.

"Now can you tell me where the Blue Ridge is?"

"I know," said Johnny, sobbing and rubbing himself; "where the black and blue ridge is," whereupon the old man let him off.—Texas Siftings.

An Unsatisfactory Purchase.



Lord A.—Don't you think you ought to call me "dear?" His American Wife—Yes; at any price.—Life.

She Had Forgotten.

After she had made her purchases and had informed the clerk as to the address to which they should be sent, she picked up her purse with her left hand and placed her parasol across her left arm, gazing the while over the counter and floor as if in search of something else.

"Excuse me, miss," ventured the clerk, "but have you mislaid anything?"

"I am sure I don't know," she replied, "but when I entered the store I am positive I carried something in my right hand."

"Did you not have your parasol or purse in your right hand?"

"No; for I recollect very distinctly that I carried my purse in my left hand and the parasol on my left arm, as you see them now."

"It is very strange," remarked the clerk, with a troubled expression on his face as he searched under the different pieces of fabric strewn over the counter.

"I cannot imagine what it was," she remarked musingly, as she placed a small gloved hand to her chin and gazed into space. "I am positive it was something, and I feel lost without it."

"I am unable to find anything here," came the muffled voice of the clerk from under the counter, whither he had dropped a few seconds before with the faint hope of being able to find the missing he knew not what.

"Oh, I know now what it was," she gleefully exclaimed, as a pretty flush spread over her face. "It was this."

As the clerk's head bobbed up from behind the counter like a Jack-in-the-box with a graceful sweep of her shapely right arm, she clutched a handful of her skirt in the back, and smilingly took her departure.—Harvey Brown, Jr., in Life.

He Wasn't Dead.

"H-a-r-r-y! Oh, H-a-r-r-y!" called a little woman at the corner of Woodward avenue and a cross street just as people were going home to supper. She had no bonnet on and her voice was keyed up to concert pitch.

"He doesn't seem to hear you," said a ferret nosed man who was deriving support from a hitching post.

"You needn't worry," snapped the little woman. She looked across the street where two small boys in knickerbockers were sitting on a carriage step in front of a grocery.

"You, H-a-r-r-y!" she cried, making a trumpet of her hand.

"Master Harry never moved."

"Kind of hard of hearing, ain't he?" asked the man at the hitching post, solicitously.

She gave him a withering look.

"When I want him he'll come," she said. "H-a-r-r-y, come to supper!"

The haste with which Harry turned double back action somersault in his haste to obey his mother caused the man at the post to say laconically:

"Vittles fetches 'em every time."—Detroit Free Press.

A Dead Failure.

He is a very absentminded man and was thinking earnestly when a light shower came up.

"Jack," said the young woman with him, "why don't you put up your umbrella?"

"I have tried to," he answered, "but I couldn't get a cent on it."—Washington Star.

Complimentary.

"In this picture of 'Innocence,'" said the artist, who was showing his fair visitor about the studio, "I have tried to convey the idea that simplicity is not incompatible with dignity."

"How well you have succeeded!" exclaimed the young lady. "I never saw anything so—so artless!"—Chicago Tribune.

Something He Could Not Forgive.

"No," said a citizen when asked if he would contribute anything to the relief of the flood sufferers, "I don't think I will."

"Can't afford it, eh?"

"It isn't that, but the last time I gave something for charity one of the papers spelled my name wrong."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

A Long Time.

Caller at the Postoffice—What makes our letters so late this morning, Mrs. Good yer?

Rural Postmistress—Well, you see, sir, it's them plaguey postcards. They takes a long time to read for a poor woman what ain't much of a scholar.—London Tit-Bits.

False Feathers.

Seedy Party contemplating himself in a pocket mirror—Here I am wearing the boots of a bank manager, the trousers of a landed proprietor, a baron's coat and vest and even a count's hat, and in spite of all that I look like a tramp.—Flegende Blatter.

A Doubtful.

Little Victor—Mamma, my hands are dirty; shall I wash them or put on gloves?

—Figaro.

Discovered and Punished.

The imbecile who writes scathing letters to the newspapers over the signatures "Pro Bono Publico," "Lex," "Justice," "A Democrat" and divers other aliases of like intellectual order made his appearance in the funny editor's office the other evening. This individual is a funny man himself by profession—intentionally some times, more often unintentionally.

"In the name you've been looking for for some time," the imbecile announced jovially.

"Did you bring it back with you?" asked the funny editor.

"My umbrella."

