

LET US GIVE THANKS.

BY JESSIE BARTLETT DAVIS.

Whether the sun shines high and warm,
Whether the sky is dark with storm;
Whether the fields are rich with grain,
Whether, by drought, the herds were slain;
Whether prosperity bleeds the land,
Whether sad wrecks beset the strand;
Whether the season be thrifty or dull,
Whether the till be empty or full;
Whether the winter be long or short,
Whether it's filled with care or sport;
Whether dear cheeks with health be flushed,
Whether in deathly illness be dashed;
Whether the music be lively or slow,
Whether to banquet or to woe;
Whether our friends be false or true,
With roses or thistles our paths bestrew—
Why thank a drop of dew,
A drop or rill in the broad, deep sea—
For the toll of defeat and for victory's palm,
There's always a cause for Thanksgiving psalm:
So voice our thanks in melodious lay
On this auspicious Thanksgiving day.

Thanks for the friends who are left us yet,
Thanks for the love we would never forget;
Thanks for the gifts from the storehouse of God,
Thanks for His love, long and steadfast;
Thanks for temptation that tests our strength,
Thanks for the conquest He gave us, at length;
Thanks for the promptings of grace on the board,
Thanks for the promptings of grace on the board;
Thanks for the sunshine over our heads,
Thanks for the angel host watching our beds;
Thanks for the voice of small and so still,
Thanks for the purpose to work out His will;
Thanks for the bonities of rich, teeming earth,
Thanks for the wellspring of joy and of mirth;
Thanks for the light that illumines our homes,
Thanks for the gloom it dispels when it comes,
Thanks for the errors and sins that we past,
Thanks for repentance that brings us to rest;
Thanks for the good we've accomplished below,
Thanks for the greater that yet we may do;
Thanks for the Son who so willingly came,
Thanks for His death, for the life we may claim;
Thanks for the life that He led upon earth,
Thanks for the era His coming gave birth;
Thanks for our homes, our stocks and our lands,
Thanks for the house that's not built with hands,
Thanks for the berth couch, and thanks for the
her,

Thanks for the sojourn, the pilgrimage here;
Thanks for the latest, the faltering breath;
Thanks for the light that illumines our homes,
Thanks for the gloom it dispels when it comes,
Thanks for the errors and sins that we past,
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A CHANCE THANKSGIVING.

MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

Mrs. Antoine was a widow, poor and an invalid, three conditions of life any one of which would be a misfortune; combined, that make an aggregate that would down anybody but a woman. Mrs. Antoine worked more hours in a day than would be approved of by any labor party; but she was her own boss. Just now she was not working, only waiting and suffering. She had sent her 9-year-old boy out to see if he could do some odd-jobs, and earn enough to keep them in food for the next twenty-four hours. To-morrow would be Thanksgiving. She remembered Thanksgiving kept at home when they had all been so happy. Was it pride that kept her from writing to those who were left and telling them that her dearly-loved, unpeppery and altogether shiftless husband was dead and she and her boy in want. No, it was that tender loyalty, that largeness of love, to a dead ideal. She would not hear him blamed dead, whom she had loved and depended living. Her boy should be her Thanksgiving. She could wait.

Meanwhile Jimmy was at work, trying to get a chance to run errands or carrying baskets for the people who were buying their Thanksgiving dinners, and it was nearly night and he had not earned a penny. He was such a delicate little lad and his mother kept him so neat that he did not look poor. His clothes did not have a hundred tongues like the witty Irishman's rags. Even the market people were not moved to pity him by any appeal in his personal appearance.

It was nearly dark and Jimmy's eyes were filled with tears as he thought of his mother's disappointment, when a nervous-looking man whom Jimmy instantly decided was a "minister," stopped at the stall near which he was waiting and asked hurriedly:

"Any fine turkeys left? I want a ten-pounder and a good one."

