THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The Influence Which Dress Has on the Morals.

LATEST FASHION GOSSIP.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Contribution.)

The True Wife.

Let a woman be sure that she is precious to her husband—not useful, valuable, convenient simply, but lovely and beloved: let her be the recipient of his polite and hearty attentions; let her feel that her love and care are noticed, appreciated and returned; let her opinions be asked, her approval sought and her views respected in matters of which she is cognizant; in short, let her only be loved, honored and cherished in fulfilment of the marriage vow, and she will be to her husband, and her children and society a well-spring of pleasure. She will bear pain, toil and anxiety, for her husband's love is to her the tower of a fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy will dull the edge of her sorrow. A house with love in it—and by love we mean love expressed in words and deeds, for we have not one spark of faith in love that never crops out—is to a house without love as a person to a machine. The one is life, the other mechanism. The unlovely woman may have bread just as light, a house just as tidy as the other, but the other has a spring of beauty about her, a joyousness, an aggressive and penetrating and pervading brightness to which the former is a stranger. She gleams all over with it. It is airy, and gay, and graceful, and warm and welcoming with her presence. She is full of devices and plots and sweet surprises for her husband and family. She has never done with the romance and poetry of life. She is herself a lyric poem, setting herself to all pure and gracious melodies. Humble household ways and duties have for her a golden significance. The prize makes the calling higher, and the end dignifies the means. Her home is a paradise, for "love is heaven, and heaven is love." Always man needs woman for his friend. He needs her clear vision, her subtler insight, her softer thought, her winged soul, her pure and tender heart. Always woman needs man to be her friend. She needs the vigor of his purpose, the ardor of his will, the calmer judgement his braver force of action, his reverence and his devotion.

Dress and Morals.

I noticed in Sunday's *Constitution* an article by Henry Labouchere upon the dress of our grandmothers and its relation to morals. The editor of the London *Truth* asserts that our grandmothers, in their stiff stays and powdered hair, didn't have a chance to be indecorous. Hasn't Mr. Labouchere lived long enough to know that the moral or physical stiffness of a person's environment tends toward a desire to break bounds? Madame Pompadour wore the stiffest stays, the highest heeled shoes and the greatest quantity of powdered hair of any woman in history, and yet how long will it take humanity to learn that dress and manners are entirely apart, and that human nature is the same in mother hubbards or panniers? There are about an equal number of good and bad people in each generation, regardless of fashions or surroundings. The cry against low evening gowns rages regularly every winter. We see it written that our grandmothers never wore frocks as shockingly low as the women of to-day. There's a book, published many years ago, called "The Republican Court." It contains copies of the portraits of all the famous and beautiful women in the time of George Washington. The dresses of more than half the women are shockingly low—the lowest of the lot being that of Mrs. James Madison. The age makes no difference. There are always styles that can be abused and made common if the wearer chooses.—*M. B., in Atlantic Constitution.*

A Charming Advertisement.

Those physical wrecks of men who pace wearily up and down Broadway with placards at their front and backs, and familiarly called sandwich men, are not the only persons who promenade as advertisements. Comelier advertisers are several girls sent out by leading milliner and dressmaking establishments. They are models chosen for perfection of face and figure, clothed in the newest and most pronounced costumes of bonnets, and then sent out to walk in Broadway and Fifth avenue. The girls selected for this particular service are those who have been for several years used in their employer's store as models on which to show off goods to wealthy purchasers, and thus have become known to those customers so well that on being seen in the streets they are instantly recognized. Thus the freshest wares offered for sale in those shops are announced under the most favorable circumstances.—*New York Sun.*

Fashion Fancies.

At a grand ball in Paris Viscomtesse de Conevat wore flowered silver lampas made *a la* Henry Deux, with slashed sleeves and all, and over it her pearls, the most famous in Europe, beginning in a dog-collar about the breast and spreading row after row till they drooped far below the waist.

Chinese, Japanese and Indian decorations are decidedly the fashion for country houses.

A tiny lawn mower is the latest in scarf pins, but it does not signify that the wearer uses it.

A fine black straw hat can be made very stylish if crushed white roses are veiled with white net and set along the brim.

Jet capes are to give place to lace ones as warm weather comes, and this means fewer round-shouldered girls.

