### A FOOL FRIEND.

### Bill Nye Thinks He is Worse than Bitter Foe.

There is certainly a grim and coms fortable joy in going in search of a bitter and implacable foe. There is an exciting hunger in the eye and in the heart as we follow him by day and camp on his trail at night. Then when we meet and mix him up with the green sward, and knock his front teeth loose and swell up his proud nose, and put an olive-green and cadet blue dado over his eye and a cigarette pocket on his cheek, and erect little knobs all over him in places where nature did not design to have them, we walk away with the idea that we are taller and wider and draw more water and exert more influence than we did before. Even when we ask the police judge how much it will be if we pay it in advance, and we use up the funds in that way when we had intended to invest them in other channels, we can not say that we regret it if the cause seemed just and the provocation great.

But what shall we do with the warm personal friend who sits up nights to love us, but hurt us in every corner by his discretion? We can not whip him and throw him away. We can not get him shut up in an insane asylum, as it was not designed for idiots. It was made for people who once had brains. It is a conundrum which more than one of us has given

If the fool friend could have his jaws locked with a time lock, and then be fed by an attendenant through the vest pocket, we could then set the and as a consequence, they drive time lock to open after election or just before breakfast on the day of judgment, or at such other date as we

desired, and all would be well, but you can not do that. The jaw of the feol friend wags on till the goose of the one he loves best on earth is cooked tea ricn, deep brown.

An enemy may say mean things of you, but they lose force because people know at once by his bitterness that he is your eneny; but he who or would have been had the agreeknows, your inmost heart, who knows what salary you receive and how much it lacks of maintaining you, how mean you are in your family and how pleasant you are in other people's families, how you smile through the day and snore through the night, how earnest you are in your labors toward was received from England saying reform in everything except your own that the book was copyrighted there, habits, and a thousand other little and instructions were immediately glimpses into your home life which given to begin the delivery of copies none but a friend may know, when he has no brains to balance his warm sent out, several clerks being engaged

can furnish you at carload rates. In matters wholly -political it is really safer to have the indorsement were anxiously asking for their books, of one who is wise and wicked, some- but got none until the receipt of the times, than the earnest but misguided cablegram. In a short time it became efforts of the man whose motives are evident that the binders could not good but whose brains, in the hurry supply the demand, and the plan of were bestowed upon a large mousecolored mule.

When your friend forgets himself, When your friend forgets himself, for 250 copies got only 100. At noon forgets his business, forgets his own the publishers decided that the ediinterests and his hopes of bright ims tions on hand would last only a day mortality beyond the grave in order to go about and do you good, when he goes without food and sleep that he may labor for you, and at last The presses were started in the afterwhen the campaign is drawing to a noon, and by Saturday this edition close, and all at once you come upon will be ready in part. The demand the pathway of the hurricane, and you from all parts of the country have follow it in great bitterness for miles been pouring in since The Sun's anonly at last to find that it is the work nouncement on Friday last of publiof your friend, what can you do? Can cation. So great has been the demand you take a club and mash his smiling that all other business of the house face? Can you stab his warm heart, has been delayed by this book, and whose every throb has beat for you? the clerks are anticipating night work Can you send the swift-winged bullet for the present. crashing through the massive skull Miss Cleveland has not as yet re-of your friend, thus tearing the cob-webs loose from his carried the book, and it is so many rapid-transit highways to call 98° hot?" webs loose from his cranium and allowing the gas to escape?

rock ahead which should be marked "dangerous" is the first year of mar-ried life. Here, especially, it is the first the first year of mar-ried life. Here, especially, it is the first step that costs; as a rule, the first

year either mars or makes a marriage. During this period errors may be committed which will cast a shadow over every year that follows.

On awakening suddenly from sleep we feel put out and rather cross. May not the young husband and wife experience feelings not entirely different when they awake to reality from the dreams of courtship and the fascina-of the honeymoon? Everything must once more be contemplated after the ordinary manner of the world, once more with subdued feelings spoken of, considered and settled. For the first time husband and wife see each other as they actually are. Each brings certain peculiarities into the married state to which the other has to grow accustomed. They have now to live no longer for themselves, but for each other, and the lesson is not learned in

to yield, however new it may be to them, however different from what they themselves thought. Self n ust be sacrificed in order thereby to gain the help of another beloved existence. A lady once] asked Dr. Johnson how in his dictionary | e came to define "pastern," the knee of a horse. He immediately answered: "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance." This is the simple explanation of many an accident that takes place at the commence ment, to the matrimonial journey The young couple have not yet learn ed the dangerous places of the road

# carelessly over them.

### MISS CLEVELAND'S BOOK OUT.

The Fourth Edition Already Ordered and the Sale Likely to Reach 100, 000 Copies.

