A BATTLE ON THE PLAINS.

How Seven Brave Men Withstood an Indian Attack.

A Desperate Battle on the Big Cheyenne River—The Advantage of Cool Heads and Careful Calculation.

After the close of the civil war four or five bodies of cavalry were sent to the plains to serve out their unexpired terms by giving the Indians a rub. At Julesburg a part of the force rerouted to the south in Colorado, and the rest proceeded to Fort Laramie and thence raided toward the Black Hills. White and Indian scouts were furnished by the government, and the cavalry was not long in finding Indians and plenty to do. In July, 1865, a force of 350 cavalry left Laramie for a raid to the north. With this force were five white and seven Indian scouts. The body of troops was scarcely five miles from the fort when Indians were sighted, and before going into camp for the night at least 500 Indians had shown themselves. The Indians did not seek to obstruct the way, and there was hardly a gun fired until the fourth day when the troops reached the south fork of the Big Cheyenne river. The Black Hills were close at hand now, the country was rough and broken and

THE INDIANS HAD GATHERED

until their number was estimated at 1,200. It was evident from their actions that they were determined to oppose further progress. The brigadier-general in command had done good fighting in Virginia but had never seen a wild Indian before. He was for adopting the tactics practised in civilized warfare, but luckily for the command, he was an officer without obstinacy or conceit. The scouts warned him that a big fight was impending, and that it must be fought Indian fashion, or not a man of them would return to the fort. He accepted their advice and countermanded the orders he had given for pushing out small detatchments to charge the Indians. The idea had been to find the Indians and fight them. The camp on the bank of the stream was a good defensive position, being on a bluff well covered with trees. The camp extended along a front of half a mile, taking in a sort of grove. To the west there was an interval of a quarter of a mile and then a smaller grove, while to the east the ground was clear for miles. The attack first came from the Indians. At day-light they sent forward sharpshooters, who crept as near the camp as possible and opened fire with considerable effect. This was speedily returned from the rifles of the scouts and the carbines of the troopers, but after an hour the men were ordered to

SAVE THEIR AMMUNITION.

During the firing a large number of Indians crossed to the north side of the stream and opened fire from that direction, but they wasted their bullets. It was afternoon before the fight opened in real earnest. At least 500 dismounted Indians advanced on the front of the camp, taking advantage of every rock and hollow, and although the camp could not have been better sheltered, a number of men and horses were hit within an hour. It was soon discovered that the real attack was to be made on the right flank. Mounted Indians to the number of 300 gathered on the open ground between the groves for a dash into the camp. With the troops strung out on such long front, and having plenty to do, a flank attack meant disaster, and the commander prepared to checkmate it. Fifty men were ordered into the saddle under cover of the trees, and at the blast of the bugle seven troopers found themselves cut off from the main body. One of them was a corporal and as soon as he saw the situation he ordered the squad to make for the second grove. They reached this, to find it about half an acre in extent, the ground not only well covered with trees, but broken in natural rifle pits and dotted here and there with boulders. The troopers reached the grove amid a shower of bullets and arrows, which, fortunately, injured no one, and instead of trying to cover the whole ground, they took up a position at the eastern end and threw up a breastwork of logs and rocks. While they were working at this, every one of their horses were killed and the men added their bodies to the breastwork.

THE ENTIRE FORCE OF INDIANS

now crowded in between the two groves, thus cutting off all hopes that the seven troopers might be rescued by a charge. The larger body was held under a very hot fire, and every man in it felt that the squadron thus cut off would be butchered within half an hour. It was well for the seven that the corporal was a cool and level-headed man. All were veterans, but it was their first Indian fight. His first instructions were to count their cartridges. Some had sixty, having just been served before the charge, others had as high as seventy-two, thus making the average sixty-five rounds per man. In addition to their Spencers each man had a Remington revolver with abundance of ammunition. From the moment they intrenched in the grove at least 500 Indians turned their whole attention to wiping the little command out. A fire was maintained on a complete crescent. The troopers did not fire one return shot for nearly an hour. Then, as the emboldened Indians began to creep nearer, the Spencers were brought into play for ten rounds apiece, and at least twenty Indians were killed or wounded. From a tree in the larger camp one of the scouts saw them bear off fourteen warriors in their arms and six or eight more went limping out of the fight without help. Five hundred bullets a minute during the hottest of the fight struck the breastwork, but not one of its defenders were injured. About an hour before sundown it was seen that the Indians were getting ready for

A GRAND ADVANCE

on the isolated troopers. A sudden rush from all sides would result in the capture of the men. Not one of their carbines had been heard for the last hour, and no one could say whether they were dead or alive. The general belief was that they were dead. The ground was favorable for the Indians to advance on horseback, and some 200 of them formed in the valley in one single line. The firing all at once ceased and with a "Yi yi yi!" the redskins dashed forward at the grove, the ends of the line riding the fastest so as to completely envelop the position held by the troopers. It was as square a charge as white men ever made, but when the line was within pistol shot of the grove the seven troopers sprang out of their fort, opened out in skirmishing order, and the way the once balls from those carbines screamed among the Indians was something to make one cheer. The men hadn't fired three rounds apiece before the line was wavering, and as they kept it up the charge degenerated into a mob. There was cheering, yelling, shooting, and rushing to and fro. Between the reports of the Spencers we got the crack of the revolvers and the snap of the rifles, but the smoke settled down so thick that all objects were speedily shut out. While we cheered our comrades for