"Here you have it said the stall keeper, 'here's a beautiful bird, as plump as a partridge, and look at the legs of him! Jest ten pounds to a dot, sir.'"

"All right! I'm in a great hurry. Put in a quart of cranberries and a mess of sweet potatoes and lend me a basket. I'll see that it's sent back. Oh, just add a bunch of crisp, white, celery." Then the gentlemen turned to Jimmy:

"Here, my little fellow, what is your name and where do you live?"

Jimmy told him and stood alert, ready to jump and carry that basket, if it did hold a ten-pound turkey.

The gentleman wrote something on a card, tucked in the basket and opened his pocket-book to pay for the goods. When he had done this he turned again to Jimmy.

"Are you going to keep Thanksgiving to-morrow?" he asked, pleasantly.

"No, sir; we haven't got any Thanksgiving," he said, innocently.

"The old story, and I dare say you have a sick mother at home, and your father is out of work?"

"Yes, sir, mother's sick, but father isn't out of work—he's dead," answered the child gravely.

The gentleman put back the fifty-cent piece he held in his hand and took out a silver dollar.

"Take this basket to the name and number written on that card, and here is something to help your mother keep Thanksgiving," and he laid the silver dollar in Jimmy's upturned palm.

"Oh, thank you, thank you, sir, I'll run all the way."

"No, don't do that, but be sure and get it there all right," the gentleman said, and without another word he hurried off. Jimmy took the card, but he could not see to read it, and he did not like to ask the stallkeeper, who was busy and gruff. So he picked up the basket, almost staggering under its weight, and went out on the crowded street, and near the first lighted window he stopped to read the direction on the card. At first he rubbed his eyes and thought the light had got into them. Then he felt sure that it was from the other side, but that was blank. This was what he read:

JIMMY ANTOINE,
No. 10 GRANGER STREET.

AWAITING THE SIGNAL.

Prisoners in Libby Watched and Hoped in Vain.

A Mysterious Letter and its Baring Plan for Capturing Richmond.

Washington Star.

The following publication, which has lately gone the rounds of the newspapers, reminds the writer of an interesting occurrence during the war, of which, if Gen. Censola was not the hero, he was at least a very lively part of it.

La Riforma, a Roman newspaper, says: "It was Gen. di Censola who sent to Grant and Lincoln the strategic plan for the capture of Richmond, the most formidable stronghold of the rebellion, and by the adoption of Gen. Censola's plan, the fortress of Richmond fell after five days." This is American history as "she" is written in Italy.

At the beginning of 1864 (I do not recollect the exact date) a letter was left at my house by some person to me unknown. I read it. It proved to be a letter from my friend, L. P. di Censola, colonel of the 4th Regiment, New York Cavalry, then a prisoner of war in the Libby prison at Richmond. It apparently contained a request that I should write to his wife about clothing, linen, repairs, laundry and wear, and I even became suspicious. It was war time, I was surprised at his request, when there was no prohibition to his writing to her for such purposes directly. Moreover, I considered the construction of the letter rather peculiar. The two facts I pondered, yet I could make no more out of that letter than I have already stated. I was very busy, and did not attend to my friend's request that day. On the next day another envelope was similarly left at my house by an incognito. I opened this and found a large sheet, cut in diverse ways over the lines, with holes and slits of different sizes and lengths at irregular distances, of the exact size of the one on which the letter was written. Not a word on the sheet, no address on the envelope. Surely the thing was becoming quite mysterious, and I extremely curious, thought much over the circumstance during the day, and I even became suspicious. It was war time, treason was the order of the day, and the regime of Gen. Baker, the government detective, was in full blast at the capital. Was this a trick, a trap, or what?

Could I be suspected of disloyalty, I, who would have given every drop of my blood for the Union? When I was the trusted friend and physician of Gen. McClellan and of five members of the cabinet? Yet the times were peculiar and extraordinary, and Gen. Baker, the most unscrupulous detective of the period. Letters addressed to me by Maj.-Gen. Doyle, commanding the British forces in Nova Scotia had found their way to the State Department, there opened and read before being delivered to me. So I should be excused, under the circumstances, I felt rather tender about these sheets.

