

The Mystery of Sleep

The mystery of sleep is one with which we have become familiar through long acquaintance. We forget that it is as great a marvel as death. More than that, the experience of seeing gorgeous pageants spread before us in these periods of quiescence, of being delighted by sweet sounds and sights, or terrified by goblins, is a calmly accepted one. Dreams, like the growth of the plant from the seed, are not often food for wonderment, simply because we are so accustomed to them. The *National Review*, in considering the general subject, draws attention to the fact that the dreamer in possession of all his senses describes his dream as depending upon that of sight.

In that most famous vision upon record, Jacob saw the ladder upon which angels ascended and descended. The dreamer in the harvest-field of Canaan, three thousand years ago, declared,—

"Behold! we were binding sheaves together, and lo! my sheaf arose and stood upright; and behold! your sheaves stood round about."

Dives in his palace beholds new tables spread with a thousand dainties; Lazarus sees the very dogs that licked his sores.

Shakespeare, in the vision of Clarence, presents a succession of pictures to the eye, and when Dido dreams of her lost Aeneas, it is to the sense of vision that his image addresses itself.

Now, what must be the dreams of those who have been blind from birth? Since they have never beheld a real object, how shall the brain conceive of one?

It is clear that whatever comes to the blind man must come by touch or hearing, without a gleam of fancy or imagination. Yet if questioned, he will tell you that he has just as much imagination as other people, and dreams quite as often as they do.

"I often dream," said a blind boy, "about people. I dream of my brother. I know he is there; I hear his voice; I am in the places where we used to be before he died."

"But how do you know you are in a certain place?"

"The impression of the place is with me; I feel I am there. Sometimes I dream that I am walking in the fields; I tread on the grass, I smell the fresh air."

"If I dream," said a blind man, "that I am in the basket-shop where I work, I know I am there by the size of the room, the length of it."

"But how can you judge as to the size or length of what you cannot see?"

"Oh, the sound tells me pretty well. I am in my own old place where I work."

"You sit on your own box, then?"

"Yes, I touch it, and if the dream goes on, I get my tools out."

"When I dream," said a blind trapper, "it's just the same as I am now; I dream of hearing and touching. The last dream I had was about a blind chap that's in prison just now. I went into his wife's house—I knew it was hers by the sound of my foot in it, and whether it was clean or dirty. As we sat a-talking, I heard a voice at the door, and I said,—

"Bless me, if that ain't John! But he took no notice."

"Halloo! said I, 'is that you?' And I took him by the sleeve; it was his shirt-sleeve I felt, and I was half-afraid of him, and surprised he was out weeks before his time."

"It is, therefore, not with the blind man as with the rest of the world, that in dreams the senses wake to keener, swifter intelligence; his visions exist as a mere string of more or less vague and faint impressions.

Having never seen a definite image, he cannot comprehend one, even in his waking moments. Hence arises a tendency to scepticism, which leads him to doubt the existence of things he cannot touch, as in the case of Nicholas Saunderson, one of the most gifted blind men that ever lived.

"If," said he, as he lay dying, "you would have me believe in a God, I must feel Him."

"Touch, then, your own frame," was the answer, "and find God there in His noble handiwork."

"All this," said the dying man, "may be enough for you, but it is not for me; what relation is there between His handiwork and God? The world eternal! Time, matter, space, are but a point. God of Newton, give me light!"

Struggling with Robbers.

While farmer Thomas Kendrew was driving from Scranton to his farmhouse in Moscow one night lately after he had sold a load of produce, three highwaymen sprang out of a thicket near where the road pitches down a steep hill. One of them seized the horses by the bits, a second grabbed the farmer by the arm and undertook to pull him out of the wagon, while a third hit him on the head. The blow did not stun him, however, and when he had pulled off his overcoat and freed his imprisoned arm, he found that the robber who had struck him had got into the wagon. Kendrew then seized his whip and struck the horses with all his might, and the robber at their heads was thrown head over heels into the ditch. The horses ran down the hill at a terrible gallop, followed for a short distance by the second highwayman who yelled at the one in the wagon:

"Choke the old devil to death, or crack his skull."

Meanwhile a struggle had begun between farmer Kendrew and the desperado in the wagon. The robber tried to knock the farmer out of the wagon, but the farmer grabbed his arms and forced him down on his knees. By this time the horses had reached the bottom of the hill and were running as fast as ever over a level stretch of road. The desperado realized that his companions were too far behind to be of any assistance to him and that the farmer would be too much for him unless he could suddenly disable the latter, and so by a desperate effort he loosened his arms and attempted to hit Kendrew on the head with a slungshot.