THE BRAVE DEFENCE

they were making, no one had the least hope of escape. You can, therefore, judge of our amazement when, after the [illegible]ncers had seemed to fire in volleys [illegible]r five times, the seven troopers came [illegible]ing in under the smoke cloud. [illegible]ree of them were wounded with bullets [illegible]d three with arrows, but none seriously. They had fought with a plan and their plan had been a success.

The defence and escape was a matter of wonderment to Indian fighters as well as green hands and particularly so in the loss to the Indians. Three months later when a sort of truce had been patched up they admitted a direct loss from the defence of these seven men, of nineteen killed, eleven wounded and ten ponies killed or rendered useless. They withdrew without making another serious attack upon us, having suffered a total loss of thirty-two killed and about as many wounded.

Capt. Swift and His Valiant Five.

A defence in which were combined pluck, endurance, suffering and desperation was that of Captain Swift and his five companions, near the forks of the Big Cheyenne. They were all citizens, and all on their way into the Black Hills country on foot. Swift had been a captain in a border company raised to fight Indians in northern Nebraska, and was the only one in the lot who had ever met a hostile. Swift and two companions found the other three prospectors near the forks, and it was agreed that all should push further west in company. Every man was armed with a Winchester and two revolvers, and each carried several hundred rounds of ammunition. The men had broken camp five miles below the forks, and were on the south bank of the main stream, when they were attacked by thirty-five mounted Indians. The whites were on foot and had the shelter of timber along the banks, and, although they were harrassed for a couple of hours, no one was hurt, and the march was not greatly retarded. However, as they reached the forks the force of Indians suddenly increased to over one hundred, and as they not only barred the way but cut off retreat, Swift realized that the little band must go into camp and prepare for a siege. They drove the Indians down the south fork about half a mile, until getting possession of a bluff which was well covered with timber, and here they entrenched. A natural sink was deepened with hatchets and knives, a few rocks and limbs were piled up around the edges, and the men got into the rifle pit, knowing that the odds were twenty to one, and that there could be not the faintest hope of reinforcements.

The Indians could not approach the bluff except under fire. After they had maintained a fusillade for upward of an hour without harm to the party, they sent forward a flag of truce by half breeds who could speak English tolerably well. Swift went forward to the edge of the timber to meet him, and the men in the pit were warned to be on their guard against treachery, and to shoot down any other Indian who sought to approach while a parley was being held. The half breed came forward without fear. It was evidently his object to get near enough to see what sort of a defence the men had erected and to be sure of their number, but Swift had baffled him in this by meeting him outside of the timber. The two were in rifle shot of both forces, and as the half breed rode up he demanded the immediate surrender of the party. He said that 120 Indians were on the ground with others coming up in the afternoon, and that it was folly for the whites to think of holding out against such a force. In case of surrender they would be disarmed and set at liberty to make their way out of the country, but if the Indians were compelled to fight them to a surrender they could expect no mercy.

Swift replied that his party did not seek war with the red men. They were going into the Black Hills with hundreds of others to prospect for gold, and only asked to be let alone. They had been attacked without provocation, and they should fight to the bitter end. The half breed had his rifle lying across his saddle while he talked, while Swift leaned on his. The captain suspected what would follow his refusal to surrender. The half breed once more put his demand, and as it was refused he suddenly raised his weapon and fired at Swift, and then wheeled his pony. The men were not over ten feet apart, and the bullet passed between Swift's left arm and his side, cutting through his coat. Had he raised his rifle to fire a return shot he would have been a dead man, for the action of the half breed was the signal for fifty Indian rifles to ring out. Swift dropped in his tracks and crept back to the rifle pit unarmed; but he was revenged before he reached it. One of the men had kept the half breed covered with his Winchester, and as he turned to gallop away he received a bullet in the back which flung him from the saddle and left him dead on the ground. The redskins had been beaten at their own game, and they gave vent to their chagrin and anger in shouts and yells and individual demonstrations. In ten minutes they were firing all along the line, and some of them took advantage of the ground to approach within pistol shot of the rifle pit.