Miss Cleveland's book, "George Eliot's Essays and Other Studies," was out yesterday, and before noon the three editions were entirely exhausted ments been kept with buyers. The plan of filling a part of each order was adopted, and in that way the busy

to the press. Soon 250 copies were affection for you, think what ruin he in this work all the afternoon.

Early yesterday morning impatient dealers who had placed advance orders and confusion incident to creation, filling the orders in part only was adopted. Dealers who wanted 100 copies obtained 25; those who called or two at the rate they were going to wreck and ruin that mark the for the book is unprecedented. Orders

"How did you become an actress!" this is a well-worn question, submitted to artistes by curious people who seem to think it strange, more excep-tional, and peculiar for a young per-son to adopt a career upon the dramatic stage, than to enter the legal, medical or other professions. In reality-the motives and impetus are not unlike-the qualifications and the necessary elements for success, are more pronounced and hazardous for the actor than for the physician, law-yer or politician. All professions are crowded, even insulted by a swarm of would be actors who have neither capabilities nor character for their much wished for calling. Where there is a just amount of hard work to be done before medium success is reached, the fanciful, inefficient aspirants are not so numerous.

The stage, from its flavor of mystery a moment. In all things indifferent and idealty, has been a general vic-the husband and wife must be willing tim-grand for most people whose curiosity and love of excitement exceeded their brains than any other profession in the world. No other profession requires such absolute wear and tear of the physical and mental, and yet appears to the public such an easy labor. To young semi-stage-struck people, ambitious amateurs and regiments of society Hamlets, Juliets and Othellos not enter into any trade secrets of the experience of young actors is a their composition. But their is good the experience of young actors is a fascinating subject. There is none on the modern stage in this country, whose child-life and girlhood are more attractive to the readers, stage romances and lovers of stage art than that of Grace Hawthorne.

Born in Bangor, Me., of the true blue American parentage, one of an unusually gifted trio of girls, all of whom possess some rare talent to an exceptional degree. That she was a bright, merry girl, is mirrored truth-fully forth in her face every time she laughs-that she was a romp, an ex-pert in mischief is proverbial from her home circle to her school days; she was full of comedy-bent on "as good a time as any other girl" during her short-dress days. She was as good a bareback rider of any horse that was good enough to keep on his feet as the ntrepid riders of the ring-in fact the little girl Grace was a hoyden of the best school. To hear and see her laugh now suggests a sort of picnic impression that is destructive to all formality. As a child she was a credit to the schools she attended. She stored away knowledge where others 'skipped the hard words," and when taste began to develop she was as artistic as if she had been brought up in some artist's cabinet den of casts and models. Some gleams of what is possible in one's nature finds outlet in childish tastes and incidents of little value and importance. When about years old Miss Grace gave a recitation upon a certain occasion in school Her selection was out of the general

groove of school-girl recitations, mainly composed of poems and dialogues. She had her own ideas of a recitation, and quite astonished her peers by giving Irving's prose sketch, The Indian as He Was and Is."

As she grew, both in years and individuality, her dramatic taste grew also. She read and studied everything she could command relating to the drama. She did not have the benefit of attending theaters; her instincts and tastes were not guided or fashionioned by favorable opportunities to witness theatrical performances. Her parents would have as soon thought ago that we had better have some of of putting their child into a beer cel- the windows open, as the visitors from lar as a waitress as to encourage her out of town would be apt to think our attendance at any theater. Straight-laced, after old Puritan fashion, all "Windows open?" said the Chicago

and rainbows for herself through her eager, hopeful work, and the love of learning. She was the object of lov-

ing care and training at home, by a family of proud instancts, whose blood may be classed with the nobility of may New England; and that, to the American heart is of a much more desirable color and quality than anything to be found in the book of peerage in the mother counlry. The Hawthorne family were Quakers, a branch of which by marriage includes the ven-erable, world loved Whittier. So at all events Grace Hawthorne

started out in life with some of the best blood of the Americal realm in her veins, although "not a countess or empress or a duchess."

