The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 2. COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, MAY 4, 1887. WHOLE NO. 886.

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WELLS IN INDIA.

PLACES WHERE THE CASTE DIFFICULTY IS QUITE PROMINENT.

Drawing Water One of the Principal Duties of the Poor Hindoo Wife. Large Wells in Public Thoroughfares. A Strange Story.

From time immemorial, drawing water at the well has been one of the principal daily duties of a poor Hindoo wife. In northern India wells are generally dug outside the town or village; wherefrom the women, old and young (but more often the latter), start twice a day—early in the morning and at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon—to fetch water home, carrying earthen vessels on their head or under one of their arms. Arriving at the well, they attach the loose end of the rope that is fastened at one side of its circular mouth to the earthen pitcher which then they let down into the well. The vessel will hold about six or seven quarts of water, which is a good weight to pull up; and the women have to take great care that the vessel, which comes up with a swinging motion, does not strike against the sides of the well, as the least stroke would dash it to pieces. Sometimes one or two beams are thrown across the well near the edge, whereon women rest one of their feet, throwing on it the weight of their whole body. Of course I must be understood to describe here the primitive wells from which water is drawn solely by the hand. Very often you may see fifteen or twenty women assembled at a well, who, after having a great deal of gossiping, go home in groups, balancing their pitchers full of water in the manner previously described; some of them carrying as many as three such vessels at a time—two on the head (one on top of another) and the third under one of the arms.

THE CASTE DIFFICULTY.

The caste difficulty shows itself as prominently at the well as elsewhere. Women of different castes must not touch each other's vessels. Hindoos of various sects will not take water to drink from each other. In some parts, at the wells where both men and women draw water, the Brahmins will use brass or copper vessels belonging to persons of other castes after scrubbing them well with dust and water and washing them. A leather bag need only be washed, for, having come originally from the tanner, who is of very low caste, no further defilement can happen to it. But strict Hindoos, whether Brahmins or others, will never drink water that has been drawn in a leather bag, nor use it for ablutions. In villages where there is but one well persons of low caste and outcasts draw water on one side of it, and when they are gone, Brahmins and other superior castes come and draw water from the other side. Where there are many wells in a village it is usual to set apart a special one for people of low or no castes. A dog or other animal falling into a well defiles it entirely; and, to render it fit for use again, all the water must be drawn from it at least three times and Ganges water or cows' urine poured into it. A high caste woman meeting a funeral on her way home with water from a well will sometimes throw away the water at once as defiled. The dead body of an animal defiles also; and no water is procurable until it has been removed from the way to the well and the ground purified.

Wells are naturally greatly prized in the arid, hot parts of India, and many Hindoos earn great renown by making them where they are much needed. Some religious people seek for merit in the construction of large wells in public thoroughfares and other places for the purpose of supplying travelers with water. Very often people use them for irrigating their fields. A large well, built of strong masonry, with a circular, white, smooth platform round it for people to sit on when they draw or drink water, costs from 2,000 to 3,000 rupees. Even the wants of the brute creation are not overlooked by the Hindoos. They make reservoirs of strong masonry, about five or six yards long and a yard wide, adjoining a well, and in the hot season these are always kept filled with water. Returning from pasture or from the fields in the forenoon for repose, and retiring at dusk for the night, whole droves of cows, bullocks, buffaloes, and goats slake their thirst here. Landowners and wealthy men vie with each other in constructing these wells and reservoirs; and princes sometimes imitate the example of their opulent subjects. The average cost of an ordinary well has been estimated to be about 300 or 400 rupees.

OBJECTS OF WORSHIP.

Wells have been objects of great endearment with some villagers. Not satisfied with wasting time and money in their own and their children's marriages and in those of idols and trees, they sometimes marry wells with great pomp and ceremony. In some parts of the country wells are worshiped, and votive offerings are often seen lying near them.

Wells in India were at one time put to the most dreadful uses. Wayfarers and others were murdered and their bodies thrown down into them. Criminals were often thrown down them, and even at this day many horrid deeds are done at the wells in out-of-the-way parts of India.