He missed Kendrew's head, but hit him on the shoulder instead, and then the farmer got behind the highwayman, grabbed his arms with a vise-like grip and pitched him out on the frozen ground. The horses were still running, but they kept in the road and when farmer Kendrew had disposed of the highwayman he crept out on the tongue, got hold of the reins, and quieted the animals down to a trot. Kendrew was only slightly bruised, and he said next day that it was a mighty lucky escape.

A Freshman wrote home to his father: "Dear papa—I want a little change." The parent replied: "Dear Charlie—Just wait for it. Time brings change to everybody."

HEALTH.

THE DRUNKARD'S NOSE.

One of the most beautiful features of the face is a shapely, fine curved nose. If this be deformed, the whole face is injured, now over perfect otherwise. But a bad nose is the portion of every habitual tippler. It takes on a hated red (more intense as the years go on), becomes coarse with pimples or swells out with with disgusting and avid protuberances—"toddy blossoms." It is the apt and picturesque language of the common people. The tippler may try ever so hard to conceal his habits, but his nose is an emblazoned signal, proclaiming the fact to every new comer.

The explanation is this: The alcohol increases the action of the heart and arteries about one fifth, thus driving the blood to the surface faster than the veins can bring back. Hence the countless capillaries, whose minuteness makes them normally invisible, are distended with impure blood, are kept in a state of permanent congestion, and give rise to pimples and blotches.

But the nose is not alone in its dishonor and suffering. Every organ of the body is in a similar condition. The head there fore aches; the sleep is disturbed; the appetite is poor; the liver is disordered; the tongue is coated; the throat is dry; the heart has spells of palpitation; the back and limbs suffer frequent pains; and the lungs become inflamed from the slightest exposure. This is not a mere deformity, nor simply a prominent sign of a degrading habit; it is a note of warning to its possessor that his whole system is diseased, and is getting ready for a drunkard's grave.

Says the *Medical Reporter*, "It is a medical fact that as the influence of alcohol red-dens the dram-drinkers' nose, and changes its appearance, so it reddens and changes the appearance of every organ of the body; and as the nose thus effected is not in a natural or healthy condition, so every organ of his body is changed from a natural and healthy condition to an unnatural and diseased condition; and as the skin of the nose takes on unhealthy action, so the substance and coverings of the internal organs take on diseased action, which results in the full development of incurable diseases, such as insanity, diseases of the heart, Bright's disease of the kidneys, habitual liver, and slow inflammation of the stomach. All these diseases exist at the same time in the dram-drinker, but the organ most diseased is apt to take the lead in the morbid action."

HOW A CIGAR MAY COMMUNICATE DISEASE.

A man of information was smoking and chatting with a physician on a Hudson River ferryboat when a stranger stepped up and asked for a light. "Let me give you a match," replied the man of letters, adding, after his petitioner had withdrawn, "I don't know how you feel about it, doctor, but for my part I very much dislike to put the end of my cigar back into my mouth after it has been fingered by Tom, Dick, or Harry. I always carry matches with me, and make it a point to offer one instead." "And quite right you are," said the doctor. "I believe that some of the worst diseases can be conveyed by one to another through the contact of his fingers with a borrowed cigar. I personally know of a case where varioloid was transmitted by means of a two-dollar bill, and I firmly believe that varioloid and things much worse can pass from a man's fingers into a cigar, and then into the smoker of it."

It is said that in California cigars are manufactured by leprous Chinamen; the idea is startling!

RELIEF FOR TOOTHACHE.

For ordinary nervous toothache, which is caused by the nervous system being out of order or by excessive fatigue, a hot bath will soothe the nerves that sleep will naturally follow, and, upon getting up, the patient will feel very much refreshed and the toothache gone. For what is known as "jumping" toothache, hot, dry flannel applied to the face and neck is very effective. For common toothache, which is caused by indigestion, or by strong, sweet acid or anything very hot or cold in a decayed tooth, a little piece of cotton, steeped in strong camphor or oil of cloves, is a good remedy. Care in the diet, especially when the bowels are disordered, is helpful to mitigate toothache. If the tooth is much decayed, nothing is better than its extraction.