As the day wore on, however, an idea struck me, which should have occurred to me before, and that was to see what relation, if any, these two sheets bore to one another. Then I took the sheets and spread them out before me and lay the sheet, full of holes and cuts, over the other, and lo! behold! A plan for the escape of 20,000 Union prisoners from the jails of Richmond. Not only that, but a plan for the taking of Richmond by the same prisoners, for the capture of President Davis, his cabinet, and many other important persons who were to be held as hostages. That's what I read through those cuts, slits and holes. My brain whirled and my heart swelled in reading the plan of this daring attempt. I read it over many a time, each time more and more analytically, and the more I studied it the more convinced I became that the execution of it was possible. I was at an excellent rest of the day, and as the shades of evening came to my relief, it seemed as if the light of day might betray my very thoughts. I went to see Hon. Montgomery Blair, then postmaster general. I went to see him first because he had been my client and my friend for several years. To him I unfolded the secret as well as the sheets. He became intensely interested, and advised me to see Mr. Stanton, the secretary of war at once. To the War Department, I then, at 10 o'clock p. m., proceeded, and Mr. Stanton received me without delay.

Mr. Stanton was not an easy man to talk to, and my enthusiasm was somewhat dampened by his first look. He had a way of fixing his eye upon you so searchingly that it made you feel even uncomfortable. After a few words, however, I handed him Col. Censola's letter. In reading it his face assumed an expression that plainly told "here is another crank." Then he quickly turned upon me and explained. "Why do you bring me this?" I then took the key and placed it on the letter, saying, "Read it now, Mr. Stanton." In a moment he was all excitement, and fairly jumped around the room, ejaculating: "I want none of this! I will take no part in such foolhardiness! That's murder! Thousands of our prisoners will be slaughtered in the streets of Richmond! Only a few weeks ago, Col. Dahlgreen lost his life in a foolish attempt to surprise Richmond. It will be the same with this, nay, a thousand times worse!"

The letter requested also that the secretary of war be notified of the contemplated movement of the Union prisoners inside, that a fleet be made by the Army of the Potomac, and that a body of cavalry should press forward and dash into Richmond, if possible at a certain date. For some minutes I was awed by Mr. Stanton's excitement, then I tried to argue with him and demonstrate the feasibility of the plan, but the more I talked the more excited he became until I realized that my attempts were in vain, for when I tried to put in my last argument, he quickly checked me by saying, "It is even your duty, sir, to prevent the movement if in your power." I saw then that further argument was useless, and while preparing to withdraw, I said: "Remember, Mr. Stanton, that if our prisoners do attempt to escape and they fail for want of support, that you cannot plead ignorance in justification of your inactivity." This unfortunate speech threw him in another fit of passion and I withdrew.

Eight or ten days later I read in the papers that the Richmond authorities had discovered a formidable plan of escape of the Union prisoners and that all necessary precautions against a surprise had been taken. I was relieved, I was glad, I was able to gather since the close of the war, was the following: In March, 1864, about 20,000 Union soldiers were held in various places in the city of Richmond, 1,200 of whom, all commissioned officers, occupied the building notoriously known as "Libby Prison," a small number occupied "Castle Thunder," and about 17,000 in intrenched camp at Belle Isle.

