The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XVIII.—NO. 22. COLUMBUS, NEB., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1887. WHOLE NO. 906.

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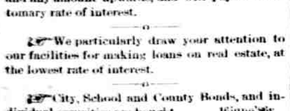

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THE DRESSING ROOMS.

AN ACTRESS SPEAKS POINTEDLY OF A GREAT GRIEVANCE.

Accommodations Out of Town That Are a Disgrace to Managers—Experience in a Den Infested With Villainous Cockroaches—A Nuisance.

The radiant adolescent was talking to the sunny haired actress, or rather was drawing her out and doing the listening. He was one of those little, stagey men who blink and look wise when they know nothing about the subject in hand, and who maintain an appearance of blandly stolid imbecility when their mind is not quite a blank.

"And so they treat you so badly behind the scenes!" he said smoothly, as the sunny haired actress tried to clean a pink satin slipper with ammonia and then made a wry face because the pungent chemical "went up her nose" ruthlessly. "I wouldn't stand it, by Jove, not for a minute."

"Oh, you you would," said the little lady, making another ammonia dab; "you'd stand a great deal more than I do; you'd jump if you got the chance, ha! ha! You see, we all expect too much. Now, before I went upon the stage I used to imagine that each evening I should be shown to a dainty little dressing room, richly carpeted, handsomely furnished, be-looking glassed, be-chaired and be-sofa'd. I was idiotic enough to suppose that the management would supply a wardrobe in which I could keep my dresses, my properties and everything to which I laid claim. Instead of all this—oh, my heart sinks when I remember it"——

"You don't mean to say that you don't get decent places to dress and undress in?" asked the radiant adolescent, possessing himself of a pink slipper and standing it on its little big heel.

IN THE OUT TOWNS.

"Listen," she said tragically, striking an attitude like the favorite pose of Fanny Davenport in "Fedora." "I'm not going to tell you anything about New York dressing rooms, because—well, I don't know very much about them, and my engagements—ahem!—call me principally to the provinces, but I can tell you all about the accommodations out of town. They are simply villainous. They are a disgrace to the managers of theatres. Now, in one town I visited—I won't mention names—I was shown my dressing room by the manager himself, who told me he thought it such an improvement on the general run of dressing rooms. It was a wooden box, not as large as one of the bathing rooms at the Battery baths. On one of the walls was a piece of cracked mirror, which made my poor nose look as though it were cut up into sections, and gave me a ghastly tint which no amount of rouge would remove. There were chinks everywhere, and if there had been one of those peeping Toms, one of whom frightened Mrs. Langtry so much at Birmingham, I grieved to think of the predicament I should have been in. Was it cold? Well, I should say it was. That night I shivered in my poor little slippers—those very pink satin ones. I came to the theatre from a hot dining room, in the full process of digesting my repast. You can imagine with what danger to my health I was forced to undress, put on a low bodice, and stand with trembling shoulders while I rouged myself, gloved myself, and concluded myself. If my constitution hadn't become accustomed to such exposure I should have died. I'm going to tell you more terrible things. At one theatre I went to, I was positively shown to a dressing room without a door—not a vestige of one. If I chose to dress in it, I must do so in spite of the stage carpenters and men of all work who passed and repassed"——

"But you didn't choose, I trust?"

"No, I thought it best not to do so. I declined to divest myself of a stitch until a temporary door of some kind or other had been rigged up for me. Of course the men of all work were most unwilling to help me, so I kept every one waiting by first hunting for a sheet, nailing it carefully where the door should have been, and then dressing. Next day I found a door—a brand new thing, but still a door, and though it had no lock, I was very thankful for it.

AN INFESTED DEN.

"While I was still new to the business," continued the sunny haired actress, sitting down by the radiant adolescent, "I had to play the part of a bride in a little far away place with one theatre—a grand opera house, of course, where grand opera never could, would or should be heard. I had a magnificent white satin dress, on which I prided myself extremely. I caused it to be sent to the theatre to my dressing room to await me there in the evening. I went early. I may say that I was feeling very nervous and unstrung, and when I feel like that [simpering] everything upsets me. Well, the evening came. I was shown to my dressing room. Such a place! Such a vile, cold, contemptible, bare den! I was undressed and was just taking up my white bridal robe to put on, when to my disgust, my horror, my loathing, I saw insects crawling over it. I uttered a shriek, dropped it, and I think I fainted. Anyway I don't remember how two of my colleagues got into my room, but there they were. My den was literally infested as with a plague. There were cockroaches in all directions—cockroaches to right, cockroaches to left—the most disgusting, persistent, continuous stream of the—to me—terrible little insects. What could I do? I had either to put my dress on or disappoint the audience and relinquish my salary. I put my dress on. I went shudderingly through my part, but my cockroaches kept making me a mental visit, and when the critics next morning said that I seemed to be playing with a preoccupied mind I think they were tolerably correct in their surmises.

