

John Adams and His Son.

Old John Adams, proud as he was of his son, John Quincy, could not maintain that on every occasion he was a "chip of the old block."

Dr. Orville Dewey once visited old John Adams at his house in Quincy, and was presented to him by Mr. Josiah Quincy. The ex-President talked incessantly. The Italian author, Machiavelli, was mentioned, whereupon the vigorous old gentleman discoursed about him for ten minutes without stopping, and in language so well chosen that Dr. Dewey thought it might have been printed without alteration.

Very different was John Quincy Adams, to whom Dr. Dewey was introduced at the White House in Washington during Mr. Adams' Presidential term. The Doctor said to his companion as they entered the mansion:

"Now tell Mr. Adams who I am, and where from, for I think he must be puzzled what to talk about with so many strangers coming to him."

He was introduced accordingly, after which his friend, an aged member of Congress, withdrew, leaving the President and the clergyman alone together. The President pointed to a chair, which Dr. Dewey took. What followed the Doctor himself relates thus:

"I was a young man, and felt that it did not become me to open conversation. And there we sat five minutes without a word being spoken by either of us. I rose, took my leave, and went away, I don't know whether more annoyed or astonished."

Dr. Dewey was certainly unfortunate in his interview. Probably the President was tired out with receiving visitors, and waited for the young gentleman to start the conversation.

About the same time Thurlow Weed saw John Quincy Adams for the first time; but the President showed more activity.

"I rose before the sun," says Mr. Weed, "and walked down to the bank of the Potomac, observing as I approached it a gentleman in nankeen pantaloons and a blue pea-jacket walking rapidly from the White House toward the river. This was John Quincy Adams, the President of the United States.

"I moved off to a respectful distance. The President began to undress before he reached a tree on the brink of the river, where he deposited his clothes, and then plunged in head-first and struck out fifteen or twenty rods, swimming rapidly, and turning occasionally upon his back, seeming as much at his ease in that element as upon terra firma.

"Coming out, he rubbed himself thoroughly with napkins which he had brought for that purpose in his hand. The sun had not yet risen when he had dressed himself and was returning to the Presidential mansion."—*Youth's Companion*.

The Wear of Coins.

It is estimated by the Treasury officials that if coin is in active circulation, or is frequently transferred in Treasury and customs transactions, a \$20 gold piece should continue current for fifty years, an eagle for thirty-five years, a half eagle for twenty years, and \$3 and \$2 pieces each fifteen years.

Inasmuch as coin cannot continue in circulation even for a short period without some loss of weight by natural wear, Congress has established a margin of loss within which coins will be received at the Treasury at their nominal value. Section 1 of the act of 1873 provides: "That gold coins which have become reduced in weight by natural abrasion not more than one-half of one per centum below the standard weight after a period of circulation of twenty years, and a proportionate rate for a less period, shall be received at their nominal value at the Treasury and its offices."

The standard weight of the double eagle is 516 grains, and the amount of abrasion allowed by law is 2.5-100 grains, thus leaving the least current weight 513.42-100 grains. The legal standard of the gold dollar is 25.8 grains. The legal deviation from standard weight of the dollar is one-quarter of a grain; hence it will continue current until reduced below 25.5-100 grains. This margin allowed by law in the case of the gold dollar exceeds the legal limit of wear as applied to other coins by nearly one-eighth of a grain. All gold dollars coined since 1871 are within the legal tolerance if not fraudulently reduced in weight.

All double eagles, if not artificially reduced, will be found within the limit of natural abrasion allowed by law.

The same is true of all eagles coined since 1856, half-eagles coined since 1866 and quarter-eagles, or \$2.50 pieces, if coined since 1871.

The law provides no way by which uncirculated coins, either of gold or silver, may be redeemed at their real value.

The only means at the disposal of the holder of these coins is to deposit the gold at the mint, where it will be received at its bullion value and recoin into standard coins, the Government charging him the actual cost of coinage, or if he has mutilated silver coins he must sell them to the Government for what they are worth as bullion.—*Philadelphia Record*.

The Heads of Great Men.

