Senate Read. Room

THE DAILY EXAMINER

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GRANT'S SECRETIVENESS.

The Responsibility of His Position Forced Him to Guard His Utterances.

General Horace Porter, in "Campaigning With Grant," in The Century, says concerning General Grant's secretiveness:

After the general had got some miles out on the march from Cold Harbor an officer of rank joined him, and as they rode along began to explain a plan which he had sketched, providing for the construction of another line of intrenchments some distance in rear of the lines then held by us, to be used in case the army should at any time want to fall back and move toward the James and should be attacked while withdrawing. The general kept on smoking his cigar, listened to the proposition for a time and then quietly remarked to the astonished officer, "The army has already pulled out from the enemy's front and is now on its march to the James."

This is mentioned as an instance of how well his secrets could be kept. He had never been a secretive man until the positions of responsibility in which he was placed compelled him to be chary in giving expression to his opinions and purposes. He then learned the force of the philosopher's maxim that "the unspoken word is a sword in the scabbard, while the spoken word is a sword in the hand of one's enemy." In the field there were constant visitors to the camp, ready to circulate carelessly any intimations of the commander's movements, at the risk of having such valuable information reach the enemy. Any encouraging expression given to an applicant for favors was apt to be tortured into a promise, and the general naturally became guarded in his intercourse. When questioned beyond the bounds of propriety, his lips closed like a vise, and the obtruding party was left to supply all the subsequent conversation.

These circumstances proclaimed him a man who studied to be uncommunicative and gave him a reputation for reserve which could not fairly be attributed to him. He was called the "American Sphinx," "Ulysses the Silent" and the "Great Unspeakable," and was popularly supposed to move about with sealed lips. It is true that he had no "small talk" introduced merely for the sake of talking, and many a one will recollect the embarrassment of a first encounter with him resulting from this fact. But while, like Shakespeare's soldier, he never wore his dagger in his mouth, yet in talking to a small circle of friends upon matters to which he had given special consideration his conversation was so thoughtful, philosophical and original that he fascinated all who listened to him.

A GHOST STORY.

Ocular Demonstration of the Existence of Nocturnal Apparitions.

Dr. Fowler, bishop of Gloucester in the early part of the eighteenth century, was a believer in apparitions. The following conversation of the bishop with Judge Powell is recorded: "Since I saw you," said the lawyer, "I have had ocular demonstration of the existence of nocturnal apparitions."

"I am glad you are become a convert to the truth, but do you say actual ocular demonstration? Let me know the particulars of the story."

"My lord, I will. It was—let me see—last Thursday night between the hours of 11 and 12, but nearer the latter than the former, as I lay sleeping in my bed, I was suddenly awakened by an uncommon noise and heard something coming up stairs and stalking directly toward my room. The door flying open, I drew back my curtain and saw a faint glimmering light enter my chamber." "Of a blue color no doubt." "The light was of a pale blue, my lord, and followed by a tall, meager personage, his locks hoary with age, and clothed in a long loose gown, a leathern girdle about his loins, his beard thick and grizzly, a large fur cap on his head and a long staff in his hand. Struck with astonishment, I remained for some time motionless and silent. The figure advanced, staring me full in the face. I then said, 'Whence and what are thou?'" "What was the answer—tell me—what was the answer?'" "The following was the answer: 'Iam a watchman of the night, an't please your honor, and made bold to come up stairs to inform the family of their street door being open, and that if it was not soon shut they would probably be robbed before morning.'"—Penny Magazine of 1832.

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PHOTOGRAPHING A SHOT.

Wonderful Experiments In Determining the Time of a Flash of Electricity.

Recent achievements in the moving photography that has produced the animatograph, biograph, cinematograph and other representations of motion are not more wonderful than the lately perfected photography of the flying bullet. Professor C. Vernon Boys, F. R. S., has worked on this seemingly unsolvable problem with great success, as have also two Italian artillery officers.

In the course of a lecture on the subject, Mr. Boys demonstrated that the ordinary notion that an electric spark is instantaneous was quite erroneous and stated that the light of the two ends of the ordinary electric spark lasted a little less than the one-hundred thousandth part of a second. It was, of course, instantaneous to our senses, but to tests which could measure accurately to the one-hundred millionth part of a second the electric spark was anything but instantaneous. This spark was no good for taking the photograph of a flying bullet, as the lecturer showed by exhibiting one of his attempts, which made quite a blurred picture.

Mr. Boys then proceeded to explain the steps which he took in order to reduce the length of time of the electric spark. To this end it was essential that the terminals should be made of copper, platinum or some metal which did not produce readily an ignitible vapor, and the electric current must not be driven through wires at all. He used a very thick, broad band of copper, not more than two inches long, which reached around the edge of the plate, so that the electric current had not more than three or four inches to go altogether. He explained by diagrams how he had effected his object and shortened the time of the spark to about one-thirteen millionth of a second, or about 100 times quicker than the ordinary flash.