"In a very great many theatres," she went on, "you find the walls of your dressing room—if you can dignify them by the name of walls—covered with legends which some playful predecessor in a fit of abstraction has left to immortality. They are mostly exclamations, and though they are biblical they are not elegant. You get weary of 'Jumping Jehosaphat' and 'Holy Moses, when you see them at intervals of half an inch where your wall paper ought to be. I tell you that the dressing room nuisance is one of the biggest nuisances of the day—to us. We stand not the least chance of having their condition ameliorated. We are in the hands of the managers. They can do as they like with us. Our grievances can never be ventilated, as no one is sufficiently interested in us to help us. People only care for what they can see. They know that we always, or generally, look nice, and it is a matter of complete indifference to the general public by what means we look nice. In many respects ours is a thankless profession—there's no doubt about that."

And the radiant adolescent, looking up in her face, did not dare to express a doubt, and as his face was a gentle blank on all occasions he had no difficulty in appearing pleasingly vacuous.—New York Times Interview.

A FREE LUNCH SALOON.

Patrons of the Institution Briefly Described—Edibles Given Away.

A dozen men who had the appearance of "galley" slaves sat at tables in the saloon, at whose door hung a white oil cloth sign announcing "Chicken stew to-day." A similar sign at the side of the door began, "Free lunch from 12 to 2 o'clock," and went on to specify the roast beef, Frankfurt sausage and other delicacies that were on tap inside.

"Do many people lunch here regularly?" was asked the bartender.

"A great many workingmen, like those you see at the tables, patronize us," he said. "They get with a glass of beer for five cents a bowl of soup and bread that would cost from ten to fifteen cents in a restaurant. Then there is a table near the door with more substantial edibles; so they get a good meal very cheap. It's a mistake to think that only tramps and loafers eat free lunches. A number of lawyers who live in outlying districts or the suburbs come in here for a bite during the day. Many clerks save their money by patronizing us."

"Do any respectable persons live on free lunches entirely?"

"A few who are out of work or in hard lines do. A teacher of German on the north side has lived on free lunches all winter. His wages were garnisheed, and he didn't know enough about law to protect his rights. He does a little outside work occasionally, and makes enough to buy three or four glasses of beer a day. With each glass he eats a hearty meal.

"A man who once figured on the board of trade and made $1,000 a month does nearly all his eating at free lunch tables. He lost his money and his nerve on the same corner. A great many men out of work, men who have been used to better fare, would be objects of public charity or starve if the saloon lunches were not within easy reach. We never refuse a decent looking man who looks hungry, but fire out tramps and loafers when they move on our layout. Free lunches are not charitable arrangements, but they are often a means of getting worthy people."

In one down town saloon, where an extra quality of soup is served, the crowds at noontime can scarcely be accommodated. Often the tables are all filled and the patrons stand around the room with a bowl in one hand and a spoon in the other. A whole leg of beef is boiled up in a huge caldron. The soup costs the proprietor $20 a day, but he makes a clear profit of $30 on each day's sales of extra beer consumed. Saloon keepers know that a light lunch neutralizes the effects of many drinks, and the capacity of the drinkers is, as it were, enlarged by the lunches. Politicians who fix up tickets, gossipers who have nowhere else to loaf and men who are out for a time are liberal patrons of the lunch stands.—Chicago News.

THE ODIOUSNESS OF TROUSERS.

They Reveal Inequality of Wealth—A Plea for Knee Breeches.

No article of clothing more distinctly reveals the condition of a man's purse than the trousers. The fraying at the lower edge of the leg, which is sure to come with much wear, is generally taken as a sign of very narrow means, and the bagging at the knee, which is also inevitable, besides producing a foundered appearance, like that of a horse which is "gone" in the forelegs, is a sign that a man has only one or two pairs. It is assumed by the world generally that nobody would wear trousers bagged at the knee, with all the term applies, if he could afford the number of changes necessary to prevent this phenomenon. In fact, almost the only marked difference remaining in our day between the clothes of a man of fortune and leisure and those of a toiler of moderate means lies in the straightness and smoothness which mark the trousers legs of the former. His wardrobe always contains a great many pairs. At any theatre, too, the makeup of a poor teacher or literary man, or poor devil of any kind, includes invariably a pair of baggy trousers.