Among the prisoners in the Libby prison was Col. L. H. di Censola. This bold young officer conceived the idea of a possible rise and escape of these 20,000 prisoners. His idea took the shape of a project which he communicated to four other brave and intelligent officers co-prisoners of his. They discussed the matter, and finally resolved that each should prepare and submit a comprehensive plan for the escape from the Libby for the rescue of the other prisoners in other localities of the city, etc. When these plans were prepared, read and discussed, Censola's was accepted as the most practical and comprehensive. This plan provided for an organization among prisoners that should represent the three arms of service, viz., Artillery, cavalry, infantry. These were divided in detachments properly officered, each detachment to have a represented duty to perform. One was to take possession of armories, one to seize steamers on the James, one to cut telegraph lines, another railroad and bridges, another to capture President Davis, other cabinet officers and important persons. The artillery detachment was to seize and man cannon, cavalry, seize horses, and, a large force of infantry was to concentrate at the rendezvous of local militia who guarded the city during the absence of Lee's army, held at some distance from Richmond by the iron grasp of Gen. Grant. Everything was thought of and provided for, and, if assisted by a body of our cavalry, which Censola had reason to expect, would make a dash into Richmond, would liberate the prisoners therein enclosed, who constituted an army in itself.

Magnificent! But how to get out of the Libby prison? In the first place, Censola, to obtain much information that he needed, selected from the negroes who did the menial services of the prison two of the most intelligent and willing; these proved invaluable for they kept him informed of the movements of troops, of localities where arms were stored, of the residences of important persons and of many other things necessary for him to know. Fortunately at that time he was selected by the Richmond authorities to distribute among our poor naked prisoners at Belle Isle the clothing forwarded to them by the United States sanitary commission. These daily excursions through the city enabled him to observe many things, learn the topography of the whole place, and particularly of the most important localities. For two months he thus walked daily the streets of Richmond, observing and reflecting. Little did his guard know as he walked side by side with the chatty, humorous colonel what was brewing in his mind.

During the distribution of clothing he became acquainted with most of our prisoners and many a hopeful word did he whisper in their ears. The plan was thus fast maturing in his mind, and many dispositions for the execution were made. He felt now sure that if only 1,000 Union cavalry would make a dash into the city he could liberate all the prisoners and take the rebel capital. For this purpose he wrote to Gen. Kilpatrick, Col. Devin, Col. Custer, Col. Dahlgreen and Col. McIntosh (all cavalry), and selected me to communicate with the War Department at Washington. It needed but this auxiliary assistance for the successful execution of his plan. Everything was ready but he never heard a word from any of those officers or from the War Department, though he learned afterward that they all received his letters conveying the intelligence. There is rarely any doubt that the idea of delivering the prisoners by a cavalry raid in Richmond, credited to Kilpatrick by his biographer, although it would have been a great impetus for the execution of the plan, was not without a preconcerted plan of action with the prisoners themselves.

The plan for the escape of the officer prisoners from the Libby was as clever as interesting. They organized all sorts of amusements, among which were minstrel exhibitions which gave them a great latitude for applause and for noises of every kind. There was a very serious object in these exhibitions of fun and frolic which the guard in attendance was not acquainted with. They drew largely they were so funny. The personnel of the guard off duty found pleasure in attending them; everybody was in good humor. But the sphinx was watching and waiting to turn the humorous into a tragic scene. Censola was the sphinx, who only wanted a word of encouragement from Washington to give the work that was to bring about the metamorphosis. But no word came, and Censola, night after night, tired to his prison couch disappointed if not disheartened. A word from him while the play and shouting was going on and the doors would have been closed, the Confederate guards mixed with the audience seized and gagged, their uniforms taken and put on the chosen braves, who, thus disguised, were to descend and seize the remaining guard on duty down stairs and at the gates.

