# GOULD AS A WOMAN SURVEYOR

The Present Wall Street King and Ex-Civil Engineer on Female Frames.

SWELL MAIDENS IN THE BALLET.

New York Maidens Feast Their Eyes on Athletic Entertainments—Mrs. Langtry's Suitors—Girls Their Own Seamstresses.

NEW YORK, May 19.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—Jay Gould gave me a mighty curious notion of the boundaries of a fashionable woman. He sat in his private box at the Metropolitan opera house with his son George and his pretty daughter-in-law beside him. There was a brilliantly illuminated scene on the stage, and, in a trifling mismanagement of the lights a calcium was turned from the rear on a thin cloth that was painted to represent marble. Not only was the non-solidity of the masonry disclosed, but the shadow of a more substantial actress was thrown, in sharp silhouette, on the transparent fabric. "Ha, ha," softly laughed the millionaire.

"O, papa Gould," said Mrs. George, who was an actress before her marriage, you know, "you are cruel to laugh at mistakes."

"I wasn't laughing at that exactly, but at what it reminded me of," said Gould—as reported within ten minutes to me by his partner and friend Conner; "I was thinking, as I saw the shape of that woman outlined so sharply, of how a man's early employment fixes his impressions for life. Now, I was a civil engineer. It was for several years my hard work to trudge around the country making measurements for county maps. In that way the boundaries of towns became impressed on my mind, and to this day the mention of any of those towns or counties brings before my mental vision the shape of it as traced out so laboriously. From that experience I got into the habit of taking in the outlines of everything I look at instinctively. Every object is mapped out like a flash to me. Now, the ladies are constantly changing their boundaries to suit new fashions. That distinct shadow of the actress was a map of a German gretchen. She doesn't alter much. But fashionable women shift their bounds as often as a country in central Europe. The peninsula of your head, which your isthmus of a neck connects with your body is small when bonnets decrease and enlarge immenesly with flaring hats. Your skirts are now distended by bustles at one point, whereas they used to be expanded at another by hoops. And so it goes. The map of a stylish woman would have to be newly surveyed every year to be kept correct."

A HIGH-TONED BALLET.

At a kirmess several years ago, the maidens of our warranted best society appeared in peasantry dances before as many spectators as the academy of music would hold. Miss Carrie Astor, now Mrs. Wilson, was a principal danseuse. The exploit for charity caused much comment, and it has not since been repeated in town. But a sedulously chosen company went over to Staten Island, the other night, and performed in a still more elaborate amateur ballet. A skilled master had drilled them for weeks, a costumer had fitted them with the requisite dresses to represent milkmaids, Swedes, gipsys, Hungarians, Italians and lawn tennis queens. The very flower and pride of swelldom were contained in this exclusive troupe of volunteers, and they really made a graceful shew. Each separate group had a chaperone, who came out on the floor with them, and stood dignifiedly by while they danced. A thousand spectators gazed and applauded while the merry girls tripped the characteristic measures. The theatrical manager who could command that ballet would make a fortune indeed.

ACTRESSES BARRED.

But high society, of course, will only indulge in that sort of thing for charity. There is a jolly row at Tuxedo park over the question of letting any actress so much as touch that exclusive resort with the hem of her garments. Patti was invited to visit the Hewitts at Tuxedo. The Hewitts are very musical, and Patti would have accepted the opportunity to mix, ever so gingerly, with the swells; but when the mayor wrote to P. Lorillard, the progenitor and controller of Tuxedo, saying that he supposed no objection would be made, Mr. Lorillard replied that he advised the abandonment of the idea. Several actresses have been similarly shut out. In the case of Mrs. Langtry the exclusion was officially communicated to a gentleman who meant to take her there. Now impends the momentous issue what to do about Mrs. James Brown Potter. Eccentric though she be, her morals are above reproach, her family connections are a grand as anybody's in town, and, moreover, she owns a cottage at Tuxedo. But she is an actress—not much of a one, perhaps, but enough to count. Discussion is brisk as to whether she will be barred out.

ATHLETICS THE RAGE.

