

Grant, Sumner, and Stewart.

A. T. Stewart, the New York merchant prince, made large sales to the Government during the war for the suppression of the rebellion, and he displayed his gratitude by making Mrs. Lincoln handsome presents. He was also a large contributor to the fund of \$100,000 raised by the merchants of New York for Gen. Grant as an acknowledgment of his war services; and when the General was elected President, Mr. Stewart was selected by him as the man to reorganize the Treasury Department, prune off its exuberances and reform its abuses. Mr. Stewart was delighted with the offer, and had a suite of rooms in the Ebbitt House, with a private entrance, fitted up for his occupation until he could go to housekeeping. A few days before the 4th of March he came to Washington and occupied these rooms, with Judge Hilton as his companion and adviser. After the inauguration he was nominated by Gen. Grant; but Senator Sumner, who had been consulted as to the formation of the Cabinet, interposed his objection to the immediate consideration of Mr. Stewart's nomination. Late in the afternoon of that day a rumor got abroad that there was a law, understood to have been really written by Alexander Hamilton while Secretary of the Treasury, prohibiting an importer in active business from holding the position of Secretary of the Treasury. A newspaper correspondent obtained a copy of the law bearing on the case and carried it to Gen. Butterfield, who conveyed it to Mr. Stewart and his legal adviser, Judge Hilton. They consulted Chief Justice Chase, and he confirmed the view which had been taken of the law by those who first brought it to Mr. Stewart's attention. Mr. Stewart then proposed to retire from business and devote the entire profits that might accrue during the time that he should hold the office of Secretary of the Treasury to charitable objects. But this was decided to be something which would not be proper, either for him to carry out or for the Government to accept. Immediately after seeing Chief Justice Chase Mr. Stewart and Judge Hilton drove to the White House and laid the facts and opinions before the President, who, on the next day, wrote a message to the Senate, asking that the law of 1788 be set aside so as to allow the candidate to hold the office. This the Senate declined to do. It was a very natural ambition for a man of Mr. Stewart's taste and training to desire to be at the head of the Treasury, and it is not unlikely that the disappointment was a very severe one. This was the beginning of the "unpleasantness" between President Grant and Senator Sumner, which finally resulted in an open rupture.—*Ben: Perley Poore, in Boston Budget.*

Sponges.

We don't mean those sponges that grow "in the bottom of the sea," and which afford food for much scientific speculation, as to whether they are animal or vegetable. No, the sponges of which we mean to complain are distinctly animal, and are of both sexes. We all suffer from them. Boreas and sponge are necessary evils, we suppose, but not any more to be admired for all that.

Editors could a tale unfold of the way some people get their advertising done for nothing, and lawyers could tell of tons of legal advice given by them without receiving the slightest acknowledgment, pecuniary or otherwise. Doctors, also, are the victims of these questioners. Generally it is only the younger members of these professions who suffer. Men old in the tricks of these friendly sponges manage to evade them, but the young editor, lawyer, or doctor, though he knows he is being defrauded, has not the courage to cut short the confidential chat, by saying that he hoped to make his living by receiving pay for that which his friend expects to get for the asking.

No one expects a carpenter, blacksmith, jeweler, or any one who plies a trade, to do the smallest job for nothing, and yet those who willingly pay for such labor seem to think they have done nothing of which to be ashamed if they "manage" to get legal or medical advice without having to pay for it.

And among women the fault is as great. We have heard women boast of knowing "all kinds of fancy work and never paid a cent for lessons." Their desire to learn fancy work was greater than their delicacy of feeling.

Women who make their living by dress-making, millinery, teaching fancy work, or painting, are daily imposed upon by friends and strangers who come to them for suggestions and advice about material, shades, designs, and patterns—defrauding the worker of hours of valuable time without a thought of paying for the advice given, and often do not even thank the person for the suggestion which she has spent time and money in acquiring.

Strange to say, these sponges are often found among those who could well afford to pay for what they want; and stranger still is the fact that they would resent, with the greatest indignation, a refusal to oblige them, or an intimation that they were taking advantage of another's politeness, and thus getting for nothing that which the giver has a right to expect something more substantial for than mere thanks.—*Minnie W. Armstrong, in St. Louis Magazine.*

A Letter of the Poet Keats.