A Pistol Shot From The Pulpit

The Rev. Elijah Hammett took charge of the A. E. Zion Church of Macedonia, N. J., two and one-half years ago. There has been a bitter feeling between him and the family of Peter Rock, the wealthiest colored man of the neighborhood. One Sunday last summer Mr. Hammett was making some statements from the pulpit regarding "Children's Day," and Mr. Rock arose from his pew and exclaimed: "That thar ain't the rule." Mr. Hammett ordered Mr. Rock to sit down, but Mr. Rock walked toward the pulpit exclaiming: "I don't allow no man to tell me to sit down." Mr. Hammett informed Mr. Rock that if he approached another step he would knock him out. Mr. Rock retired.

Last Monday was the opening night of the church fair. On Thursday evening Mr. Hammett accused some of the men connected with the cigar and temperance drinks counters with not having turned in the proper amount of money. About ten minutes later he was informed that a gentleman wished to speak with him out on the steps in front of the church. He went out and was confronted by Charles and Peter Rock, sons of old Peter Rock. They, and others who joined them, abused and threatened the minister. He backed into the church and they followed him up the aisle to the pulpit platform. Here the minister put his hand in his breast pocket and said, in a loud voice, "Come another step at your peril." Several knives and pistols were out now. Peter Rock, Jr., made a lunge for the dominie, and quicker than a wink his Reverence whipped out a self-acting 42 calibre pistol and sent a bullet into Peter Rock, Jr.'s thigh. The other assailants departed in great haste.

Peter Rock, Sr., got an officer, and they took his Reverence into custody. He was locked up in the county jail at Freehold until Friday, when he was released on bail. Chas. Rock, Peter Rock, Jr., Wm. Dickinson, and a man named Mitchell are in the county jail awaiting trial.

"I don't fear no man," said the pastor yesterday. "I am ready for them, and will let them know that 'cause a man's a preacher they can't out him up."

FOREIGN ECHOES.

Forty years ago 93 per cent. of all marriages in England and Wales took place in the churches of the Establishment. Last year, according to the report of the Registrar-General the proportions elsewhere than in the churches has risen from 7 to 30 per cent.

The outrageous inequality of sentences in England has given rise to the suggestion that a Board of Revision, consisting of retired Judges, should meet once a week, and submit their report to the Home Secretary monthly of cases in which they deem interference desirable.

The effective strength of the German army for the budgetary year 1885-86 is put down at 18,150 officers, 427,274 men (including 51,413 non-commissioned officers), 1,686 physicians, 783 paymasters, 619 veterinary surgeons, 93 saddlers, 81,773 horses.

It is now known that Queen Victoria really wrote to the German Emperor entreating him to use his influence in favor of the brother of her latest son-in-law, Prince Alexander of Bulgaria. This is strange, considering that he is by no means an object of solicitude at the court of Berlin.

Among the German-speaking universities that of Vienna has the largest medical faculty, the number of professors and other teachers being 134. Berlin has 100 instructors and Munich 42. The smallest is that of Koenigsberg, with 11 teachers; but even there an instructor is provided for every eight or nine students, there being 92 medical scholars in the university.

Some English clergymen of the Established Church get for themselves but little of their incomes from their livings. In the case of a benefice worth £1,202 per annum, the various deductions for rates, taxes and expenses for collecting rents, annual repayment for loan from the Queen Anne's Bounty Fund, brought the total down to £742; and if, out of that, the unhappy parson paid the stipends of four assistant clergy, his income would fall to just £45.

As almost every member of the English Cabinet is a peer or relative of one, it may be interesting to see what peers and their relatives have received from the state between 1859 and 1884. Dukes, £9,760,000; marquises, £8,305,950; earls, £48,181,202. These are large sums, and no ten thousand families of those who are not peers have received one hundredth part of the amount. It may be an excellent plan that the executive should be in the hands of the aristocracy, but cheap it is not. These Brahmins know how to take care of themselves and their relatives.

A writer in the *English Illustrated Magazine* says there is no such thing as a debate in the House of Lords in the sense that it exists in the Commons. The number of peers who are successful in making themselves heard might be counted on the fingers of both hands, but these, happily, are the members whose opinions are looked for. When Lord Salisbury, Lord Granville, and perhaps a couple of peers not sitting on the front benches have spoken members just leave the house, and if any outsider wants to make a speech he finds himself without an audience and so desists.