The eyes of New York beauty are just now filled by sights of athletic feats. Such struggles used to be considered too rude for ladies to look at, but this spring scarcely a week passes without its muscular entertainment, attended by fashionable women. This is because the gallant militia soldiers have gone into the sport. The various regiments of New York and Brooklyn have armories whose drill halls are large enough for contests, and almost all have athletic associations. In arranging for these games a track, as large size as possible, is marked out by a paint line on the floor. The outer edge is guarded by lawn tennis nets, temporary railings or benches, and outside of that the main floor rows of chairs are arranged for the spectators, who are also accommodated in the galleries. In some respects these games are more pleasant than the ordinary out-door meetings of the summer. Every one has a comfortable seat; there is no annoyance from heat or cold, wind or rain; it is easy to preserve order and keep the inner ring clear of intruders. The regimental band enlivens the evening with popular selections and usually after the games the floor is cleared for an hour of dancing. The track at first was a geat annoyance to the athletes, who tried all sorts of shoes, but they have now settled upon an ordinary running or walking shoe with the spikes taken out and their office filled by a thin rubber sole which holds perfectly on the wooden floor, and enables an athlete to run or walk as fast as he could on a cinder path of the same dimensions. Some of the girls are sentimentally vanquished on these occasions, and the winner of many an event has run, or leaped, right into matrimony.

THE JERSEY LILY'S BEAUX.

The Jersey Lily shows herself of afternoons, when in town, at public gatherings, as imperturbedly calm as a Jersey heifer. Everybody gazes at her, but she succeeds in seeming unconscious of the constant scrutiny. She is to-day worth $150,000 in cash and nearly as much more in real estate. Her investments are all in America. Lately, she has two attentive beaux at her side frequently. One is the faithful Fred Gabhard, who is to marry her soon as she gets a divorce, and the other is Sarah Bernhardt's son Maurice, who has been skilling her in fencing, so, that she may effectually appear in the duel scene of a forthcoming play. Gossip has made of Maurice a suitor for her hand, and it was argued from the fact of Sarah and Lillie's intimacy that a matrimonial alliance was really in the wind, but there is nothing to substantiate such a notion. Maurice is ten or fifteen years the junior of the beauty.

QUEEN ISABELLA'S JEWELS.

A firm in John street showed me the most brilliant and beautiful diamonds I have seen in a long time. They were once the property of the famous Isabella, queen of Spain. They are called the violet diamonds. In the store they looked the steely blue white that fine diamonds should be, but taken to the door they were really a distinct violet. They are unset at present, but used to be a pair of ear drops. In the exhibition was a watch of ancient make which has a movable tableau upon it. Cupid is sharpening his arrow at the forge of Vulcan, while Venus and other mythological celebrities look on. When the watch is wound the god at the bellows begins to pump. Vulcan at the anvil strikes it, a tiny chain that looks like running water runs over a wheel to imitate a cascade, while Venus mans her arm and Cupid brandishes a bow. The workmanship is extremely fine and the little watch is very valuable. Among the articles formerly belonging to Isabella is a collection of different colored diamonds. There are black and tan diamonds, amber colored, pink, sanguinary red ones almost like rubys, grey ones and the famous violet pair. The old lady had a great fancy for jewelry. As many as a dozen sets of different jeweled settings are in the hands of this firm for sale.

CONNECTICUT INNOCENCE.

I sometimes question if the sewing machine has been as great a boon to women as is particularly supposed. Those women who get their living by sewing, earned just as much in the old times, for they got a dollar for making a chemise that took a couple of days to build, where now the woman rattles off ten of them for ten cents a piece. There is no question but the exertion of running a sewing machine long enough to make ten shirts does greater harm than the old time confinement necessary to make one by hand. But the great evil wrought by this labor-saving invention is to the pleasant industry of making ones own underclothes gave to women. No girl will sit down and by adding one little stitch to another construct a garment she can go forth and buy at a smaller out lay than the material would cost. There are simple, primitive little places, very near our doors, where the fads and follies of the great city are unknown, and I struck one up in the wilds of Connecticut. They were an innocent lot, and their heartily enjoyed pleasures contrasted strongly with some elaborate and tedious carnivals that New York had tried hard to think successful and entertaining, during that very same season. The town is named after a family that seems to own it body and boots. We'll call it, Samuelsville. Old Pa Samuels kept a sort of hotel boarding house; Jim Samuels ran the village store; Sam Samuels was the doctor for man and beast, and 'Siah Samuels was justice of the peace, undertaker, peddled out such law as they stood in need of, and read a burial service of composite character that suited all religious convictions when any residents of Samuelsville died. Sweet, simple community. I had a rousing good time among 'em. Some of the Samuels had factories for making sail cloth and canvas. Others had yarn and thread mills. Nightly, when they knocked off work, looms were rolled out of the way, and pleasant little dances finished the evening. The old folks came to these gatherings with lanterns, and lugging their own chairs to sit upon.

