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NAMES AND FACES.

A Gift of Memory Which is a Kind of Flattery Hard to Resist.

Other Mental Tricks of the Same Sort. ...Blaine's Memorandum. ...Question of Method.

Detroit Free Press.

The memory of the past is blessed; so is the memory of an adroit politician; at least it is a blessed good thing to have. The faculty of associating a face with its owner's name, and to recall the circumstances under which it was last seen; to bring up a whole set of ideas about the talk the politician then had; what the politician said, and what the man said; is often more valuable to one in politics than honesty, learning and statesmanship. To be remembered by a distinguished politician as a man who knows so many people, and whose mind must be full of all sorts of things is a kind of flattery hard to resist. It means that you are a person of importance, and that after all, or you would not have made such an impression upon the busy and eager politician. There must have been something about you that made him remember not only your name but your face as well. For the moment, at least, you forget that this is only a special faculty in this man, a trick of the mind which enables him to remember your neighbor, who may be much stupider and less remarkable than you, just as well as he remembers you. He will go to the next house and greet the wife there with the same cordiality and pick out the children just as easily and as how as he picks out your wife and your children. In other words that it is not a special mark of interest in you at all, but only a kind of sleight-of-hand performance which makes you think you are a finer man than other people think you are, or, perhaps, than you know yourself to be.

It is of a piece with other mental tricks of the same sort. Some can remember dates, some birthdays, some have a special faculty for places, and need to be in a town or woods, or on a mountain but once, in order to be perfectly familiar with them. Some horsemen become so expert that they recognize horses with the greatest ease, though they may only have seen them trotting along the road or careering over the pastures. Herders become so expert that they have been known to distinguish their own cattle in a herd at an incredible distance away.

But horses, cattle, mountains, rocks, streets, rivers, buildings and forest cannot be flattered by this expert faculty. They have no voices or influences. It is man's gift to the individual, but it is not flattery to the community that this way of tickling men's vanity governs citizens so much in their choice of the man to make or execute their laws. Yet very subtle men are often affected in their judgments by the personal attitude which a candidate "puts on." If he shows that he remembers you, and reminds you where he last saw you, half a year ago, and says he has been thinking about you at that time, forthwith you are apt to think that man better fitted to tax you and appropriate your money, or make laws for you than another who has never met you. Mr. Blaine has the reputation of being endowed with this gift. A story has been lately on the rounds, attributed to Mr. Thurman, in which Mr. Blaine is represented as greeting an Ohio farmer after several years' absence and asking him if he "had broken that colt," which he was driving when Blaine had seen him previously. This story is met by "the reply," a tradition of Mr. Blaine's ability to recall faces. According to this authority, it is an idea assiduously cultivated by Mr. Blaine, but as a matter of fact there are few public men who have poorer recollection of names and faces than he. The belief in this faculty of his is founded on what has been industriously said about his possession of it—not on the faculty itself. A witness of the incident testified that Blaine had seen the farmer, but saw Mr. Blaine ask the question, and he said that the name of the farmer was not in the little book.

But even if this were true, it should make very little difference. If a man is a great statesman because he can tickle you by referring to the memorandum in his brain, he is just as great a statesman as if he flattered you by consulting a well-arranged and well-indexed note book. It is only a question of method. His notes are just as sound, his speech just as eloquent, his public character as honest and noble, whether he employs the means for making good which he has given you, or the means which his own ingenuity with paper and pencil invented. In either case the method came from the man's brain, and ought not really to affect his reputation for political sagacity, adroitness, courage or whatever else most distinguishes him. Interest in you is just as ardent and intense, whether he resorts to his memory or his memorandum. In neither case does he give you a moment's thought after he has effected his object. All he wants is to make you think that you are a very important person in his eyes, and that your remarkable self has left an undying impression upon his great mind.

Thought They Were Antelope.

Arkansas Traveler.

The Arkansas cow is perhaps the most athletic animal of her species. She may be reduced in flesh, but her horns are always in a flourishing condition. She seems to have been intended more for the production of horns than milk.