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One thousand Union cavalry dashing into Richmond at that moment and 20,000 desperate, well organized men liberated in less than an hour would have taken possession of Richmond. But, alas! not a word came from outside and time was passing, and even ambition was taking possession of some of the officers. Who should command was a question. Gen. Neal Dow was the senior officer and would have been entitled by the United States militia regulations to the command but he was not competent for such a work. Vanity and ambition unfortunately reigned within these walls of squalor and death. Col. Censola was next in rank, and moreover he had conceived the plan, but he was a foreigner, and that he should become the hero of this daring deed was repulsive to national vanity. And so the matter was whispered, and even too loudly, for one morning they found that new precautions had been taken, and that the guarding force was more than troubled. The secret was out. Who betrayed? One Union officer was suspected, but Col. Censola as well as others in the secret, would not believe that person guilty of so much treason. But the fact remained that the indifference to the appeal of Col. Censola to cavalry officers, and, through me to the War Department at Washington, delayed the matter until Confederates got hold of the secret that was to liberate our prisoners and lay the city of Richmond at their mercy. Thus, this daring conception and plan of Gen. Censola aborted, and Mr. Stanton was saved from the ignominy of refusing to assist our prisoners in their attempt to escape, and probably to capture the rebel capital.

COLONEL SHEPARD'S offer of \$1,000,000 to the Sultan of Turkey if he will embrace Christianity is as yet unaccepted. And yet there are several Christians who would embrace Mohammedanism with all that it implies for one-quarter of that sum.

COFFEE DYING OUT.

Possible Substitutes for Our Old and Favorite Breakfast Beverage.

It is believed by some authorities that the world's production of coffee will soon be inadequate for the demand, owing to the spread of the disease which has caused so great a mortality among the coffee trees in Ceylon. The probability is, however, that some means of preventing the further course of the disease will be discovered before the production is seriously affected. The ravage of the phylloxera among the European vineyards was for some years terribly destructive but, finally a remedy was discovered and the insect is no longer feared.

There is no reason why human ingenuity should not be as successful in combating the enemies of the coffee-tree as it has been in the case of the destroyer of the vine. The high price at which coffee has ruled for several years has made coffee-planting a very profitable business and given a decided impetus to production; therefore, instead of falling off the world's supply should steadily increase. But if the fears of the pessimists should be justified by results there ought to be no difficulty in selecting a suitable substitute from the many that have been discovered at various times.

Two new cases have lately been mentioned as likely to suit the palates of coffee-consumers if they should be cut off from the enjoyment of their favorite bean. One is the fruit of the "mussaensia," a species of orange which grows in Reunion. It is said that it possesses an aroma fully equal to that of coffee and can be cultivated at a comparatively trifling cost. The French colonial government has already given instruction for planting the "mussaensia" shrub over a considerable area in the high grounds, which are most favorable for the cultivation of this plant. It has been calculated that the annual production of "mussaensia" in Reunion may shortly reach 3,000,000 kilograms.

The second of the new substitutes is the kola nut. As a stimulant and an article of food, possessing the essential qualities of coffee, it is said to be even richer. The kola nut is indigenous in western Africa, but has been produced in other tropical countries and is, in fact, now growing in Ceylon. Hitherto this product has been chiefly put to medicinal uses, but its acceptability as a beverage is growing, says the Ceylon Mail, and it has a high value, because of its power of enabling men to sustain great effort or to endure prolonged fasting. Nothing is said as to the price at which this article can be produced nor as to its capacity to compete commercially with coffee, probably because the cultivation has not been carried on upon a large scale.

The Mail is of the opinion, too, that the plant may be made more productive than it now is, little effort having hitherto been made to raise it above the state in which it is found growing wild in the countries where it is indigenous. Since the successful introduction of tea into Ceylon a strong desire has been manifested in the island to promote the cultivation of new products, and it is possible the present proposal may lead to useful results. If it should be adopted the experiment will be watched with great interest.

The First Taste of Blood.

A lion hunter named Conrad started from Bremen some time ago for Africa to procure animals for a menagerie. While in the depths of the forest of the Dark Continent he enjoyed the exciting but highly dangerous sport of hunting the king of beasts. Upon his return to Bremen he brought with him a small lion cub—a pet—which he had captured when but a few days old. At first it was sickly and looked as though it would not live long, but by careful nursing it grew its infantile weakness and began to build up a strong constitution. The name of the cub was Belle, and she slept beside her master's bed at night. In daytime she followed him about, being as playful as a kitten. Conrad one night lay down for a nap on the lounge, and was soon asleep. He was awakened by a sharp pain in his left hand. He attempted to move it, when he heard a vicious growl. On investigation he found that Belle had his hand between her teeth, had bitten the member through, and was eagerly lapping the blood that flowed from the wound. The cub's eyes were ablaze with a fierce light, and it then dawned on him Belle was no longer a pet—she had been transformed from a domestic animal into a dangerous brute.