One of the prettiest of the man Samuels girls was going to be married, and she showed me her outfit. The truth forced itself on me that the sewing machine was not so great a blessing. All her garments were made by hand. The lace was hand-knitted, and the embroidery was home work. The things were pretty, and the hoppings of the girl who had made them far surpassed the pride of a Gotham belle in an imported trousseau. How many days of quiet, satisfying happiness they represented; how many evenings tranquilly full of joyous expectations desired her fashionable sisters has been hers. I tell you we miss a great deal in not making our own gowns and hemming our own petticoats.

Mrs. Siah Samuels was piety itself, and the only discontented paper in the bundle. There was no regular meeting house in Samuelsville, and since some young minister "cut up" there, no regular preacher. Mrs. Siah was bitterly opposed to show folks, who were warmly welcomed by all the other Samuels. But in Mrs. Samuel's parlor was found some funny things that joking show people had bestowed upon her. A great many years ago when Booth was in the glory of his first Hamlet run, a bust of the actor was put on the town, as those of Dixey and Raymond have been lately. A crown of laurels rests upon the bowed head of the then good looking tragedian, and an expression of intense woe pervades his countenance. One of these busts decorates Mrs. Siah's mantel. It is mounted on a block covered with perforated paper, on which are worked flowers, and directly in front of the letters "I. H. S." were carefully down in marking stitch. The old lady had made a great mistake there. So when I saw one of John McCulloughs' big photographs in the character of Lear, I asked with a sober face who that was. "Moses the law giver," she promptly replied. I went home and sent her a large picture of Bernhardt with word that it was "that famous woman, Sarah." She has gathered all Samuelswille about her and told them that this woman had a child when she was a hundred and fifty; and she wrote to me that the poor creature had her troubles. There was a good deal in Abraham, no doubt, that she didn't feel satisfied with, and the prospect of sleeping in Abraham's bosom had never seemed to her as pleasant as a turn up bedstead.

CLARA BELLE.

## A French Soldier's Wooing.

Paris Letter. The marriage of a military man in France is a serious matter. These fifteen years of peace are said to have developed a craving among the young officers for conjugal bliss, but the ridiculous obstacles and formalities surrounding the ceremony offer a terrible barrier to any man who wishes to marry. Having made his choice, which has not much to do with the matter, by the way, he informs the colonel of his intentions. The colonel passes on word to the war department, and it is at length laid before the minister. The first thing to be done is to find out whether the young lady concerned fulfils the requirements of the law, which lays down the axiom that she must have an irreproachable moral character and a dowry worth an annual revenue of $2,000. The unfortunate young man's application begins to decsend the ladder of officialism until it reaches the official at the head of the gendarmerie of the district in which the officer's fiancee resides. It is then intrusted to a gendarme, who is charged with discovering the lady's moral character. He proceeds cautiously, in regular detective fashion. If he knows the father of the girl he interviews him; if not, he culls information from the neighbors, and even follows her when she goes out to the theater and entertainments. When this investigation is finished he makes his report, couched in regular police court style, wherein the young lady is spoken of, not as "Mademoiselle," but as "fille." Then this precious document makes its way slowly upward through the bureau and red tape until it reaches the minister of war. Should the conditions be fulfilled the officer is permitted to marry. If not, he must renounce his intentions. If the fiancee has morals but no money the sum must be raised before the wedding can take place. Officers with means often provide the dowry themselves. It is needless to say that no inquiry is made into the morals of the officers.

# LABORING FOR THE PEOPLE.

The Incessant Work of Congressmen Imposed by Their Constituency.

A ROUND WITH A SENATOR.

The Many Letters an M. C. Has to Write—Securing Pensions—A Senator Who Earns His Salary—A Position Not to be Envied.

WASHINGTON, May 19.—[Correspondence of the BEE.]—"Give me four hours of your time and I will prove that the few senators and representatives who remain in Washington during the vacation of congress have the worst 'roast' of work known to public men. Get into my carriage and we will take a turn through the departments. Most people believe that congressmen—and I mean by the word men in both houses—have a picnic here when there is no session. Such an idea is fallacious—far from the truth. I would rather do the work of two months during the session than one month during recess. In the former instance it is the work of a statesman, in the latter that of a slave. That you may know just what it is and how it is done I want you to go with me this morning."

Such were the words an old and widely-known United States senator spoken as his carriage stood in front of my office in Newspaper row this morning. As the vehicle moved away on our journey the senator said:

"We will go to the executive mansion first. My coachman knows the route I take every day, and I let him use his judgment as to where we stop first and last. He knows I must go to all heads of departments before I am done. You will follow me into all the rooms I visit, for I shall say nothing to be kept from your ears, and do nothing not intended to be seen by you. Only consider it all with simple secrecy."