It is usually supposed that men of great intellectual powers have large and massive heads; but this theory, which Dr. Gilbert, physician to Queen Elizabeth, was the first to suggest, is not borne out by facts. An examination of busts, pictures, medallions, intaglios, etc., of the world's famous celebrities almost tends the other way. In the earliest paintings, it is true, men are distinguished by their large heads, but this is attributable to the painters, who agreed with the general opinion and wished to flatter their sitters. A receding forehead is mostly condemned. Nevertheless, this feature is found in Alexander the Great and, to a lesser degree, in Julius Caesar. The head of Frederick the Great, as will be seen from one of the portraits in Carlyle's works, receded dreadfully.

Other great men have had positively small heads. Lord Byron's was "remarkably small," as were those of Lord Bacon and Cosmo di Medici. Men of genius of ancient times had only what may be called an ordinary or every day forehead, and Herodotus, Alcibiades, Plato, Aristotle, and Epi-

curus, among many others, are mentioned as instances. Some are even low-browed, as Burton, the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy," Sir Thomas Browne, and Albert Durer. The average forehead of the Greek sculptures in the frieze from the Parthenon is, we are told, "lower, if anything, than what is seen in modern foreheads." The gods themselves are represented with "ordinary, if not low brows." Thus it appears that the popular notion on the matter is erroneous, and that there may be great men without big heads—in other words, a Geneva watch is capable of keeping as good time as an eight-day clock.

A Story of Senator Sawyer.

He lived on a stony patch in New York until he was past 25 years old, and, according to report, spent his boyhood days filing the noses of his father's sheep to a point so they could get at the blades of grass that struggled through the interstices between the rocks. When he went to Wisconsin he spent several months trudging through the pine forests locating the best timber and laying out the campaign which has made him second richest man in the State, Alexander Mitchell overtopping him \$15,000,000 or \$20,000,000.

A story is told illustrative of the manner in which a party of New York capitalists, who attended a sale of Wisconsin pine lands "in the fall of '49 or spring of '50, played him for a sucker." Phileetus came to the sale with a little note-book full of descriptions of choice sections, and when a block of land was offered he would consult the book, and if he wanted it he would begin bidding. The capitalists, knowing of his thorough knowledge of the lay of the land, availed themselves of his information, and outbid him every time. His capital was small, and theirs practically unlimited. Phileetus didn't know what to do, but finally a bright thought struck him, and he had the sale postponed until the next day. That night he posted an agent to buy in such sections as he (Sawyer) did not bid on. When the sale was resumed the verdant importation from the stone patch bid on every water lot, swamp, and piece of worthless timber land in Northeastern Wisconsin, making the most reckless and liberal propositions, but reluctantly permitting the other side to outbid him at the going, going, gone point. Phileetus fumed, and tradition says that the atmosphere of profanity in those parts was stifling for a few hours. The capitalists enjoyed the joke immensely, laughing heartily at Phileetus' discomfiture. Meanwhile Sawyer's agent was quietly taking in all that was worth having at next to nothing. The capitalists returned to their homes. Years passed. Phileetus arose early, retired late, sawed logs galore, and waxed corpulent in purse and fat in pocket, built him an elegant mansion in poetic Oshkosh, founded banks, bought newspapers and hired men to run them, was elected Mayor and then sent to the Legislature three or four years, and to Congress five terms.—*Washington Republican*.

Really Didn't Know.

A passenger who boarded a train coming east over the Detroit, Lansing and Northern Road, at Ionia, took a seat in front of a woman who was very curious-minded about the country. She asked about the crops, the price of land, the characteristics of the people, the climate, and many other things. To each and every question he returned respectful:

"Don't know, ma'am—I really don't know."

"Is this as good a climate as New York?"

"I think so, ma'am, but I ain't sure."

"Do the people seem cheerful?"

"I think they do, but I'm not certain."

"Whom do they seem to prefer for a Presidential candidate?"

"Can't say, ma'am."

"Are the farmers low-spirited over the price of wheat?"

"They may be, but I can't say as to that."

"Should you say this was a good State for a young man to begin life in?"

"I shouldn't like to say, ma'am."

His non-committal answers seemed to annoy her, and, after a brief silence, she continued:

"Have you been in Michigan long?"