Recognizing his desperate situation, Conrad moved swiftly, so as not to disturb the animal, and drawing a revolver, shot her through the brain. With a blood-curdling scream she jumped in the air and fell dead on the floor. It appears that while Conrad was sleeping the cub began to lick his hand, and the brute's sharp, file-like tongue had gradually torn the flesh until blood came. The first taste of human blood had evidently dispelled the nature of the pet, and Belle had become a vicious brute, thirsting for more.

Siamese Tonsorial Customs.

The children of Siam have their heads shaved with the exception of a lock on the crown. This is not allowed to be touched until they reach manhood, and the ceremony of cutting it off is one of the greatest events of the child's life. The hair-cutting of the prince belonging to the royal family costs thousands of dollars. A great feast is given, and the barber who does the work receives a valuable present. He clips the locks with golden shears and shaves the spot with a gilded razor. When the hair apparent to the throne is shaved the whole nation is shaved in which the royal white elephants take part, and feastings go on for four days. Poorer children have their hair-cutting done at a Buddhist temple, and the priest acts as barber. The Buddhist priests all over the east shave their heads, and there are 20,000 bare-headed priests in Bangkok alone. All of the males in the kingdom are supposed at some time in their lives to become priests, and everywhere you go you see these bare-headed, bald-headed, yellow-skinned anatomies stalking about, with yellow sheets wrapped around their otherwise naked frames.

Lincoln as a Lawyer.

As a lawyer, Lincoln had many defects. He was entirely unmethodical, seldom took the trouble to read up for a case, trusted to the chapter of accidents and his own fertility of resource before the jury. He was, if it may be said without offense to the bar, too honest to be a good lawyer. He could not argue effectively when he did not believe in the justice of his cause. Usually he refused to take a case the equity of which he could not make out to his own satisfaction. The following story gives a good idea of his ways of practicing law. It was told by one who happened to be in Lincoln's office and heard what passed. He says, writing to Mr. Harndon: "One morning, not long before Lincoln's nomination, I was in your

office and heard the following: Mr. Lincoln seated at the baize-covered table in the center of the office listened attentively to a man who talked earnestly and in a low tone. After being thus engaged for some time, Lincoln at length broke in, and I shall never forget his reply. 'Yes,' he said, 'we can doubtless gain your case for you; we can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; we can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you \$600 by which you seem to have a legal claim, but which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to the woman and her children as it does to you. You must know some things legally right are not morally right. We shall not take your case, but will give you a little advice for which we will charge you nothing. You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man; we would advise you to try your hand at making \$600 in some other way.' If this little thing was dreadfully irregular, and by no means calculated to enrich the firm of Lincoln & Harndon, it furnished reminiscences the dissemination of which enshrined the senior partner in the hearts of the people.

THE MILLION-STAMP MYTH.

Original of the Idea That Has Bothered Many Good People.

Now and then some one announces himself as the victim of the one million postage stamp hoax, says Good Housekeeping. It is firmly believed that if 1,000,000 stamps are collected and forwarded to some one a bed will be provided for an invalid boy in some hospital or a home for an orphan. Christian churches have been the special victims, and there is hardly one in England, the United States, Australia, India, or any other country that has not had several members begging, borrowing, and even stealing postage stamps in order to make up the 1,000,000 that will go to clothe and feed some orphan.