Wonderful are some of the trimmings on the best evening dresses, such as white or cream crepe lisse, embroidered with pearls, the embroidery in silk of tender tints. Paste diamonds are introduced into some of the galloons, intermixed with pearls, silk and tinsel threads.

In spring and summer fashions a host of details are borrowed from gentlemen's dress. There are narrow and flowing cravats, both plain and colored; plaited shirt-fronts, tiny jeweled studs, scarf-pins, and linked buttons for throat and sleeves, with a close high corsage. A lace frill, very closely gathered, is worn, this copied from the masculine toilet of a former epoch.

An evening gown had a combination of colors so exquisitely blended as to deserve comment. The petticoat, of pale pink coral satin, brocaded with silver and gold, was partially draped with the same shade of crepe de chine; the bright chestnut-brown velvet train was lined with eau de Nil satin, and trimmed down one side, across the back and up to the left shoulder, with the richest raised Spanish point, fastened with bows of the blended colors. With other amalgamated shades the result is equally artistic and successful.

Lines for the Ladies.

"Jenny" is one of the baptismal names of the new Empress of Germany.

A Berlin merchant who advertised for a wife lately received 277 answers.

The average yearly pay of women school teachers in Iowa is but $212.45.

At a Newport wedding the bride carried a bouquet of hydrangeas, a novel flower for the purpose.

A bright bandana floats from Mrs. Cleveland's flag-staff at Oak View beneath the stars and stripes.

America is asked to unite with England in raising the funds for the memorial to Dinah Mulock Craik, which is to be placed in Tewkesbury Abbey.

The Parisian florists have been detected in imparting to odorless flowers the most delicious perfumes by the use of essences, a drop of which gives to any plant the desired odor.

A writer in the *Atlantic*, in seeking to assist parents in finding names for their children, urges them to avoid odd or eccentric or poetic combinations and be guided by euphonic quality only. The best form is a dactyle and a spondee, but if the surname cannot be treated by the above rule, it should be fitted with a name to bring the combination as nearly as possible to the above length and cadence.

Helen Campbell, in a letter to the Kansas City *Journal*, says the shop girls of that city are not allowed to sit because the fashionable women don't like it. "What is the next pleasure?" is the way the girls ask if anything else is wanted. The law which does not allow girls under 18 to work over twelve hours is not obeyed. Every girl must have a waist of from 18 to 20 inches. The floor-walkers are cruel fellows, often fining girls for spite. Some of the girls make 84 cents a week, and the highest wages are about 18 shillings. The girls club together, huddling in small back rooms, and spending all that can be saved on dress. Naturally, unless with exceptionally keen consciences, they find what is called "sin" an easier fact than starvation.

Terrors of a Volcano.

Some idea of the terror of volcanoes may be gathered from an account of one in one of the Hawaiian Islands recently published. When the crater was filled from 500 to 600 feet deep with molten lava, the immense weight of which broke through a subterranean passage of twenty-seven miles and reached the sea, forty miles distant, in two days, flowing for three weeks and heating the water twenty miles distant:

"Rocks melted like wax in its path; forests crackled and blazed before its fervent heat; the works of man were to it but as a scroll in the flames. Imagine Niagara's stream, above the brink of the Falls, with its dashing, whirling, madly-raging waters, hurrying on to their plunge, instantaneously converted into a fire; a gory-hued river of fused minerals; volumes of hissing steam arising; smoke curling upward from ten thousand vents, which gave utterance to the many deep-toned mutterings and sullen, confined clamorings; gases detonating and shrieking as they burst from their hot prison-house; the heavens lurid with flame; the atmosphere dark and oppressive; the horizon murky with vapors, and gleaming with the reflected contest. * * * * Such was the scene as the fiery cataract, leaping a precipice of fifty feet, poured its flood upon the ocean. The old line of coast, a mass of compact indurated lava, whitened, cracked and fell. The waters recoiled and sent forth a tempest of spray; they foamed and dashed around and over the melted rock; they boiled with the heat, and the roar of the conflicting agencies grew fiercer and louder. The reports of the exploding gases were distinctly heard twenty-five miles distant, and were likened to a whole broadside of heavy artillery. Streaks of the intensest light glanced like lightning in all directions; the outskirts of the burning lava as it fell, cooled by the shock, were shivered into millions of fragments and scattered by the strong wind in sparkling showers far into the country. * * * * Six weeks later at the base of the hills the water continued scalding hot and sent forth steam at every wash of the waves."

