

A CATASTROPHE.

No human being who saw that sight
But felt a shudder of pale affright.
He sat in a window, three stories high,
A little baby, with no one nigh.

A stranger saw him and stopped to stare;
A crowd soon gathered to watch him there.
A gleam! a flutter!—in airy flight
Came past the window a butterfly bright.

From fields of clover and perfumed air,
Wayfaring insect, what brought you there?
The baby saw it, and eagerly
Reached out to catch it, with crowing glee—

With fat, pink fingers, reached out—and fell!
The awful horror, no tongue can tell!
Poor little baby, so sweet and bright!
Pale faces quivered and lips grew white;

Weak women fainted, strong men grew weak;
Up rose one woman's heart-piercing shriek,
Hurrah for the awning! Upon the fly
It caught the youngster and tossed him high.

The bounce prodigious made baby scowl;
He caught his breath, sir, and set up a howl.
All blessed the awning that had no flaw;
But a madder baby you never saw!

—*Peter Arkwright, in New Orleans Picayune.*

THE MUSICAL COW.

Mr. Wheaton came home one day,
Leading a new cow, that he had purchased
in an adjoining town.

"Where did you find such a splendid
cow?" inquired his son Sam, in a tone
of admiration, which the appearance of
the animal seemed to justify, as she was
very finely shaped and handsome, with
bright, intelligent eyes and a gentle
manner.

"Why," said his father, "I heard
that old Mr. Jonathan Caswell was sell-
ing off and going to give up farming,
and I always knew that he kept good
stock. So I stopped there, and finally
made a bargain with him for this cow.
He wanted a monstrous price; but he
was decided about selling, so at last we
came to terms. He recommended her
so highly I'm almost afraid he shall be
disappointed, though I guess he's gen-
erally pretty fair in a trade. You might
go into the house," he added, "and
give mother and Sally an invitation to
come out and see her."

Sam accordingly ran down the path
leading to the house, and seeing his
mother and sister in the doorway, he
shouted to them to come that minute to
the barn, for there was something there
to show them.

They immediately followed him, and
were introduced to Quinny, which was
the name of the new cow. They were
both surprised and pleased at the beauty
of her appearance and praised her so
lavishly that Mr. Wheaton was more and
more convinced that he had done a good
thing in making such a purchase.

"Now, Sally," said he, "that big
churn will be just what you need, for
she gives from twenty to twenty-five
quarts of milk a day, if I've heard the
truth about her."

"That's a great deal, it seems to me,"
said Mrs. Wheaton.

"I know it is," replied her husband;
"but some very extra cows give even
more than that."

"We shall be obliged to have another
pail and some more pans," said Sally;
"for I shall make ever so much more
butter now."

"You've taken hold of this butter
business with so much spirit," said her
father, "that I guess I'll let you have
all the money for a spell, till you get
enough to buy a carpet. I believe that
I heard you and mother saying last win-
ter that you wanted a new one."

"Good for you, father," cried Sam.
"Oh! oh!" echoed Sally, "how nice
that will be; and I don't mind the work
one bit, because I shall be thinking all
the time of what it is going to bring."
And she clapped her hands and skipped
gleefully up and down the wide barn
floor.

Mrs. Wheaton said nothing; but she
smiled a smile of hope and approbation,
and she and Sally returned to the house,
exhilarated by the prospect which the
new carpet spread before their imagina-
tions.

Toward the close of the afternoon, at
the usual hour for finishing the day's
work, Sam called the cows from the
pasture and milked them, and then at-
tempted to perform the same service for
the stranger, Quinny. But she seemed
very restless and ill at ease, and behaved
in such a singular manner that Sam's
patience was nearly exhausted. With
his utmost exertions, he could only ob-
tain a small quantity of milk; and at
last, thoroughly offended with her per-
verse conduct, he left her for the night,
and proceeded to the house, to give vent
to his disappointment and vexation.

"That's the wonderful cow that was
to give twenty-five quarts of milk a
day!" he exclaimed, with scornful ac-
cent; "and she hasn't given two quarts.
I never saw a cow like this one. I can't
do any thing with her."

"You must be very gentle with her
and not get fretful," said his mother.
"It is natural that she should be uneasy
at first; but in a few days she'll be as
comfortable as the others."

