DORSEY.

Some More Interesting Political History.

The True Facts of the Celebrated Fifth Avenue Conference.

The Famous Finance Committee, Its Members and Its Mission.

Who Disbursed Half a Million Dollars to Buy Indiana and Ohio.

New York Carried by "Sharp Trades, Quick Bargains and a Golden Stream from Stevenson's Bank."

How Dorsey Was Offered and Declined a Position in Garfield's Cabinet.

Chicago "Herald" Interview with Stephen W. Dorsey at His New Mexico Ranch.

The correspondent pulled out his paper [a copy of the New York *Sun*] and read the story as told—how the conference was arranged between the Garfield party and the New Yorkers; how the latter agreed to supply the sinews of war if Garfield would promise to make a man of their selection Secretary of the Treasury; how, in further agreement, the New York party was to have the funding of the loan, in accordance with the bill then pending, and which all knew would pass both houses; how Garfield agreed to all that was suggested, and that then the floodgates of money opened and the golden stream poured forth.

Mr. Dorsey listened to the reading with a smile.

"That is a pretty story," he said, "and ingeniously told. Brigham is quite sensational. I didn't know it was in him. But, like that other story of Matthews, it is only based upon truth. That is, the main facts are correct—the filling in is fanciful.

"But there was a conference, was there not? I believe that is history."

"Oh, yes, there was one. Garfield came to New York solely upon representations I had made to him that it was necessary for him to come. Gen. Arthur and Mr. Thomas C. Platt, together with myself, representing the Grant side of the house, felt it vitally important he should. Gov. Jewell was absent, and I assumed the responsibility of issuing an invitation to almost every prominent man in the country of our party to be present on the 5th of August to meet the candidate. I only did this after consulting the Hon. Frank Hiscock, Anson M. Cook, and others who, at that time, seemed to be the representative men of the opposition to Grant and Conkling. The telegrams I sent to Gen. Garfield were written under the inspection of Frank Hiscock and Gen. McCook, who, in a large measure, dictated their contents, as they will bear witness. I felt it my duty to call Mr. Hiscock from his home in Syracuse to New York to obtain his judgment. Gen. McCook was always at my elbow, wise, prudent, and directory. Gen. Arthur was at the other end of the table, equally anxious, and, I might say, solicitous, that Gen. Garfield should visit New York. I may say right here that the biggest coward we had in all that company was Arthur himself. He was always afraid of defeat, always nervous and anxious, and always without a remedy. He didn't know what to do. He was as helpless as a baby and as void of resources. He had nothing to offer but plaints and fears, and his face at critical moments was in itself enough to defeat less heroic measures than those we adopted. When somebody said, 'Bring Garfield to New York' Arthur grasped at it with avidity, and pleaded tremulously with me to arrange the interview."

"And you did it?"

"Yes. Acting under the advice of these two factions, which seemed to agree upon this one point, if upon no other, I did all I knew how to do to induce Gen. Garfield to come to New York. I was combated in these efforts by the Jewells, the Forbeses, the Curtises, the MacVeaghs, and all the other milk-and-water reformers and Pecksniffian hypocrites. After a long experience in the army it seemed to me that honorable and courageous men preferred to be shot in the face, but after association with the above-named persons and their followers it became apparent that they preferred to be shot in another part of the body."

"The conference, though, how did that come out? What was done at it? Has the *Sun* described its results with accuracy?"

"So far as it goes it seems to be accurate, but it only touches upon the fringes of what really transpired. I called that conference together on my own responsibility. I requested eminent men from all parts of the country to come there, because I felt the necessity of the nominee's presence, and because I knew if he did not come our contest was as good as lost. The most persistent and continuous agitator, as I said before, was Arthur himself. He never lost an opportune moment to urge me to insist that Garfield should come to New York. He seemed to feel the shaky foundation upon which his nomination rested. He had wit enough to know that he was born under the broad, outstretched wings of Roscoe Conkling. He had instinct enough to know that unless that eagle, whose pin feathers had warmed him into political life, was brought to the front, there was no chance for either him or Garfield. Therefore Arthur wanted Garfield to come to New York. He wanted Conkling to meet him. Conkling, the manly man he is, declined to meet Garfield or anybody else to make trades. He was out of the business of political tradesman. But the conference met. Under the cloud of statesman and visitors, Garfield came to New York. There was a large meeting and many speeches—the meeting and the speeches were not the object of the gathering. In my private rooms, at the Fifth Avenue hotel, I had arranged a personal interview between Gen. Garfield on the one hand, and Gen. Arthur, now President, the Hon. Thomas C. Platt, the Hon. Levi P. Morton, the Hon. R. C. Crowley and Senator Cameron on the other. I was also present, at the request of Gen. Arthur and Gen. Garfield, and heard what each party had to say. I was not a participant, but a listener, at the request of both sides, like an umpire in a base-ball game. I heard all that was said. I kept no notes, as the *Sun* suggests, except the notes of memory."