And though last not least, the condition of the trousers in muddy weather is something which it is painful to dwell on, the conversion of an inch or two of the bottom into a wet and filthy band is only preventable by turning them up, and we all know how this looks. An effort has recently been made to meet the struggles of men of few trousers to escape the bagging at the knee by an invention of a machine called "the trousers stretcher," which is literally a metal rack on which offending trousers are stretched over night, and the deformity effaced by a powerful tension in the direction of their length. It may, therefore, be said that on the whole the knee breeches were the more democratic of the two. They undergo no degeneration in wear, except what comes from the actual destruction of the cloth. They reveal nothing as to the condition of a man's wardrobe until they reach their last stage. They always look neat and tidy, and do not come in contact with the mud, leaving that to be encountered by a boot or stocking which can be readily changed. But they are in summer a hot garment, owing to their fitting so closely around the knee—a defect, however, which is perhaps compensated by the possibility, without damage to appearance, of making them very loose.

They are, too, now making a gallant effort to regain their old supremacy and oust the trousers. They have made conquests of most of the sporting men and athletes, and have made considerable gains in the continental armies. The Turks, who abandoned them under Mahmoud, the reformer, for the (on them) hideous trousers, have gone back to the breeches. Some faint attempts have been made to introduce them again into evening dress, but these have failed, owing in part to the light and frivolous character of those who have made them. If undertaken in a serious spirit by any of the crowned heads, or by great warriors and statesmen, or in this country by great railroad men or stock operators the enterprise would probably succeed.—New York Post.

How G. W. Cable Commenced.

"What kind of work did I do on The Picayune? That's a question, and there is where the trouble came in. There was no such thing as a division of labor in those days, and each man had to do anything and everything that might turn up. I had stipulated at first not to do certain kind of reporting, and this didn't please the old man very well. It was one of his rules that each man should do whatever was required of him, and I became rather in the way. Then I wanted to be always writing, and they wanted me to be always reporting. This didn't work well, and so when the summer came on, and they began to reduce expenses, it was intimated that my resignation would be accepted. I vowed that I would never have anything to do with a newspaper again, and I went back to bookkeeping. I was in a large cotton house, and I kept their accounts for a while, until I finally offered to take entire charge of the counting room at so much salary per year, and hire what assistance I wanted. This suited the firm as well as it did me, and I began to do more and more literary labor. Finally I employed a cashier, and all day I would write at my desk, only being consulted by him on important matters. I was making a beginning then. I first carried on a weekly column in The Picayune, but it wasn't very pleasant to work for a paper managed by a board of directors, and at last I quit it. This writing of trifles after a while grew wearisome, and I resolved to put it into stories. But it was not until six years ago that I abandoned mercantile pursuits entirely for a purely literary life. I drifted into it in the most natural way in the world, and I wouldn't abandon it now for all the fortune that could be made elsewhere."—G. W. Cable in New Orleans Picayune.

A Safe Blower's Methods.

One of the cleverest safe blowers in the country is in the employ of a safe manufacturer in this town. He has served time after time in the penitentiary. The ease with which burglars get away with safes shows conclusively that some man situated like this ex-convict furnishes them with information concerning the newest locks and improvements, so that they are able to demolish the front of a safe by boring a single hole through a certain place in the door and exploding it with dynamite.—Chicago Herald.

Commodore Vanderbilt's Clairvoyant.

The late Commodore Vanderbilt was one of the strongest men we ever knew, and yet he labored under the delusion that a clairvoyant whom he had once met was able to tell from a mere inspection of a lock of hair the trouble that the owner of the hair suffered from. We repeatedly heard him avow his belief in this clairvoyant, and knew him once to send a member of congress to her for treatment.—New York Ledger.

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

A PLACE FULL OF STRANGE AND VALUABLE ARTICLES.

Paintings Worth a Fortune—Alexander Hamilton's Dueling Pistols—A Southerner's Mistake—A Package of Diamonds—Story of a Photograph.

"Yes, I have received many curious and antique articles since I began business thirty-five years ago," said Robert Taggart to a reporter the other day. Mr. Taggart is a pioneer in the storage business and his establishment is filled with old objects, each of which has an interesting history.

"Now, among a vast collection of fine paintings which I got in the course of business," continued Mr. Taggart, "are two which I have been told time and again are originals by Rubens. One represents the adoration of the Saviour in the stable of Bethlehem. The subject of the other I do not know, as I have never met any one who could tell me. There is an inscription on this picture in one of the dead languages, I believe, because I have never been able to find any one learned enough to translate it. The picture represents a queen on a magnificent throne giving orders apparently to some of the royal guards."

"How did you become possessed of the pictures?" asked the reporter.