Swift's instructions to the men were not to waste a bullet. The Indians had to expose themselves more or less, and by watching for opportunities and keeping cool the men in the pit made some telling shots. Before sundown they had killed or wounded a dozen savages and forced the others to exercise far greater caution. Not over thirty shots were fired from the pit during the afternoon. As night approached the want of water began to be felt. No one had had a drop since the morning. One of the men crept back to the bank of the river to see what the prospects were for getting down to the water, and he was instantly killed by a bullet fired from the other side of the stream. His fate was not known until darkness came on and a second man went to look for him. The bank was very steep, twelve or fourteen feet high, and it would have been extremely difficult to get down to the stream had there been no danger. The attempt to secure water was abandoned for the time. All the provisions in the party were in a raw state, and, of course, no fire could be lighted. Soon after dark the fire of the Indians ceased entirely. They probably reasoned that it was only a question of a few hours more when the white men would fall into their hands, and they had maintained such a hot fire through the day that their ammunition must have been running low.

The death of Wolcott cast a gloom over the party, but no one weakened. Along toward midnight, when everything had grown very quiet, Captain Swift tried for water. A cottonwood leaned off over the bank until one in its top would be over the water. A canteen was lowered by a rope after Swift got into position, but some slight noise was made, which caused the Indians on the opposite bank to open fire, and before Swift could descend from the tree a bullet wounded him in the calf of the leg. He crept back to the rifle pit and bandaged the wound, and in fifteen minutes would have given a year of his life for a pint of water. Various methods for obtaining what all now really suffered for were suggested and rejected. There was only one way. It must be got from the tree if at all. An hour or two after Swift was shot a man named Cooper crept out on the tree and lowered the canteen. He succeeded in drawing up a few swallows of water, and at once hastened to Swift. The captain's wound of course set him in a fever, and while he could have gulped down a quart he had only a gill. Cooper returned to the tree, and in lowering the canteen lost it. Another rope was extemporized and a coffeepot lowered. But the Indians in some manner got a hint of what was going on and again opened fire. While Cooper was not wounded, he was driven to the pit, and all further hope of securing water was abandoned. Not a man slept a wink during the night, it being generally understood that the Indians might make a rush any moment. As early dawn came a shot was fired from the top of a tree in the edge of the grove, which struck a man named Abbot in the head and killed him instantly. A second shot immediately followed, but hit no one. It was at once discovered that two Indian sharpshooters had climbed into the tree during the night, and from their elevation could look down into the rifle pit. They could not be seen, but two of the men opened a rapid fire on the tree, and after about twenty-five shots had been fired both redskins were tumbled to the ground. Their fall was the signal for the ball to open all along the line, and again the bullets whizzed over the pit like legions of angry bees. The Indians were pretty cautious about exposing themselves, but during the forenoon three of them were seen to drop, either hard hit or killed outright.

From noon to 5 o'clock not a shot was fired on either side, and from 5 to sundown the Indians fired only about a dozen times—sufficient to warn the white men that the seige was still on. Hunger now compelled the men to eat raw bacon and flour, and the torments of thirst were increased. Swift suffered far more than the others, being wounded, but not a complaint passed his lips. He was too stiff and sore to leave the pit, but about 10 o'clock one of the men volunteered to try for water. Some of the Indians had swam across and were located under the bank While they could not climb it, or at least did not, they were at hand to prevent the men from getting water.

It was Foster who went out on the tree this time, and he had not yet lowered the vessel when a bullet knocked his cap off, a second struck the stock of his rifle, and a third went through the coffee pot. He reached the pit unwounded, however, and Swift advised that no one else should expose himself. They dug up the roots around them and got slight consolation from chewing them, and again the morning broke. It soon became evident that the Indians intended to finish their work. They were whooping and shouting all along the line, and seemed in good spirits.

An hour after daylight the whole line advanced on the pit, each redskin working along under the best shelter he could find. There were only four men to defend the pit, but armed as they were, and desperate as they had become, the odds were not so great. They fired cooly yet rapidly, and they not only halted the line, but at one point where three bucks were killed within ten seconds of each other a panic occurred. Thirty or more Indians rose up in a body for a rush, but the fire broke them before they had made a jump. The four men had the six rifles, and their revolvers were lying beside them for the emergency which all expected. The peril of the morning did not last twenty minutes. The baffled Indians retreated back to their old position, and about 9 o'clock withdrew so quietly that their going was not suspected for another hour. They went en masse, leaving not even a scout behind. When the four men had secured water and something to eat they took a look over the battle ground. The carcasses of seven ponies had been left behind, and there were plenty of blood stains to prove thas their Winchesters had not thrown away all their lead. A Dog-Sioux, who was afterward employed as a scout at Fort Sully, told the military authorities that thirteen Indians were killed and twenty-one wounded in the fight, and that the Indians felt themselves fairly whipped. Other indians reported the number killed at nineteen, and the wounded at thirty, but they asserted that the number of whites was fourteen.

Literary Notes.

"Adventures of an Old Maid," is one of the most humorous books ever published, and superior to "A Bad Boy's Diary," which has attained a wide reputation. Her adventures will draw tears from a stone, and those who enjoy wit and humor should not fail to read this book. It is handsomely illustrated and will be sent in paper cover for 25 cents, or in cloth for 50 cents to any address by J. S Ogilvie & Co, 31 Rose street, New York.