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In his hands the senator carried a great bundle of documents—letters without envelopes, petitions, memorials, affidavits, and all the documents a well-equipped office-getter and statesman could have, while on a mission of public business of all descriptions. Five minutes later we stood before President Cleveland.

"I came," said the senator, "to present additional endorsements for my candidate for the British consulate. Here are a number of strong letters which I want you to read yourself, and not have them simply referred to Mr. Bayard. Have you concluded to appoint my man to be postmaster at the place I talked of yesterday? No? I hope you can see your way clear to do so at least some time this week. And I have to call your attention to what I said in reference to pardoning the man I spoke of a few days ago. I am pleased to see you have not forgotten what I said, but am sorry you have not concluded to act. Pardon me for again reminding you of my young man who wants to go to West Point from 'at large'."

The carriage wheels hummed till they stood in front of the war department, only a block away. Here the senator rushed up the great marble stairway and pushed me into the private room of the secretary of war, as though time was very precious. He merely said it was a pleasant morning, laid down his bundle of documents, and began assorting from those he intended to lay before Mr. Endicott. As he handed them over he asked a personal reading, remarking that they were endorsements for a young man who wanted to receive an appointment to a military cadetship; letters complaining that liquor was being sold on a military reservation in violation of law, and calling attention to certain acts of minor officers; and then the senator went into the corridor, and on his way to the secretary of the navy, which is on the same floor. Without announcing himself the senator walked

RIGHT INTO MR. WHITNEY'S ROOM.

He did not remove his hat, and instantly announced his mission.

"Nothing, I see, has been done towards countermanding the order for court martial of the seamen of my state and about which I have been here so often."

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There were rapid strokes of good natured repartee, sharp dialogue and away the senator went, bound for the department of state, at the south end of the same building, on the same floor but cut off by a partition of iron bars.

"Let me see, Mr. Secretary," said the senator, addressing Mr. Bayard. "I have so much for you this morning that I scarcely know how to begin it. Here are applications for seven consulates, including duplicate endorsements for a British position, the original of which papers I have just left at the white house; affidavits disproving the charges made against one of my consuls, three applications for passports; an appeal in the case of an American citizen in prison in a South Sea island; three claims against foreigners on foreign lands, and requests for consular reports affecting the wool industry in the Argentine Republic and Australia.

Again the carriage moved away, and then stopped at the department of justice. Attorney-General Garland smiled as the senator entered, and exclaimed:

"Your district attorney will be appointed this week. Now, there. You are pleased?"

"So far so good," replied the senator. "Now say the pardon of that miserable miscreant with half-a-dozen little children will issue, and I will be happy. The crime was of no consequence, and it was his first. I will call again."

Secretary Fairchild was at his desk in his private room, treasury department. The senator's bundle of documents was appreciably diminished, but he got a good assortment of miscellaneous matters from it. He presented further endorsements of applicants for positions in the customs and internal revenue services; a petition from importers for an amended ruling on certain imports, and a petition from exporters for an exactly opposite ruling on the same matter; a memorial for clemency from a man who had been arrested for counterfeiting in the manufacture of plate advertisements; a claim for moities by a man who had pointed out a vessel engaged in smuggling, and a remonstrance against the appointment of a man to be superintendent of a government building under the course of construction. Then the senator went into the third auditor's office and laid before him war claims of various descriptions—for horses, forage, bounty, etc., and hastened away to the second comptroller to see why the account of an army officer had not been adjusted.

"Now, I have but two rooms to visit in this department," said the senator, "and they are those of the superintendent of life saving service, and the register. In the first I will see if a man cannot be paid something for

ASSISTING IN THE RESCUE OF A SHIP

a few years ago—his claim has been hanging fire—and in the other I will ascertain for a school teacher when the first bonds were registered, and in what amount and how long they were to run."

These missions were more or less technical in character, and the officers after listening to the wants, explaining said they would have replies ready within a few days.

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As we went up the steps to the interior department to see Secretary Lamar the senator told me that this place made him more trouble than any other executive branch of the government; that the questions growing out of land and Indian affairs were most perplexing; that patents were slowest in development, and that pensions were most numerous. Secretary Lamar sighed as the senator entered, and said he was glad that he did not have to deal with an office-seeker this time.

"No," replied the senator, "not an office-seeker, but an opinion hunter. Here are three of the most annoying questions in reference to making proof of land entries you have come in contact with since you sat in that chair. I want the highest judgment first so there will be no appeal. And while I am at it it will present an appeal on a question relating to an Indian post tradership. Also growing out of an eleemosinary institution under this department, the question of admitting a certain person."