"The day the first gun was fired at Fort Sumter a gentleman who was very well known here then and hated equally as well for his avowed sympathy with the southern cause came into my place and told me he intended going south and aiding the Confederates with his money and every way else he could. He asked me to take his household furniture on storage.

"'You won't have to keep them long,' he said. 'The south will win sure, and I'll return to New York, for I can't live anywhere else.'

NEVER CALLED FOR.

"I took his furniture, but it has never been called for. He raised a regiment south and fell at Bull Run with his two sons at his side. He had no near relatives to mourn his loss and so I have his furniture still. The Rubenses were among his chattels and also a picture of Murillo, for which I had been offered $30,000. There is practically no price on the Rubenses. Besides these pictures mentioned I have as fine a gallery of paintings as any connoisseur would wish to look at. I have always been fond of pictures and never tried to dispose of any of them, although some of them would bring fabulous prices."

Among other articles which Mr. Taggart showed to the reporter was a pair of beautiful dueling pistols inlaid with solid gold and silver, which are the ones, Mr. Taggart says, used by Alexander Hamilton in his deadly encounter with Burr on the Elysian fields, where Weehawken is now growing up. The pistols were once owned by Gen. Grant, but they passed from him to another branch of the family, and finally came into the possession of a Broadway jeweler, who is unfortunately addicted to drink. During one of his periodical spress he placed the pistols, with some other property, on storage with Mr. Taggart in order to raise money enough to continue his debauch. He never called for the weapons and the man's wife wants them sold, as she says she hates to see them lying around the house when her husband is on a spree.

"About two months ago," said Mr. Taggart, "a well dressed middle aged man came into my place and, handing me a small chamois bag, asked me how much I would ask to keep it for him for a day or two without examining the contents. 'Twenty-five cents,' I replied.

AN OUTRAGEOUS PRICE.

"Well, sir, the fellow kicked like a mule. He swore he wouldn't pay such an outrageous price, and finally beat me down to twenty cents for two days. Next day a detective from the Central office came in looking for such a bag, and told me the fellow who had left it with me was a famous western crook and that he had him locked up in the Tombs. I went down there with the bag, which was opened in presence of the judge and found to contain diamonds valued at nearly $100,000. It surprised me that a man wishing and thinking he could safely conceal such a plunder would kick about the cost, especially when you consider the little I asked him.

"Oh, this is the saddest thing I ever recollect," continued Mr. Taggart, as he showed the reporter a photograph of a laughing, fresh-faced, curly haired girl. "She came into my place one day about two years ago and put a few little effects in storage. Next morning she jumped from a ferryboat into the North river. When her body was recovered my receipt for her furniture was all that was found on her. I buried her and then proceeded to trace her history. It was the old story. She was the darling daughter of a curate in a little country town in the north of the state. A city stranger met and wooed her secretly and she finally consented to elope with him. When they came to this city he deceived her further by a mock marriage, and when he finally deserted her she found out that he was a gambler. Then she determined to kill herself. Her sad end, which I could not help telling her father and mother, broke their poor old hearts and they soon followed her to the other world."

Among many other curious things which Mr. Taggart has are skeletons, coffins, grandfathers' clocks, horses, sheep, cows, in fact all kinds of animals and fowl, and as a curiosity shop in every respect his place cannot be beaten.—New York Journal Interview.

Few Know What They Drink.

"It is a fact," said a somewhat famous mixer of fancy drinks last evening, "that there are very few good judges of liquor. It is a very old chestnut to set out whisky when brandy is called for, and not one in ten can tell the difference. I have often been told by a customer that he had never tasted finer brandy when he was drinking a very ordinary whisky. There are few people who can distinguish between high and low priced wines. I remember nearly splitting my sides once laughing at a man who was ordering champagne. He was drinking Werner's American extra dry, and told his friend how he once drank it with M. Werner in Paris. He thought it was the highest priced French wine until he found out that it was costing him only a dollar a bottle. Then he wilted.

"Even manufacturers are sold. Once at a convention of the beer brewers of the country I heard a brewer boast that he could name any kind of beer with his eyes blinded. We tried him, and when the handkerchief was over his eyes we gave him nine sips out of the same glass and heard him name nine different brands. That was very good sport. As a matter of fact, this telling liquors by the taste is very delicate business. By modern processes distillers can age liquors so as to fool even the old timers. The worst case I ever struck was a fisherman who rowed me down the river last summer. I offered him a swig out of a bottle containing very fine whisky. He returned it, saying it was poor stuff. I handed him a bottle containing some 'rot gut' I used to clean my gun. He took a long pull, and said it was as good liquor as he ever tasted.—Buffalo Courier.

HANDSOME MRS. KATE CHASE.

Pen Picture of the Lady who Ruled Washington Society Fifteen Years Ago.