In one of his letters to his sister he says, expressing a momentary high feeling: "Oh, there is nothing like fine weather, and health, and books, and a contented mind, and diligent habits of reading and thinking, and an amulet against the enemies, and please heaven, a little claret wine out of a cellar a mile deep—with a few, or 'good many, rat-tat-cakes—a rocky basin to bathe in;" and he enunciates much else, tapering off into a series of rollicking whims, and ending with about thirty-six lines of doggerel rhyme. But Keats always had a breezy way of rattling off his wishes and feelings in his correspondence, of which we will give but one more sample. It is from one of the letters to his sister written from Winchester. He says: "I should like now

to promenade round your gardens (?)—apple-tasting, pear-tasting, plum-judging, apricot-nibbling, peach-scratching, nectarine-sucking, and melon-carrying. I have also a great feeling for antiquated cherries, full of sugar-cracks and a white currant tree, kept for company. I admire lolling on a lawn by a water-lily pond, to eat white currants and see gold-fish, and go to the fair in the evening, if I'm good. There is no hope for that—one is sure to get in some mess before the evening."—*Joel Benton, in the Manhattan.*

Lives in a Tree.

Washington is the paradise of cranks, and all the curious characters in the country seem to have congregated here. My latest discovery is a man who lives in a tree. He is an \$1,800 clerk in the Pension Office, and his name is A. B. Hayward. He is a black-whiskered, pleasant-looking, one-armed bachelor of about forty years. His aerial habitation is situated just outside of the boundary limits, between the Fourteenth and Sixteenth street roads, within a quarter of a mile of Joaquin Miller's cabin. It consists of a tent-like house built upon a pine platform fastened between two big oak trees. This platform is perhaps twenty-five feet square, and it is fastened to the trees as far up from the ground as the first story of a business building. It is certainly higher than any ceiling in America. Upon this platform a wall of pine boards about eight feet high is built in the form of a hollow square, and from the top of this a tent roof of two thicknesses of canvas rises in wedge shape. The canvas is of the best quality, and I notice the Government stamp is on one of the sides of the roof. The entrance is on the west, and before it is a wide platform where its owner can come out and sit in the warm summer evenings, and on which are now sitting a rocking-chair and a water-bucket. This platform is reached by a ladder twenty feet long, but very light. Mr. Hayward takes it off to a farm-house near by when he goes to work, and returning he brings it again to his tent, and in the tent he entertains his friends. Its interior is comfortably furnished, and it is heated with a little oil stove. There is a carpet on the floor, rocking-chairs are scattered about the room, and there is a book-shelf and a writing-table. Pictures are fastened upon the walls, and the whole makes very comfortable quarters.—*Washington Cor. Cleveland Leader.*

About Camels.

A writer says: "The camel is the most perfect machine on four legs that we have any knowledge of." A sacred treasure, indeed, to the Arab is this "pudding-footed pride of the desert."

The expression on the face of a camel is rather pathetic. His eyes are large and liquid, and above them are deep cavities large enough to hold a hen's egg. The aquiline nose, with long, slanting nostrils that can close tightly against the sand storms and hot, burning winds of the desert, give a very sorrowful expression to the face. The under lip is pouting and puckering, and you are not at all surprised when the poor beast bursts into tears and cries long and loud like a vexed child.

The feet of the camel are of very singular construction, with a tough, elastic sole, soft and spongy as they fall noiselessly on the earth and spread out under his tottering weight. This form of the foot prevents the animal from sinking in the sand, and he is very sure-footed on all sorts of ground.

The average rate of travel for a caravan is between two and three miles an hour; and the camel jogs on, hour after hour, at the same pace, and seems to be almost as fresh at night as in the morning when he started on his travels. The Arabians say of the camel: "Job's beast is a monument of God's mercy."

The camel sheds his hair regularly once a year, and carpets and tent-cloths are made from it; it is also woven into cloth. Some of it is exceedingly fine and soft, though it is usually coarse and rough, and is used for making coats for the shepherds and camel-drivers; and huge water bottles, leather sacks, also sandals, ropes, and thongs are made of its skin.

Files.