"What is your recollection of what took place there, and what, if any, overtures were made, and by whom?"

"It would not be just for me to say," replied Dorsey, "and after all the persecutions I have submitted to under Gen. Arthur, it would not perhaps be fair for me to tell. As to the demands made upon Gen. Garfield, and the form and manner in which they were made, the only answer I have to make is, that Gen. Garfield promised absolutely and unequivocally the position of Secretary of the Treasury to Levi P. Morton in the event of his election. He also promised that the dominant faction in New York should control the Federal appointments of that State. He also led us all to believe, myself among the rest, that Mr. Conkling's wishes, when they were properly and rightfully expressed, would be conformed to. From all he said and from all that transpired I was thoroughly convinced that he intended to deal justly toward every member of the party, and especially not to impinge upon the sore shoulders of those who had followed Grant. In making this statement I do not mean to reflect in any sense upon the intentions of Gen. Garfield at that time. I think he intended to do exactly as he said he was going to do. The baleful influences brought to bear upon him afterward led inevitably to the destruction of the policy he had so carefully laid."

"But you say nothing of Garfield's promise to aid the New York syndicates in the matter of funding the bonds. Was not that touched upon?"

"Oh, no. That matter was not broached in the conference. If such a thing existed it was involved in the promise to appoint Morton Secretary of the Treasury. Garfield never heard directly of such a scheme. The only promise he gave that could have reference to that was the promise about Morton. No; the chief object of the conference was to bridge the stalwart chasm, and, if possible, placate the powerful Conkling. Conkling, as I said, would have nothing to do with it. I couldn't get him within the shadow of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He disdained to go there. He refused peremptorily to meet Garfield. 'It's no use, Steve,' he said one night. 'I won't go. What's the use? If you want to take that fellow's word for anything (he referred to Garfield) you can do it. —— him, I've known him too long. I won't. I wouldn't believe him on oath.'"

"And yet," said the correspondent, "Conkling took the stump and did some heavy work for the ticket."

"Yes, but nobody knows the hard work it cost to get him to do it. It seemed that Conkling would rather approach a pole cat than go near a Garfield meeting. To dodge us he slipped off fishing in the Thousand Islands. I had a steam yacht up in Alexandria bay, and I hurried up and put the yacht at his disposal. I stuck by him and teased and worried and worked with him. He put me off by saying he wanted to go to the Saguenay river. I said, 'Go, if you want to, but you have got to help us out sooner or later.' Finally he agreed to let me make an appointment for him on the Western Reserve, if I could get Grant to preside. He thought I couldn't do that, but it wasn't any trick at all. I flew to Grant, and, of course, he said yes. The appointment was made, Conkling appeared, and his speech did more than any other single agency to win the fight. He made other speeches in Ohio and Indiana, and did a world of good, but he never could speak to me of Garfield but he would say, 'Steve, he'll go back on you.'"

"It is stated in some part of the *Sun* article, that one outcome of the Fifth Avenue Hotel conference was the organization of a National Finance Committee, composed of members outside the regular National Committee?"

"Yes, sir, a Finance Committee was formed, composed of the very best citizens in New York and Boston, with power to raise all the money they could and disburse the same under direction of their Chairman, the Hon. Levi P. Morton."

"Now, you say there was a Finance Committee. The public would like to know who that Finance Committee was. An organization so unusual would naturally attract attention."

"I don't believe that any one of the members of that committee are ashamed of the part they took in it; and, if I thought one of them would feel aggrieved at the mention of his name, I should hesitate about doing so. But I cannot see at this late day how harm can come to anybody. Foremost was Levi P. Morton, then J. Pierrepont Morgan, John A. Stewart, Augustus Kuntz, H. F. Hatch, J. W. Bosler, J. M. Forbes, Jesse Seligman, J. R. Keene, J. A. Astor, Jesse Hoyt, C. P. Huntington and H. M. Vaile. Mr. Morton was made Chairman, and afterward a large number of names were added to it, and some of those above enumerated may have been stricken off; but, as a substantial whole, the committee remained as originally agreed upon."

"Well, how much had to be had—how much was raised by that Finance Commitee? How much was paid to Jewell, Chairman of the National Committee, and how much to you?"