Some days ago an afternoon reception was given by the wife and daughters of Mr. A. B. Mullett, formerly supervising architect of the treasury. Among the ladies receiving with the hostess was Mrs. Kate Chase, as she now calls herself—the once famous and always beautiful Kitty Chase. It was the first time she had appeared at any social gathering in Washington for many years, and this woman, who fifteen years ago ruled Washington society as it never was ruled before or since, was not personally known to one-fourth of the guests present. Beside her stood her daughter Ethel—a slim, indefinite kind of a girl, possibly to be pretty, but never to be as handsome as her mother.

As for Mrs. Kate Chase, her beauty is of that noble sort that age cannot wither nor custom stale. Besides, she is a woman who has passed through great storms without letting them agitate her unduly. She is now nearly 45 years old, but she looks ten years younger. She has lost the first brilliancy of her youthful complexion, but she can't help being superb and distinguished. In the day of her power she was intensely feared and admired, but never inspired or seemed to try to inspire affection, so that the animosity she awkakened on the part of those who saw her for the first time in many years assisting at a party was of a critical kind. No doubt this suited her quite as well, because pity is something she always disdained.

She is no longer rich, and inherits Chief Justice Chase's financial inabilities in a marked degree. The sum of what she has now is the small competence left by her father, who lived and died a poor man. Whatever claim she has upon Canonchet is worth nothing now, and this woman who could order twenty-two gowns with all accessories from Paris not many years ago, and repeat the order whenever she felt like it, appeared the other day in the simplest kind of a black costume. But it was nevertheless elegant and appropriate, because it couldn't be anything else with Kitty Chase as its wearer. She always had a perfect genius for clothes, and her striking beauty gained effect from the style in which she dressed.—Washington Letter.

A Young Indian's Self Torture.

Muzzah, a promising young Sioux Indian, who is one of Buffalo Bill's attractions, received word the other morning of the death of his brother at Pine Ridge agency, Dakota, and he began to mourn his loss in true Indian fashion. He first uttered a prolonged series of yells, shrieks and groans that brought all the police in the neighborhood to the garden and aroused all the inmates of that extensive structure who were taking a morning sleep. They all knew what the matter was and only the uninitiated in Indian customs gathered around him to watch the proceedings. As the fervor of his grief increased he drew his long bowie knife from its sheath and began slashing his bared breast, arms and legs with it. While the blood from half a dozen wounds was coursing down his body and forming red pools at his feet, he sat down and with the same bloody weapon began whittling out wooden pins about the thickness and length of a lead pencil, which he sharpened to a point. During the time that it took him to manufacture a half a dozen of these he kept up the loud, dismal howling, expanding in volume as the pain increased and the pools of blood grew larger.

When the skewers were ready he caught the fleshy part of one leg between the thumb and the fingers of the left hand and drove the wooden pin into the flesh until the pin protruded. He did the same to each limb, and also drove a pin through either cheek. These he allowed to remain for two hours, during which time none dared to speak to him or attempt to interfere. Among the Indians it is on pain of instant death that one Indian speaks to another who is in "mourning" until after the third day. After the Indian drew out the pins he rolled himself from head to foot in his blanket and crawled into one of the mangers, where he lay all day without food or drink, moaning and groaning and occasionally breaking out into wild shrieks as he thought of his loss. The blood stained wooden pins were exhibited to many visitors to the garden, and there were many applications for them to be kept as mementoes.—New York Tribune.

A Lady Railroad Stenographer Talks.

I have often thought that the humdrum life of a stenographer had a tendency to break down and eventually drive out altogether the imaginative and poetical in one's nature and make life practical in all its details. The murmurings of poesy on moonlight, violets, memories and hope, grate harshly against the whisperings of the chief clerk on subject of drain tile and the tariff rate on wheat in carloads, with the result of giving the poem a dry flavor, savoring of owner's risk with a rebate. Leisure hours cannot be devoted to poetry, because thought must be concentrated upon rate quotations, billing directions, unstamped tickets, while one's dreams are filled not with the beautiful, but with mocking ghosts of rates, tariffs and waybills.

Inspiration may come at times, but so certainly will also come the rate clerk with the request to make a hektograph copy of a lot of per cent sheets, dreadful things with strings of figures, not nice, even figures, but with lots of fractions to them which must not be mixed up with the various other per cents. Most of my working hours are spent in a railroad office, and I have almost given up my poetical dreams to look after shipments of water pipes, stove castings, potatoes, butter, furniture, hams, hides, stoves, oil cakes, lumber, beer, eggs, live stock, patent medicine, etc.—Globe-Democrat.

A Case of Necessity.