In a file twelve inches long, the first six inches from the point does the most of the work. In a machine-cut file the teeth of this part are shorter, and in practice will not bite as well as they will further up. This is because of the shape of the files, in many instances making it impossible for the machine to work on all parts with the same effectiveness. Out of a dozen or more machine-cut files you will not find more than one that is perfect-looking, and very few machine-cut files will bite as well as the hand-cut article. For this reason their teeth break out less easily—because they won't bite.

The St. Louis (Mo.) *Post-Dispatch* says that Mrs. Phoebe Rice, 1208 Madison street, a sister of Hon. H. Clay Sexton, Chief, St. Louis Fire Department, had been a sufferer from inflammatory rheumatism for seven years; the muscles of her hands and limbs were contracted and she used crutches. By a single application of St. Jacobs Oil she was benefited instantaneously, and finally completely cured.

A Chicago Hotel Bill.

In a Chicago hotel—Guest: "How much is my bill?" Clerk: "How much money have you got with you?" Guest: "About \$200." Clerk: "That's all, is it?" Guest: "Yes, that's all." Clerk: "Well, your bill is just \$200."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A Source of Chronic Misery.

Weak nerves is a source of chronic misery. Slight noises jar them terribly, the most trivial causes produce acute mental discomfort, the slightest excitement prevents sleep, an unaccustomed flavor destroys the appetite. That superactive nerve and tonic, Hostett's Stomach Bitters, changes all this. It promotes digestion and blood nutrition, and a proportionate share of the vigor imparted by it to the entire physique is reflected in the nerves. The superactivity of the nerves diminishes as they gain in vigor, and as a consequence of this restored tranquility, sleep and appetite improve. Dyspepsia, particularly when united with constipation and biliousness, is a fruitful cause of disease. "It is a good remedy for the latter," says a sympathetic Pittsburgher. "Yes, was the laconic reply, 'dandruff,'" but Carboline will smooth it out.

AN ARMY EXPERIENCE.

How an Old Veteran Escaped Annihilation and Lived to Impart a Warning to Others.

National Tribune of Washington.

A pleasing occurrence which has just come to our notice in connection with the New York State meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic is so unusual in many respects that we venture to reproduce it for the benefit of our readers.

Capt. Alfred Rensom, of New York, while in the lobby of the armory, previous to the meeting, suddenly stopped and said to a gentleman who was the most earnest conversationalist of the Grand Army officers. It seemed to him that he had seen that face before, partially obscured by the smoke of battle, and yet his bright and pleasant countenance could not be the same pale and death-like visage which he so dimly remembered. But the recollection, like Banquo's ghost, would not "down" at command, and haunted him the entire day. On the day following he again saw the same face, and ventured to speak to its owner. The instant that the two veterans heard each other's voices, that instant they recognized, and called each other by their names. Their faces and forms had changed, but their voices were the same. The man whom Capt. Rensom had recognized was W. K. Sage, of St. Johns, Mich., a veteran of the Twenty-third New York Light Artillery, and both members of Burnside's famous expedition to North Carolina. After the first greetings were over, Capt. Rensom said:

"I have been dead long ago."

"Yes, I do not doubt it, for if I am not mistaken, when we last met I was occupying a couch in the hospital, a victim of 'Yellow Jack' in its worst form."

"I remember. The war seems to have caused more misery since its close than when it was in progress," replied the Captain. "I met old comrades frequently who are suffering terribly, not so much from old wounds as from the maladies which ruined their constitutions."

"I think so myself. When the war closed I returned home, and at times I would feel well, but every few weeks that confounded 'all-gone' feeling would come upon me again. My nervous system, which was shattered in the service, failed me entirely, and produced one of the worst possible cases of nervous dyspepsia. Most of the time I had no appetite; then again I would become ravenously hungry, but the minute I sat down to eat I would feel sick. My flesh and bones were all dry and parched, my flesh loose and flabby. I could hold nothing on my stomach for days at a time, and what little I did eat failed to assimilate. I was easily fatigued, and my mind was depressed; I was cross and irritable, and many a night my heart would pain me so I could not sleep, and when I did I had horrid dreams and frightful nightmares. Of course, these things came on one by one, each worse than the other. My breath was foul, my tongue coated, my teeth decayed. I had a nervous headache which would leave my nervous system completely shattered. The only cure for weakness, nervousness, debility, aches, pains, rheumatism, sore, urinary and digestive troubles, is to make the blood rich, red, and pure, by using Dr. Guyot's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, the remedy widely indorsed by physicians who have examined into its composition and effect."