"I don't know what was paid to Jewell, but I think a very small sum. Mr. Ed Stevenson, President of the Sixth Avenue National bank of New York, received and disbursed all the money ever sent to me, and he will verify my statement that I would not allow him to pay my hotel bills, the hotel bills of my clerks or their salaries. I think he disbursed about $500,000 on my order, but he has the checks and accounts, and perhaps he can come nearer the amount than I can. I only speak from memory and from a general knowledge of the facts."

"Was this expenditure made mostly in the campaign in Indiana and Ohio?"

"Very largely so. As I said, about $400,000 was used there."

"Were there other expenses in the campaign?"

"Yes, sir. I may say that among the most important and probably the most effective were in the counties of New York and Kings. These, of course, embrace the two great cities of New York and Brooklyn."

"After Indiana had been won in October, there was, of course, no doubt in your mind of the ultimate result?"

"Well, there ought not to have been, but when I came back to New York and looked into the fold of shambled sheep I thought there was danger. I was utterly worn out and half sick from the work in Indiana, but when I went to my house, where Jewell and the committee were, and saw Arthur sitting at the table with his fat and ruddy face buried in his hands, the picture of misery and apprehension, I knew my work was not done. They were the worst scared lot I ever saw. They were morally certain New York was lost. I thought so, too, to tell the square truth, and I didn't much wonder at Arthur's despair. Finally I took rooms at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and set the ball in motion to snatch victory from defeat. I called for reports of every township in the State, and when I got them saw at once that we were beaten unless we could reduce the majority in New York and Kings. There was no time to cover the State. We had less than three weeks to work in. It was impossible to do anything but turn every light in upon New York and Kings. We succeeded. We cut the Democratic vote down in those two counties 70,000, and by that means got the State by 20,000 majority. They talk of fine work in Indiana. It wasn't a patch to that we did in New York."

"And what were your chief implements in that deal?"

"Hot work, sharp trades and quick bargains, and a golden stream from Stevenson's bank."

"In other words, 'soap,' eh?"

"Well, yes," said Mr. Dorsey, laughing. "That's what Tom Acton called it."

"I thought that you were indebted to President Arthur for that happy conceit."

"Well, Arthur made use of the expression, but Tom Acton was the inventor. It was at that —— banquet I spoke of before; it was well along past the shank of the evening, and everybody was making a fool of himself. Arthur, I remember, was making a jubilant, hysterical and maudlin speech. He was rubbing his hands in invisible soap, and showering enconiums right and left that were not deserved. Finally he said: 'But while our friend, the honored guest of the evening, is entitled to his full meed of praise, there are other agencies which have helped to bring about these great results. Do know what they are?' roared Arthur. He meant, I suppose, unity of action and hearty zeal, and all that rubbish. He paused an instant, as if for a reply. Tom Acton sat there with a big bottle of champagne before him, and in the stillness broke out with 'Soap!' That's it,' laughed Arthur, as he shivered his champagne glass on the table. 'That's it—Soap!'" "That," continued Mr. Dorsey, "was the origin of the expression."

After dinner the mail rider passed by and left a huge sack of letters and papers. It is Mrs. Dorsey's duty to open mail matter, and while the Senator and his guest were on the veranda enjoying a cigar in the twilight, the lady appeared and said: "Dorsey, here's something Charlie Foster says about you that you ought to know; I know he—he—tells what isn't so."

"Better say, dear, that he lies," said the Senator. "But what is it? I know it's something mean."

"He has been interviewed in Cincinnati," said the lady, "and here's a long account. He says you were never offered a Cabinet position except verbally, and then with the understanding that you should decline it. That even then you begged for the offer; that you didn't have Garfield's confidence; that he was afraid of you, and—and—well I don't know how much more."

"That's enough," said Mr. Dorsey. "You needn't read any more, thanks."

"Now, there is a specimen of political gratitude," he said. "We talk of newspapers lying and editors being unworthy of confidence; why, beside the average 'statesman' of to-day the newspaper writer is a paragon of truth and a model of decency and veracity. Liel Why, there does not seem to be a grain of truth or honor in in the public man of to-day bigger than a mustard seed. He lies to win favor one minute—lies to dodge his obligation the next. Lies to win a friend to-day—tells a bigger lie to win a greater one to-morrow. Accept this statement as truth and act on it? Whew; he'll repudiate it the instant he sees he has made a mistake. The politician—I mean the cheap jack, sentimental political reformer—the fellow who, while he waves aloft the banner of sentimentality, jams his hand down into the sack of golden and tangible truth, fellows like that James, for instance—frauds, liars, all of them. I wouldn't trust one two inches out of my clutches."

"You don't mean to say Foster is one of those?"