Jung Bahadur, of Nepal, used to tell a remarkable story about a well. A not uncommon mode of execution in Nepal is to throw the offender down a well. It occurred to young Jung, who was bred amidst the intrigues and plots and counterplots of the Nepalese court, that it was the fault of the victim if he did not come up again alive and unhurt; and, in order to test the matter and also to be prepared for any case of future emergency, he practiced the art of jumping down wells. By and bye it actually happened that Jung was sentenced by his prince to this punishment. Undismayed, he begged one last favor of his sovereign—that he might be permitted to jump in. So reasonable a request was at once granted. Surrounded by a large number of people, the prince himself forming one of the sightseers, Jung went to a well, where, taking off his superfluous clothes, he crossed his legs, jumped boldly down, and in a moment was lost to the view of the prince and his courtiers, who, assured of the doom of their victim by the dull splash, returned to the palace. The supposed drowned man, however, was quite safe and sound, clinging to the sides of the well, which he knew beforehand to be plentifully provided with chinks and crannies. At midnight his friends, who had been previously rehearsed in their part, came and rescued him from his uncomfortable position. After awhile, when affairs in the Nepalese court took a favorable turn for him, Jung Bahadur allowed his friends to resuscitate him, and this adventure did much to restore the future prime minister of Nepal to the favor of his sovereign.—Hindoo in St. James' Gazette.

McCLELLAN AND LINCOLN.

A Few Mild Criticisms—The Appointment of Stanton—Before the War.

My relations with Mr. Lincoln were generally very pleasant, and I seldom had trouble with him when we could meet face to face. The difficulty always arose behind my back. I believe that he liked me personally and certainly he was always much influenced by me when we were together. During the early part of my command in Washington he often consulted with me before taking important steps or appointing general officers.

He appointed Hunter a major general without consulting me, and a day or two afterward explained that he did so "because the people of Illinois seemed to want somebody to be a sort of father to them, and he thought Hunter would answer that purpose."

When he appointed as general officers some of the released prisoners from the first Bull Run, he afterward explained to me that he did it as a recompense for their sufferings, unaware, no doubt, that in other armies they would have been brought before some tribunal to explain their capture.

Soon after arriving in Washington the president one day sent for me to ask my opinion of Hooker, who was urged for appointment as a brigadier general of volunteers, and stated that he wished me to regard the conversation as strictly confidential. I told him that Hooker had been a good soldier in Mexico, but that common report stated that he had failed in California, but that I had no personal knowledge of this, and I advised him to consult with officers who were in California with Hooker. He, however, gave him the appointment a few days later. Remembering that this conversation was sought by the president, and that he desired me to regard it as confidential, it was with no little surprise that I learned, after Antietam, that Hooker had been informed of the conversation, except of its confidential nature, and that it was sought by the president.

As before stated, when Stanton was made secretary of war I knew nothing of the matter until the nomination had already gone to the senate. Next day the president came to my house to apologize for not consulting me on the subject. He said that he knew Stanton to be a friend of mine, and assumed that I would be glad to have him secretary of war, and that he feared that if he told me beforehand "some of those fellows" would say that I had dragooned him into it.

Officially my association with the president was very close until the severe attack of illness in December, 1861. I was often sent for to attend formal and informal cabinet meetings, and at all hours whenever the president desired to consult with me on any subject; and he often came to my house, frequently late at night, to learn the last news before retiring. His fame as a narrator of anecdotes was fully deserved, and he always had something apropos on the spur of the moment.

* * * * * * *

Long before the war, when vice-president of the Illinois Central Railroad company, I knew Mr. Lincoln, for he was one of the counsel of the company. More than once I have been with him in out of the way county seats where some important case was being tried, and, in the lack of sleeping accomodations, have spent the night in front of the stove listening to the unceasing flow of anecdotes from his lips. He was never at a loss, and I could never quite make up my mind how many of them he had really heard before and how many he invented on the spur of the moment. His stories were seldom refined, but were always to the point.—Gen. George B. McClellan's Book.

Railroad Travel in England.

The railroads themselves, their bridges, their stations, are incomparably better than ours. They seem as if built for eternity. But there it ends. The cars are short, so that they have but six wheels, two here, two there and two beyond, and one is obviously, of necessity, always over a grinding wheel. Then they oscillate so that they almost always make one seasick, and always give a feeling of nausea. My test consists in conversation and reading, and I found that in the one I had to raise my voice, and in the other my eyes became tired, and it was impossible for me to read with any degree of comfort. Now here I do both with perfect ease. My eyes are strong and I am well, but I could neither talk nor read in the English cars. American cars would be very much better. There are a few palace cars over there, but are not popular as yet, and there is but a faint beginning of hope of comfort for the engineers and stokers. For a long time they have been compelled to do their arduous work, exposed to the elements, and even now they have nothing but a glass frame over them, open in front, affording a most imperfect protection against the moist, cold, chilly climate, so they bundle up like so many mummies."—Henry Ward Beecher.

Ways of Genuine Brazilians.