The illustrations in the September number of the Magazine of Art would make a beautiful little album by themselves. The number opens with a suggestive paper on "Art in Australia," by R. A. Stevenson. W. J. Henderson writes of "Some New York Theaters," giving description with illustrations of the Casino, the Lyceum and the Madison Square theatres, three which exhibit most the quaintness and beauty of recent theatrical architecture. "Current Art" describes a large number of recent pictures and the methods of many prominent artists. Quentin Metsy, whose story is one of those stranger than fiction is the hero of the present article on the "Romance of Art" by Annie E. Evans. Francis Watt's descriptive article on "The Rapid Spey" gives a romantic account of the storied castles, mountains and lochs of that lovely region, while Claude Philipps describes "The Picture Gallery at Dorchester House," which he thinks deserves to be known much better than it is. A very entertaining contribution on the subject of "Female Headgear," by Richard Heath, teaches resignation to the present high, but comparatively low, bonnets and hats that intercept our view at the theatre, with vivid presentment, literary and pictorial, of the extraordinary head-dresses of the eighteenth century. One exquisite illustration in the number is that of "A Nunnery at Bruyes," and a noteworthy page is filled with Austin Dobson's dainty verses, daintily set in a frame of Frederick Barnard's drawings.—Cassell & Co., limited, New York, $3.50 a year.

The Quiver for September opens with two particularly charming pictures. In solid articles it gives "Workingmen on the Sunday Question," bearing testimony that many of the class supposed to be benefitted object seriously to the opening of museums and galleries on Sunday, an article on Budha as one of the "False Prophets in the Past," "Sunday Musings in the Lake District," "Truth for the Times," by Rev. J Hiles Hitchens, giving valuable hints in the matter of reading, with religious papers on "The Dream of Gideon, the Soldier," and on "The Burning Bush." The serials still leave us in pleasant suspense, and there are two short stories, one with a scapegrace son, and one with a troublesome daughter, to be reformed through suffering, while another serial, "Mrs. Scott's Daughters," begins with promise.

AGAINST CREMATION.

An Official Declaration From the Vatican on the Subject of Cremation.

The Holy Office has been asked by many Catholics about the cremation of the dead, a custom which is rapidly extending in Italy. The office has just rendered the following decree:

1. Is it permissible to affiliate with societies whose aim is to increase the custom of cremation of the dead?

2. Is it permissible either to have one's own body or that of any one else cremated?

The most eminent and reverend cardinal fathers, inquisitors-general on matters of the faith, after having seriously and for a long time examined the proposed questions, and after having consulted the reverend advisors, have decided to reply:

To the first question negatively, and if the societies mentioned have any affiliation with the Masonic sect, the members will be subject to the penance inflicted upon Masons.

To the second question negatively.

Upon this report being made to our holy father, Pope Leo XIII., his holiness has approved and confirmed the resolutions of the most eminent fathers, and has decreed that they shall be transmitted to rectors of parishes in order that they shall take pains to instruct the faithful concerning this culpable abuse in burning the human body, and in order that they shall turn from it the flocks entrusted to their care.

WASHINGTON MILLIONAIRES.

Who and What They are and How They Have Made Their Fortunes.

John W. Thompson—The Three Queer Willards—Other Millionaires—A Fortune in Asphalt—Telephone Bell, Warder, and the McLeans.

Frank G. Carpenter, writing from Washington to the Cleveland Leader, says: Washington is fast becoming a city of rich men. There are ten men here now worth $500,000 to one worth that amount in 1880. The statesmen themselves are richer and not a few of them now own property here. The two richest citizens are W. W. Corcoran, who has given away three-fourths as much as he is now worth, and John W. Thompson, who is one of the most enterprising men in the district. Corcoran is the wealthiest, and he is probably worth several millions. He has given away not less than $13,000,000 or $14,000,000 in charities, and he is giving all the time. He began life as clerk in his father's shoe store, and I am told that his father was a shoemaker. One of Corcoran's first enterprises was in the dry goods business, and he kept a dry goods store in Georgetown. I think he was connected in this enterprise with George Peabody, who afterward became so noted as a charitable millionaire. Both Corcoran and Peabody got their start in connection with Elisha Riggs, a banker of Georgetown and Washington, and Riggs, Peabody and Corcoran have all amassed great wealth.

CORCORAN'S PILE.

Corcoran was not very successful in dry goods, and Riggs established him as a banker in Washington in connection with his son. He succeeded in banking, showed a good deal of nerve in making investments, and gradually accumulated a good capital. When the Mexican war broke out the New York bankers were afraid of the bonds of the United States, and Corcoran got the placing of the loan He went to London to do this, and did not succeed very well there. When he came back to New York Wall street tried to break him up and they sold the bonds short. He quietly bought them, and after a time they found that he had the whole thing in his hands The bonds went up like a shot and he made a nice thing out of it. He has also made a great deal of money in Washington real estate, and he owns property all over Washington. He lives just opposite the White house, surrounded by a big garden, and his house is the one in which Daniel Webster used to live. It is richly furnished, but Corcoran is too old to enjoy it very well. He is a tall, fine-looking, fat old fellow of eighty-six, who has a body servant in livery to hold his arm as he moves about in and out of his carriage over Washington. He dresses well, is a man of culture and education, and has known all the prominent public men for years. His real property in Washington is assessed at $891,164.