"No. I didn't say so. This is the first I had heard, though, that Foster had lost his memory. If he says now that the tender to me of a Cabinet place by Garfield was not genuine he simply lies. I believe that is plain English. He knows just as well as I the truth of it. I cannot believe yet that he has allowed himself willingly to get into print that way. Foster knows as well as I, perhaps, the troubles that beset poor Garfield in the formation of his Cabinet. He knows how I fought against James and MacVeagh, and how not until the last moment, aye, two hours before he went up to the Capitol steps to take the oath, Garfield had not and could not make up his mind."

Garfield did not know fully whose names he should send to the Cabinet until two hours before Swaim or somebody carried the list up to the Capitol. I know that. I know how the poor fellow was bothered and badgered. Formyself, I only pleaded against James and MacVeagh. I knew those two feather-weights would wreck his administration, or, at least, bring it into contempt. I pleaded and begged and scolded and stormed. I didn't see then what I see now—that the poor fellow was in a whirlpool of conflicting interests, out of which he couldn't see his way. I could have seen it had I known all—so could you. I would have taken the bit in my mouth and said to the hord of importunates, 'I am President, and will do as I please.' Garfield couldn't do that. They pestered him like gnats—they worried his very soul. "'General,' I said to him on the day he sent his Cabinet in, 'is there no way to prevent this mistake—a mistake I know will wreck you?'"

'Steve,' he said, and the honest, kindly heart beat, I know, with emotion, for the tears welled up—'Steve, my mind is made up. I've got to do it. I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world, but I must—I cannot help myself.'

"There was something in his wearied face that touched me, and I said, patting him on the back, Go ahead, old man. I know you believe you are right. God bless you and your work."

"The names were sent in and my influence with, and I may say public interest in, the administration ceased from that hour."

"And how about the duplicity of James, as shown in this Sun article?"

"Oh, —— James. The mention of the very name of the fellow makes me weary. Isaac, bring me some ice-water."

In answer to a remark of the interviewer touching the Indiana campaign in October, 1880, Mr. Dorsey said:

"There is nothing in the Indiana campaign to be ashamed of. We took the means that were available to carry the State, and we carried it."

"But how?"

"Simply organization."

"No money?"

"Why, yes; I said before it took money."

"How much?"

"Well, in round figures, $400,000."

"And how was that money expended?"

"Oh, now you are going down too deeply. However, perhaps I can give you some idea when I say there was 1,600 and more townships in the State, and that in each of those townships we had three good, honest, square Republicans to canvass the whole vote, find out what was wanted in their townships to change the complexion of affairs or help to do it, and report to us at Indianapolis. When the time came each one of these men, nearly 5,000 in number, reported what they could do and how much it would take to influence people to a change of thought. Whatever each one said was paid. We paid $20 to some and as high as $75 to others, but we took care that the three men from every township should know just what each got—no chance for nigging there. That's all there was to carrying Indiana in October. You mustn't ask me to go any deeper into particulars, for I won't do it?"

"Did Mr. New know anything about these things?"

"Mr. New knew the State was carried, didn't he?"

"There is a statement in this article in the *Sun*, Mr. Dorsey," said the correspondent, "which would seem to be the most important of all, and that is one that purports to describe how Mr. Jay Gould became interested in the campaign and the inducement held out to secure from him a large subscription to the campaign fund. The statement is in effect that the Republican leaders procured Mr. Gould's favor by securing a promise from Gen. Garfield to fill a vacancy on the Supreme bench with some one whose views on certain questions affecting corporations should accord with Mr. Gould's. Do you happen to know anything about that?"

"The story as told there is purely fictitious, though it is based upon truth. It would take too much of your time and too many columns of your paper to tell the story of that negotiation, but the bare facts are correct. I doubt, too, if it would be wise at this time to give a history of it. I don't know that I blame anybody connected with it much. Garfield was morbidly insane on the subject of raising money for campaign purposes. Gould was all business. Whatever he did was only that that any man would do who had enormous private interests that might be affected by the action of the Executive. It was the most natural thing in the world to do, for the one who was a monomaniac at the time on his own election to cultivate, and even obligate, himself to the man who had large means to bestow to further that end."

"But did such a direct negotiation actually take place?"

"It was a negotiation in this way: It was thought desirable to bring Gould and Garfield's friends together, and they were got together. The consultation resulted in Gould's subscribing $50,000 to the campaign fund and C. P. Huntington $50,000. When the money was paid I was in Indianapolis, and Tom Platt brought it out to me. I used $60,000 in Indiana, and the other $40,000 went to Ohio."