Then the offices of the commissioner of the general land office, commissioner of patents, and the drincipal examiner were visited and the bundle of documents reduced again.

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"Now I have the most interesting part of my mission to perform," said the senator, as we passed down the high steps, and he cast his glances across the street to the postoffice department. "My colleague and I are rasping each other a little about some appointments in our state. I have recommended certain men for postoffices and he is recommending others. I suspect that he is using unfair means to thwart me. I must sell all the papers he has filed in the department, and must do it without attracting attention."

We entered the room of a clerk having charge of the papers relating to the postoffices and postmasters in our states which the senator was directly interested in. The senator asked to see all the papers filed in certain cases, and they were dumped out on the table. Quickly he ran over them making a memorandum of the pertinent points. Then he asked for the papers upon which two of them had been removed. I noticed his brow corrugate as he read these. More momoranda was made, many questions asked and out we went.

"I have discovered," said the senator, "that my collegue has been playing double, that my enemies have controlled the appointment of two postmasters who hate me; that a friend has been removed on false accusations, and that the location of a postoffice is about to be taken away from me and placed with my opponents."

The superintendent of the railway mail service got some of the senator's documents, in the form of letters and recommendations for postal clerkships; also a petition to reinstate a clerk and another to remove one. The superintendent of free delivery was asked to send an inspector to two or three little cities to see if they were not entitled under the new law to free mail delivery delivery. The first assistant postmaster-general wanted to know after the senator gave the name of more than a dozen fourth-class postmasters for removal and as many more for appointment, if there was anything he could do for the senator, and when told "nothing, whatever," he smiled and said he hoped the senator would call when he wanted something.

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"And now," sighed the senator, "for our last building—the pension office. Here is a place I visit six days in the week when I am in the city. This is the bane of the public men. We tramp here and pour over pension applications, write thousands of letters in a year, and get curses for our pains. Especially do approbiums pour on our heads for failures. Those who get pensions through our efforts are generally thankful; but in their inner souls they believe they would have got them without our assistance. We can never explain a failure satisfactorily to an applicant. I will leave this little bundle here. There are more than forty cases here—original applications, appeals, requests for increases of pensions, and for every phase of pension matters here is a cue."

When these matters were lodged with Commissioner Black I began to think of the end of my journey; but when we were again in the carriage I saw we were being driven towards the capitol. She senator explained that he kept his surplus documents and seeds in his committee room, and would have to go there to execute some orders for constituents.

"I pasume you mean requests," I observed.

"No; orders," was the reply. "It used to be requested; now it is ordered. My colnstituents frequently write me, ordering garden seeds, documents, books of various kinds which I have to buy, especially the revised statutes of the United States, just the same as a merchant orders a bill of goods he expects to pay for."

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Soon I discovered that not seeds and documents alone called my friend to the capitol. He went to an officer of the senate to see about the retention of an employe who was on the verge of dismissal. Then he attempted to get into numerous committee rooms to obtain information about documents filed there during the last congress in cases now dead. Finally he drew from his pocket a memoranda of bills of various kinds which constituents had requested, and he went to the document room for them. The afternoon was fast wearing, and I observed that the senator did not take his hat off at any place he visited. He had bolted right into the rooms of the cabinet officers and announced his wants without ceremony, like a lawyer enters the office of the clerk when the court is in session and he has a case at bar.

As we were on the steps at the east side of the capitol, and I was congratulating myself upon the ending of our wearisome tramp, my statesmanic friend exclaimed:

"Two more little things before I leave this part of the town. I have here in my pocket a letter from a man who wants a position as stone cutter under the architect of the capitol; also another letter from a man who wants to know if a certain title has ever been copyrighted with the librarian of congress. Come with me to the offices of these officers."

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Next we drove to the coast survey office, and to the Botanical garden—to the former for some technical information for a scientific constituent, and to the latter for some buds for a floriculturalist. We were now returning in the direction of Newspaper Row, to the business center of the city. As the carriage whirled along the senator drew forth a memorandum book. He stopped at the Pennsylvania depot to inquire the cost of tickets to certain points, making a note of it; at a commission house he asked the price of certain products, and jotted it down; and at a coiffeur's he priced a natural hairs witch of a certain grade of whiteness, indicating that there were aged women among the bothering constituents. When I asked him if he did the shopping for his family, he replied that he never bought anything or priced anything for his family; that all he did was for his constituents. Asked if he made this much work every day for his constituents, he replied:

"Much more than you have seen or heard I do every day. Why, I read sixty letters and dictate over forty answers before I left my house this morning. When a get back I will read and sign those my secretary has written out, and dictate a dozen before dinner. These will be to those I have been serving on this trip with you. For ten years

I SAT ON THE BENCH IN MY STATE,

and I do more law business now than at that time.