A BANKER MILLIONAIRE.

John W. Thompson must be about thirty years younger than Corcoran. He is a good looking man with a healthy complexion and a blue eye. He is a good talker, is noted for his common sense, and is one of the shrewdest and most public spirited men of the capital. He has made all his millions himself, and he had something of a capital when he came from New York city about the time Pierce was president and opened a plumbing establishment. He found a city of less than 50,000. Property was low and plumbing and gas fitting was very crudely done by the Washington workmen. Mr. Thompson soon got a foothold. He invested in real estate, and in 1872 he retired from the plumbing establishment a rich man. He had been always actively interested in district affairs, and he now became a member of the common council over the then legislative government of the city He became a bank president and was largely interested in steamship and street car lines. He had lines of steamers running from Norfolk to New York, and he is the president of the National Metropolitan bank of Washington, which has been the leading bank here since the days of Madison. He has made money right along and still makes it, though I think he now feels as though about to retire. He lives well at Washington, and has a fine brown stone mansion just next to that of Chief Justice Waite on I street. He is in the swim of fashionable society, and has perhaps more influence than any other rich man in Washington.

THE WILLARD BROTHERS

are all rich, and common report puts each of them down as a millionaire. There are three of them, Joseph, Henry, and Caleb, and a queer trio they are. Joe Willard is the oldest and the richest. He owns the largest part of Willard's hotel, and he has lots of real estate and government bonds. He is worth at least between one or two millions, but he lives in an old brick house with green window shutters close to the business part of F street, and the blinds of his house are always closed. He is a sort of a hermit, though I would hardly call him a misanthrope. He is a tall, well built man, with slightly stooping shoulders and a big head covered with hair as white as newly washed wool. He has heavy eyebrows of silver, and under these fierce black eyes shine out at you as he talks. He is a church member, and attends the Presbyterian church every Sunday. He always dresses in the newest clothes. His linen is of the whitest, his shoes of the blackest and his kid gloves, often cream colored, are always new and fresh. His office is in strange contrast with his dress. You reach it by a pair of shackly stairs, and it looks more like the room of a broken down tenement house than the workshop of a millionaire. Upon its mantel are fifty or sixty little 5-cent ink bottles, the contents of which Joe Willard has used, but which his natural acquisitiveness will not allow him to throw away. He is not noted for his generosity, but he is a sharp business man and money has been the moving spring of his life work. He came here with his brothers from Vermont. There were four brothers at the time, but one of them, Edward, died in the army. I am told that Joe sold milk at one time in Washington, and he afterwards went to California and made some money there. When he came back he and Henry rented what is now Willard's hotel of Ogle Taylor, and Caleb acted as their clerk and errand boy. They made money at hotel keeping and in time bought the building and improved it until it now occupies half the block.

THE FEUD OF TWO RICH BROTHERS.

In the meantime Caleb Willard made some money, and after a while he bought, in connection with his brother Henry, the Ebbitt house. It was a small affair at the time and there was a grocery store on the corner occupied by part of the present structure. The hotel itself was farther down F street than it is now. Caleb wanted to extend the Ebbitt house, and with this view wanted to buy the grocery. It was worth perhaps $20,000. Joe, who owned the Willard hotel, just across the way, feared Caleb's competition, and he has for years been trying to prevent Caleb from extending the Ebbitt house in every possible way. He bid against him for this grocery, and I am told that Caleb had to pay $75,000 for it, or nearly four times what it was worth, before he could get it. The next lot below the grocery was worth perhaps about $12,000, and the two lots below this belonged to Henry Willard. Caleb wanted to extend the Ebbitt house in this way also. He was about to buy this lot and then build the Ebbitt on down over Henry's two lots, but Joe came in again and bid the property up so that Caleb had to pay $72,000 for what was worth $12,000. Caleb secured it at last, however, and the Ebbitt house now stands on these lots. It is as big as Willard's hotel and quite as popular. Caleb runs it himself and you may see him in it every day. He is a smooth-faced man of about fifty, in common business clothes, and walks about with an energetic air The feud between the two brothers still continues and Joe owns a little story and a half structure perhaps ten feet wide, which adjoins the Ebbitt house on F street. It separates the Ebbitt from an immense building which Caleb owns just below it, and though Caleb has tried in a number of ways to buy Joe's shanty, Joe will not sell it at any price. He keeps it in spite of his brother, and it is a monument of the quarrel of the two millionaire Willards. He has provided against Caleb's getting it in his will, I am told.

Henry Willard is more of a man of politics and society than his two brothers. He has been commissioner of the District of Columbia and you will see his name connected with the fashionable entertainments of the capital.

A RICH CLERK.