"Hold," said the imbecile, "So that's your lay, eh? I can do a little of that myself. But first let me explain: I'm the man you've been looking for, as I say, I don't owe you a cent; I'm not come with the gas bill, nor do I want to lend any money just until Monday. Neither am I Billy Patterson's assailant. I'm merely a man who can supply jokes that need no diagram or bill of particulars. You've been looking for me. If you haven't, you ought've been. Listen to me now:

"What's the difference between one yard and two yards? Give it up? A fence. See? Pretty good, ain't it? But that's nothing; here's another: How many letters are there in a postman's bag? Give that up too? Well, there are three—bag—see? Oh, say, that's nothing. Listen to this one: Why's Superintendent Bynes the right man to wield a stick? 'Cause he's a Hybnian. See that? Ha! ha! Say, they're as easy as rolling off a log. Make 'em without any effort whatever. And can go on all day making 'em. It's a knack I have. Another one? Well, just one more: Why's the funny editor of a newspaper like a—say, hold on!—ouch! ow-w! Say, let up!"—New York Recorder.

Queen Victoria and the Umbrella.

I was reading a story the other day that made quite an impression on my mind. It is well known that the queen of England loves to go about in simple guise among the cottages of the poor. One day the queen was caught in a shower and she entered the dwelling of an old woman; the old dame's sight must have been dim, for she did not recognize her sovereign. "Will you lend me an umbrella?" said the royal lady, who did not happen to have one with her. The old woman granted the request grudgingly. "I have two umbrellas," said the dame, "one is a good one, 't'other very old. Ye may take this; I guess I will never see it again." And she proffered a ragged concern whose whalebone ribs might be seen here and there through the course torn cover.

England's queen quietly took the umbrella, which was better than nothing, and went forth into the rain, not by one word betraying her rank. The next day one of her majesty's servants brought back the wretched umbrella, and then the cottager knew to whom she had lent it. "Aye, aye, had I but kenned who it was that asked for the loan, she wud ha' been welcome to my best—to a' that I ha' i' the world!" exclaimed the mortified old woman, shocked and grieved at having missed such an opportunity of winning a smile from the queen.—Mrs. Bottome in Ladies' Home Journal.

Across the Line.

Across the line of telephone communication there has passed every day for many weeks a simple call and answer which cut into the mass of business or social repartee with a solemn persistence. Dividing an inquiry as to the success of a dance the night previous, the exchange notes of the board of trade men, the inquiries as to when a certain dress would be finished, the impatient call for No. 1,000, or "Jim, is that you?" came these brief sentences:

"How is Mrs. M.—today?"

"A little better; took some nourishment," or, "Much worse; has not recovered any one."

At midnight last night the telephone bell rang sharply, and the familiar question, so often repeated, was again asked:

"How is Mrs. M.—at this hour?"

The answer came back with suppressed tones that seemed to vibrate with anguish:

"She has just passed away."

And as the answer reaches the ear of the anxious watcher the clock strikes 12, and fervently the sore heart responds, "All is well!"—Detroit Free Press.

Why We Have Many Brands.

Many reasons have been adduced for giving to the same brand of cigar four or five different names, and some of the reasons sound very childish. But there is one good reason, and it is this: In nearly every small or medium sized town a dealer demands the exclusive handling of a brand of cigars, or he will not sell them at all, and when a brand has only one name its sale would be practically limited to one house in each town. By putting up the cigars in boxes of different shapes and applying four or five names to them it is easy to give as many dealers the exclusive right they desire as there are names to a brand. No attempt whatever is made to change the appearance of the cigar, and old time smokers promptly discover the little deception, but in a general way it serves a good purpose and does no one any harm.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Eucalyptus Oil.

Eucalyptus oil has come into such demand that over 20,000 pounds have been sent to England from California in one year, the trees having been planted in immense quantities in that state. General Stratton planted fifty-five acres near Hayward in 1869, chiefly for timber purposes. In 1883 it was discovered that a decoction of the leaves would remove the incrustated scales from boilers. While the engineers were preparing the liquid they imagined the odor cured one of bronchitis and the other of asthma, and they started a factory to extract the oil at San Lorenzo, which is said to have been the beginning of this industry.—New York Independent.

Barbering Used to Be an Art.

Time was when barbering was a way in art. In ancient times barbers were surgeons, the only persons who could scientifically "let blood." In London there is still a barber surgeon class. They possess a cap given the guild by Charles II. Around the barber's pole still twines the snake, the subtlest beast of the field, a survival of the brazen serpent lifted up in the wilderness, the symbol of the healing art.—National Barber.

Fatigue Acts as a Poison.

Fatigue caused by brain work, says Professor Mosso, of Turin, acts as a poison, which affects all the organs, especially the muscular system. The blood of dogs fatigued by long racing, when injected into other dogs, makes them exhibit all the symptoms of poisoning.—New York Times.

To Take Without Asking.

Jack (bashfully)—If I asked you for a kiss would you be angry?

Any (naively)—Yes, if you asked me for it.—Kate Field's Washington.

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