To give the audience some idea of the inifinitesimal fraction of time, he said the time occupied by the spark as reduced by his apparatus was proportionately as much less than a second as a second was less than five months, and during that time a bullet fired from a magazine rifle could not travel more than one five hundredth part of an inch. By this simple contrivance he was able to get a brighter and shorter spark and all that was necessary to make a good and sharp picture.—New York World.

ECONOMY in taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, because "100 doses one dollar" is peculiar to and true only of the One True **BLOOD** Purifier.

THE TATTLER.

Miss A. H. Graser is a reliable Cincinnati custom house broker and forwarder.

Miss Ada Ward, a well known young London actress, has joined the Salvation Army.

Miss Jessie Langford of Duluth has a clean record as a licensed pilot. She has served more than ten years on the great lakes.

Mrs. Mills of New York city is a successful tinsmith. She learned the trade of her husband and has kept up the business since his death.

Miss May Kerns, operator in the Western Union office at Niagara Falls, has won medals in telegraphic contests and is now called one of the fastest women operators on the line.

The Countess de Casa Miranda (Christine Nilsson), who possesses one of the most famous collections of precious stones in Europe, is now making a collection of black and white laces.

Mrs. John Sherman, wife of the secretary of state, is an elderly woman, well read and deeply interested in current events. Next year she and Secretary Sherman will be able to celebrate their golden wedding.

Mrs. McKinley is a woman of quiet tastes in dress. Dark blue of almost the Salvation Army tint is her favorite color. She is also fond of dove, gray and a soft chestnut brown. Her hats are always unobtrusive and ladylike.

The daughter of Osman Pasha is believed to be the only poetess in Turkey. She lives in a white marble palace overlooking the Bosporus and dines every day in the conservatory from a service of golden plate. This undoubtedly is her inspiration.

Mrs. Gage, the wife of the secretary of the treasury, is a handsome, middle aged woman, with a well known faculty for making friends and holding them. In Albany, her old home, she is exceedingly popular, and everywhere she maintains an easy lead in society by right of her culture and broad information.

Lillie Devereux Blake suggests as one rule for married happiness that the wife should not always ask the husband where he is going when he goes away and where he has been when he comes back and as another the equal division of money, for she claims that one-half of every dollar the husband has belongs in the law to the wife.

Miss Dell Ten Eyck of Worcester, Mass., entertains herself by capturing and cultivating all kinds of queer sea monstrosities. She puts the creatures in glass jars and makes pets of them. Devilfish and other similar horrors are the pride of this peculiar young woman's heart, and her collection is said to be unique and interesting in the extreme.

Ladies, you should have your jackets made to order at D. A. Bruce's. Best value and best fitting garments.

GENTLEMEN OF THE ROAD.

The Famous Highwaymen "Sixteen Strings Jack" and Dick Turpin.

At the Rose tavern, a noted gaming house standing in Marylebone gardens early in the eighteenth century, Sheffield, duke of Buckingham, used to toast his companions at their farewell dinner, when the seas n ended, in the ominous words, "May as many of us as remain unhanged next spring meet here again!" John Rann, the highwayman, otherwise "Sixteen Strings Jack" of evil fame, liked to swagger about at Bagnigge Wells in the intervals of carrying out his nefarious deeds or undergoing punishment for the same. He is described as appearing there in July, 1774, "attired in a scarlet coat, tambour waistcoat, white silk stockings and a laced hat. On each knee he wore the bunch of eight ribbons which had gained him his sobriquet of 'Sixteen Strings Jack.'" There were lively doings under the influence of this sprightly gentleman, and on the occasion referred to he was pitched out of a window for offending honest company. Only a few months later he met the reward of his misdeeds on the gallows at Tyburn for venturing to rob the Princess Amelia's chaplain.

Dick Turpin was another "gentleman of the road" who amused himself in the intervals of "business" by frequenting pleasure gardens. He was once moved to kiss a fair lady in public at Marylebone, assuring her, when she protested, that she might ever after boast of the favor she had received. Whether Turpin and gentlemen of similar occupation came to pleasure gardens solely for their diversion may reasonably be doubted when we remember how frequent robberies were in the paths and field ways leading to these sylvan retreats. Watchmen were set "to guard those who go over the fields late at night," yet even so visitors were often attacked and robbed, sometimes in the gardens themselves and sometimes on the road to or from them.

In early days at Marylebone it was deemed necessary to provide the company with a guard of soldiers to conduct them home at nights, a curious winding up to a jovial evening. Pickpockets were of course plentiful at all the gardens despite every precaution, and one night at Cuper's, in 1743, a thief, caught in the act of taking a lady's purse, was rescued from the hands of the police by a band of his comrades on his way through St. George's fields and enabled to escape justice for that time.—Temple Bar.