One expects a certain amount of "guff" in newspapers. A particular class of writers delight to strike false chords of sentiment and gush. Here's an incident I witnessed myself, which has the merit of truth. I was coming back from Jersey City. The ferry boat was about to enter the slip, when a man near the forward door of the smoking cabin got up and said:

"Mates, I'm a workingman, like the rest of yez. I've got a wife and three children home to-day, starving. I'll grub for a living, do anything an honest man can, but I want ye to help me now to tide me over the night."

Several voices exclaimed, "Shut up; sit down; we've heard that before." The man kept his feet and faced the crowd as it poured through the door. There was nothing of the professional beggar about him, he looked like what he undoubtedly was—a striking coal handler. I saw one passenger give him a silver dollar. Many others gave up smaller coins. I lingered behind and heard a gentleman take down the fellow's name and address and offer him work; then the beggar was left alone in the cabin. I knew the world and was suspicious. I went back and looked into the cabin window, expecting to see the "workingman" counting out his money and preparing for a raid on the next boat load. The poor fellow was down on his knees before a seat, with his head buried in his hands, sobbing like a child. I felt particularly small and sneaked off the boat. The moral of this is: Don't necessarily blackguard a man because he is compelled to strike.—New York Star.

The Chestnut Bell Outdone.

The inventor of the chestnut bell was before the patent office yesterday endeavoring to patent an improvement on his previous atrocious invention. The improvement consists of an attachment, which will probably give a new lease of life to the now obsolete chestnut bell. The new device consists of an elastic band connected with the bell, but fastened to the other side of the waistcoat. When the bell is struck a miniature rat runs across the breast of the wearer and stops in full view of the victim. To make it more effective, the word "rats" in white letters on a black background is inscribed on the rat. The inventor wanted a patent that would cover not only the device, but the word "rats" also, his idea being to prevent any infringement on this expression. After due deliberation the examiner decided that so necessary a word as "rats" was not patentable and declined to grant the monopoly to the enterprising inventor. The other features of the device were favorably acted upon.—Washington Star.

The Religious Press.

The Rev. Waldo Messaros, of Philadelphia, said from his pulpit the other day: "Few men read the religious press; it is not vivid enough; there is too much patchwork, too much staleness, and there is not the enterprise of the secular press."

SOLDIERS' CEMETERY.

THE UNION DEAD THAT WERE BURIED AT ANDERSONVILLE, GA.

An Explanation Concerning the Death Register—Beautiful Appearance of the Cemetery—Graves of the Unidentified. The Rows of Tombstones.

Let us turn to the cemetery. This is situated about half a mile northeast of the station at Andersonville, and comprises about twenty-four acres of beautifully undulating grounds, with many natural features not to be found in the spot from which we have just turned. The appearance of the cemetery has been entirely changed since war days. Then it was but a rude field. The dead were buried in trenches seven feet wide, four feet deep and from fifty to 150 yards long. No coffins were used, but the twisted, emaciated forms of the dead prisoners were laid side by side, and at the head of each was driven a little stake, on which was painted a number corresponding to the number of the body on the death register. The cemetery was a direful necessity, and no extra pains were taken with it. Not before June, 1865, was any step taken toward inclosing the ground and marking the graves so that they could be identified in the future.

A word of explanation respecting the death register is perhaps necessary that the reader may see why only 921 out of 12,793 lack identification. When a prisoner died his comrades reported to the registrar of the dead, a prisoner appointed for that purpose, near the wicket at the south gate. The registrar recorded the name, state, regiment, company, rank and date of death of the dead man and assigned him a number. Thus each corpse was numbered, and as they were carried out in the dead wagon for burial care was taken to inter the bodies in order and mark each with a numbered stake. All this was done by prisoners detailed for that work, and hence the care that was exercised.

IDENTIFYING THE GRAVES.

Thus, when James B. Moore, assistant quartermaster United States army, was appointed to care temporarily for the dead at Andersonville, he had no difficulty with the aid of the registry that had been kept in identifying most of the graves. With a force of several hundred men he proceeded to lay out walks, fence in the grounds and mark the graves with painted head boards. About 120,000 feet of pine boards were thus used. Of course, some stakes had been removed and some directions on the registry were imperfect; but the care that was taken is a credit to those who had the matter in charge.

The work then begun so timely has since been untiringly kept up. The cemetery now presents a beautiful appearance. The grounds are nicely laid out and neatly kept. The whole is inclosed by a brick wall about five and a half feet high, the plainness of the wall being relieved by neatly constructed twenty foot panels, which are supported by square pilasters, the pilasters being carried above the top course of the wall. The fine iron gates are always open to visitors, who flock to the place by hundreds.