"What part of your work do you consider most annoying?" I asked.

"The relations to federal offices—procuring positions and keeping men and women in or out of them. Half of my letters, taking the year around, relate to pensions, one-fourth to offices and politics, and one-fourth to congressional affairs. And a man makes three enemies to one friend in pensions, politics and congressional work, when his correspondence is alone considered. That is to say, when he gets a letter asking him to do something he will make three enemies to one friend in the execution of the request. But we are back again. We left here shortly after 10. It is now but a few minutes after 2. I hope the four hours we have been together have not been without profit, and that you are not envious of a senator's every-day pleasures."

PERRY S. HEATH.

# LITTLE SHORTY.

*By Wallace P. Reed in Atlanta Constitution.*

It was weeks and weeks after the surrender of Appotomax before Cottonville understood the full meaning of it.

At the beginning of the war it had been our boast that Cottonville was slow but sure. Once tangled up in the struggle we did not see our way out of it, and when the paroled veterans in gray began to straggle homeward over the old red hills, we could hardly believe that their return signified the end of the war.

When a small detachment of federal troops occupied the village there was general indignation among our people. Some of the bolder spirits were in favor of wiping out the invaders at one swoop, but the more moderate counsels of the returned confederates prevailed and prevented the renewal of hostilities.

One thing, however, we were all determined upon, and that was to show the miserable interlopers that Cottonville was still loyal to the confederacy and would submit to nothing disagreeable.

We did not find it necessary to do anything rash. We held a few public meetings and passed resolutions proclaiming our devotion to the lost cause, but that was about all.

Among the paroled confederates was a quiet, pale-faced man who was known far and wide as "Little Shorty." One had only to look at him to see the appropriateness of his nick-name. Little Shorty, to the great disgust of his fellow-townsmen, refused to participate in the public demonstrations. He even went so far as to say that the true policy was to make the best of the situation and obey whatever laws the victors saw fit to promulgate while we were going through the process of reconstruction.

Now, although Little Shorty was insignificant in statue, he was perhaps the strongest man in the country. He was a match for any two ordinary men. This was all that saved him at that time from being made the victim of an outburst of popular indignation. There was rough talk, of course, and the prominent citizens as a rule ostracized him.

"Little Shorty did his duty in the war," remarked a man one day when the matwas under discussion.

"Yes, after a fashion," replied Colonel Jones, "but you never heard of any of his deeds of daring. He simply walked through the whole business, and got back home without a scratch."

"Perhaps that was not his fault," said the other. "He volunteered, you know, among the first."

"That's all right," answered the colonel contemptuously. "If he hadn't volunteered he would have been conscripted later. He was sharp enough to have an inkling of it, and so he went to the front like a little man. That was no test of his courage. Look at him now. Is he standing by his people? Is he true to the lost cause? You see what he is doing. He favors submission. He claims that we are a subjugated people. I don't know what you think, gentlemen, but I say that his conduct is that of a dastard and a traitor!"

The words of Colonel Jones were repeated all over the village, and naturally they tended to inflame public sentiment still more. It was true that the colonel had not been in the army, but his patriotic conduct in organizing a torch light procession when the state seceded had never been forgotten, and his fearless opposition to everything that came from a federal source made him a popular idol.

The situation did not improve as time rolled on. Additional blue coats were stationed at Cottonville. They swarmed in the streets. Their officers began to monopolize the sidewalks, and it soon became evident that the enemy was strong enough to hold his own, and that the friendship or enmity of the villagers was held in light esteem.

Presuming upon their strength the federals grew more offensive in their behavior. They required the citizens to obtain the commanding officer's permission to hold meetings. They arrested good men on the trumped-up charges of idle and vicious negroes, and in various other ways the conviction was brought home to us that the iron heel of despotism was a solid reality and not a mere figure of speech.

Strange to say, while matters were progressing from bad to worse in this direction, the citizens of Cottonville were gradually simmering down into a submissive mood. Some joined the Union league, and the majority expressed opinions similar to those uttered by Little Shorty not very long before.

About this time the federals began to annoy our people in small and petty ways. Frequently a countryman would come to town wearing his faded gray uniform. When he made his appearance in some public place a soldier would halt him, and with scarcely a word of explanation pull out a knife and cut the confederate buttons from his coat. As soon as the town people saw what was up, they were careful not to wear the objectionable buttons, but the farmers were caught every day. The whole proceeding was so so sudden and ridiculous that the countrymen generally found the button fiends missing by the time they had turned the outrage over in their minds.