"I don't know about that," insisted
Sam. "I tell you she's a mighty queer
cow, and I'm afraid father's been
cheated."

"Oh! don't talk so, Sam," implored
Sally. "How shall we ever get the car-
pet, if she don't turn out well!"

She spoke in so afflicted a tone that
Sam bravely endeavored to hold his
peace, and sought out his father, to
make a report of his misgivings. Mr.
Wheaton only laughed, and declared it
was nothing but the change from her
old home that had affected Quinny, and
that 'twas reasonable to expect she
would feel the influence of a strange
place and act accordingly. So Sam dis-
missed his anxieties, and after supper
went with his father to see the meadows
and see if they were not almost ready
for mowing.

Sally and her mother were in the
kitchen, discussing household affairs,

when they heard a knock at the door,
and immediately afterward a man en-
tered, who was recognized by Mrs.
Wheaton as Mr. Jonathan Caswell.
When the customary salutations had
been exchanged, he inquired: "Is Mr.
Wheaton about home? I've come to
see him in partickeler for somethin'."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Wheaton, "he's
just gone to the lower end of the farm,
and will be back again soon. Won't you
sit down and rest and wait for him?"

"I guess I will, seein' as I'm here,"
said the old man. "I'm pretty tired,
for I've hurried some to get here before
dark." He took the chair that Sally
offered, remarking to her mother: "Yer
man come over and bought a cow of me
this forenoon. How did ye like her, all
of ye?"

"We liked her very much," answered
Mrs. Wheaton. "I haven't seen such a
handsome creature in a long time, for
we have never kept any superior stock."

"I s'pose ye didn't have any trouble
milkin' her," he said, with a slight
smile.

"Yes, we did," replied Sally, hastily.
"Sam, that's my brother, said she acted
dreadfully. She only gave two quarts
of milk, and he thinks father's been
cheated."

"Oh! no; guess not," said he, while
his smile deepened into a laugh, expres-
sive of some secret cause of amusement.
In a moment he continued: "When I
told my wife I'd sold Quinny—she be-
longed to her, ye know—the first thing
she asked me was if I'd told about milkin'-
in her. And there 'twas. I hadn't
thought to speak on't, and I was work-
ed up enough, for I didn't know but
what ye'd think I'd forgot a-purpose.
But when folks get so old and are run-
nin' down hill they can't bear things in
mind as they can when they're young.
So I started to come over here as soon
as I could; and I should reached here
before, only two or three stopped me to
talk about buyin' some of my truck, for
they knew I'd advertised to sell off.
We've got to be so lonesome that we've
made up our minds to go and live with
one of our darters, and I hope 'twill be
for the best."

"Then there is some difficulty in
milkin' this cow?" observed Mrs.
Wheaton, as he seemed to be wandering
from that part of the subject.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, in a livelier
tone. "Well, this was the way of it.
Ye see, when she was a young calf
her mother got choked to death with a
turnup, and I thought I should have to
give the little creature away. But my old
woman she said she'd take it and bring
it up by hand; and so she did, and 'twas
remarkable how it thrived all the way
long, till it grew to be a proper hand-
some cow, as gentle as any lamb and
givin' a great mess of milk. We set
every thing by her, and wouldn't parted
with her now, only we're goin' to make
this change and try livin' with the
children, and I hope 'twill be for the
best," he repeated, with a sigh.

"I believe you were going to tell us
something about the milkin'," said Sally,
who was anxious to learn what the
peculiarities of the case could be.

"Yes, yes," replied the old man
rousing himself; "that's my business
here, and 'twouldn't be likely I should
go home without tellin' it. My wife
was always a master hand to sing, ye
know. Why, years ago, when we was
in our prime, and the house was full of
boys and gals and hard work, she used
to sing from mornin' till night, 'cause
she was young and happy and couldn't
help it. And afterward, when the chil-
dren had all growed up, and some of
them had died, and some of them had
married, and some had gone off, and we
was left together, why, then she kept on
singin', 'cause she was so lonesome. So
'twas natural she should sing when she
came to milk her cow. But, ye see, we
never thought that Quinny would take
any notice of it or get to be fond of it,
till once I was goin' to milk her; and,
bless ye! I couldn't do nothin' with her.
At last I happened to think that mobby
she missed the singin'; and so I tried
it, and I see that it pacified her some,
though I made a bungling piece of work
of it, for I never had no kind of a gift
that way. And that's how we found out
that she had such an ear for music.
Well, every body thought 'twas dread-
ful knowin', only we'd say sometimes
she hadn't ought to be indulged so.
'Twould make it so bad if any body else
had to milk her. But then we never
thought of partin' with her, till now
that we are gettin' ready to break up
and make a change."