### Dyeing Silk. Harper's Magazine.

Dyeing is always a hand process as the color of a dyer's hand suggests, and here machinery does not attempt to interfere. Long troughs fill the sloppy and steamy room in which the great skeins of silk and yarn are dipped from cross sticks, by parti colored human beings, who move them occasionally to and fro to make sure all parts have a fair chance. The muddy hues suggest little of the briliancy of solor that is to be the glory of the completed fabric, and we will dyeing and bad dyeing, honest dye-ing and false dyeing, and a silk maker who has intent to deceive can make his yarn take 300 per cent. of extra weight by the use of metallic substances in the dyepot. This accounts for some of the cheapness as well as the bad wear of certain foreign fabrics which look as well at first sight as goods of a much higher price. Some of the foreign black silks are so high-ly "loaded" with nitrate of iron as to give color to the belief in spontaneous combustion in silk, which caused the Northern German Steamship

company in 1879 to refuse the weightier foreign silks. The carbon of the silk and the nitrate make a compound closely parallel with gun cotton, which is simply cotton fiber soaked with nitric acid. American manufacturers challenge consumers to test the purity of their fabrics, which may be done by raveling the silk into threads. If heavily loaded they will break easily, feel rough to the touch, because of the particles of dye, taste inky to the tongue, and burn smolderingly into a yellow, greasy ash, instead of crisply into almost noth-These are tests lady buyers of ing. a silk dress should not forget. The range of tint in colored silks is remarkable, and the variety of shade required from year to year by fashion makes a curious pictorial history of the times. One dealer at Cincinnati showed a rainbow in silk threads.

### Western Men Have Ideas.

Two men, who announced that they were from Chicago, rushed noisily into a very quiet barber shop up-town the other day, and pulled off their coats with a great deal of talk about the heat. One of them fell into the hands of the boss, a tall, saturnine man with a wart on his bulging brow, and the other submitted to the lather brush of the solemn foreman.

"Phew!" said the man who had fallen under the foreman's care, "what a boiling hot day.

"Hot," said the foreman, casually. "I was saying to the boss a minute

## FIFTY YEARS & CLERK.

### A State Department Clerk Who Knew Webster and Calhoun.

"I entered the state department as a messenger in 1835, when Andrew Jackson was president of the United States," said William P. Faherty, to a reporter Monday, "and I have remained there ever since." Mr. Faherty celebrates to-day his eighty-second birthday. He is a native of Baltimore, where, as a boy, he helped to dig trenches during the war with England in 1812, but has been a resi-who happened to be dent of Washington sixty-six years. At 82 years he stands as straight as the Washington monument, and his character is as upright as his figure. His eyesight is undimmed, and a defect in his hearing is the only evidence of his advanced age. He can recall and relate a number of inci dents of the individual peculiarties of Webster, Calhoun, Buchanan, Cass, and other secretaries of days gone by. He was on terms of inti-macy with the most of them, and held by them in the highest esteem.

"I received my first appointment," continued Mr. Faherty, "from Jack-son's secretary of state, John Forsyth in recognition of my services to the democratic party in Montgomery county, Maryland. It was not long before I complained that I had not enough work to keep me occupied, and on that ground offered my resignation, but being bluntly informed by the secretary that I was a fool I withdrew my resignation. When Daniel Webster became secretary of state, he sent a messenger to me to tell me that I was to tall for him, that there was a man ready to take my place. This is my first rec-ollection of Mr. Webster, but it did not turn out so badly after all, for he found a place for the other man without removing me.

"What were Mr. Webster's peculiarities?"

"I remember him particularly as of often borrowing small sums of money from me, which sometimes he repaid and sometimes partly repaid and some-times forgot. Calhoun afterward fol-lowing Webster's example, used fre-quently to borrow small sums of money from myself and others, but unlike Webster, Calhoun never failed to pay up. I recall an instance of to pay up. I recall an instance of Secretary Calhoun stopping his car-riage on the way to a conference at the president's house to pay 50 cents which he had borrowed the day before to give an old beggar-woman. Webster was no teetotaler, but he knew that I was, and I have a vivid recollection of one night, about forty years ago, when Webster, after de ivering an eloquent speech in the Odd-Fellows' hall, in favor of Irish independence, came up to me and, slapping me on the back, cordially invited me to go to his house and drink some water with him. Bat the fondest memory which I cherish is that nearly the last writing done by Webster was an inscription on a printed copy of the great speech which he delivered before the Historical society in New York. Here it is" and Mr. Faherty brought forth an age-stained pamphlet. Its inscrip-tion, "With Daniel Webster's best wishes to Wm. P. Faherty," was in the great statesman's own handwrit-

