

LITTLE DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

FRAGMENTS FROM UNWRITTEN HISTORY OF NOTED AMERICANS.

Personal Reminiscences of a Number of Involuntary Generous Actions Performed by Great Men at the National Capital.

A News reporter recently became one of a group of men who were engaged in a discussion of the question as to whether or not statesmen were becoming fewer in number as the years go on, and as the truly great men passed away from this life, whether national legislation had not become corrupt as national legislators had become corruptible. Said one of the gentlemen present: "There are few great men now. Few indeed are the seats on the floors of the national congress, which to-day are occupied by men of as much practical worth and use to the country and the world as they were when I was a young man living among them, so to speak, at Washington. No, gentlemen, the congress of to-day falls lamentably short of the character of the congress of twenty-five to thirty-five years ago."

few stories illustrating the character of some of the "real statesmen" of the time to which he referred. He studied for a moment and then said: "Well, so be it, but let me tell of some of the little deeds of kindness done by great men at Washington which came under my personal observation.

One chilly fall evening standing

on the corner of Seventh and F street was a man who was

evidently awaiting the coming of a west bound car. He was a man of striking physique, full six feet tall and straight as an arrow. On his head he wore a broad-brim fedora hat from beneath which, as if forcing its way out, was a luxuriant growth of heavy grey hair that touched his shoulders. He was wrapped in a long, dark blue cloak, fastened well in around his neck. His attire was scrupulously neat and as he stood there, patiently, right in the shadow of the great patent office building, he seemed almost as a modernized "giant of yester day."

Across the street from the postoffice, crowded with freight came a dirty and ragged newsboy—a veritable street gang—in—pursued by another and larger lad of the same class whose angry vengeance the little fellow had incurred. Almost at the feet of the tall old gentleman the boys came together, and in an instant the small boy had been knocked into the gutter and his bundle of papers scattered in the mud of the street. The big fellow was preparing to continue the assault when he was checked by the command issued in deep, thunder tones: "Stop! Stop, you young ruffian. Touch that little boy again and I will thrash you within an inch of your life." The assailant was satisfied. He fled and the old man stooping down assisted the crying boy to gather up his soiled and ruined papers—at sight of which the youngster cried more lustily. "What are your papers worth, my little man?" kindly asked the philanthropist, but without waiting for a reply, the old boy a dollar and said: "Now go home, boy. Don't fight. It is brutal. Try to be a gentleman." And as a car came rolling up, Frederick Douglass, now the American minister to St. Domingo, boarded it and went his way.

"One time a little senate page—a boy

who had just commenced work in that

capacity, while on his way to the document room fell down the stairway and broke one of his legs. The suffering little fellow, fainting from the agony of his dreadful injury was raised tenderly, carried up stairs and into one of the committee rooms where he was laid on a luxuriant sofa. In the room at the time was a prominent member of the senate. While awaiting the coming of the surgeon, that gentleman bathed the boy's face with water, held his little hands and as a sharp twinge of pain caused the unfortunate lad to cry out with pain, tears started from the eyes and rolled down the cheeks of the great hearted senator. He caused the boy to be skillfully attended, removed to his home on east Capitol street and, as the boy's mother was a widow and poor, the gentlemen caused her to be relieved of all expense and supplied with every comfort and convenience during her little son's illness. After the lad had recovered he was re-instated in his position and the gentleman from his own pocket contributed enough to make the salary of the page sufficient from month to month, to insure his mother a comfortable living without resorting to her needle as of old. That great hearted senator was Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana.

For many years there was an aged woman who made a living by selling the necessary articles for light lunches on one of the corridors on the senate side of the capitol. One cold winter she was taken sick and was unable to pursue the avocation by means of which she had so long earned her living. She did not want for attention and comfort, however, for a great heart found her out in her sore distress and brought her relief and when the spring time again and the poor old creature laid down the burdens of life, she was given Christian burial and her two little orphan grand daughters were sent to Mont de Seales academy, near Washington, where they remained until educated. It was Senator Zachariah Chandler of Michigan, who did this great good.