"Oh! isn't it funny?" exclaimed Sally.
"Now I shall tell Sam he shall
have to learn to sing, anyhow."

"Can't you sing?" inquired he.

"Yes," replied Sally. "And I can
milk, too. I help him sometimes."

"Ay, that's right," said he. "And
do you take her in hand, for she'll like
a woman's voice best; and ye'd get des-
perit fond of her in a little while."

"What tunes does she like?" inquired
Sally, with a laugh.

"Well," replied he, "she's used to
hems, mostly, 'cause my old woman
was a church-member and never had
much to do with jig tunes. Ye know,
marm," he added, addressing Mrs.
Wheaton, "that folks was strict on such
pints years ago. But now it don't make
no difference; tis all one whether ye
sing 'Betty Martin' or 'Old Hundred.'
And 'tis my opinion that we ain't grow-
in' any better."

By this time Sally and her mother
had become so much interested in Quin-
ny's little history that they would will-
ingly have heard more, only there ap-
peared to be no more to tell, as the old
man rose, after a short silence, saying:

"I guess I'll go along now, as the
men folks don't seem to be around. But
'tis no matter, for I have told ye the
whole story, so ye can let them know
how 'tis."

"I'll tell them," said Sally; "and 'tis
so funny I can't help laughing."

"So 'tis," he replied; "and ye may
depend on what I say, that this is the
only fault she has. And I really don't
think we ought to call this a fault,
when 'tis only a love for music, as ye
might say."

"I shall be perfectly satisfied," said
Sally, "if I can only sing well enough
to please her."

"Ah! well," repeated he, as he open-
ed the door, "she always was a knowin'
creature, and we never expected to part
with her; but, ye see, we're breakin'
up and goin' to live with one of our
darters, and I do hope 'twill be for the
best."

"I hope so, certainly," said Mrs.
Wheaton, as he went out, with a serious
"farewell."

They watched him, as he slowly un-
hitched the old horse, slowly clambered
into the old wagon, and slowly drove
out of sight, as if the "breakin' up"
bore with great heaviness on body and
mind. Sally was in high spirits when
her father and Sam returned, merrily
impatient to reveal the secret of Quin-
ny's strange behavior.

"I'm sure this is good news for me,
Sally," said Sam, on hearing the story.
"I can't sing so as to charm a cow, and
you'll be obliged to take the whole man-
agement of this case."

"That's what I intend," replied she;
"but you must learn one tune—'From
Greenland's Icy Mountains' or 'When
I Can Read my Title Clear'—so that you
can take my place some times."

Sally's "whole management of the
case" was attended with such excellent
success that the new carpet, which had
figured so long as an aspiration and a
day-dream, soon became a substantial
reality, a present comfort and delight.
True to the instincts of her feminine
nature, she indulged in many another
scheme of happy expenditure, while she
sat morning and evening singing hymns
for Quinny's pleasure and filling her pail
to the brim with foaming milk.

Sam still persists in finding some fault
with the new cow, because she never
will be quiet without the singing; but
Sally quite agrees with her former owner
that it should not be called a fault, since
it is only a remarkable love for music.
—*M. E. Hatheway, in the Independent.*

Scarcity of Labor in Louisiana.