Resistance was considered out of the question. It was better to lose a few buttons that to be butchered. Everybody took this view of it.

One morning the loungers about the court house saw Little Shorty riding up the street. He wore his confederate jacket, buttons and all.

Colonel Jones winked at the by-standers.

"Little Shorty will catch it," he said, "and serve him right, too. A man with his sentiments ought to have ripped off his buttons at the surrender."

Everybody laughed, and after Little Shorty had hitched his horse and made his way to the front of the court house, every eye was fixed upon his buttons.

A federal lieutenant, who was aimlessly walking about, had his attention attracted by the peculiar behavior of the crowd. He looked keenly at each man, and finally his eyes took in Little Shorty's buttons.

Evesything that followed occurred in such a whirl that the spectators found it difficult to see what was going on.

With one stroke the lieutenant cut off one of Little Shorty's buttons. But he did not get his hand on another. Little Shorty threw himself back, and with flashing eyes and corded muscles he seized his assailant by both wrists. One quick twist, and the lieutenant, with a howl of pain, fell fainting to the ground. The enormous stength of the confederate enabled him to wrench the man's arms out of their sockets!

Two soldiers came rushing across the street to the relief of their superior officer. They had their bayonets fixed and it was their evident intention to run Little Shorty through where he stood. The plucky little giant fronted them with a face as serene as a summer morning. Just in time the bright barrel of his revolver flashed in the sunlight. Two reports rang out almost simultaneously, and the two soldiers bit the dust, one a dead man and the other mortally wounded.

"This is no place for me. Good-bye!" shouted Little Shorty, and with a wave of his hand he ran for his horse as fast as his short legs would carry him.

In less than a minute a hundred soldiers were on the spot, cursing and shouting like madmen. They first stepped up to arrest Colonel Jones and the other spectators. Then parties of cavalrymen were sent out to scour the country.

It was weeks before the excitement abated. The most extraordinary efforts were made to capture Little Shorty, but his disappearance was as complete as it was mysterious. There was no clue even to the direction of his flight.

* * * * *

Twenty years later Little Shorty paid Cottonville a brief visit. He had become a citizen of Texas and had prospered.

"No," he said to his old friends, "I know that I am in no danger here. That old matter under the new order of things would never be brought against me, but my interests are all in Texas and I feel that I must return there."

"The whole business was such a surprise to us," said Colonel Jones.

"Yes," replied little Shorty. "You did not understand me. I was willing to submit to anything when it was the law of the land. You were not. But I could not submit to what was a mere wanton personal indignity. There again you differed from me. I have never regretted my course."

After his departuie that night Colonel Jones was unusually thoughtful.

"I'll tell you what, gentlemen," he said, as he started home, "Little Shorty is what the town boys call a daisey. I can see now that he was right. He knew when submission was a virtue and when resistance was a duty. He is a hero if there ever was one!"

It may or may not be creditable to Cottonville morals, but the little crowd at the hotel applauded the colonel. Whether right or wrong, his sentiments were those of the community.

## The Second-Hand Book-Man.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat: The second-hand book dealer is a melancholy man. He is like the unfortunate miller of Dee, who didn't care for nobody, 'coz nobody cared for he. Another peculiarity about the second-hand book dealer is that he is always old. A young man would be more of an anomaly than a small footed girl in Chicago. He is usually thin and given to smoking a short, black pipe. There are dozens of him in St. Louis, sitting solemnly by sidewalk booths filled with dusty, fluttering books, or sitting more solemnly still in some musty, out-of-the-way shop.

A reporter strolled into one of the latter yesterday afternoon. There were no customers present—there rarely are. This is another peculiarity of second-hand book shops. In the farthest, dingiest corner an old man sat smoking his pipe and reading. Like the late lamented Marshal Ney, of North Carolina, he had evidently "taken a bit to drink," for a half-emptied glass of toddy was on the table at his elbow.

He didn't look up or disturb himself in the least. The reporter was left to prowl about at pleasure among the books.

A second-hand book store and a graveyard are the two most cosmopolitan things in the world. Good and bad are thrust side by side. The big calf-skin folio jostles elbows with the tanpenny pamphlet. There is a sort of shame-faced air about the books, too. They seem to feel the degradation of their position. They think of the days when they stood in pompous dignity on the judge's library shelves, when they lay on the inlaid tables and were fluttered by pretty feminine fingers. Then they glance about the dingy shop. The dust settles on them; the spiders spin webs about them—no wonder they look somber, and no wonder the old dealer has caught the infectious melancholy. It is a strange company that one has fallen into, and as the old titles are read one feels as though he had been whisked back to the days of black-skull-caps, farthingales, stomachers and Van Dyke tippets.