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**** These two cases led me to prescribe Tutti-Frutti Gum chewing in a number of cases of Atonic Dyspepsia that came under my care. I have not kept notes of these cases, but in nearly all a cure was effected, and in the few that did not progress to a complete recovery the benefit from the procedure was marked.

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Health Commissioner of New York City, and President of the Board of Pharmacy of New York City and County.

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HER UMBRELLA.

What Her Handling of It Proclaimed to the Observing Man.

Two men who sat near the window of a down town hotel a few days ago whiled away the time by watching the women go by and commenting on their umbrellas.

The storm had abated about an hour before and the sun had peered through a rift in the clouds, but for all that the first pedestrian went stalking past with her umbrella still held aloft.

"That woman," said one of the men, "is as patient as Job. She is not a student absentmindedly poring over book lore, but a housekeeper who is so taken up with thoughts of what she is going to get for supper that she doesn't know it has stopped raining. What is more, she is thoroughly unselfish. People who forget to lower their umbrellas when the sun begins to shine always are. That girl just behind her who has already taken time to fold her umbrella neatly, even though it is soaking wet, is going to be an old maid. She is narrow minded too. The next one has bound the folds down, but it looks uneven and bulging. That woman's children will always look dowdy, but she will nurse them successfully through innumerable attacks of croup and rash, and no family in town will have better things to eat.

"That short woman with her umbrella flopping this way and that will always be poor, because she will give away everything as soon as she gets it. Hers isn't altogether a commendable generosity, either, for it is caused more by lack of power to say 'no' than by an inherent desire to help her fellow creatures. That dark woman with the tip of her umbrella trailing downward and backward at an angle of 45 degrees is malicious. I wouldn't trust her out of my sight. She'd say something mean about me the first chance she got. The one who carries her umbrella swung carelessly over her shoulder is a happy go lucky individual who will always have a good time, not because she earns it, but because the world owes it to her, and she is going to have her rights.

"Do you see that woman who holds her umbrella at right angles to her body and sticks the sharp point ahead like a bayonet? She's one of the kind that sets the world afire. She has more energy in a minute than most people have in a year. A woman who swings her umbrella as she walks is prone to dillydally; she never knows her mind, and, no difference how well she may pretend to like a person, if another speaks ill of him in his absence, she will generally side in with the calumniator; at any rate she will say nothing in his defense. She who trails her umbrella along in her wake is untidy and inclined toward low principles. The one that holds the stick upright and keeps tapping it on the pavement every little while is a good person to tie to; she has strength and honesty. There comes a woman carrying her umbrella under her arm. She's my wife and I won't say anything about her."

His companion looked at the little man's wrinkled, perplexed face and smiled. He fancied he knew what the verdict would have been had the woman only been somebody else.—Chicago Tribune.

A LOST ALASKAN MINE.

Searching For Hidden Millions In the Dreary Yukon Country.

Five million dollars in nuggets and an inexhaustible mine of fabulous richness will be the reward of the prospector who can find the lost Golden mountain in northern Alaska. Such at least is the report current among the miners along the Yukon and its tributaries, says a Sioux City correspondent. The story may be a myth or it may be literally true. No one seems to know for a certainty, and so many lives have been lost in the effort to establish its truth or falsity that investigators are growing somewhat chary of entering on the search. Mark Hamilton, a Yukon miner in 1891 and 1892, thus told the legend:

"Away back, before Alaska passed out of Russian hands," he says, "a party started up the Koyokuk river, a tributary of the Yukon. The members wanted to learn all they could concerning the topography of the country, its mineral resources and the various tribes by which it was inhabited. They were picking up furs, too, and looking for any little snaps on which they might stumble in the way of Indian trading. Alaska was not known then, as it is now, as a gold country; still it was understood that gold was occasionally found, and the explorers kept their eyes open for any chance sight of the precious metal. About half way up the north fork of the Yukon they branched off to the west and somewhere between the north fork and the Arctic ocean, no one knows just where, came to a small mountain, the base of which was literally honeycombed with veins of rich gold bearing ore.

"Such at least is the story. I don't vouch for its truth. It is said that $5,000,000 worth of nuggets were picked up in a few weeks almost on the surface of the ground. By this time the winter season was beginning to set in, and the prospectors concluded they had better strike for the southern settlements. Traveling was so difficult and the party so small—it numbered only six or seven—that the greater part of the treasure was cached near the camp and only enough packed for transportation to convince settlers in the south of the richness of the deposits. It was expected to return the next summer with a stronger party and work the lead for all it was worth.

"What became of that party after it left the mountain no one knows. It was never seen again. Inquiry made by the Russian authorities when the explorers failed to return on schedule time developed from the Indians the story given above."