They have no ambition, no "go" in them, no will or desire for anything but to sleep away their days and pass their nights in singing, dancing and revelry. Inhabitants of any country like these of Boqueirae are as useless as if they did not exist. They have nothing to sell or means for purchase. Their little labor is expended in raising a few vegetables, fishing, and building a poor hut barely sufficient to accommodate them. It is never repaired; and when the rain comes in in one part of the roof the hammock is removed to another corner, until, finally, when the hut decays and collapses in spite of props, another is built alongside it. The women make the few cotton garments of the men, that like the huts, are never repaired, and are worn until the rags will no longer hold together. Yet, withal, they are the most independent of all peoples, proud of their right to do nothing, and they do it most effectually.—A. W. Wells.

A British Blockade Runner.

The late Hobart Pasha's recently published book of reminiscences gives a curious account of the trade of blockade running during the American war. Hobart's first personal venture consisted chiefly of corsets and Cockle's pills. A thousand pairs of stays were readily sold at a profit of 1,100 per cent.; but in spite of his eloquent recommendations of their virtues, the grosses of pill boxes were left upon his hands, while sundry parcels of tooth brushes were an absolute drug. He carried the "Cockles" back to Nassau, where he swopped them for chests of lucifer matches, which went off well at Wilmington on his next cruise. And he sent a heavy order to England for coffin screws, which seem to have fetched fancy prices in the south in those days of sad mortality.—Paris Morning News.

A Matter of Custom.

A comparison of the manners and customs of various European nations discloses many interesting facts, among which the following is by no means the least:

When a person afflicted with the influenza so far loses control of himself as to sneeze in society, the Italian will bow gracefully, wave his hand politely in front of him, and ejaculate "Salute."

Under similar circumstances the Spaniard will appear slightly pained, doff his sombrero, and explain, "Con Dios!"

The Frenchman, that politest of beings, will cry, "A vos souhaite, monsieur!" with an air of great concern.

The Turk will invoke the blessing of God upon you, and the Englishman will shout, "Bless me, what a d—d bad cold you've got."—Life.

Easily Explained.

Scientists are puzzled over the peculiar effects of the moon on an Atlanta man. "He drinks a great deal of water during moonlight nights, but during a period of dark nights he drinks no water at all. There's nothing curious or scientific about that. Moonlight nights his wife can see whether he goes to the water pitcher or the medicine closet. Dark nights the chuckling villain can rattle the water pitcher with one hand while he drinks with the other. Go to.—Burdette.

A Model Newspaper Office.

Where on earth will you find in any other business a counterpart of The New York Sun office, which turns itself into a social club when each night's work is done, with every one from Chester S. Lord, the managing editor, down to the head office boy exercising together in a hastily rigged gymnasium, or joining one another at luncheon and chatting on the events of the night as equals?—New York Mail and Express.

Oregon hogs are mostly fattened on wheat.

ATHLETIC SOCIETIES.

GYMNASIUMS ON THE GERMAN PLAN ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

"Father Jahn" and the Turners—Students' Societies and the Turnvereins Under Ban—Classes in a Chicago Gymnasium—The Pupils.

"Do you know that athletic sports have in reality come into vogue among Americans through the influence of the German turner societies?" remarked a member of the "age class" at the North Side Turner hall a few evenings ago. "You wouldn't even have had your national game of baseball if it hadn't been for this influence. To be sure, athletics were stimulated by the civil war. Plenty of young students who went into the army illy prepared for hard physical exercise came out strong, vigorous men. They comprehended, then that they might have had the same physical training along with their mental development. From that time gymnasiums on the German plan began to spring up all over the country.

"There are now few colleges, either for men or women, without gymnasiums. Colleges for men take especial pride in turning out representative athletes. It would have been impossible previous to the war for a college to have raised the money that is now annually expended for the promotion of athletic exercises.

"America has widened very materially in the last three decades, and not a little of it is due to the German element. In all athletic matters Germany is the modern Greece of the world. German gymnastics are more scientific than the old Greek exercises, which consisted mostly of games."

"When were the first turner societies established in the United States?"

"In 1850, the next year after the exiles came here. They were naturally obscure, and had but few members. Now there are 35,000 turners in this country. New York has the largest number, Chicago next and Milwaukee third. Milwaukee is our stronghold. There we have a school where pupils are instructed in turning for professorships. It is called the Turnlehrer Seminar. Its methods are modeled after those that obtain in Germany."

THE WORD "TURNER."

"What is the meaning of the word 'turner?'"

"Turners are considerably divided in their opinion in regard to its origin. The word turnkunst, or turnen, is now accepted as the common German meaning of gymnastics. Turning was a phrase first employed by Professor Ludwig Jahn—known to all turners as 'Father Jahn'—who organized the first society in 1812.