"Three years, ma'am."

"And yet you don't seem to have posted yourself much."

"Well, ma'am, to tell you the truth,"

replied, as he turned about, "I'm a resident of Ohio. I came up here and stole a horse, and was sent to the Ionia prison for three years. I haven't been out more than two hours yet."

She rose up and took the fourth seat back in a way to make the dust fly, and she didn't open her mouth again, even to the conductor, until the train was running into Detroit.—*Detroit Free Press*.

De Quincey's Peculiarities.

The association of common-place people and their pointless remarks were intolerable to him. They did not bore him in the ordinary sense, but seemed, as it were, to outrage his mind. To me, to whom the study of human nature in any form had become even then attractive, this was unintelligible, and I suppose I showed it in my face, for he proceeded to explain matters.

"Some years ago," he said, "I was standing on the pier at Tarbet, on Loch Lomond, waiting for the steamer. A stout old lady joined me. I felt that she would presently address me, and she did. Pointing to the smoke of the steamer which was making itself seen above the next headland, 'There she comes,' she said. 'La, sir! if you and I had seen that fifty years ago how wonderful we should have thought it! Now, the same sort of thing,' added my host, with a shiver, 'might happen to me any day, and that is why I always avoid a public conveyance.'—*Cornhill Magazine*.

When a young man walks with a girl as though he was afraid some one would see him, the girl is his sister. If he walks so close to her as to nearly crowd her against the fence, she is some one else's sister.

Snored Like William.

"One of the funniest incidents I ever noticed," said the sleeping-car conductor, "was a woman looking for her husband. She got on at Fort Wayne late in the night, and said her husband had telegraphed her he would be aboard and she could come to his section. I told her there was no man of that name on my car, but she wouldn't believe it. About 2 o'clock in the morning I saw her get out, with only a shawl around her shoulders, and tip-toe to the other end of the car, where she tried to climb into a berth occupied by a man who was doing a good deal of snoring. She stuck her head in and says, 'William, is that you? William?' The man grabbed hold of her, and yelled 'Thieves! Conductor! Porter!' Of course he roused everybody in the car, and heads were popped out of all the berths. There was the poor woman in her night-dress, and the man in the berth holding tight to her, and yelling at the top of his voice. I interfered as quick as I could and told the man I guessed if he would calm himself he would find his wife instead of thief."

"It's a lie!" he shouted, 'my wife is in San Francisco.'

"'Madam,' I says, 'you have undoubtedly made a bad mistake. What made you think that man was your husband?'

"She was just ready to cry, but she managed to say: 'I—I didn't think there was another man living that could shore like my William.'—*Chicago Herald*.

Etiquette in Mexico.

Native Mexican gentleman—"I deeply regret to be obliged to inform you, my dear friend, that your actions last night in the presence of that charming señorita were very rude."

American visitor—"You shock me. What did I do? I assure you that I tried my best to make a favorable impression on that lovely girl. In fact, I am in love with her and would not offend her for the world."

Mexican—"I fear you have dashed your hopes, then. She now considers you an ignorant boor, too beastly selfish to be trusted with any woman's happiness."

American—"Oh! it cannot be. What have I done?"

Mexican—"You lighted a cigar in her presence—"

American—"But she assured me that she did not object to it."

Mexican—"And you smoked it to the end without—"

American—"Without what? Tell me quickly."

Mexican—"Without offering her one."

The Finger-Bowl in Nevada.

The finger-bowl is tabooed, according to a society journal. Many years ago a distinguished French gourmet declared that the use of this appliance indicated ignorance of the art of eating, since an accomplished master of the knife and fork would never soil his fingers at the table. This has always been the Comstock notion. Meadow Lake was the only mining town on the Pacific coast that stuck up for the finger-bowl. The town is now dead. It may be that in early days a few finger-bowls were used in Johnstown. Well, it may be so—the town has been dead for many years—*Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise*.

An Impudent Man.

"Well, my dear," said a man to the wife of his bosom, "shall I call for you, say at 3 o'clock this afternoon?"

"Call for me! Why, what for?" inquired his wife, in an evident tone of surprise.

"To go to the milliner's after a hat."