From the center of a diamond shaped plat rises a flag staff on which the stars and stripes are to be seen flying from sunrise to sunset, except in inclement weather. Near by are stationed a couple of cannon, mounted on stone bases. From this point radiate four finely kept avenues, about twenty feet wide; parallel rows of large water oaks cast on them an abundant shade; brick gutters on either side keep them well drained. The four sections of the cemetery are also well shaded and beautifully adorned with shrubs and foliage plants.

ROWS OF TOMBSTONES.

The graves, of course, are as they were first formed. The painted head boards that Mr. Moore erected have been taken away and burned, and substantial white marble slabs have been erected in their places. These stones are of two kinds, but those of each kind are uniform. Here and there, indeed, are stones that have been furnished by the family of the dead, but the majority are of the uniform make, furnished by the government.

For the graves of identified soldiers the tombstones are flat, polished slabs, three feet long, one-half being under ground, four inches thick and twelve inches wide. On the face side is a raised shield, and on this is recorded the number, name, rank and state of him who sleeps below. This is neat, and of course somewhat monotonous, but it is the best a generous minded public could do. For the unknown soldiers the stones are four inches square and project only five inches above ground. The rows of graves are about ten or twelve feet apart. Everything is so neatly cared for, the spot is so replete with memories, the symmetrical rows of tombstones are so symbolic of a similar cause and an equal fate, the pleasant grounds are so shady and quiet that one feels the scene deeply impressive. Here and there, too, are found cast tablets—there are some twenty-five of them altogether—bearing suitable inscriptions. Many of these are extremely beautiful, bringing to the visitor's mind the dignity, heroism and suffering of the fallen soldiers.—Cor. Chicago Times.

ANCIENT ISRAEL IN IRELAND.

Did the Jews Contribute to the Population a Great Many Years Ago?

Respecting the Anglo-Israel mania, a self-evident and undeniable proof of an early settlement of Israelitish tribes in the United Kingdom is afforded by names of towns, of a nature which historians as well as ethnologists admit. Everybody will agree that Dover, for instance, is nothing else than a dialectical form of the locality Debir (Joshua xiii, 26). Edinburgh is no doubt the Eden town, and, in fact, there is an Edenic view from that town. Eboracum (York) is either the town of Ebor or else Ebras, "the blessed town," with a Latin termination. But let us take London, whose derivation is still doubtful; as a Hebrew name we shall find it to be Lan-Dan, "the dwelling of Dan." Old London was, therefore, inhabited by the Danites (perhaps a part of them went over to Den-mark, although not yet claimed by the Danes).

In the name of Dublin is most likely to be found a reversed form, that name seeming to be Dublan, the dwelling of Dub or Dob. This word, which means usually in Hebrew a bear, could dialectically mean a wolf (hardened from Zeeb). The wolf represents the tribe of Benjamin (Genesis xlix, 27), consequently a part of the Benjamites settled in Dublin, and that perhaps in the time of Jeremiah, who, it is known, came over to Ireland, married an Irish princess, and brought over a copy of the law, which is now buried in the Mount Tara (from Thorah, the law). The trifal characteristic of "ravening as a wolf" still continues to mark the descendants. It is not unlikely that Phœnicians settled also in England, which has long been suspected from the frequently employed word Bal as a prefix in Celtic localities. Could not Sydenham mean "the home of the Sidonians?"—A Neubauer in Notes and Queries.

Interviewing Henry Ward Beecher.

There are probably but few newspaper reporters in this city that have not interviewed Henry Ward Beecher. The Plymouth pastor enjoys great popularity among the reporters, for he is accessible, genial, and, as a rule, talkative. He is always ready to engage in a harmless bit of chaff with the newspaper men, but he will not brook insolence. The last mentioned fact was recently impressed upon the alleged mind of a swaggering youngster who said that he represented a Brooklyn paper. A rumor that Mr. Beecher was dead got started in some unaccountable manner and spread like wildfire. Reporters by the score hurried to Mr. Beecher's house and were there confronted by the famous preacher hale and hearty. After a while alone came a young man who said to Mr. Beecher with an impudent grin that he had been sent by the city editor of The Brooklyn —— "to find out whether Beecher was alive or dead."

"Well," said the Plymouth pastor, "I suppose you know who I am?"

"Oh, yes," answered the fellow pertly, "but I would like to have it directly from you that you are not dead."

"Ah," murmured the stalwart pastor as he laid a heavy hand on the funny young man's coat collar. The next instant the young man was held up in the air and shaken as a dog would shake a sawdust doll. Mr. Beecher set him down on the sidewalk not any too gently and quietly remarked, "Now, you can go to your city editor and tell him that you have received actual proof that I am alive."—New York Times.