"But was the appointment of Stanley Matthews a part of the bargain, as he charged here?"

"Well, now, I ought not to answer that in so many words. You see, the appointment of Matthews had been pending before in the Hayes administration."

"But, as an actual fact, was not that appointment renewed in consideration of the agreement by which Gould and Huntington subscribed $50,000 each to the campaign fund?"

"Since you press me so hard I will say yes, I think it was."

"Who beside yourself know of that understanding or agreement?"

"Well, Tom Platt knows; I guess, too (and here Mr. Dorsey smiled complacently)—I guess Whitelaw Reid knows something about it. However, I don't care to say much on the subject. I think the matter will come up this winter in Congress, and then we shall get at the whole truth. Then Garfield will get justice and some of the others will get their deserts, too."

"This brings us to a statement that early in the winter of 1881 Gen. Garfield offered you a place in his Cabinet. The statement is that Garfield had contemplated this from the hour his election was assured; that he had revealed his intention to others, and so on, but that you had declined to accept any appointive office in the gift of the incoming President. What is there about that?"

"Inasmuch as you have asked me that question—a question I never intended to answer—I have only this to say, that Gen. Garfield not only offered me a place in the Cabinet but called me from New York to Mentor on two occasions to insist that I should take it. But I declined to do so for two reasons; first, my private business required all my attention, and I should either have to neglect one or the other; and, second, because Gen. Garfield seemed determined to appoint two men in his Cabinet who were abhorrent to me. I have always had a great affection for men of brains; I have always had the most supreme contempt for pretenders. After the election it would appear that the pretenders were in the majority. How in the world could a person who knew the politics of all the States as I did ever consent to have men like James going into the Cabinet to represent the great State of New York, with its Conklings, Cornells, Warrens, Hiscocks, Astors, Mortons and a score more that might be named? James, who was appointed, would not have been employed by any one of these men to unlatch their front door. I have thought lots of times about James, and I have compared him in my own mind with squabs that I catch under the roof of my barn—full, fat and idiotic.

"And how about the other member of the Cabinet, Mr. Dorsey, who was so distasteful?"

"Well, as to that, I never saw a man with the face of a fox or the chin of a lizard that I thought it safe to trust. I wouldn't give much for a fellow whom you could cut in two and not get a drop of blood from either side. I'd wager you a hundred dollars that you could lay Wayne MacVeagh upon the block of truth and slap him in two with a cleaver and instead of the warm blood of humanity would come the chilled icicles of viciousness from every artery. But as to McVeagh, it is hardly worth while to spend time. Living on the shadow of the splendid reputation of Simon Cameron, sucking at the thin soup ladled out by Wharton Barker—it's an ill wind that blows no man good."

"But after all," Mr. Dorsey continued, "what the *Sun* has published is only a thistledown floating in the cloudy air of suspicion. The great dawn of truth has not yet broken. It is not the time nor place nor presence for me to say what I ought to say. Some time we will talk this thing over, and then I'll you the whole story."

A Philosophic Mexican.

I heard of a Mexican living near Socorro, New Mexico, whose thrift has amassed him a fortune, all in bullion, which he is said to keep under the floor of his house. He demands invariably thirty days' time in which to pay for purchases, however small, and, promptly on the day that payment becomes due, he turns up with bullion to the amount of the bill exactly weighed out. But even what he has did not come from trade, but from a silver mine that he has worked for years with only occasional help. His adobe hut is little better than the common run of mud hovels that are called houses hereabouts. His family has been raised on the staple diet of beans and jerked beef, with two or three mixtures of corn, and he expects to go to the grave with as little comfort as surrounds him now. Some one asked him not long since why he did not take his family traveling and avail himself as well as them of the means at his command to see something of the world. "I am happy where I am," he replied. "If I see more I shall want more, and my savings might slip away, while by staying here and knowing of nothing beyond I shall be sure of taking care of myself. When what I have falls to my children they may judge for themselves how to take care of it. My way is to keep it at home."—*Santa Fe letter.*

TO DIVERT at any time a troublesome fancy, run to thy books. They presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness.—*Thomas Fuller.*

THE BAD BOY.

"Hello," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in looking sick at heart, and all broke up, "How is your muscle this morning?"

"All right enough," said the boy with a look of inquiry, as though wondering what was coming next. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing, only I was going to grind the hatchet, and some knives and things, this morning, and I thought maybe you would like to go out in the shed and turn the grindstone for me, to develop your muscles. Turning a grindstone is the healthiest thing a boy can do."