"Couldn't the old surgeon do you any good?"

"I wrote him and he treated me, but, like every other doctor, failed. They all said my nerve was gone, and without that to build upon I could not get well. When I was at my worst, the idea of the severest torture came upon me. Then I lived on bread and water, and the use of cathartics I could not move my bowels at all. My blood got like a stream of fire and seemed literally to burn me alive."

"Well, you might better have died in battle, quick and without ceremony."

"How many times I have wished I had died the day we captured Newbern."

"And yet you are now the picture of health."

"And the picture is taken from life. I am in perfect condition. My nerve tone is restored, my strength reinvigorated; my flesh is plump, my health restored; I have new blood, new energy, and a new lease of life wholly as the result of using Warner's Tippecanoe. This remarkable preparation, which I consider the finest tonic and stomach restorer in the world, has overcome all the evil influences of malaria, all the poison of the army, all traces of dyspepsia, all mal- assimilation of food, and indeed made a new man of me."

The Captain remained silent for a while, evidently musing over his recollections of the past. When he again raised his head he said:

"It would be a godsend if all the veterans who have suffered so intensely and also all others in the land who are enduring so much misery could know of your experience, Sage, and the way by which you have been restored."

And that is why the above conversation is recounted.

He Wanted a Chance.

Husband—"Do you know, my dear, that the world would be happier if women would follow some of the customs of the Japanese?"

Wife—"Why, you horrid thing! You wouldn't want me to blacken my teeth, would you?"

Husband—"No; but there is one thing the Japanese women do which, if you followed, might give me a chance to look in the mirror occasionally."

Wife—"What on earth can that be?"

Husband—"They dress their hair only once in four days, darling."—*New York Journal.*

Figures Won't Lie.

The figures showing the enormous yearly sales of Kidney-Wort, demonstrate its value as a medicine beyond dispute. It is a purely vegetable compound of certain roots, leaves, and berries known to have special value in Kidney troubles. Combined with these are remedies acting directly on the Liver and Bowels. It is because of this combined action that Kidney-Wort has proved such an unequalled remedy in all diseases of these organs.

WHAT CHASM IS THAT OFTEN SEPARATES FRIENDS? SARCASM.

AMERICAN ART.

Photographs, Engravings, etc., can be exquisitely colored with Liquid Art Colors made from Diamond Dyes. Full directions for this beautiful art work, with a handsome colored cabinet photo, sent to any address for 10 cents. WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., Burlington, Vt.

HOW MANY NECK-TIES HAD JOB? He had three miserable comforters; and they were all worsted.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

DRAINED WITH SODA WATER is delicious. All druggists have it. It is refreshing and cooling. Try it often!

THE GERMANS MAY NOT CARE MUCH FOR WATERMELONS, but they always keep a watch on the Rhine.—*Times of London.*

NO EFFORT HAS EVER BEEN MADE TO ADVERTISE LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound outside our own America; yet frequent calls from other parts of the world show that good news will spread. Packages of this medicine have even been sent from Lynn, Mass., to China.

CANALS CAN'T BE FREE—THEY ARE LOCKS AND QUADS UPON THEM.

WONDER TREADS THE HEELS OF WONDER. Samarian Nervine is guaranteed to cure nervous disorders.

THE WRONG MAN IN THE WRITE PLACE—the infamous clerk.

"Samarian Nervine cured my daughter of fits," said Jno. Murphy, of Albany, N.Y.

Men of note are at a discount with the druggists.

A ROUGH JOKE.

It's kind of rough to be troubled with affection of the scalp, isn't it?" said a sympathetic Pittsburgher. "Yes, was the laconic reply, "dandruff," but Carboline will smooth it out.

PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND SINGERS USE PLASO'S CURE FOR HOARSNESS AND WEAK LUNGS.

PLASO'S CURE FOR HOARSNESS AND WEAK LUNGS.