A Beggar with a Full Pocket.

"I am deaf and dumb; can you give me work at anything? I have to support myself and have no money," was found in type-writing in one pocket of a mute beggar arrested at Third and Race streets yesterday by Detective Almendinger, and in the other pockets was found $569.65. Paper and pencil were given the mute and he wrote his name as William Darlington, of Toronto, Canada. It was also learned that he saved his money for twelve months at a time and then visited Dublin, Ireland, and deposited it. He was locked up at the Central Police Station. — *Philadelphia Record.*

An Unruly Animal.

Farmer's Wife (limping into the house)—That brindle cow kicked me, John, an' I'm afraid my leg is broken.

Farmer—Gash ding that critter. Is the milk spilled?

Scared to Death by the Storm.

Maggie Hite, the 6-year-old daughter of Thomas Hite, of Johnstown, Pa., became terribly frightened during a thunder-storm last Thursday. She went into convulsions and died in a few hours.

The First Riddle.

Samson's riddle (about 1141 B.C., Judges xiv. 12) is the earliest on record. The ancient oracles frequently gave responses admitting of perfectly contrary interpretations.

"Ladies' hats reduced" is a sign on a Gratiot avenue store. This will be good news to theatre-goers.—*Detroit Free Press*

JELLIES OF JULY.

Timely Suggestions for the Industrious Housekeeper.

Early in July the good housekeeper begins to think of her jelly and jam. It is a great mistake to put off making currant jelly till the end of the season, for the best jelly is made of currants not perfectly ripe. Those used for preserves should be fully ripe. To keep a light color in jelly, care should be taken not to cook the sugar long, as this will darken the fruit and cause it to "candy." Some persons are very successful in making currant jelly by merely heating the sugar in the oven, and, after the juice has boiled twenty minutes, adding the sugar and leaving it over the fire only until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved. This makes the jelly of a beautiful color and delicate flavor, but it is not usually so firm as that made by the common method of boiling twenty minutes before, and ten after, the sugar is added. Do not "skimp" your sugar. A pound to a pint is the only safe rule.

The best jelly-bag is made of new flannel. Take a square of flannel and fold it to make a double three-cornered piece; sew up one side; this leaves a large opening by which to put in the fruit, and the juice will all run to the point, the weight of the fruit pressing it out. Do not squeeze the bag. Very little juice can be gained in that way, and what is will be of an inferior quality. It will not pay for the labor.

Currant and apple jellies are the easiest to make, as they are surest to be firm. Apple juice will help to harden jellies that incline to be thin. Much of the jelly in the market is made from apple stock, with flavoring of various kinds to justify the labels attached. It would be well if nothing more harmful were ever used.

A delicious raspberry jelly may be made by using one quart of currants to a pint of raspberries. Pick over the fruit, leaving the currants on the stem, but taking out all leaves. Mash the currants and put them over the fire to scald, then pour them hot into a bag. Take the juice that runs out at once and pour over the raspberries. Scald this and put it into another bag. Let both hang over night. In the morning measure the juice, putting currant and raspberry together, and weigh a pound of sugar to each pint of juice. Boil the juice well before putting the sugar in; it must boil twenty minutes at least. Add the sugar and let boil twenty minutes longer; skim carefully, if the juice does not look clear the white of an egg may be added.

Crab-apples make a very firm and palatable jelly. The Siberian crab-apples are easily obtained and are fine in flavor, but, if one can get them, the wild crab-apples (the sour, green things that grow on thorny trees in the country) give the greatest satisfaction. They have a spicy flavor and a pleasant acid which are particularly delightful to invalids. The juice of the crab-apple, of either kind, may be used for jelly with that of other fruits, such as peach, raspberry or cherry, and will give firmness without injuring the flavor. The proportion may be left to the taste of the jelly maker.

Quince jelly is easily made from the parings and odd pieces of fruit left after preserving, but it is not well to leave the seeds in, as they tend to make the jelly sticky and ropy. Grape jelly should be made before the grapes turn. A good old cook-book says: "In making jelly, do but little at a time to keep it of a light color and crisp and firm. Bright, fair weather improves the color and flavor of jelly."