This swindle originated in the fertile brain of a postage-stamp collector at Stettin, Germany. He desired to get vast collections to sort out and sell again, and hit upon a plan to set the whole civilized world to go to work for him free of charge. He preyed on the sympathies of people anxious to do good, and the result was that in "the Syrian orphan home" for every 1,000,000 stamps sent to him, the starting of a mythical mission in China, the help of sisters of which agreed, for every 1,000,000 stamps sent to them, to save from the jaws of the crocodiles of the Yellow river at least one Chinese baby, and then educate and christianize it. The stamps were to be sent not to Jerusalem or China, but to Munich or Stettin. The last claim on the sympathy of the world that has been made by this German is that for 1,000,000 stamps a home for an old lady or an old gentleman will be provided in one of three homes—one in London, another in New York, and the third in Cincinnati. For 500,000 stamps a bed will be endowed in a hospital, and for 100,000 a home will be found for an orphan for one year. There are agencies in various cities to forward stamps to Stettin. It is estimated that this swindle has collected over 100,000,000 stamps in the United States alone, and that these were worth from \$500,000 to three times that amount.

Was Glad to Hear From Him.

Years ago when the Boston Post was under the management of Col. Greene, who has now gone where all good editors hope to go finally, an actor had been severely criticised in the columns of the Post, and he started out to get satisfaction for the indignity that he fancied had been put upon him. He got it. But, being naturally a little nervous over the prospect of bearding the editor in his den, he braced himself with generous potations before seeking the interview. In a gloriously exuberant state of mind and belligerent wit he rolled into Col. Greene's private office, and, standing himself against the desk loudly proclaimed his grievance, and with fire in his eye and in his voice demanded a retraction. The colonel got up and quietly excommunicated with the man, took him by the arm and assisted him toward the door. The fellow continued vigorously protesting, and as they neared the door the colonel gave him a push to expedite his departure. The door opened at the head of a long and steep stairway, and as the man was pushed out he missed his footing in his drunken condition and fell headlong to the bottom of the stairs, where he landed doubled up in a lump and insensible. Colonel Greene was frightened, and stood looking down the stairs in blank dismay. Pretty soon there was a movement in the heap below; the man was recovering himself, and gradually pulled himself into an upright position, apparently uninjured. Quite sober now, he looked up to where Colonel Greene stood, and shaking his fist at him energetically, shouted, "You shall hear from me in the police court for this outrage, you old scoundrel!" "I'll cure a continental for that, sir," shouted back the colonel, "but you can be sure I am mighty glad to hear from you now." New York Star.

Sweating Drops of Blood.

The death under very peculiar circumstances is reported in the township of Westminster, Canada, of a middle-aged woman named Janet Jackson. She had been nursing her aged mother who had been very ill, and, overcome with grief, remarked to a friend that if she could only die with her mother it would be all right. Immediately she was taken seriously ill with spasms, and those who witnessed her suffering, which lasted for fifty hours, until death came to her relief, say they never saw anything so terrible in their lives. Two hours before she died the poor woman was sweating drops of blood, which issued out of the pores of the skin. Ten medical men who made a study of the case say they are unable to account for it. She had her wish, as her mother died a few hours after the daughter had passed away.

One of the oldest men in the public service at Washington is Mr. Lawrence, of the Post Office Department. He has sworn into office all the Postmaster Generals and their subordinates since Jackson's Administration. He is an octogenarian. Every day he rides to his home in Baltimore, eight miles from his office. He works from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m., and is in charge of the annual publication of the bids tendered the Post Office Department for postal service and postal supplies. He is vigorous and cheerful.

King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands, who could not borrow enough money this summer to go to Paris, sent an interesting display to the Exposition. One of the features of his exhibit was a gigantic tarren out of which he eats porridge. Kalakaua is a brave trencherman, and can eat and drink more than any individual in his domain. He also sent to Paris a volume of his poems and a portrait of himself. The latter represents a large man dressed in a tight-fitting European military uniform. His breast is covered with Orders.