Admirers of Shakespeare will read with interest that by order of the trustees of the British Museum, a photograph has been taken of the original deed of mortgage by William Shakespeare and others to Henry Walker of London, vintner, of a dwelling house at Blackfriars, dated March 11, 1612-13, with autograph signature of the great poet. Accompanying the deed is a letter of Albany Willis to David Garrick, stating that the document had been found among the title deeds of an estate of Blackfriars, belonging to the Rev. Mr. Featherstonhaugh of Oxford, who presented it to Garrick, April 18, 1768.

In a recent speech in his cathedral city the Archbishop of Canterbury, alluding to the preposterous notion prevalent among the peasantry in England as to the advantages they are to reap from disestablishment said: "There is a parish where there is a devoted clergyman, whose family are constant in their attention to the sick and sorrowing. One of them discovered that many of the cottagers she visited were in favor of disestablishment. She asked several 'Why?' but could get no answer. At length a man said, 'Well, mum, I know it's a pity, but it would be very convenient to have a cow. We do want a cow, mum.'"

In St. Gil's House, the ancestral home of the Earl of Shaftesbury, there is a monument to which the late owner could hardly tion without emotion. This is a large bust of the Earl. "Presented to Emily, wife of the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, by the operatives of the manufacturing districts of the north of England, as a token of their esteem and regard for the persevering and successful efforts of her noble husband in promoting by legislative enactment a limitation of the hours of labor of children, females and young persons employed in mills and factories. Aug. 6, 1859." On this occasion 7,000 persons are said to have kissed the Earl's hands.

The London *Athenaeum* states that the story of Goldsmith's arrest by his landlady and Johnson's sale of the "Vicar of Wakefield" are in danger. It is impossible that this account received from Johnson himself should not be substantially true: yet in his introduction to Mr. Stock's new facsimile of the first edition, Mr. Austin Dobson shows that it will have to be reconciled with certain inconvenient facts. He holds that the book as early as the 25th of October, 1762, became the property of three persons, one of whom was Benjamin Collins, the Salisbury printer. This exonerates Mrs. Fleming, Goldsmith's Islington landlady, from her traditional reputation for avarice as Goldsmith, at that date, had not gone to Islington; and it fixes some time anterior to October, 1762, for the composition of the book, which was a point hitherto in some obscurity.

The fees of extra Royal Knights of the Garter, as paid by the treasury, and also the bill for the insignia and robes, amount to about \$4,500. The insignia are always given with the understanding that when the Knight dies they are to be returned, but they rarely are. When the late czar died, his insignia were given up a member of the royal family, who retain them, although he had a set of his own. There is an understanding that when a member of the English royal family dies, his representatives can keep the insignia of the garter, if they pay the value, so that they are usually returned, but the Queen kept Prince Albert's. The insignia of an ordinary Knight are always returned after his death, and the custom is for his successor to deliver them to the Queen at a special audience.

ASHORE IN A NOW STORM.

A Night of Terror on a Steamer in Saginaw Bay.

It has been definitely ascertained that the propeller Oconto, Capt. G. W. McGregor, was lost in Saginaw Bay. The Oconto left Oscoda on Friday, Dec. 4, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, having on board twenty-two passengers and a crew of twenty-five men. She very soon after encountered a terrible gale, with snow. The sea broke over her constantly. The starboard bulwarks were so over in, and all the upper railings, two of the lifeboats, and all the light freight on the hurricane deck were washed away. The sea became so heavy that the vessel could not make any headway against it, and the officers lost their bearings soon after night set in. Finally a light was sighted. Everybody took it for the Tawas harbor. In fact, it was the Charity Island light. The Captain at once headed the ship for the entrance, as he supposed to Tawas harbor. The next minute came a terrible shock, and the lights about the ship were extinguished. The ship had grounded in about six feet of water. As soon as the vessel struck a number of horses and some cattle which were confined on the main deck broke from their stalls and went galloping and tumbling about the decks greatly augmenting the danger. The passengers and many of the crew were so badly frightened as to be incapable of doing anything to save themselves. Charles Brown, a colored cook, died from fright. Others of the crew, in spite of the darkness and confusion, began dealing out the life preservers.