"That is all right enough,' said the bad boy, as he took up a sweet cracker, "but please take a good look at me. Do I look like a grind-stone boy? Do I resemble a good little boy that can't say 'no,' and goes off and turns a grindstone half a day for some old duffer, who pays him by giving him a handful of green currants, or telling him he will be a man some day, and the boy goes off one way, with a lame back, while the good man goes the other way, with a sharp scythe, and a chuckle at the softness of the boy? You are mistaken in me. I have passed the grindstone period, and you will have to pick up another sardine who has never done circular work. Not any grindstone for Hennery, if you please."

"You are getting too smart," said the grocery man, as he charged a pound of sweet crackers to the boy's father. "You don't have to turn the grindstone if you don't want to."

"That's what I thought," says the boy, as he takes a handful of blueberries. "You grindstone sharps, who are always laying for a fool boy to give taffy to, and get him to break his back, don't play it fine enough. You bear on too hard on the grindstone. I have seen the time when a man could get me to turn a grindstone for him till the cows come home, by making me believe it was fun, and by telling me he never saw a boy that seemed to throw so much soul into grindstone as I did, but I have found that such men are hypocrites. They inveigle a boy into their nest, like the spider does the fly, and at first they don't bear on hard, but just let the blade of the ax or scythe touch the grindstone, and they make a boy believe he is a bigger man than old Grant. They bet him he will get tired, and he bets that he can turn a grindstone as long as anybody, and when the boy has got his reputation at stake, then they begin to bear on hard, and the boy gets tired, but he holds out, and when the tools are ground he says he is as fresh as a daisy, when he is tired enough to die. Such men do more to teach boys the hollowness of the world and its tricky features, than anything, and they teach boys to know who are friends and who are foes. No, sir, the best way is to hire a grown person to turn your grindstone. I remember I turned a grindstone four hours for a farmer once, and when I got through he said I could go to the spring and drink all the water I wanted for nothing. He was the tightest man I ever saw. Why, tight! That man was tight enough to hold kerosene."

"That's all right. Who wanted you to turn grindstone, anyway? But what is it about your pa and ma being turned out of the church? I hear that they scandalized themselves horribly last Sunday."

"Well, you see, me and my chum put up a job on pa to make him think Sunday was only Saturday and ma she fell into it and I guess we are all going to get fired from the church for working on Sunday. You see they didn't go to meetin' last Sunday because ma's new bonnet hadn't come, and Monday and Tuesday it rained, and the rest of the week was so muddy no one called, or they could not get anywhere, so Monday I slid out early and got the daily paper, and on Tuesday my chum he got the paper off the steps and put Monday's paper in its place. I watched when they were reading it, but they did not notice the date. Then Wednesday we put Tuesday's paper on the steps and pa said that it seemed more than Tuesday, but ma she got the paper of the day before and looked at the date and said it seemed so to her but she guessed they had lost a day somehow. Thursday we got Wednesday's paper on the steps, and Friday we rung in Thursday's paper, and Saturday my chum he got Friday's paper on the steps, and ma said she guessed she would wash to-morrow, and pa said he believed he would hoe in the garden and get the weeds out so it would look better to folks when they went by Sunday to church. Well, Sunday morning came, and with it Saturday's daily paper, and pa barely glanced it over as he got on his overalls and went out in his shirt sleeves a hoeing in the front garden. And I and my chum helped ma carry water to wash. She said it seemed like the longest week she ever saw, but when we brought the water, and took a plate of pickles to the hired girl that was down with the mumps, we got in the lilac bushes and waited for the curtain to rise. It wasn't long before folks began going to church and you'd a dide laughing to see them all stop in front of where ma was washing and look at her, and then go on to where pa was hoeing weeds and stop and look at him, and then drive on. After about a dozen teams had passed I heard ma ask pa if he knew who was dead, as there must be a funeral somewhere. Pa had just hoed into a bumble-bee's nest, and said he did not know of any that was dead, but knew some that ought to be, and ma she did not ask any foolish questions any more. After about twenty teams had stopped, ma she got nervous and asked Deacon Smith if he saw anything green; he said something about desecration and drove away. Deacon Brown asked pa if he did not think he was setting a bad example before his boy, but pa said he thought it would be a good one if the boy could only be hired to do it. Finally ma got mad and took the tub behind the house where they could not see her. About 4 o'clock that afternoon we saw a dozen of our congregation headed by the minister file into our yard, and my chum and I knew it was time to fly, so we got on the back steps where we could hear. Pa met them at the door, expecting some bad news, and when they were seated, ma she came in and remarked it was a very unhealthy year, and it stood people in hand to meet their latter end. None of them said a word until the elder put on his specs and said it was a solemn occasion, and ma she turned pale and wondered who it could be, and pa says, 'Don't keep us in suspense; who is dead?' and the elder said no one was dead, but they called as a duty they owed the cause to take action on them for working on Sunday. Ma she fainted away and they threw a pitcher of water down her back, and pa said he guessed they were a pack of lunatics, but they all swore it was Sunday and they saw ma washing and pa out hoeing as they went to church, and they had called to take action on them. Then there was a few minutes low conversation I could not catch, and then we heard pa kick his chair over and say it was more tricks of that darned boy, then we knew it was time to adjourn, and I was just getting through the back fence as pa reached me with a barrel stave, and that's what makes me limp some."