It is not often that government clerks become wealthy, but Sam Norment, the president of the Central National bank, is a millionaire and was once employed in the government departments. He left the departments to go into business and he had a large lumber business here during the war. He is a shrewd business man and a great deal of his wealth has been made in Washington real estate. He owns thirty or forty houses over Washington, and he paints the interiors of these in nearly every case the same way, and puts as little paint to the square inch as possible. Norment's favorite paints are white for all the woodwork except the base boards, which are a dirty brown.

Sam Norment lives well here in Washington, and is a pleasant fellow to talk to. He is, I should judge, about sixty years old, and may be set down as worth at least a million. His wife is also a rich man's daughter, and he has a prospect of being in time the richest man in Washington.

TELEPHONE BELL'S MILLIONS.

Telephone Bell lives in Washington now, and his house cost him more than $100,000. He stands high up in the millions, and his father-in-law, who lives here also, is a millionaire.

Mr. Warder, of Ohio, is another millionaire who has lately settled in Washington, and his investments in Washington property are now made by the tens of thousands. He is building blocks of houses here and there, all over the city, and is putting up a magnificent residence on Sixteenth street.

A. L. Barber is a man who has made

A FORTUNE IN TRINIDAD ASPHALT.

Barber came here comparatively poor, but he found a lake of asphalt in the top of a mountain in the Isle of Trinidad. It is the best asphalt in the world, and Barber has secured the right to lay it from the British government by the payment of a royalty. He has now one of the finest houses in the city. It is a magnificent stone mansion with many towers and turrets. It is situated on the hills above Washington, and the grounds about it comprise several acres. Old forest trees surround it, and it is very near the house of Senator Logan. Barber and Senator Sherman formed a syndicate and bought 200 acres surrounding this house. They have sold it off in lots, and have made, I suppose, a fortune out of it, as it bids fair to be a part of the fashionable Washington of the future.

Senator Sherman owns considerable Washington real estate and his house here is worth $40,000. William Walter Phelps has lands here and Don Cameron owns a block or so of land worth about a dollar a foot. The McLeans, the newspaper men of Cincinnati, own nearly $1,000,000 worth of Washington houses and lands, and they buy more every month.

CALEB WILLARD'S MANIA.

In speaking of Caleb Willard I forgot to mention his mania for repairing. He keeps a little army of carpenters and painters the year round, and he personally superintends these. He lives in a rambling brick house on Fourteenth street which he has made into a very pleasant home by a few slight additions and plenty of paint. He is now remodeling into a business building the residence which John Quincy Adams used to occupy when he was secretary of state, and it is funny to see the way he does it. First he decided to add one story additional, then he tore all this apart and built up a couple of more stories. He put in a stone front and is now taking it out again, and it is hard to tell what the building will be like when he gets done with it. There are a number of other men in Washington who are well to do, and not a few who are very rich. I don't think, on the whole, money counts for as much here as it does elsewhere. Washington society does not worship the golden calf as much as does New York, and a man can have less money and be more of a man here than he can in any place else in the United States. Of course money has its weight in Washington, but the first question is not what a man is worth, but what and who he is. Brains and blood count for more than stocks and bonds, and I know a few very rich men who are too poor to get the standing in Washington society held by some $2,500 a year politicians.

Jewel Frauds.

Pall Mall Gazette: There is consternation just now in the Palais Royal, and the jewelers of Paris have found themselves the dupes of what has not yet been pronounced to be a fraud. Last year they were the victims of a diamond fraud. The gems found at the Cape were more plentiful and of inferior quality to the genuine diamond of fifty years ago. The fire was less brilliant and the stones had a yellow tinge. An ingenious manipulator steeped them in a violet dye, and by some chemical process they came forth from the ordeal a pure and brilliant white. This industrious investigator received as the reward of his research a recompense of six months' imprisonment, and the Palais Royal jewelers were for the moment comforted. But now things are going wrong again. There are some splendid rubies in the market whose genesis it is very difficult to account for. Tested chemically, they answer the true definition of the Oriental ruby; analysis shows them to consist of all its constituents—and nothing else. The chemist is satisfied, but the expert has his doubts. The fire is not so brilliant, and there are certain yellow tones which the true gem has escaped. It is suspected that a difficult problem has been solved, especially since it is found that these gems when broken up do not follow a regular line of cleavage, as a crystal should, but split in all directions. It is suspected that Swiss artificers have learned how to melt a number of small rubies and consolidate them into one. Ten carats' weight of ruby sparks would be worth about ten shillings. One ruby of ten carats would be worth some hundreds of pounds. The subject is a serious one, and there are both chemical and legal difficulties in its treatment. Experts are now employed to ascertain how the thing is done, and then the judges will decide whether the process or sale amounts to fraud.

A Liverpool paper published a notice that a ready-made clothing house in that city would give away a "hand-me-down" for each parcel sent containing 1,000 cherry stones.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMANHOOD.

A World of Advice and Wisdom Conveyed in Verse.

Timely Suggestions for Wives on the Management of Husbands—The Serious Side of Marriage—Selections for the Fair Sex.