Contrary to expectations, the ship held together through the night. At daybreak they found that they were about a mile from the shore. Signals of distress were hoisted, and the steamer's whistle was set going. At 10 o'clock the lighthousekeeper and his assistant were seen on the beach. A small metallic lifeboat was got over on the lee side, and in it five men went ashore. They found the place barren, but there were two empty fish traps near by, and the boat was sent back and forth until all the passengers and crew were landed. Two ladies and a child were taken direct to the lighthousekeeper's house, and the men began keeping house in the fish traps. The body of Brown, the cook, was taken ashore and buried. Enough food to last for a week or two was saved from the wreck. Frank Pelper, first assistant engineer, and six others started for the shore in a yawl. Pelper described their trip next day. He said:

We took aboard a compass, two bushels of salt, and some provisions. We started in the midst of cake ice. Every minute or two the spray would dash over us and freeze as it struck. When we got within four miles of Caseville we found that the ice was frozen solid, yet was not strong enough to walk upon. We hoisted our storm signal, and began cutting our way with axes. Two boats started out to help us, but could not reach us. To add to our dismay, we found that the solid ice, detached from the main shore, was increasing in thickness every minute, and that it was drifting down the bay, taking us with it. We cut, pushed, rowed, and struggled like mad, reaching the shore at last at 6 o'clock Monday evening, eight miles below Caseville, having drifted that far in the ice.

Eight more of the shipwrecked crew and passengers reached Tawas, Mich., next afternoon. They left the Oconto at 1 o'clock Thursday afternoon in a yawl. At the time of leaving they had heard nothing of the seven members of the crew who left for shore on Monday in a yawl. The thirty-four persons remaining on the island have enough to eat, but are all very downhearted. All are in the shanty except Capt. McGregor, the first engineer, and one passenger, who are on the boat. The steward, mate, and six passengers walked from Point Look-out to East Tawas, and are completely prostrated.

Lord Randolph's Potato Speech.

An immortal utterance of Lord Randolph Churchill's on seed potatoes illuminated and gladdened the session of, if we remember rightly, 1881. The occasion of its delivery was peculiar. The Government were anxious to bring on a certain Radical motion to which the more active of the Conservative party were zealously opposed. On a certain occasion nothing stood between the Government and this motion but another motion with regard to seed potatoes for Ireland, and the Government fondly hoped that they had squared all the supporters of this motion by promising to accept it if it were allowed to pass by undiscussed. But the Government reckoned without Lord Randolph Churchill. At half past ten on that memorable evening he entered the House and grasped the situation. There were two hours to be disposed somehow or other before the fatal half past twelve, after which the Radical friends of the Government could bring forward their motion. Lord Randolph Churchill was alone, but Lord Randolph Churchill was not dismayed. He could find no allies, but he rose with undaunted mien, and began to address the House on the great and comprehensive subject of potatoes.

Never, perhaps, since the days when an obese Irish member gladdened the heart of Mr. Speaker by a description of the personal charms of a cousin of his, was the House of Commons more delighted or more dismayed. Lord Randolph Churchill gave a clear, but not too brief, description of all the varieties of seed potato known to agricultural men. He displayed an intimate acquaintance with the intricacies of the cooking of potatoes which might have gladdened the shade of Soyer himself. Those who listened to Lord Randolph as he calmly and dispassionately harangued the assembled Senate felt as if a very encyclopaedia of potato knowledge was being poured upon their astonished senses. The minutes crept into half-hours, and the half-hours into hours, and still Lord Randolph harangued, still poured forth his apparently unending flow of knowledge on this highly favored tuber. At last, just as the hand of the clock crept towards the inevitable half-hour after midnight, Lord Randolph, taken a fresh breath, announced in a cheery tone of voice to the Speaker and to the House that he had come to the most interesting and most important part of his subject, the discussion of a seed potato well worth the careful attention of the Assembly, the much-famed skerry-blue. We need hardly say that Lord Randolph carried his point, and shelved the motion he had so magnificently obstructed.

"It's not glory I am working for," said a young lawyer to an old jurist. "It isn't?" "No sir." "Well, that's lucky, for I don't believe you'd get a smell if you were."

MERRY RIPPLES.

"Well, I don't care if she does talk about her neighbors, there's one good thing to be said in her favor, anyhow." "What's that?" "She never fooled away her time on a crazy quilt."

Said Bobby to the minister at dinner: "Can a church whistle?" "Why do you ask?" "Cos pa owes \$12 back pew rent, and he says he's going to let the church whistle for it!"

A Nevada hunter spent three months looking for a grizzly bear, and the man's relatives have spent three months looking for him. They think he must have found the bear.