"That was real mean in you boys," said the grocery man. "It will be hard for your pa and ma to explain that matter. Just think how bad they must feel."

"Oh, I don't know. I remember hearing pa and Uncle Ezra telling how they fooled their father once, and got him to go to mill with a grist on Sunday, and pa said he would defy anybody to fool him on the day of the week. I don't think a man ought to tempt his little boy by defying him to fool his father. Well, I'll take a glass of your 50-cent cider and go," and the boy took a glass of cider and went out, and soon the grocery man looked out the window and found that somebody had added a cypher to the "Sweet cider, only 5 cents a glass," making it an expensive drink, considering it was made of sour apples.—*Peck's Sun.*

First Sermon in Virginia.

On the 13th of May, 1607, more than 100 Englishmen landed on a slightly-elevated peninsula on the right bank of the "River Powhatan," Virginia, forty or fifty miles from its mouth, chose the spot for the capital of a new colony, cleared the trees from the ground, and began the building of a village, which, in compliment to their King (James I.), they named Jamestown. They also gave his name to the river. The spot is more of an island than a peninsula, for the marshy isthmus that connects it with the main land is often covered with water. The Rev. Robert Hunt, the pastor of the colony, preached a sermon and invoked the blessings of God upon the undertaking. Then, in the warm sunshine, and among the shadowy woods and the delicious perfume of flowers, the sound of the metal axe was first heard in Virginia. The first tree was felled for a dwelling on the spot first settled, permanently, by Englishmen in America.

The Indians were at first hostile, and the settlement built a stockade. Their first church edifice there was very simple. "When I first went to Virginia," says Capt. Smith, "I well remember we did hang an awning (which was an old sail) to three or four trees to shadow us from the sun; our walls were sails of wood; our seats unhewed trees, till we cut planks; our pulpit a bar of wood nailed to two neighboring trees; in foul weather we shifted into an old rotten tent, for we had few better. This was our church till we built a homely thing, like a barn, set upon chrotchets, covered with rafts, sedge and earth; so were also the walls. The best of our houses were of the like curiosity, but, for the most part, of far worse workmanship, that could neither well defend wind or rain. Yet we had daily common prayer morning and evening, every Sunday two sermons, and every three months communion till our minister died." The church—"the homely thing like a barn"—was burned while Capt. Smith was a prisoner among the Indians.

A Bad Indian Conquered by Soup.

"An Apache, in full war paint, stalked into an Indian school at Albuquerque, New Mexico, one day. The children were immediately terrified, and tremblingly told us he was a 'bad Indian.' They said an uncle of one of our boys had killed his brother and they feared he had come for revenge. As it was dinner-time I saw nothing better to do than have the children marched into the dining-room, as usual. We keep open house to Indians at all times and treat them as distinguished guests, so I motioned to our Apache to take a seat at the table. He sat down, terrible in his war paint, and laid two loaded revolvers on the table before him. The children began to tremble. I summoned all my courage and said: 'Put those revolvers on the window.' The Apache never moved. The cook placed before him a cup of coffee and a bowl of soup. 'Take away that coffee and soup,' I commanded, with my heart in my mouth, adding, to the Indian: 'You shall not have them until you put those revolvers on the window.' Trembling for her life, the cook obeyed. When the Apache saw his dinner removed he deliberately arose, picked up his revolvers and—shall I ever forget that terrible moment?—quietly laid them on the window. His dinner was restored to him; he ate it in silence, and then picked up his property, and walked out without a word.

"I did not see him again for years. But this last time, on my way home, as I was waiting in the train at Santa Fe, my terrible Apache, in all his feathers and war-paint, got into the car and walked its whole length, as if looking for some one. My blood ran cold. He then left the car, and returned with a dozen other braves, as horrible as himself. He introduced them all, and all must shake hands."—*Harriet Phillips, in Philadelphia Times.*

COL. ABERCROMBIE, the English Adjutant General, while being borne mortally wounded from the field of battle at Bunker Hill, exclaimed to his men: "If you take Putnam alive, don't hang him, for he is a brave man."