The New Orleans Times of July 31
says: "Recent reports from the coun-
try disclose the fact that throughout the
sugar and cotton growing areas of Louisi-
ana, there is great scarcity of labor,
very few planters having secured their
full complement of hands. The scarcity
is not so much immediate as pros-
pective, experience demonstrating that
it requires a smaller number of men to
plant and cultivate than it does to har-
vest. Both the sugar and cotton crops
have been 'laid by,' and the sugar plan-
ter now has little else to do besides get-
ting out his wood for the grinding sea-
son and overhauling his machinery. In
another month, however, cotton will
have fully matured, picking will com-
mence, and during that season every
available man and boy will be brought
into requisition. It is estimated that on
nearly every plantation a large amount
of cotton is permitted to rot in the field,
for the simple reason that a sufficient
number of hands can not be
secured to pick it. It is estimated
that on some places 33 1-3 per cent. of
the entire crop is lost in this way, par-
ticularly if the yield be heavy. An av-
erage hand can pick during a working
day 300 pounds of seed cotton, yielding
100 pounds of lint, which, at 10 cents a
pound, would be \$10. By this it will be
seen that the addition of 10 hands
during a month, estimating their time
at 26 working days, would add \$2,600
to the gross earnings of the year, and at
the same time involve no cost excepting
their wages. It is a matter of some
surprise that planters who have, of
course, suffered this loss through a se-
ries of years, have made no effort to
remedy the evil when practical relief
in the premises is within the reach of all.
For several years the Western States
have been filled with crowds of migra-
tory harvesters, who annually take off
the crops in that region, commencing
early in the season in Southern Illinois,
where the grain first ripens, and as the
season advances, moving northward.
By this process they find constant em-
ployment through the entire summer,
commencing in the vicinity of Cairo in
the latter part of June, and ending their
labors far up in Wisconsin, Iowa or Min-
nesota, some time in September. Usually
the men are energetic, industrious, and in
the main honest. It is estimated that
10,000 or 15,000 farm laborers are en-
gaged in this occupation every year;
but suppose that just as their season
terminated an effort were made to se-
cure their services in the South. In
September, at the time when they are
idle, our cotton is ready for picking.
Ten thousand of these men in our fields
would contribute to the aggregate yield
1,000,000 pounds of cotton lint a day,
or in two months 115,555 bales. Dur-
ing the succeeding two months they
could find constant employment in the
cane fields, and be prepared to return
to their homes at Christmas, after seven
months of nearly constant labor in the
field. There is little question that to
one of this class no more varied, agree-
able, nor remunerative theater of in-
dustry could be presented. It is cer-
tainly one which would afford all the
advantages of travel enjoyed by the
average tourist, and effective assistance
to the planter at this critical time of the
year would accomplish much toward
solving the labor problem, and render-
ing the cultivation of the soil a certain
road to wealth."

But why did the men establish their
homes there under such hard con-
ditions? it will be asked. Because the
company forced them to do so; discharg-
ed them from employment if they did
not submit.

The worst feature of the company's
policy is its gigantic store. Here its
employees must trade, or, if they are
suspected of the heinous offence of buy-
ing elsewhere the few necessities of life
they can afford, they are told to "take
their time," which means close up ac-
counts and be discharged. The store is
in several vast departments. There is
one for dry goods, another for crockery,
glassware and groceries; another for
hardware, boots and shoes; another for
tailoring, etc. There is even an under-
taker department, but that is nominally
an outside concern, for the reason that
by that means its bills may be put in
the form of "orders" on the company,
which charges five per cent. on them.
Although that five per cent. is nominally
deducted from the bill, it is actually
allowed for in making the bill, and so
comes out of the miner's pocket, as is
the case on all orders. The "order"
business is one of the most grievous
outrages of all. An order signed by
the miner is not necessary. Any body,
butcher, baker, physician, or any body
else who holds a claim against a miner,

—Daniel W. Voorhees is to lecture on
Thomas Jefferson.

THE PENNSYLVANIA MINERS.

Some of the Alleged Wrongs That Have
Driven Them Into Rebellion—The Grinding
Down of the Iron and Coal Workers.

(From the New York Sun.)

SCRANTON, August 7.—The head and
front of the offending here has been the
Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company.
No other corporation has been so fertile
in ingenious devices for its own enrich-
ment and the impoverishment of its em-
ployees, none so merciless in the appli-
cation of a cruel system of crushing
out manhood. Its pitiless clutch upon
the throat of labor has forced the toiler's
scanty pennies from him under every
pretext.