A couple of gentlemen coming out of

the door of the saloon of the metropolitan hotel one evening jostled against a diminutive flower girl who was about to pass in through the saloon into the hotel with her little tray of sweet blossoms.

In a second her lovely bootliners were

lying scattered upon the wet tiling and she was in tears. "God knows I am sorry, little one, for this wretched work," exclaimed one, and immediately the two gentlemen gathered up the flowers and returned them to the tray, and as quickly as placed on the tray a crisp bill.

These gentlemen were Green Clay

Smith, of Kentucky, and Schuyler Colfax, of this state, political enemies but otherwise the warmest friends. Thus, it is, gentlemen; many true stories could be told of the genuine true heartedness of some of the legislators of those days who were great not only in great things, but also in the little things of life. Of course these things have little to do with the matter we were discussing, but they go far to show that noble hearts beat beneath their coats. Ah, but indeed there is a marked difference between 'the *then* and 'the *now*.'

THE GROWTH OF HYPNOTISM.

Found Under Different Names at All Periods of Human History.

The history of hypnotism, says Dr. Lays in the Fortnightly Review, forms part of the history of the marvelous in human existence. Any one may satisfy himself by reading special books on this subject. The scope of this article does not allow me to lay any further stress upon it. In reality, hypnotism is found under different names at all periods of history, from the incantations of the ancient Egyptian magicians down to the fascinations of Mesmer and the investigations of Braid. These two persons began to separate the wheat from the chaff, and went so far as to show what was real and truly scientific in that series of fanciful practices, bordering on witchcraft, which, under the most varied aspects, have many believers in the credulous who are always prone to swallow a story.

Modern hypnotism owes its name and appearance in the realm of science to the investigations made by Braid. He is its true creator; he made it what

passes to the experimental truth by means of which he proved that, when

hypnotic phenomena are called into play, they are wholly independent of

any supposed influence of the hypnotist

upon the hypnotized, and that the hypnotized person simply reacts upon himself by reason of latent capacities in him which are artificially developed.

Braid demonstrated that in this series of remarkable phenomena hypnotism, acting upon a human subject upon a fellow field, merely set in motion a string of silent faculties which only needed its assistance to

reach their development. Here we

obviously have a new idea and a

phenomena of the first importance which constitutes one of the most interesting anxieties of the question.

In this field of new research Braid had further opportunity of evincing his clear-sightedness in many other particulars, and it may be said of him that the outset he foresaw the different stages of hypnotism just as they have been since defined in France. He perceived their different manifestations and he thus laid the first foundation of the structure which has been so fortunately developed by workers in different countries, and which for the future constitutes an entirely new chapter in general neurology.

"Hypnotism," says Braid, "does not

comprise only one condition; it is rather

a series of different points, capable of

infinite variety, extending from the

lightest dreams in which the natural

functions are intensified to the pro-

foundest state of coma, from which

the conscience and the will are com-

pletely absent." In another place he

speaks with more detail about hypo-

notism. "We are right, therefore,

in our upper bureau drawer?"

Daisy blushed furiously, but an-

swered gravely:

"That is Mrs. Reed's physician, Mr.

Lansing. He was always very kind to me."

"Dr. Lansing? Where does he live, Daisy?"

And Daisy innocently gave the address.

It was evening; office hours were

over; but the doctor was in his office

when the servant ushered in Mrs.

Murphy. He had never seen her and her dress proclaimed her social station, but he won her heart at once by his gentle courtesy.

"He couldn't be more polite if I

had been the first lady in the land," she said once when describing the interview.

"Doctor," she said, hesitatingly. "I am Mrs. Murphy."

But the name did not seem to help him to any recognition of her.

"I am Daisy Reed's own mother. Perhaps you have forgotten her?"

But she knew he had not. She was

gazing him intently and the sudden

blush on her cheeks could not escape her.

"You—you remember her?" she said

presently.

"Most certainly I do," was the emphatic reply. "I have been much

troubled that I did not know where to find her. She is well, I hope?"