Woman's Rights.

A. L. in Temple Bar.

A woman's rights: What do those words convey?
What depths of old-world wisdom do they reach?
What is their real intent? Oh, sisters, say;
And strive in daily life their truth to teach.

The right to minister to those that need;
With quiet song the weary to beguile;
With words of peace the hungry hearts to feed,
And cheer the sad and lonely with a smile.

The right in others' joys a joy to and;
The right divine to weep when others weep;
The right to be to all unceasing kind;
The right to wake and pray while others sleep.

Right to be noble, right to be true,
Right to think rightly—and rightly to do;
Right to be tender, right to be just,
Right to be worthy of infinite trust.

To be the little children's truest friend,
To know them in their ever-changing mood;
Forgetting self, to labor to the end
To be a gracious influence for good.

To be the ladies of creation's lords,
As mothers, daughters, sisters or as wives;
To be the best that earth to them affords,
To be to them the music of their lives.

The right in strength and honor to be free;
In daily work accomplished, finding rest;
The right in "trivial round" a sphere to see;
The right, in blessing, to be fully blest.

Right to be perfect, right to be pure,
Right to be patient and strong to endure;
Right to be loving, right to be good—
These are the rights of the true womanhood.

For Wives and Husbands.

Cleveland Plaindealer: A sunshiny husband makes a merry, beautiful home worth having, worth working in and for. If a man is breezy, cheery, considerate and sympathetic, his wife sings in her heart over her puddings and her mending basket, and renews her youth in the security she feels of his approbation and admiration. You may think it weak and childish, if you please, but it is the admired wife, the wife who hears words of praise and receives smiles of commendation, who is capable, discreet and executive. I have seen a timid, meek, self-distrusting little body fairly bloom into strong, self-reliant womanhood under the tonic and cordial of companionship of a husband who really went out of his way to find occasion for showing her how fully he trusted her judgment and how fully he deferred to her opinion.

Now, if you will permit me, I will give some suggestions to the wives also. Because your husband is a lover of peace and quietness, and does not always pay you back in your own coin, you must not think that your continued scolding and fault-finding make no more impression upon him than the fall of water on a duck's back. It sinks in, and "still waters run deep," you know. These quiet men are perfect volcanoes sometimes when endurance ceases to be a virtue. There are times when "the last feather breaks the camel's back." If you were sweet and gentle to your lover, continue to be so to your husband, if you wish to retain his affection and loyalty. I am aware that some men are not very sunshiny, but I think more would be willing to reflect the golden beams if their wives would adopt the halo plan.

Marriage a Serious Thing.

Saturday Evening Post: Truly marriage is a serious thing. The young man who kisses your cheek so tenderly, whose low words of love are now so graceful to your ear, will not always be thus. That glowing color will fade from his countenance; those manly limbs, now so full of youthful energy, will totter beneath the burden of disease; that deep voice will lose its melody. Will your love be proof against all these changes? Will it grow stronger in the days of trial? On the other hand, have you no fears that when your beauty is but a thing of the past your husband will cease to love you; that he will turn to those whose persons are yet made beautiful by the summer of life? Pause, oh, pause and question yourself thus, and should no misgiving then come to your heart, go fearlessly to the nuptial altar. United to a person worthy of your love and respect, whose heart is connected to your own by the electric chord of sympathetic natures, marriage will prove a blessing indeed, and heaven will have you in its holy keeping.

Woman.

Cincinnati Enquirer: A handsome woman is dangerous.

A woman has neither love nor respect for the man she can rule.

One bad woman can keep a whole neighborhood in hot water.

A woman who is not jealous of her husband is not in love with him.

This world is full of beautiful women, but a truly good woman is a rarity.

Two things always trained for action—a woman's tongue and a mule's heels.

Nine cases out of ten when a woman says she hates a man she is in love with him.

Woman is the sweetest and bitterest gift of God to man.

A woman will confess to almost anything but to the fact that she is growing old and ugly.

The devil is never as black as he is painted, and a woman is never as innocent as she appears.

If you want to keep a woman's love, keep up a slight but steady flirtation with her most hated rival.

When a woman gives you her love don't lay it away on ice for safe-keeping. Better keep it in the warmest corner of your heart, so if she calls for it at any time you can return it in the condition she gave it to you.

A Model Wife.

Tid-Bits.

A man's wife should
Be very good,
And tight his buttons sew;
Domestic work
She mustn' shork,
And ne'er a shopping gew.

She shouldn't buy
A cake or pay,
But mix herself the dough;
Home-made things are
The best by fare,
As husbands always knough.

Of bonnets, two
A year should do,
Of sealskin sacques, not one;
Because in debt
A man will gebt
For things wives ought to shun.

The better half
Should smile and laif
And never have the blues;
For home is where
Man rests from care,
And smokes and reads the nues.

Expressions of
A wife's true lof
To husbands should be said,
And then he'll kneel
In prayer and kneel
Glad that he isn't daid.

Women of the World.