It is well to have a variety—not too much of one kind—of both jellies and preserves, for the palate soon tires of even a pleasant flavor, and the housekeeper's shelves may present a picture to delight the eye by a careful and artistic arrangement of the various colors and shades.

Jellies should stand open a day or two after being put into glasses, that the moisture may evaporate, but they should be protected from dust. If thin, let them stand in the sun's rays. In a day or two cut papers to fit the glasses; dip these in brandy, alcohol or white of egg, and press them closely on top of the jelly. A very old-fashioned method is to pour melted butter or clean mutton fat on top, and let it harden. All jellies and preserves should be so covered, then if mold appears it can easily be removed without wasting the fruit. Finally put on the glasses the covers made for that purpose, or cover with paper, pasting the edges down.

It is impossible to give more than general rules as to the best place for keeping fruit. Jellies and preserves will bear a warmer place than canned fruit; but each housekeeper must decide by experience as to the best place in her own house. It should be a dry, dark place, where the fruit can be easily watched.

To make raspberry jam, weigh equal proportions of fruit and sugar, put the fruit in a preserving kettle, with a little currant juice, one pint to six quarts of berries, mash the berries as they cook, using a silver or wooden spoon. Let it cook well before adding the sugar, after which boil ten or fifteen minutes.

While raspberries are in season no one should fail to make raspberry shrub, to use for a summer drink. Pick over black raspberries; if they need washing put them in a sieve and let water run through them, the less the better. Let them stand over night in a stone jar, covered with good cider vinegar. Next morning mash them well and strain them through a bag, not your jelly bag, as the vinegar will injure it; measure the juice and add three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pint; boil ten minutes and bottle while hot. For use, put a spoonful or two in a glass of water. This is one of the most useful preparations that can be kept in a house, not only as affording the most refreshing beverage, but being of singular efficacy in complaints of the chest.

Gooseberries which comes in July make very good preserves, but are better spiced according to the following famous recipe: Six quarts of gooseberries, nine pounds of sugar. Cook one hour and a half, then add a pint of vinegar, one tablespoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and allspice; boil a little longer. When cold they should be solid; if not, boil them again. The little green gooseberries are the best.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Food For Reflection.

Mr. Fauxpas (to his neighbor at dinner)—You must have thought it awfully stupid in me to have made that remark.

Miss Societe—Why, no; I thought it quite natural.

DIGGING FOR CAPT. KIDD'S GOLD.

Startling Stories of Buried Treasure Which Worry Fortune Hunters.

News comes that a party of men have organized to dig for gold in a small cave near Greenfield, Conn. It is not known there is any gold in the cave. Some years ago a report was started that gold was hidden in the cave—probably a part of the mysterious wealth that Capt. Kidd buried—and on several occasions spades and pick-axes have been brought into play, the work generally being done in the night time. A year or so ago a number of men visited this cave night after night, excavating dirt, which they drew up in baskets and threw out of the mouth of the cave. They finally withdrew, leaving their tools behind them, but whether they carried away any treasure is not known. The members of the party just formed evidently think their predecessors did not take it all.

Over in New Jersey there is a rise of ground called Money Hill, on the bank of the Shark River. Money Hill got its name from an early belief that Capt. Kidd made it a bank of deposit. In fact, it is quite certain that he did. A good many people have dug into Money Hill; a few years ago two sailors came there, dug a hole and went away again. "It is said" they left a rusty iron box by the side of the hole, and that some ancient coins were found near the water side, where they re-entered their boat. That was a fever flesh and blood could not resist. The entire neighborhood was aroused, and Money Hill and the whole north bank of the Shark River was prodded with spades. But no more iron boxes filled with ancient coins were found. But did that settle the matter? Not at all. Last month the disease broke out again, as virulent as ever, and a number of men went to work to unearth treasure from the sides of Money Hill. If they discovered any chests of Spanish dollars they kept the matter secret.