Paracelsus, Scaliger, Descartes, Machiavelli—a ghostly crew. They lie there like mummies, interesting but voiceless.

No one will disturb them. The old bookdealer buys them—heaven knows why—and puts them on the shelves or piles them on the floor. There they lie, dusty and dismal.

"How's business?" repeated the bookdealer, "don't ask me—don't ask me. The trade is goin' to the everlastin' bow-wows."

"What's the trouble?"

"Ignorance," said the old man laconically, pulling hard at his pipe.

"What do people read?" he went on. "Novels—novels is the answer. They can buy them for a few cents in these little paper editions, and what's the use of their goin' to second-hand shops? Ain't no use. Then there's school books. Worse still. The school people won't let the children use the old grammars and geographies and readers."

"How about law books and standard medical works?" "Not much in 'em," said the book dealer, "tho' they are the best to sell now. Sometimes people buy 'em. There was a young lawyer goin' to buy that set of statutes last week, but it turned out that there was somethin' wrong with his mind, an' he went to Kansas City so's people shouldn't notice it.

"It used to be," the old man went on, after applying himself to the toddy-glass, "that every gentleman had to have the old standard works in his library. Now, they don't seem to care. The old dramatists, Addison, Goldsmith, Johnson and all like 'em, are drugs—sort o' sleep-giving portions."

"Do you sell many Latin books?"

"No," sighed the old man, "we don't sell anything—we buy. Latin books are no account. People can't read 'em, an' it isn't even fashionable to pretend to read 'em. People don't even want 'em around—they collect chinaware and Japanese fans. People are selling their old books. Why, I know a girl 'ere in St. Louis that eat up a whole library—selling 'em one by one an' buying caramels. She didn't know much, either.

"One night," said the melancholy man, "it was raining an' blowin,' an,' in fact, a very nasty night it was. I was just goin' to close up when in came a man, wearin' a high hat an' carryin' an umbrella. He was fat and looked very cheerful. So he sat down and unwrapped a parcel he had and produced a book. It was bound in morocco and lettered in gold, an' was a very fine lookin' book.

"'How much for it old fellow?' says he.

"'What is it?' says I.

"'French,' says he.

"'Quarter,' says I.

"'Chuck it over,' says he.

"So I looked at the book again an' was readin' that it was by Mme. de Stael—a French woman, now dead—an' was about suicide, when I looked up at the man, an,' s'help me he was a killin' of hisself. An' before I could expostulate, he fired a pistol into his mouth an' was dead.

"That happened in this very shop in 1867, an' lots of people round here remember it."

"Who was the man?"

"Nobody never knowed," concluded the old man, dismally, and hid himself behind his book again.

## SLAVIC MIGRATIONS.

New York Russian Hordes Aimlessly Drift From Place to Place.

The tide of emigration of the Russian peasants to Siberia is largely on the increase. There is no official registration of the numbers, but in 1886 there passed through Sevenai alone 7,800, coming from the central provinces. Others in numbers proceed by sea to the Amoor in the far east. The disturbance of population is not limited to a movement beyond the European frontiers, but prevails actively within it. 100,000 colonists having recently emigrated to the banks of the Kuban, and the rural bank is assisting many other thousands to establish themselves in new Russia.

With the exception of the last there is little or no organization in any of these movements; the people seem simply impelled by impatience of their present lot and a blind desire of change, and they go forth not knowing whither they go. Many of them return to their original settlements, after a longer or shorter absence, more destitute than when they went forth; but far the larger number are never heard of more. They are lost in the vastness of the solitudes into which they plunge. There is no government organization whatever in many of the places which they go to; no information is available before they start as to the best routes, the capabilities of the soil, or the conditions of climate and season.

If they succeed it is only after enduring unheard-of hardships, which might have been spared them if there existed a department charged with the regulation of this great national migration. The instances of failure are, it is to be feared, the rule, and when the disaster happens beyond the reach of railways and steamers, the world, even of Russia, never hears of them. The state itself is beginning to suffer directly in its finances from this disorganized shifting of population, as many of the emigrants leave arrears of taxes behind them.

Miss Josephine M. Mallison, of Philadelphia, a young woman of twenty, well educated, refined, pretty, and popular, ran away with and married Professor James, a trance medium and fortune teller, who is described as a small man, almost entirely bald, with no roof to his mouth, and therefore speaking very indistinctly, his countenance being much distorted in his endeavors to speak plainly.


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