"Doctor, she is dying by inches. What could you expect?" she added, bitterly, as he started and grew pale.

"She breathes air all day that is just

poison if you're not used to it, and

she works like a slave. I'm too poor

to keep her from work, and she is too

good to live in idleness when I am hard

at work. Will you come and see her, doctor, and tell me if any medicine

will help her? I came to tell you, sir, because she told me you had

taught her once or twice when she was ill."

"Yes, I will come in the morning. Leave me the address."

But Mrs. Murphy said nothing of

her own visit or of the doctor's

promised call when she reached home.

She watched for him, and called Daisy

for her embroidery to see an old

friend, and then disappeared. When

she returned she knew that Dr. Lansing

had already given Daisy the

medicines of hope and happiness,

restoring the delicate color to her

cheeks and brightness to her large,

hollow eyes.

"You will give her to me?" he asked.

"She shall be altogether separated from you."

"Gladly! Oh, so gladly!" Mrs.

Murphy said. "I will give her to you. Could I love her and kill her? You will take all the brightness from the house but I will bless you all my life for doing it."

Miss Clementina gazed her hand-

some teeth over the wedding cards,

but Mrs. Murphy, in her pretty

country home, with an income that

relieves her from any heavy, money-

earning drudgery, blessed the day

when she saw Daisy kissing and

praying over Dr. Lansing's photograph.

CHINESE PRESENT-GIVING.

No matter how high the rank of a Chinese official he seldom recovers from his greed for presents. A Canton Mandarin is now bewailing this fact for on a recent visit of the Viceroy Li to his province he presented that dignitary with a pair of lions, cut in jade stone, of great value.

He imagined the Viceroy would

admire the work and then return it, but

what was his amazement when he re-

ceived a gracious letter accepting his gift.

It seemed he borrowed the jade

lions, and now he is negotiating with

the owner, who demands a small for-

ture for the property. It will go hard

with the Mandarin's subjects this winter,

as it will take many a "squeeze"

of rich and poor in the province to

recoup his loss.

THE WINE.

Cumso—What an offensively vain

man Brown is.

Uncle Tom—That is, though. Just

sober and extremely and versa-

tile, Auntie.

LIGHT AT LAST.

Do I love you? I only know your presence fills my heart with sweet content.

That in your absence hours lag so, like child's feet toward the schoolhouse bent.

That with your coming life seems fraught with all the spring-time joyousness of May.

Who's goodness leaves the truth untainted, Each year holds back a dark December day.

I only know that when we meet We seem to be from all the world apart; My joy I feel is so complete.

My life explores no further than your heart.

It is content, within your eyes.

To find the rest it hungered for so long;

To find that land beneath whose skies Each smile is sunshine and each laugh a song.

Were we to part? There is a vine Which, finding daily nourishment and food

In trees round which its tendrils twine, Knows death when parted from their barks of wood.

DUDLY GIBARD.

JOB AND THE "GATOR."

In the fall of 1868 I was raising rice on the Cape Fear river. It was the first year we had tried to raise rice with free labor, and I was somewhat in doubt as to the result of the effort.

The old hands had become pretty well scattered, as one of the results of the war, and it is difficult to raise rice with labor unaccustomed to its culture, not only because the process of irrigation requires experience, but also because the atmosphere of the swamps is deadly to those unaccustomed to it. The nearest white man was about five miles away. There were about eighty negro men and women on the place, and it took most of my time to look after them.

We had a small mill driven by a stream that came down from a pond through three or four miles of swamps. This creek abounded in fish and in the fall the swamp was alive with ducks. Of an evening I often used to go with Uncle Job, an aged darky raised on the plantation, up the creek angling for trout. Uncle Job was so old, in fact, that paddling the batteau and catching fish were the only labors he performed. I would carry a gun, and sometimes got a shot at a duck or mud hen, and no and then at a lazy "gator." I got Uncle Job one afternoon about 3 o'clock and we went up to the mill with our fishing tackle, live bait, and a gun. We never took a dog, for the moment he left the boat a "gator" would have caught him.