"After Napoleon's invasion and Germany's defeat, 'Father Jahn' conceived the idea that if the German youth were trained and developed physically they would be able to successfully cope with France.

Gymnastics had been but little practiced up to that date, and chiefly by the nobility. The Germans then were stiff in their ways and dress. They put themselves into garments that swaddled them up like women. Father Jahn said, "We Germans can't even turn ourselves around. We have no use of our bodies. No wonder the French whipped us. Come, let us join together for the purpose of turning ourselves around till we are as strong and as capable of endurance as any men. In this way the turners became a distinct body.

"It was not difficult for Jahn to popularize any movement he undertook, for he was not only a writer and teacher of note, but an agitator and an ardent patriot. It was but natural that a rapid growth of intelligence, as well as physical development, and consequently an advance in liberalism, should be the result of this coming together of the youth of the land. This liberal spirit grew apace, and finally took shape in the advocacy by the turners of a republican form of government for Germany. The Prussian government feared revolution, and regarded these republican ideas with alarm. The students' societies and the turnvereins were put under ban and condemned as hotbeds of dangerous liberalism. Jahn and one of his favorite pupils were arrested. In January, 1820, the government abolished turning in Prussia and closed all of the grounds. Jahn was acquitted and released in 1825, but there was no more turning in Prussia until 1842.

"Meantime, his pupil, Francis Lieber, came over to Boston in 1827, and took charge of the Tremont gymnasium, where he also established a swimming school.

IN A BIG GYMNASIUM.

"The teaching of gymnastics pays quite as well as teaching other things. Some of our instructors get $1,000, $1,200, $1,500, $1,800, and upward per year."

Downtsairs in the great gynasium were 150 little girls, clad in flannel suits of navy blue trimmed with white braid. Small, sturdy lassies of 6 marched as precisely and held themselves as erect as trained soldiers. One little girl swung herself repeatedly up and down a ladder with her hands. When some pair of hands slipped from the rings fastened to the ends of the long ropes that were suspended from the ceiling a great shout of laughter would go up as the little girl fell flat on the safety cushion beneath.

"We have nearly as many American pupils as German Amreican," said Professor Henry Suder, the teacher in charge. "Every season our attendance increases. We have, too, another girls' class, composed of over 100 whose ages are from 10 to 14.

"There are three boys' classes on the north side, numbering in all over 400. Then there's the young men's class and the 'age class.'"

"What is the 'age class?'"

"Oh, middle aged and old turners who like to keep their hand—or, rather, their bodies—in turning exercises. They practice but once a week. The others have two evenings a week.

"Besides these we have a ladies' class. You would be astonished to see what they can do. If a woman wants to have a graceful walk, keep from growing fat, and have a good, clear complexion, just let her join the turning class. Some of our ladies have muscular development like athletes. They wear a dress specially designed for the exercise.—Chicago News.

A HARD LIFE TO LIVE.

A Dark Tinted Picture for Stage Struck Girls to Look Upon.

All honor to the brave girls who have gone through mud and mire and fatigue and sorrow and temptation and have come out good actresses, good women. They have a staying power which we all admire. They are the jewels of the profession; they make it honorable. No, it is honorable in itself. Every profession that is an honest effort to earn one's bread is honorable if they who serve at its altars serve with pure hands. I have known many actresses: I have seen them in their humble homes; I have sat by their sickbed; I have heard the story of their patient toil, their plain, neat, self-sacrificing lives, and I have felt like taking the mock queen mantle and pressing it to my lips in honor of their courage. And from one deathbed I came once thanking the actress for the lesson she had taught me of a soul so strong that it could defy temptation and of a heart so good that it could ignore itself, and when I left her attic I felt that I had been very near heaven.

But for all this, after looking at the profession on all sides, it is a hard one for women, almost impossible for those who are not born to it. It is one which no woman should choose lightly. She should measure well her own strength and her talents, for no woman can herself judge if beauty or a gift at elocution or dramatic appreciation will bring her success on the stage. She may be a great genius and yet fail. The perspective of the stage is so curious. It is like seeing one's face in a conclave or convex mirror—it may be drawn out long or doubled up very short. No one knows until she tries. Then the physique, admirable for reading, may be ineffectual on the stage. We knew one very beautiful woman, full of the best stage ancestry, the inheritor of theatrical blood, who was a failure on the stage, while Adelaide Neilson, fresh from the gin shop, with no ancestry, very little education and a bad burr in her pronunciation, was an eminent success.