A search is now going on for an immense lot of private treasure buried on Turneffe Cays, off British Honduras. John B. Peck, a former journalist of Washington, is the man who leads in the enterprise. A few weeks ago he came into possession of information that pointed to the sinking of a small pirate vessel, just filled with gold, on Turneffe, which is a coral key. Peck obtained a concession to dig for the millions, agreeing to pay the Government 10 per cent. of all the treasure he found. Since then he has made two expeditions to the spot, on one of which his ship was wrecked, and on the other he broke his tools and returned to this country for more. He has succeeded in getting people to put up money for the expenses of these adventures, they to be repaid out of the buried gold—when it is got. This Peck left New York for the trip early last month.

Two years ago a resident of Nantucket was digging in his cellar for water, but he missed that, as did Dow (of Dow's Flat), and struck gold instead, or said that he did. It was an iron chest filled with Spanish doubloons. The entire island was in a blaze of excitement, and many, if not all, the cellars in the place were dug over, though no more iron chests were upheaved, nor did any Spanish doubloons clink on the laborers' steel blades. About the same time a digger was industriously upheaving the soil on a point of Mount Desert in the belief that Capt. Kidd had strayed that far north to hide the vast accumulation of gold and silver that he had taken from the treasure-ships of all nations, that is, all nations that had treasure-ships.

This bloody old piratical Englishman, who was finally legally put to death for his crimes, has led many men on fools' errands. For 100 years people have been digging at different points between Delaware Bay and Rhode Island in search of buried treasure. The labor expended in this direction would, at $1 a day, buy all the gold and silver and goods and ships that Capt. Kidd ever stole. It is a mere superstition that he ever buried anything. The $20,000 in gold and silver he carried into Boston was probably all he could command, for the hangman's noose was already dangling just above his head, and he would naturally do whatever he could to propitiate the Government—the English authorities in those days not being adverse to taking money from any source.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Union.*

The Salvation Army in India.

One of the strangest developments of modern religious fervor is the Salvation army in India. This remarkable organization, which may be disliked, but which is not to be despised anywhere, has taken a form in India entirely adapted to the native sentiment and imagination. Its European members dress in Indian costume and walk barefoot—a terrible thing to do on the burning soil. They submit to privations which the native fakir can hardly surpass, and live on an average of about twenty cents a week. They have drawn into their ranks Commissioner Tucker, an English official, who has resigned a yearly salary of $4,000 to follow them, and who marches dressed in the wretched attire of a fakir, but under a red canopy carried by four Salvationists. These missionaries address the natives in their own language. At Madras lately they had a great demonstration and preached in their characteristic style to an attentive audience of natives. Perhaps this is the best way for Christianity to get at the dull and debased myriads of India after all.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Toronto Diagnosis.

Young Physician (inspecting citizen on the floor at the police station)—This man's condition is not due to drink. He has been drugged.

Officer McGinnis—Your right. I drug him all the way from the saloon, two blocks down the street.

Man's Inhumanity to Man.

"I hate that man," exclaimed Mrs. Uppercea. "I'd like to make his life miserable." "Tell you what," said her husband warmly. "I'll send the wretch an invitation to your musicale. We'll torture him."—*Burdette.*

It is reported from Detroit that a lad named Frank Bailey, 16 years old, has such a mania for thrusting pins and needles into the right side of his face and neck that it has become necessary to send him to the lunatic asylum. At the time of his departure he had from 30 to 40 pins buried to the head in his cheek, besides an unknown number of needles that were out of sight.

STRANGE VOICE FROM A WRECK.

Singular Story of a Waterlogged Vessel Discovered in the China Sea.

"You see, messmates," says the old quartermaster, as he seated himself comfortably again, "in a seafaring life we meet with many rough jobs that are out of all ordinary calkillation, and what them as haven't been to sea wouldn't hardly believe. There was that ship we fell in with in the China Sea—that was an odd thing that was.

"It was only just after daylight in the morning watch as some one sung out, 'Sail ahead.' But it wasn't much of a sail, for there was only one mast—the foremast—standing, but a big ship agoing steady afore the wind, with her foretopsail set, but not hauled taut, but all flapping like. Well, we see as there was no one aboard, or, if so be there was, they didn't know how to manage her. So when we'd run down a little ahead of her, we lowered a boat, and I was one of the boat's crew, as went aboard, and as we pulled up to her, we could see nobody on deck, but only heered a dog barking; and when we went up the side, sure enough there was a half-starved dog a-sitting upon the body of a man; and when he sees us he sets up a dreadful howling, but still he didn't seem displeased to see us, but threw back his ears, though he looked dreadful melancholy and down in the mouth. But the curious thing was to see the number of rats that was running about the decks, for the ship was waterlogged, and the rats were driven from below and obliged to shift for themselves.