Some time ago a party of gentlemen from New York came to this state for the purpose of engaging in an extensive deer hunt. They went out among the hills and turned loose their hounds. A wild and exciting chase immediately began. The gentlemen were in luck. They had such easily acquired sport. The deer fled along the hillside, and strange to say, kept in the path. The excited dogs howled and exerted every nerve, but they could not catch the wild animal. Along toward evening a farmer came upon the party and angrily exclaimed: "I'm in a good mind to shoot you fellows. You ain't got no sense."

"We did not know that this land was posted," replied the leader of the party.

"Posted the devil!" vociferated the farmer, "you are chasing my cows."

She Never Was.

Marathon Independent.

"Charley Fellingman was in here last night and made me miserable for a couple of hours," said Miss Nibbling to her bosom friend the other morning.

"Don't you like him?"

"No, I don't like him."

"Why, he just told me as I met him on the street that he called, and you said you never were more delighted to meet him."

"Well, what of that? I never was."

MILK ADVERTISING.

How Printed Advertisements are Converted Into Lifelike Scenes.

New York Sun.

As our reporter turned from the Fifth Avenue down Fourth street the other day he saw a crowd gathered at the second story of a house. Behind a glass window were two large pictures of glass appeared the objects which were attracting the attention of the crowd. Behind the lower pane was a broad piece of canvas on which the names of a summer hotel were painted in large black letters. Behind the upper glass was a scene which gave in good perspective an idea of the house and surroundings. It seems a picturesque summer resort. Back of the

NAMES AND FACES.

A Gift of Memory Which is a Kind of Flattery Hard to Resist.

Some stretched a range of thin mountains. Some of the peaks were so high that fleecy white clouds veiled their summits. From the hotel a path led through a sloping landscape to a lake. So far the picture represented all that was described on the canvas underneath, except the announcement that there was good fishing in the lake. Suddenly, however, even this was realized. A man was seen fishing in a boat across the lake. After a while he stopped rowing, shipped his oars, lifted a fishing rod from the bottom of the boat, and cast the line into the water. Then he remained motionless as if intently watching the line. With a sudden jerk of the rod he landed a fish in the boat. This was repeated several times, until at last he appeared to have caught fish enough. He pulled back his line, grasped the oars, and pulled back to shore. The last seen of him he was walking toward the hotel with a string of fish.

Suddenly the canvas dropped. In its place behind the lower pane appeared another, which called upon people to consult a physician in case of illness.

Above this the scene represented a New York street. Among the houses was one with a physician's sign. An old man nearly bent double came hobbling down the street on a crutch until he got to the physician's house and rang the bell. A pleasant-looking man, presumably the physician, let him in. After a while a boy with an arm in a sling came from the doctor's office and ran to the door. The door was opened by a girl, probably because the physician was busy attending to the first patient. This patient was followed by a pale and debilitated-looking individual, and he by another who appeared to be coughing. These also were admitted by the girl. After a while the door opened again, and out came an old man, firm and erect, briskly twisting his little body about on his heels. On his arm was a long iron rod. On the contrary he swung it freely as he walked along. The pale and debilitated-looking man made his exit whistling. The consumptive who had seemed to be tottering on the brink of the grave came out with the bloom of roses on his cheeks.

Presto—change! The canvas went down and the streets disappeared. The name of a theatre was displayed behind the upper. A horse stopped in front of the theatre, while every passenger entered. A stage drove up with the same results. Then carriages and cabs halted at the theatre, which seemed to be attracting everybody in the city. Finally a sign appeared, "No more standing room."

Ar her change. This time it was a bicycle advertisement, and bicyclers were speeding their steel racers on the track above.

As the reporter started across the street to inspect matters more closely, Sullivan and Mitchell were having a fierce set-to.

Entering the room on the second floor, the reporter nearly fell over a light tricycle.

Round about were lying strips of sunsets, blue skies, storm clouds, and all varieties of heavens; pasteboard men and women, with numerous statures attached to their limbs, and on one or two a scale, all the paraphernalia of a theatrical scene were there.