All doctors agree that to enjoy good health the mind must be kept in a cheerful condition. But no doctor can give a man points that will make him joyous when his collar don't fit.

A new merchant's exchange building in Memphis was opened with prayer, in the course of which one member said, "They deal in futures here." "Yes, I see," said the other, "and, by George, they might as well open a jackpot with prayer."

An exchange observes that widows are always favorites with men. There are some big chunks of truth in this. A man may abuse his wife every day of his life, but as soon as she becomes a widow he never even looks cross at her again.

"What is the origin of motion?" asked a celebrated preacher. Well, there are many origins. A call to come up and have a drink will bring fifty men to their feet in a second and a spider down a girl's back is the origin of some of the liveliest motion the world ever saw.

At one of the uptown schools, the principal, in a general exercise, wrote the word "dizen" on the black-board and asked the pupils to each write a sentence containing the word. She was somewhat taken aback to find on one of the papers the following unique sentence: "I dizen know my lesson."

"If you are innocent," said a lawyer to his client, an old darkey, who was charged with stealing a ham, "we ought to be able to prove an alibi. At what time was the ham stolen?" "Bout lebben o'clock, dey say." "Well, where were you between eleven o'clock and midnight—in bed?" "No, sir, I wah hidin' de ham."

A Vermont farmer wanted to get a couple of shingles tacked over a leaky place in the roof, but no one dared to try it, as the roof was too steep. The very day the farmer's daughter came home from boarding school and did the job before she sat down to supper. She said she was used to crawling over steep roofs. It was the only way the girls could get out after 9 o'clock.

It was a case of breach of promise. The defendant was allowed to say a word in his own behalf. "Yes," he said, "I kissed her almost continually every evening I called at her house." Lawyer for the defendant— "Then you confess it?" Defendant—"Yes, I do confess it, but I had to do it." Lawyer—"You had to do it? What do you mean?" Defendant—"That was the only way I could keep her from singing." The jury gave a verdict for the defendant without leaving their seats.

Artemus Ward was traveling on a slow going Southern road soon after the war. When the conductor was punching his ticket, Artemus remarked, "Does this railway Company allow passengers to give it advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?" The conductor replied in a gruff tone that he guessed so. "Well," Artemus went on, "it occurred to me it would be well to detach the cow-catcher from in front of the engine and hitch it to the rear end of the train. For, you see, we are not liable to overtake a cow; but what's to prevent a cow strolling into this car and biting a passenger?"

Satisfied or Fastidious.

A Latin rhetorician says: "It is not easy to say who are more to be blamed, those who approve of everything they write, or those who are satisfied with nothing."

Those who are anxious to become acceptable speakers or writers should digest this sentence, and also the remark of another Roman, who, seeing a student melancholy, asked him the cause.

"I have been thinking for three days," answered the young man, "about the introduction to my oration, and yet it is not begun."

"Are you not attempting to do better than you can?" was the significant reply. When William Winter, the poet and dramatic critic, was budding into authorship, he handed some of his verses to Longfellow. The poet read them sympathetically, praised them for the promise they gave, and then kindly said:

"My young friend, don't let literary ambition weaken your style. Be yourself, and write with simplicity."

Mr. Winter's style shows that he heeded Longfellow's caution. Vanity prompts the young writer to be too easily satisfied, or to be too fastidious. Either error is to be avoided.

For His Old Slave.

Gratitude and friendly interest between one person and another do not depend on relationship or rank. The Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution* relates an interesting case illustrative of the feeling of the whites for their former slaves. "On the premises of Senator Brown lives an invalid female servant whose health failed when she was in the service of the family. She requires the daily treatment of a physician, who is paid by the senator to attend her. It is necessary for her to go to the doctor's office every day.

"Regularly every morning Senator Brown's carriage drives to the door of the cottage which is allotted to the invalid negro woman. She is assisted into it by the senator's coachman, and is driven to see the doctor. In front of his office the carriage waits until the daily consultation is concluded, and then the woman is carried home."

Why His Wife Never Asked Him For Money.

"Batterby, my wife is almost worrying me to death. There isn't a day that she doesn't ask me for money."

"I sympathize with you, Mr. Roberts. My wife hasn't asked me for money since we were married."

"Oh, she hasn't eh? May be she's dumb? Or goes through your pockets while you're asleep?"

"No." "Why doesn't she ask you for money?" "Her father keeps her. Keeps me, too."