"After a hat! Why, hubby, didn't we get a new hat for me only yesterday? What on earth are you talking about?"

"Oh, I forgot, surely. Why, yes, so we did. I see it now very plainly. It is only every other day that you want a new hat."

By stepping out hastily and holding the door shut he managed to escape merited punishment.

A Careful Traveler.

"Don't you want a ticket for the round trip?" asked the ticket agent at the Austin Depot, of a man who wanted to go to Galveston and back.

"You mean a ticket to go to Galveston and come back on?"

"Yes, you will save money by buying an excursion ticket."

"No, I reckon not. There are so many accidents occurring on your road that I probably will not need any return ticket. If I buy a return ticket, and am killed, I'll be out just that much. I've got to be saving with my money and lay up something for a rainy day."—*Texas Siftings*.

For Half a Life-Time.

Mrs. John Gemmill, Milroy, Mifflin Co., in the Spring of 1864, injured her spine and partial paralysis ensued. For nearly twenty years she was unable to walk. In the Spring of 1883 she was advised to use St. Jacobs Oil, the great conqueror of pain. The first application gave instant relief. Before the second bottle was exhausted she was able to walk, and is cured.

Sympathy.

In a world like the present, one of the grandest occupations is that of giving condolence. We ought all of us to study this holy science of imparting comfort to the troubled. There are many who could look round upon some of their very best friends, who wish them well and are very intelligent, and yet be able truthfully to say to all of them days of trouble, "Miserable comforters are ye all."

PALPITATION or rapid breathing of the heart, followed by periods of complete cessation, is caused chiefly by nervousness and bad blood. It is a great trial to sudden excitement. Purify the blood, strengthen the heart, by using Dr. Guyot's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, and you will soon be rid of every trace of the affection.

It is believed that the oldest rosebush in the world is trained upon the east side of the Hildesheim Cathedral, in Germany. Documents exist that prove that nearly one thousand years ago, after it had been for some time planted, the stone roof was raised for protection.

Special from Waltham, Mass.

Fifteen hundred watches are now made daily at Waltham, and they are better in quality and lower in price than ever before.

Striking Contrast.

The change from the wealth and splendor of London to the poverty and distress of Dublin is striking and depressing. The fashionable squares of the city are lined with houses which were stately and elegant, but their glory has long since departed. The Irish ladies and gentlemen one sees on Sackville street, Merrion Square, Grafton street, and other fashionable promenades of Dublin, are very different in appearance from the Irish women who rule over so many American kitchens, and the Irish men who control the politics of so many American cities. The Dublin girls have bright eyes, lovely complexions, beautiful voices, with a step as light and graceful as the fawn, and they are just as sweet as they are graceful. Sackville street is embellished with a new and beautiful monument to Daniel O'Connell and an imposing monument to Nelson, somewhat similar to the one in Trafalgar Square, London. There are also statues of Tom Moore, Grattan, Burke, and Goldsmith. The two last are in front of Trinity College, of which they were the most distinguished students.—*Foreign letter*.

Put up at the Gault House.

The business man or tourist will find first-class accommodations at the low price of \$2 and \$2.50 per day at the Gault House, 200 Clinton and Franklin streets. This far-famed hotel is located in the center of the city, only one block from the Union Depot. Elevator; all appointments first-class.

Instantly Relieved.

Mr. Ann LaCour, of New Orleans, La., writes: "I have a son who has been sick for two years; he has been attended by our leading physicians, but all to no purpose. This morning he had his usual spell of coughing and was so greatly prostrated in consequence that death seemed imminent. We had in the house a bottle of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, purchased by my husband, who noticed your advertisement. We administered it and he was instantly relieved."

It Will Cost You Nothing.

"For what?" For a medical opinion in your case, if you are suffering from any chronic disease which your physician has failed to relieve or cure. "From whom?" From Drs. Stark & Paley, 103 Girard St., Philadelphia, dispensers of the Vitalizing Treatment by Compound Oxygen which is attracting wide attention, and by which most remarkable cures in desperate chronic cases are being made. Write and ask them to furnish such information in regard to their treatment as will enable you to get an intelligent idea of its nature and action.

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