Gathering Spruce Gum.

Spruce gum is obtained in the forests of Canada, Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont. The gum gatherers go many miles into the forest, erect rude cabins, and each one remains until he has gathered 100 pounds. He carries it home, where the women and children clean it from all its impurities, such as bark, twigs, and other foreign substances, and sort it into the different grades, all of which are known to the youngest child in the business. It is a big day's work for a woman to clean and sort ten pounds. While the household is cleaning his collection the gum gatherer returns to the woods and works until he has another batch, and getting it is not easy or rapid work. The gatherers go through the woods looking at the virgin spruces. When the gum that forms on the outside of the trees is once removed the tree will never again yield enough to make it worth the while of the gatherer to visit it. So he must hunt out the trees that have escaped the notice of his class during all the years the woods have been searched by them.

The gum gatherer carries a stout pole which is in sections like a jointed fishing rod. At one end of the pole a chisel is fitted snugly to the wood. Beneath the chisel is a cup holding half a pint. When the gatherer discovers a mass of gum on a tree, no matter how high it may be, he runs his chisel up against it and cuts it off when it falls into the cup. It is then placed in an oiled bag slung across the back of the gatherer. So slow is the accumulation by the collector, ordinarily, that he considers himself fortunate if he gathers 100 pounds a month.—New York Sun.

Losing Parcels in the Lobby.

The frequency of persons losing parcels in the lobby here is greater than the public at large supposes. It is astonishing, too, the celerity with which articles are snatched up and made away with. Those who come here with intent to secure something stand around and watch for an opportunity, when the owner's back is turned for a moment. Of course if we notice any one loafing around the building we ask him to move on, but one man can't watch all who come in here. The other day a satchel was left on one of the heating coils at one of the windows, and noticing it, I picked it up and was about to lay it away for safe keeping until called for. Just as I was going off with it a lady rushed in at the door and said, "Excuse me, sir, that is my satchel." Of course I let her have it, and she and her gentleman friend, who stood at the door, walked away. Shortly afterward two other ladies came in and asked me about the same satchel. I told them what I had done with it, and at once saw that I had been duped by a sharper. Fortunately it contained nothing of great value.—Postoffice Watchman in Globe Democrat.

Rheumatism as an Inheritance.

This seems to be a rheumatic year. The interesting but not welcome disease has included in its fraternal grip men and women without distinction as to ages or social conditions. Stalwart President Cleveland has not been exempted from the list of sufferers. It is a mysterious malady, and though there are thousands of remedies, there appears to be no cure for the plaguey complaint. An old lady who assumes to know all about its origin interviewed the tomented writer of this paragraph, who has been a two months' sufferer somewhat after this style: "Reumatis is a inherited disease; you got this from your father or mother, didn't yer? Ans: "Not that I know of." "Then you had it from yer grandther?" Ans: "I think not." "Then you certainly got it from yer great-grandther." Ans: "No, there was no rheumatism known in my family history. Perhaps some of my ancestors may have been exposed to the heavy wet during the deluge." "Look here, sir!" exclaimed the old lady, "I didn't come here to be made fun of," and out she bounced.—Boston Budget.

A New Heredity Needed.

All wise reform must commence with recognizing the fact of heredity, and that by that law human ills are multiplied, and by it they may be diminished. It will do little good to work for individuals here and there. Such conditions must be created as shall make a new heredity possible. That cannot be accomplished without improving the environment of those to be reached. If men live in good houses, drink pure water, are accustomed to frequent sight and contact with those who are worthy of honor, have given to them the inspirations which are essential to the best development, the result will be manifested in the next generation. The generation following the French revolution was distinguished by such an epidemic of nervous diseases as had never been known in French history. It was the result of the terrific strain upon mind and heart and nerve of those delirious years.—Amory H. Bradford in Andover Review.

A Mysterious Society "Man."

A Boston man writes from Paris to a friend: "You know, of course, the exceedingly breezy volumes of descriptions of society in the European capitals, written by a certain mysterious and exceedingly outspoken Count Paul Vasili, that have appeared? Well, I have found out the identity of this mysterious 'Count Paul.' It is none other than Mme. Juliette Adam, the versatile and vivacious directress of The Nouvelle Revue, whose salon is the center of all literary Paris. She has been absent a good deal of late, and—well, when a Parisian editor wrote to ask Mme. for an article the other day, she inadvertently sent him an unpublished manuscript of Count Paul Vasili. The editor charged her at once with being the 'man' whom all Europe was speculating about, and she sent him an answer which dodges without denying."—New York Post.

Treatment of Whooping Cough.