A mere exhibit of nominal per diem
wages would show that the ironwork-
ers in this employ are doing pretty well
as the rates of wages run in all fields of
labor, and, indeed, the amounts they
are paid are generally somewhat in ex-
cess of the average earnings of the coal
miners in this region. But it must be
borne in mind that the ironworkers have
not been making full time any more than
the miners, and where the amount of
toll that a man gives in return for a
specified sum necessary for the main-
tenance of his family is practically a
matter of indifference to him, so long
as he gets that needed sum, \$10 for 10
days of work and 10 of idleness is
really no whit better to him than ten
dollars won by twenty days of steady
work. The best paid men about the
works—apart from the foreman and
bosses, whom it is always policy to pay
well—are the skilled workmen employed
in "charging" in the steel works, who
make about \$45 a month if they have
full work, and the heaters in the rail
mill, who get \$2 a day; but neither of
these average much over half time em-
ployment. For "puddling" iron, \$2.70
per ton is paid. That goes to two men,
who are expected to "puddle" a ton of
2,240 pounds—and ten pounds over for
good weight—in twelve hours. Puddlers
make from \$28 to \$32 per month. The
heaters of seven-inch iron get only
17 cents per ton—equivalent to about
1.60 a day when they have work. Fur-
nace men get \$1.05 a day; helpers, \$1;
laborers, from 65 to 80 cents; black-
smiths and skillful machinists, \$1.50;
boys, \$2 to \$4 per week. Actually, men's
earnings in the different branches run
from \$14 to \$32 per month. As has
been said, this is better than the min-
ers' average, but here the triumph of
the company's rascality is begun.

Primarily, the lot dodge is probably
the best illustration. The company owns
a vast tract of territory, double the
amount permitted by its charter, it is
said, the excess standing under fictitious
titles of individual ownership. Parts of
these vast possessions are Sanderson's
Hill and Shanty Hill. The former is re-
served for wealthy men's residences,
and is the prettiest part of the town. To
keep it exclusive and insure the shutting
out of the poorer class, lots here are held
at fancy prices, from \$2,000 to \$10,000
each, unimproved. Consequently the
laborers have nothing to do here. But
they have much to do with Shanty Hill.
That is where most of them live. Shanty
Hill is a barren, bleak, stony slope,
cheerless and ugly. It is, perhaps, val-
ued at not more than 10 cents an acre
for purposes of taxation. But the com-
pany cut it up into small lots and rented
them to its employees at from \$3 to \$4
per month ground rent. Even at these
excessive prices, no leases were given.
Every tenant was and is held liable
to expulsion on ten days' notice.
Sometimes, after men had erected
their little cabins on these lots they
were ordered to move them to new
sites, seemingly for no other purpose
than to involve them in expense and
keep them poor. One man, a puddler,
says: "It cost me \$250 to build my
house. I had still about \$125 saved up.
The company made me move to a lot
away off, and it cost me \$100 to do so.
I have since paid them \$750 in ground
rent. The lot may be worth \$20 in good
times." A few have carefully picked
the stones from their lots and built them
into a wall, dug up the soil and freed it
from rocks, and even carried earth from
a distance to make garden plats. Then
the company has come down upon them.
Big wagons were sent to carry away for
some improvement about the works the
stones they had piled into a wall. If
their gardens were nice or their potato
patches flourishing, they were ordered
to either pay more rent or to move their
houses, at ten days' notice, to give place
to somebody who would.

But why did the men establish their
homes there under such hard con-
ditions? it will be asked. Because the
company forced them to do so; discharg-
ed them from employment if they did
not submit.

The worst feature of the company's
policy is its gigantic store. Here its
employees must trade, or, if they are
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ing elsewhere the few necessities of life
they can afford, they are told to "take
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in several vast departments. There is
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by that means its bills may be put in
the form of "orders" on the company,
which charges five per cent. on them.
Although that five per cent. is nominally
deducted from the bill, it is actually
allowed for in making the bill, and so
comes out of the miner's pocket, as is
the case on all orders. The "order"
business is one of the most grievous
outrages of all. An order signed by
the miner is not necessary. Any body,
butcher, baker, physician, or any body
else who holds a claim against a miner,

or an ironworker in the company's em-
ploy, may send in a bill, and if the
company chooses to pay it, with a de-
duction of five per cent. for the trouble,
the man must submit or be dis-
charged, and turned out of his
home on the company's land.
Of course the makers of such bills serve
the company by making them extortion-
ate, and even if they stop a little short
of that, they at least take good care to
save their interests from the 5 per cent.
deduction. The State and local taxes
imposed upon the men are, by a State
law, collected in this manner from the
company, the Collector getting 2 per
cent., and the company in this instance
only 3 per cent.