A MISER grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.—*Shenstone.*

Starting in Life.

Some time ago Rev. W. F. Crafts sent a circular letter to a large number of successful men in various callings in life, requesting them to answer the following questions: 1. Was your boyhood up to 14 years of age spent in the country, in a village, or in a city? 2. In either case were you accustomed to engage in any regular work when out of school, either in the way of self help or for your parents? 3. At what age did you begin business life or undertake self support? 4. Did you use tobacco previous to the age of 16? 5. What maxims or watch-words, if any, have had a strong influence upon your life and helped you to success? 6. What do you consider essential elements of success for a young man entering such a business or profession as yours? 7. What, in your observation, have been the chief causes of the numerous failures in the life of professional and commercial men? The replies to the first question in Mr. Crafts' circular show that while 47 per cent. of our population of working age live in the country districts, they furnish 57 per cent. of our successful men, while the cities, with 20 per cent. of the population, furnish but 17 per cent. A very large majority of America's living famous men were farmers' boys, among them being Senator Edmunds, Senator Logan, Alexander H. Stephens, John Jaceb Astor, Elihu Burritt, Joseph Cook, Joseph Medill and Mark Hopkins. In the majority of instances the writers, when boys, had worked, with more or less regularity, and many of them began to make their own living when scarcely in their teens. Four-fifths of them did not use tobacco before they were 16 years old, and those who did, with but three exceptions, mention the fact with regret. The maxims which were watchwords to these men were of great variety, a few being, "Business before pleasure," "Work, economise, persevere," "Never give up one job till you get another," "Never fail to keep a promise," "Always pay a hundred cents on the dollar," "Paddle your own canoe," "Buy nothing unnecessary, however cheap," "Save a portion of every dollar earned," "Be honest, whether the ducats come or go," "Eternal vigilance is the price of success," "Make your employers' interests your own," "Have a debt on your house as an incentive to saving." Henry Ward Beecher said: "If a young man will only get in debt for some land and then get married, these two things will get him straight or nothing will." Essential elements to success, in the writers' opinions, were diligence, energy, good management, uprightness, determination to succeed, adaptation, conscientiousness, sobriety, unflinching integrity, fidelity to God and the right, faithfulness, promptness, unceasing labor, etc. The many failures were mainly attributed to intemperance, extravagance, lack of enterprise and ability, dishonest practices, living beyond one's means, want of sticktoativeness, trusting too much to others, idleness, the notion of making a fortune in a short time, licentiousness, bad habits, laziness, etc.—*Cincinnati Times.*

Mediterranean Wheats.

The red wheats are becoming more in demand each succeeding year, owing to the new process for making flour by means of rollers. There are two distinct varieties; the Lancaster or bearded, a red chaffed wheat, and the velvet chaffed or early Michigan; both of the above-named wheats are also called by other names in different provinces.

There is also a smooth red-chaffed wheat which was extensively distributed by the Agricultural Department at Washington City, under the name of red Tappahannock, and called by some parties Hickman red, which is of a glutinous nature and grinds like the true red wheat.

These wheats are superior to the amber wheats in this, that the flour from them makes a sweeter and stronger bread than the light, starcky amber wheat, and the flour sells alongside of the famous spring-wheat flour of the Northern Pacific Railroad country.

The red wheats are also good yielders to the farmer, and more reliance can be placed in the crops than those of the amber wheats.

The objection that the bearded variety is troublesome to bind is now avoided by cutting the crop with self-binding machines, and another objection that they scatter in harvesting, or that they sprout easily, could probably be overcome by more care on the part of farmers.

The Bee and the Boy.

See
The
Bee
Flee
Across the lea
To deck
The small boy's neck
With a lump
The size of the nozzle of a pump.
Hear the boy shout.
What is it all about?
Why, the bee has got in its work,
Or rather its dirk,
And the boy indulges not in laughter.
Hereafter
He will probably think it best
Not to shy a brick into a bees' nest.
—*Puck.*

Varieties of Handkerchiefs.

George II. expected his daughters to be satisfied with two dozen cambric handkerchiefs every other year. A modern novelist gives one of his heroines twelve dozen as a part of her wedding outfit. A few years ago plain handkerchiefs for the morning and the laced ones for the evening were all the variety required, but a French authority now says there should be handkerchiefs for morning toilets, for evening, for opera, for visits of charity, and for boudoir use, to say nothing of the handkerchief to be lost, the one to be given away and the one to be allowed to be stolen.

CYNTHIA BOARDMAN, of Cleveland, has had eight other legal names, her succession of husbands reaching that number.