It is with no contempt for the profession of an actress that these words are written. No; it is from the standpoint of much respect, much knowledge of and much sympathy for those gifted women who contribute so much to our enjoyment. And it is also from a large acquaintance with enthusiastic girls who have desired to be actresses, and from an acquaintance with one lady who is almost middle life became so infatuated with the profession hat she went professionally on the stage. Beautifully dressed, mistress of her part, an admirable amateur, she failed signally. She took to her bed and died. It broke her heart. And, sorrowful to say, the enmity of the men and women on the stage with whom she hoped to become a professional worker helped to kill her.—Mrs. John Sherwood in New York World.

New York's Girl Arabs.

Her head was held erect and her face wreathed in smiles as she went out of court. She waved her hand to some desperate looking youths, mere lads, on the benches and whispered to the nearest one: "I'll be with Maggie on de island to-morrer. I'll give her de best love of de gang."

Thus she spoke of going to jail. A few years ago she would have been classified in that same court as a "pivoter," but to-day she comes under the term "a chippy." Pivoter means a girl addicted to picnics, excursions and other affairs at which there was a great deal of pivoting or waltzing, and chippy means a young thing. Both terms apply to the same class of wayward girls in short dresses. You can get an idea of the size of this town when you realize that there are enough misguided children of one sex to add to our language a word for common use. The police estimate that there are 20,000 of these girl Arabs in New York, and at least as many more in Brooklyn, Jersey City and Newark combined.

They are the feminine counterparts of the "gangs" for which we are notorious. They are the product of our tenement house system, in which humanity is so crowded that the children have to grow up in the streets for want of room indoors. The sample chippy is a revelation to humanity. She is feminine in nothing except dress. Other girls are led to err, but she was born astray. She boasts that she was never known to cry. She fights like a boy, and would as lief fight with a boy as not. She smokes, drinks, swears, picks pockets, pilfers and sometimes chews tobacco. She haunts theatre galleries, picnics, skating and east side ball rooms. She is indifferent whether she sleeps at home or in a box wagon laid up in a side street over night. She terrorizes her parents, and, joining with other chippies every morning, descends on the avenues where goods are exposed on the sidewalks, and they are as if a scourge was upon them.—Julian Ralph's Letter.

On Mount Etna's Summit.

We left our mules and began to climb the frightful wall of hardened ashes which yielded a bit beneath our feet. We went on panting, catching at projections, halting each minute and supporting ourselves with our iron shod staves. It takes nearly an hour to climb these last 300 meters. As we went up the sulphurous vapors came into our faces. We saw first on the right and then on the left great jets of smoke coming out of the fissures in the soil; we soon found that the stones at which we clutched were hot.

At last we reached a kind of narrow platform. In front of us a dense cloud of smoke was rising slowly, like a white curtain rolling up. We advanced a few steps, taking care not to be suffocated; and suddenly at our very feet yawned a prodigious, a frightful abyss more than three miles in circumference. We could dimly discover through the vapors the other side of the monstrous hole, 1,500 meters wide, with its walls going straight down into the mysterious kingdom of fire. The beast was calm. It was asleep away down below. There was nothing but the smoke constantly escaping from this prodigious chimney 3,312 meters high.

Around us everything was stranger yet. All Sicily was concealed by the mists, so that we seemed in the sky, in the middle of the sea, above the clouds, so high, so high, that the Mediterranean appeared to be a part of the blue sky. We were enveloped in azure on all sides. We stood erect on this phenomenal mountain which pierced the clouds and seemed to repose upon the sky that stretched above our heads, under our feet, everywhere.—Guy de Maupassant.

An Estate in China.

The estate showed three or four generations of agricultural enterprise. Oldest were the stumps of the coffee, which was put in forty years ago, made money fast and its day was over. Then came the quinine. Tracts of this plant, the cinchona, presented wonderful beauty. The large leaves of both colors were as perfect in form and apparently in fiber as though the tree had a lifetime before it. Some of them were deep red, the rest were a glossy green. Each tree was a bouquet without a blossom. Their colors can be felt but not told. The planter is stripping off the bark regardlessly. The peeled trunks were bound with straw to heal and protect their wounds. So long as the trees stand it he strips off another skin after six months; and that second bark is finer than the first. When no longer this outrageous treatment is profitable he will dig up the tree and get the final, an excellent medicinal scrape, from the roots.

Then perish the medicine crop, which, for these flaming trees, will be next year—flaming because they are forced to live too fast—and the interspersed tea bushes, now low, then higher, will take place as the main if not sole plant of the planter's care. Scattered among all these were trunks, directly out of which by tough stems hung heavy, dark crimson pods, the bulky front of the chocolate tree, cacoa. But of all these and other plants tea is the main agricultural expectation, not only of this estate but of nearly all the tropical orient.—Anna Ballard in Chicago News.

A SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

The center of this universe of stars
Is the poor human heart that feels its pain!
Nearer to its individual gain,
Its story personal of wounds and scars
Than all the far off thunder of the cars
Of wheeling planets in the midnight plain;
One moment's torture makes the pageant vain—
One tear the vision of th' eternal Mars.

Bound in a narrow mystic ring of fire,
We live but when we suffer, and we touch
The real only when we suffer much,
All else is shadow. Ah! when hopes expire,
And to its source the stricken heart blood runs,
My life to me is more than all the suns!

—Cornhill Magazine.

A Big Hoosier.

John H. Craig, whose home is in Indiana, near Indianapolis, is six feet four and one-half inches in height and weighs 836 pounds. He measures eight feet two inches around the hips and eighteen inches around the ankle. He was born thirty years ago, and then weighed but eleven pounds. Two years later he took a prize at one of Barnum's baby shows in New York city because he weighed 206 pounds.—Boston Budget.

An Old Church.

The church edifice at Shrewsbury, N. J., is 117 years old, and is built on the site of an old stone church erected over 200 years ago. A Bible which was presented by Queen Anne is used in the service. The Bible is printed in red and black inks, on thick paper, in quaint type.—New York Sun.

A GEORGIA YANKEE.

A CORRESPONDENT'S ENTERTAINING SKETCH OF EDITOR GRADY.

A Supernaturally Versatile Writer and a Rattling Good Talker—His Newspaper Experience in New York—On Short Rations—Quick Work.

Henry W. Grady won fame long before fame made him famous. It was Grady who wrote the masterly description and subtle analysis of the character of that rough old rock of the Confederacy, Robert Toombs, copied throughout the length and breadth of the Union seven or eight years ago. He is also the author of the marvelous story of the Daniel boys which excited the interest of the nation over a year ago. Grady it is who six weeks ago so thrillingly described the attempts to lasso a hog in the streets of Atlanta. The truth is that as a writer he is supernaturally versatile. He tackles a gander pulling, a statesman and a Young Men's Christian association with equal intellectual facility.

He astonished the New England Yankees because he was the first specimen of a Georgia Yankee who had ever shown himself at one of their dinners.

Grady displayed head, self control, wit, tact and horse sense combined in a company where the latter ingredient is usually lacking. Beyond all this he has something to say, and he took three days to think it over before he said it. When he did say it his manner showed that he meant it from the bottom of his heart.

GRADY AS A TALKER.

I first met Grady over five years ago. It was at the Yorktown centennial. I had heard many an intellectual tidbit credited to him, and I studied him with some interest. He talks well, rattling along without effort, and he is never at a loss for a word. Interest is excited naturally, and is increased by quaint Georgia phrases, such as "I'm dinged" and "I'm d'rotted." At times, however, Grady takes on a foreign polish, which heightens the effect of his Georgia dialect. While at Yorktown I heard him tell a powdered graduate of the naval academy with "what slang froid he got shut of an insouciant scronger, who sprang from the old regime in a tacky section of country once occupied by the vielle noblesse of the aborigines."

I last met Grady three days before his celebrated speech. He was as musical as a mocking bird and as bright as a button. He embodied his newspaper experience in a series of homilies that would have done credit to Ben Franklin. These homilies were crammed home with stories so quaint and original that the hearers shook with laughter. Nor was he behindhand in the art of "chaffing"—an art in which New Yorkers are supposed to excel.

What interested me more than all else was his story of his newspaper experience in New York. It was some time after the war. The south was so poor that he put to New York in search of a living. He put up at the Astor house and traveled over to The Herald office. Tom Connery received him kindly. Grady gave him an inside view of Georgia politics, and Connery asked him to write an article about it. He wrote two columns, in dashing style, and was overjoyed to find it printed on the following morning. He waited that day in the anteroom of The Herald office from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. before Mr. Connery appeared. The article was praised, but nothing was said about pay, and the Georgian was too modest to mention it.

LIVING ON SHORT RATIONS.