After the men's accounts at the com-
pany's stores are made up for the month
they or their wives are supposed to be
at liberty to get goods at the store, pro-
vided there is any thing left after the
ground rent and various orders and per-
centages are deducted from their earn-
ings. As many as 600 or 700 of these
poor people may be seen outside the
store, standing in line, in sunshine, rain
or snow, awaiting their turn, on the
earlier days of the month, when work
is getting on. Each in turn drops his
or her pass-book through a slit into a
box. The clerks draw the books from
the bottom, call out the name of the
person on each and ask, "What do you
want?" The order is filled approxi-
mately to the buyer's desires, but at the
clerk's sweet will. No samples are
shown, no choice is allowed, and if any
remonstrance is made the prompt order
is, "Get out—no time to talk. If you
don't like it, go and get your time."

"They treat us like dogs, sir," said
several of the men, "especially our
women. They are brutal to them of-
ten, but what can we do?" Every thing
at the store is 15 or 20 per cent. higher
than the same articles are in outside, in-
dependent stores selling for cash in the
town. Sometimes the difference is even
greater. Just before the strike, when
potatoes were selling for forty cents a
bushel in the town, the company charg-
ed eighty cents. Shoes it charged fifty
cents per pair more than other stores.
So all through the list of the necessities
and poorest luxuries of life needed here.
Yet there is no credit in the company's
store. No man in the employ of the
company is ever permitted to get all his
wages except when he quits its service.
A miner or an ironworker may have
\$100 due him in the store, and for his
urgent necessities require \$50 of that
amount. If he asks for \$50 he may get
\$20, or perhaps \$25, just as the man-
ager of the store sees fit, and if he re-
monstrates or begs for more, the
reply is, "Take your time,
then, and get out." At least a
month's wages the company aims to hold
always in hand, but it never pays any
interest on that amount retained. If a
man's family, in the flush of unusual
possession, during the early part of the
month, lets its appetite get the better of
its prudence, during the latter part of
the month and up to another pay-day
man, wife and children must go hungry,
even though he may have ample means
to his credit in the store.

From their squalid misery the com-
pany employees look up to the magnifi-
cent mansions on the hill above the
store, built by their oppressors; the \$1-
000,000 house erected by Joseph H.
Scranton, and the princely abode of J.
C. Platt (former Superintendent of the
company's store). They remember that
this company was bankrupt in 1844, that
since then it has paid enormous divi-
dends, and is now possessed, openly and
covertly, of property variously estimat-
ed at from \$25,000,000 to \$40,000,000,
although its nominal capital is only \$2-
000,000. With all this, they see they
selves more wretchedly and hopelessly
poor than they were when the company
was bankrupt.

Under such circumstances it is not
strange that the company has, ever
since the beginning of the trouble here,
been nervously apprehensive of its em-
ployees wreaking their vengeance upon
its stores. Two hundred men were kept
on guard day and night to protect them.
The military have been required to
bivouac near them. The doors are kept
closed, and the men can not get the
wages due them except by marking
themselves as men never again to enter
the company's service, and this they are
loath to do, as they hope ultimately to
effect an improvement in the terms ac-
cording them, and they are too poor to
go elsewhere to seek work.

The Apollo of Long Branch.

Mr. Fred. May, whose little coffee and
pistols affair with James Gordon Ben-
nett is still fresh in the minds of the
public, is one of the celebrities of the
Branch this year. May is a very hand-
some young man in evening dress, but
when he emerges from the bathing-
houses clad in the acrobatic costume in
which he enters the water, he creates
universal havoc in the breasts of the
fair lookers on. He is tall and finely
proportioned, with limbs as clean-cut as
those of some crack racer, and an
Apollo-like head, set on broad should-
ers. He is, altogether, a magnificent
specimen of manly beauty, and he has
but to appear in his scanty garb of
mauve-color with short sleeves and legs,
to create a decidedly adverse sentiment
against James Gordon on the female side
of our constituency. This classic-fea-
tured youth, who might take his place
as a model for a sculptor, is decidedly
averse to the notoriety to which he is
subjected, and said recently, half-jok-
ing, half-petulant, that he might as well
hire himself out for exhibition at once.
—*Letter to Baltimore Enquirer.*

—Rev. Dr. Deans, pastor of the
Church of the Strangers, New York, is
now engaged in writing the biography
of Commodore Vanderbilt.