New York is to have a female dentist, a graduate of the college in Philadelphia.

The women of Sydney, Australia, play cricket. Two clubs recently played a match game.

Mrs. Lee, a young American woman, is considered by Coquelin his most promising pupil. She can declaim in five languages.

In New Orleans a young woman is successfully carrying on a large dye-house, while another is an extensive manufacturer of boxes.

The first actress in the Shah's dominions is the wife of a German clockmaker, who is now appearing in a Persian play, adapted from the French.

Mary Macdonald, a young English woman, was recently publicly decorated with the medal of the Royal Society for the Protection of Life from Fire, for having, at the risk of her own life, saved that of a workman.

England has thirty-eight women for poor law guardians, and Scotland nine. Each one of these has been re-elected, some of them for the fifth and sixth time, showing how satisfactorily they discharge their duties.

Mr. Albert Bierstadt has sent his exquisite painting, "An Indian Summer in New Hampshire," to Mrs. Emily T. Charles, in token of his appreciation of her poem, "A Storm on the Matterhorn," which is described as a rare piece of descriptive lyric.

When Mr. Godey was asked why he did not raise the standard of his Lady's Book he replied: "I am not making a magazine for the few, but a magazine for the Eliza Janes. They are in a vast majority." This is hard on the women, but that Mr. Godey, dying, left a fortune of $2,000,000 or $3,000,000, proves that he was right.

Instances of women engaged in agriculture are not rare, and many of them are successful. One of these, Miss Du Lucas, of Madison Parish, La., manages a large plantation. On the principle that personal supervision is essential to success in farming, she herself looks after the plows, hoes, drains, levees, stocks and mills.

The New York World suggests the establishment of "ladies' clubs" at the watering places, as a relief to the women upon whose hands time hangs heavily, and as a preventive of the gossip and mischief set afloat from confabs held in hotel bedrooms. A movement to organize a club of this kind is on foot at Mount Desert.

The annual report of the Young Women's Christian association, of London, states that twenty new branches have been formed within the year, including seven new institutes, thus making the total number of branches throughout London and its suburbs 123, with a membership of 12,353. The receipts showed an increase of nearly $8,000 over 1884.

Miss Stoneman, whose plucky fight has secured the passage of the bill, and its indorsement by Governor Hill, admitting women to practice law in the state of New York, is a leading member of the faculty of the State Normal school, and for three years was regularly articled in an Albany law office She is about thirty-five years old, and belongs to a family well known in western New York.

Lucretia Mott recognized her husband as the treasury of the family firm, but she did not hesitate to draw "orders." Miss Anthony tells how Lucretia once said to her: "Sister, I am going to give thee $50 to carry on the work." Then, turning to James Mott, she said: "Out of that corner of thy pocketbook where thee put my pay for keeping thy house, mending thy clothes, etc., please hand Susan the money." James was too just a man to withhold his hand.

Demorest's Magazine: Miss Elise Haighton wrote an article called "De Vrouw in Nederland," in a Dutch magazine, Vragen des Tijds (Questions of the Day), three years ago, which has been republished. With regard to the middle classes, Miss Haighton laments that women lead, in general, such idle lives. It is not thought fit that a woman should have any regular work unless she is absolutely compelled to support herself. Parents teach their daughters that it is not fratsoenhijk (genteel) to have a regular occupation; at all events they should not have one that pays, they should not work for money. Many daughters have protested against this, and some have even carried their point, but the old idea remains that earning money is discreditable to women, and hundreds choose to live miserably on a small and insecure income rather than double or treble it by work. "There is quite a different standard for men and women. It is no honor for a man to live idly on his income, but it is the highest honor for a woman. If a man is content with a small fortune, and makes no endeavor to increase it, he is reproached with lack of energy, but for a woman it is a mark of gentility." Of married women she says: "Practicaly, the lot of a married woman is endurable, because men are better than the laws, but legally, it is terrible; she has as good as no rights; she is a slave. Nothing belongs to her unconditionally. Whatever she earns by her head or hands is the property of her husband and can be claimed by him, even though he has abandoned her for years; and the interest of such money is settled upon her before marriage can only be paid to her with her husband's consent." She concludes by counseling women to enlarge their sphere of occupations and not to be deterred by the fear of an employment not being considered genteel.

WHERE THEY SIT.

Different Kinds of Travelers Observed While Traveling.

Merchant Traveler: Have you noticed how some people enter a car and where they sit? A lady will walk past a dozen vacant seats, often the entire length of the car, then come back again and take one of the seats she has just passed, and often after she is seated change to another, just exactly like the one she leaves; never exactly decided at home or abroad.

The old traveler walks direct to the best seat in the car that is vacant, i. e., the one nearest the center and on the shady side, not because it rides easier, but it is safer in case of an accident. The o. t. never passes a vacant seat if the car is any way nearly full.

The small boy or his sister must get to the window, and usually flattens his nose against the glass if it is not open, he being on his knees on the seat, we mean the small boy on a small journey. If the trip lengthens out he will get all