He applied for the post of Herald correspondent at Atlanta. Connery replied that The Herald had no salaried correspondents in the south, but if he wanted anything from Atlanta he would telegraph him. Meantime he was at liberty to pick up what news he could and forward it at space rates. Back went poor Grady to the Astor house. He had barely money to pay his hotel bill and to buy a return ticket. So poor was he that he went home without a mouthful to eat between this city and Atlanta. He kept The Herald posted on Georgia news, however, and at the end of the month received a small check for his services, including the screed printed during his stay at the Astor house. One day he received a telegram from Mr. Connery asking him to ascertain whether a certain man had registered at any Atlanta hotel. He found no such name on the registers. Then he wondered why they wanted to get track of the man. He went over the old files of The Herald and learned that the man had been mixed up in some Cuban trouble, and had left Havana a fortnight back on a Charleston steamer. Grady reasoned that he would be more apt to run to New Orleans from Charleston than to Atlanta. He telegraphed to a friend in New Orleans, who discovered the person wanted. Grady sent this dispatch to Connery:

"Your man is registered at the St. Charles hotel, New Orleans."

The New York editor was astounded. He had received the reply within six hours of the time of the inquiry. From that day Grady's fortunes began to rise.—New York Cor. Pioneer Press.

TWO ACTORS, ARM IN ARM.

The Instinct of Pose and Parade—A Blacksmith on Shipboard.

I shall never forget the effect produced upon Broadway by the simultaneous appearance on the sidewalk one day of Barrett and Booth arm in arm, clad from neck to toe in heavy ulsters, shod in big rubber overshoes, topped with heavy fur caps and with big handkerchiefs wound around their necks. They stalked down the middle of the sidewalk with stiff legged and jerky pomposity, wrapped in impenetrable gloom, staring straight ahead and passing comedians, walking gentlemen and supers as monarchs might take their way through a horde of cringing vassals. A few of the people who did not recognize the celebrities at once laughed outright at the spectacle of the two under sized and muffled little men putting on such airs as did America's two most famous tragedians that afternoon on Broadway.

"The instinct of pose and parade," said one of the men to whom this incident was related, "afflicts the best of them. I am fond of the theatre, you know, and have a very large acquaintance with actors, not only in New York and London, but in Paris, Berlin and Vienna, and I have found that it is the tragedian who always poses. I know no more genial man or frank and cordial gentleman than Wilson Barrett, and yet I saw him exthibit himself once in a way that made me wonder for ten days, what the influence is that causes a man to make a peacock of himself simply because his efforts are directed toward the heavier walks of the drama.

"When I came over from London last fall Barrett was on the same steamer. The usual entertainment for the benefit of the Seamen's home was put in the hands of a young Englishman on board, and when he was making up the programme—there were many professional people on board—he went to Barrett and asked him if he could depend upon him for a recitation or a bit of talk of some sort. Barrett agreed to aid the entertainment and said that he would recite a little poem about a blacksmith. When the entertainment was about half through the manager suddenly remembered that Barrett was missing, and leaving the saloon he hurried around looking for the missing tragedian. After rushing about the deck glancing into the smoking room and the captain's cabin, the manager finally found his way to Barrett's stateroom and discovered the eye of the famous tragedian peering from the half opened door.

"'Is everything ready?' asked Barrett in a stage whisper.

"'Eh,' said the other, 'everything is ready enough. All you have to do is to step up and speak your little piece, you know.'

"Barrett threw open the door, dashed through the throng of passengers in the saloon, sprang upon the stage and stood revealed in the costume of the brawny and theatrical blacksmith. His hair was arranged in studied disorder, his legs clad in corduroys, his muscular arms bared to the shoulders and his leather shirt thrown open at the neck so as to show a vast expanse of athletic chest. As it was a gray and drizzling day and the ship was pitching about on a heavy swell, the effect was not inspiring, for there were no footlights and calciums to help the make up of the actor, and the pitching of the ship caused him to stagger about like a drunken reveler on the icy walk at midnight. The recitation was, of course, a failure, as everybody laughed at the efforts of the blacksmith to keep on his sturdy pins, and there was no end of guying going on all the time."

Still they all do it, you know.—Blakely Hall in Kansas City Times.

LIFE ON THE BOSPORUS.

View of a Turkish Kitchen—In Door Wretchedness—The Sea Breeze.

All of the gardens are surrounded by walls, no matter what shape—square or triangular, or whatever direction the street has happened to take. Queer and heavy wooden doors mark the entrance, and when open often bring to view pretty green gardens. More often, however, these doors open directly into the house, of which the walls form one side. The upper story usually projects over the top, affording the women good views of the passers-by. It seems very singular to be watched by so many unseen eyes, but this appears to be the only means of amusement the Turkish women have, unless they themselves go out to promenade and gossip. They seem to live chiefly in these upper rooms.