Long, broad strips of pasteboard lay on the floor. Over them stood a man with a long, thin neck, and a head of gray paint, and then applied to the pasteboard, making a line of grayish houses and churches. Then he painted in black dots for windows and doors, adding a strip of green and yellow for grass and a sky.

"It's done roughly, you see," he said, "but it looks all right from below. It makes a difference whether you're near a thing, or stand on the street and see it in the second story through a pane of glass. Fine work doesn't tell at that distance."

"What are you going to represent now?" the reporter asked of the man who was just changing the canvas.

"The storming of Alexandria," he replied.

The reporter watched him arranging the set of pasteboard over the tricycle work. He suspended a strip of lurid sky from the black bar. A little forward and below was another bar with upright bars at either end. On the bar and above the uprights he put a strip representing the city. Further toward the window were two other upright bars. Against these he placed two forts. On a cross-bar a little lower below he hung a strip representing water. The tricycle work was a small stage in scaffolding. The whole sloped down toward the window. One man took two pasteboard fronds with potatoes, and lighted a cigar. As he moved the fronds he pulled the strip representing water he buffed smoke through the potatoes. The other man then held a piece of burning paper behind Alexandria.

"Do you fit up these advertisements in shop windows?" he was asked.

"Yes. But we think it to the advertiser's advantage to have his advertisement appear in this window, because we are one of the best window decorators in the city. We expect to do a large business during election times."

"How so?"

"We shall represent the candidate running in opposition to the advertiser as being elected by the voters with eggs and potatoes."

"How do you get your advertisements?"

"We read those in the papers, and if we find one which can be well imitated by mimicry we call the advertiser's attention to our method."

A STORY OF 1861.

How the Danish Press was Brought to the Support of the Union Cause.

Cor. Inter Ocean.

At the outbreak of the American rebellion, The London Times was almost omnipotent in the influencing of public opinion in Denmark on American affairs. In fact the commercial and financial relations between Denmark and England are very close. The Times took special pains to make it appear that the Confederates were fighting for liberty, and deserved the sympathy of the Liberals of Europe, and that the Union men were the oppressors. Mr. De Bille, late Danish minister to Washington, earnestly believed such to be the case and so represented. At that time the Danish sentiment was generally in accord with the southern states. The representatives of the Confederacy, and even some of the rebel cruisers, were attracted to Copenhagen.

Bradford Wood, a venerable ex-member of congress was at that time American minister at the Court of Denmark. He tried faithfully but unavailingly, to counteract the British influence. It was at that time that Mr. Schneider, of your city, formerly editor of the Boston organ of the north-west, appeared upon the scene. He had carried the wand of a magician, he could not have wrought a greater change, or done it more swiftly. He had been appointed by Mr. Lincoln consul to Europe, and the principal shipping points of Denmark, with the special understanding that he was to devote himself to influencing the press in favor of the Union, and to changing public sentiment among the Danes. Soon after his arrival at Copenhagen he called on Mr. De Bille, explained the situation in the United States, and from a copy of the paper which he had, The Staats Zeitung, I believe it was, he showed that the Scandinavians in America had all taken sides with the Union, and that a Danish military company in Chicago, under Captain Free, had joined a German regiment, the Twenty-fourth Illinois, and thus showed that the chronic animosity between Denmark and Denmark had been forgotten in enthusiasm for the cause of the Union. This fact and similar facts brought forward by Mr. Schneider convinced the warm-hearted De Bille, and the very next morning he opened his paper to a series of the Dagbladet, to the astonishment of all Copenhagen, against The London Times and the Confederates.

After his conversion, continued my informant, Mr. De Bille advised Mr. Schneider to try to capture the government paper and organ of the aristocracy, The Berlingske Tidende. After consultation with the American minister, Mr. Bradford Wood, it was learned that the proprietor of the paper was a banker at Copenhagen, and very anxious to secure the patronage of the American legation. The banker brother was seen, and

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