"Well, there were three more dead bodies lying about; and when we came to look at them the rats had ate most of their faces and necks and ripped open their jackets to get at their flesh elsewhere, but the corpse as the dog was sitting on they hadn't been able to touch; for you see the rats they lived upon the dead bodies, and the dog lived upon the rats—so we supposed by the carcasses of one on 'em as was lying near him. And such rats as they were I never see—a'most as big as half-grown rabbits, and so tame that they didn't make no account of us. You see they'd been so familiar with the bodies aboard that they looked upon us as so many sheep or cattle, or what not, as was come aboard for their live stock.

"Well, we tried to get into the cabin, but this was full of water, and so was everything below decks; and there was no name upon the stern, or we couldn't make it out where the ship was from or where bound; and we searched the captain's pockets, but couldn't find no memorandum nor name, only a love letter sewed up in a piece of oil-skin in his jacket, and signed "Sarah." And when we was thenking what was best to be done, whether to throw the bodies overboard or what, a voice, as seemed close to us, sung out in a curious low tone, more like a female's than a man's, 'Ship ahoy, there! what ship is that?'

"Well, that startled us a'most out of our senses; for we couldn't see nothing, and the bodies on deck was dead we knew by reason their faces was eat; and says one of the men, 'It must be the dog,' says he, 'he've been a-thinking over to hisself all he've heerd, and have been and taught hisself to speak;' and says he to the dog, answering his hail like, 'The Zenobia, 600 tons, John Shum, master, of and from London, bound from Singapore, with a general cargo.' But the dog made no answer to that, and while he was a wondering what it could be, the same kind of a voice sung out again: "Steward, glass of grog!" Well, now we knew as this couldn't be the dog, because they don't take no grog. Then says another man: 'I'm much deceived if that 'ere voice don't come out of the mainmast;' so we goes to the mainmast that is, the stump of it—and out of the middle of the ropes and halyards that was hanging about the pins the voice comes out again and says: 'Oh, sweet Polly! No higher, keep her rap full.'

Well, we soon cast off the ropes, and what should we see but a fine gray parrot a setting in a kind of nest she'd made and looking as if there wasn't nothing the matter with her!

Well, we hove over the dead bodies and left the rats to feed upon themselves, but we brought off the parrot and the dog, though he wouldn't leave the body till we'd taken the jacket off and laid it down in the boat for him, and then he came willin' enough; and Capt. Shum took the dog and bird and brought them home to his old woman, and perhaps they're both alive now."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Terrible Work of the French Rifle.

According to the accounts the new "Lebel rifle" is a wondrous weapon, and is destined to do terrible things in the hands of French soldiers. The members of the Academy of Medicine, wishing to diagnose the physical consequences of wounds inflicted by the bullets of the gun, recently had experiments made on twenty corpses, probably those of paupers whom nobody owned, or those off ill-fated waifs picked up at the morgue. The bodies were placed at the ordinary firing distances, from 200 yards up to a mile or so. The bullets whizzed through the bones and pierced them without fracturing them, as is done by the bullets of the "Gras rifle." The wounds, if they may be called so, which were inflicted, were small in their punctures, and consequently very dangerous and difficult to heal. Injuries inflicted at short distances were so considerable that, in the opinion of the surgeons, they would be almost incurable. At the longest range—2,000 meters—a poplar tree was hit, but the bullet did not go through the tree. At 1,200 meters the tree was pierced through and through. The discharges of the rifle are unaccompanied by smoke, and the reports are comparatively feeble.—*London Telegraph.*

Great Self-Sacrifice.

Wife—How late you are! I thought you were never coming home. What made you stay away so long?

Husband—Don't reproach me, woman Be thankful that I am here so soon. Why, I left the grounds at the end of the twelfth inning with the score a tie! Think of that!

There is now filed with a will in litigation in Monroe County, Ga., a silver dollar that was issued in 1775, and has been in possession of the same family for more than one hundred years. It is one of thirteen dollars that were paid to a Revolutionary soldier when discharged from the Continental army.