It is a curious fact that in most houses it is a view of the kitchen and surroundings that first greet one. They make very little of the entrance, and a visitor may have to wander through all sorts of apartments before reaching the reception room. As yet we have not had the good fortune to be admitted into a harem, but as we glance in when passing we see that most of these poor homes are utterly devoid of everything but bare necessities of life and often these are lacking. Of stoves they know nothing, so in cold weather they wear a large amount of clothing, generally wadded, and then they sit around their "mongol" or charcoal holder. It is a remarkable fact that the houses are chiefly windows. Surely they get all the light and sunshine possible, but at the same time the casing is so loose that the wind also finds easy access.

In this poor settlement within the walls, and in fact in most parts, I believe, there is no drainage whatsoever. An open ditch runs here by the walls and into it is thrown all the refuse. Many houses connect with this, but the way is all open for gases and germs of disense to return to the homes. How many times we ask ourselves: "What is it that keeps these people alive?" Then when the wind blows the current of the Bosporus is quickened and we know that it is these fresh sea breezes that carry all germs away and the water that conveys so much rubbish from its banks. The castics, situated as they are on two points, catch all the breezes that blow from either end of the Bosporus, and thus the inhabitants here are particularly favored with pure, fresh air. The current here too is unusually strong and thus also favors these poor people.—Constantinople Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

At an Algerian Wedding.

A marriage celebration in Algeria is an interesting relic of ancient customs. The bridegroom goes to bring the bride, and the guests assembled outside the house will wait for his return. Soon the sound of pipes is heard coming from the summit of some neighboring hill, and the marriage procession approaches the bridegroom's house. The pipers always come first in the procession, then the bride muffled up in a veil, riding a mule led by her lover. Then comes a bevy of gorgeously dressed damsels, sparkling with silver ornaments, after which the friends of the bride follow. The procession stops in front of the bridegroom's house, and the girl's friends line both sides of the pathway. The pipers march off on one side while the bridegroom lifts the girl from the mule and holds her in his arms. The girl's friends thereupon throw earth at the bridegroom when he hurries forward and carries her over the threshold of his house. Those about the door beat him with olive branches, amid much ulaghter.

In the evening on such occasions the pipers and drummers are called in, and the women dance two at a time, facing each other, nor does a couple desist until, panting and exhausted, they step aside to make room for another. The dance has great energy of movement, though the steps are small and changes of position slight, the dancers only circling round occasionally. But they swing their bodies about with an astonishing energy and suppleness. As leaves flutter before the gale so do they vibrate to the music; they shake, they shiver, and tremble, they extend quivering arms, wave vails, and their minds seem lost in the abandon and frenzy of the dance, while the other women, looking on, encourage by their high, piercing, thrilling cries, which add to the noise of the pipes and drums.—Brooklyn Magazine.

India Rubber Small Fruit.

I wouldn't believe it. That any man should suppose that women in order to get sly nips of alcohol would take the fluid concealed in mock fruit surpassed all the folly I had ever encountered. Why, the simple upshot of such a device would be that grapes and the like, real and unreal, would become suspicious and couldn't be eaten with propriety at all. But I have investigated. India rubber small fruit is an actuality. It was patented. "The general nature of my invention," says the misguided inventor, "is a capsule formed of thin India rubber or equivalent material filled with spirits or other fluid, imitating the appearance of grapes, currants and similar globular small fruit."

The rubber nip seems to have been found an improvement upon the old plan of retreating into a corner of a parlor car and fishing a flask out of a gripsack.

The circular continues: "Persons who are apt to become faint in prolonged and crowded assemblies will find a ready restoration." This evidently means that while men go out of the theatres between the acts the women, provided with four or five pony brandies, can worry through a five act tragedy without disturbing their neighbors or acquiring an undeserved reputation for dissipation. "For orators, actors and singers," says the circular, "they are invaluable, owing to the unobserved manner in which they can be utilized to overcome fatigue from exertion." The directions for use are minute and particular.—New York Cor. Chicago Tribune.

William and Mary College.

There is a sad illustration of the decadence of power in the present condition of that once famous and prosperous institution of learning, the William and Mary college, the first endowed college in America. In order to preserve the state charter it is necessary that the college bell should be rung every day, and as there is neither school nor pupils this duty devolves on the president. Every day, storm or sunshine, the lonely professor may be seen wending his way to the old college, and soon the melancholy sound of the bell wakes the echoes in the silent and deserted building and preserves the sad memorial of happier days to the city of Jamestown and state of Virginia. It is indeed a mournful commentary upon departed greatness, but there are hopes that it may be resuscitated as a seat of knowledge.—Detroit Free Press.

Not much of a compliment: "My face is my fortune," said Miss Bluebloud to young Dunley. "How poor you must feel," replied that young man, commiseratingly.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

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