ing. "No," continued M1. Faherty, "the removals in the state department on change of government were never as numerous as in other departments. Mr. Forsyth used to say that the state department had nothing to do with pretty little memory of that frolicpolitics. I remember when Marcy some, reckless period when seed was was appointed secretary of state a gayly sown for an unexpected harvest very clever Irish fellow, who had of fearful retribution. For many beer in this department for said to me that he was sure to go quick, as he had threatened to throw Marcy out of the window when he was secretary of war. But Marcy was not vindictive, for instead of dismissing the young man who had threatened to throw him out of the window, that young man was the very person he selected to go with him on a holiday tour he was about to take. And I remember another notable instance, to show that men were not pushed out because they did not belong to the party in power. During the war I myself was a strong union man, but my son was a heutenant in the southern army, and complaint was made to Secretary Seward that I was a rebel. Well, instead of kicking me out, Mr. Seward sent for and me asked me if I could not get somebody to swear I was not a rebel.

the kitchen and roared out to the Chinaman: "Gimme a graveyard stew, potatoes in the dark, two men a horseback, a moonlight in the lake and a flambeau." When the pilgrim heard this remarkable order he in-contently fled from the house, forgetting to take his hat and muttering that he'd "be gol darned if he propos-ed to tackle that kind of a breakfast, and that if the people lived on such things in this country he proposed to

A reporter for The Inter-Mountain. who happened to be in the restaurant at the time, approached the waiter and asked for an explanation of the order, and the "Prof." gave the following version:

"You see," he said, "we get tired of commonplaces, and besides, we try to teach the Chinamen the language. A graveyard stew means milk toast; potatoes in the dark is boiled potatoes eggs circus style means scrambled egg; rough and ready means pork and beans; a flambeau is light, hot cakes, and moonlight on the lake is rare beefsteak. The waiters all have pet names for those things and we throw potatoes at the Chinese cooks till they know what we mean."

Another boarder came in and the professor roared out with the voice of Stentor: Gimme a saddle-bags and springer, spuds on the side, tenpenny nails and a shingle to come a runnin'." Then the reporter follow-en in the wake of the Missourian.

### A Beautiful Apartment. I was at breakfast lately in a charmng apartment in the Barberini palace, perfect bonbonniere apartment of the eighteenth century, writes a correspondent from Rome to The Sun Francisco Chronicle. It was fitted up for a gay canoness of the Barberini family in the last century. The decorations and furniture are truly a la marquise, just as everything in medizeval days was grand seigneur. Everywhere is the veritable cachet of Rococo or Pompadour, that style of decoration which is without fixed forms, without logical carpentry, without proportions, without unity, and yet fascinating and charming. Like all the Pompadour apartments, rooms that are usually shut off from view and are private are open to the visitor, man or woman. The bedroom is a sort of temple, with costly African marble columns on either side of the bed alcove; from a huge inverted green and gold shell above fall the green and gold curtains. Draw aside these curtains and such a de-licious nest! Around the bed is a wall covered with the most varied raised ornaments, in soft colors, on a graygreen ground. Nymphs, birds, butterflies, garlands, trellis-work, gratings, curved lines ending in leafy branches, large shells, with green and gold water flowing from them; three very Pompadour figures of Faith, Hope and Charity dancing gaily over the head of the bed. The diningroom, boudoir, and a most delicious little place, very unliterary looking, called the library, each has its oratory looking alcove, all decorated in the same style, ceiling, walls, and furniture. Every straight line and angle is lost under a maze of the same graceful little wreaths, and birds, cupids, and shells. The gay, irresponsible day of the canoness was brus tally swept off into nothingness by the French revolution. This apartment in a high-up corner of the vast Barberini palace, is a some time years the rooms of the canoness have sure to go gone to rack and ruin. The grand

than to stain your hands with blood of one whose very devotion to you has snowed you under so deep that believed will reach 100,000 copies. you will have to live on the leather ends of your suspenders till relief can come.

I sometimes think that if the foolkiller would give a little more attention to his business, and would try a little harder to earn his salary, there would be less complaint and less dis satisfaction on the part of the intelligent taxpayer. Now, for instance, suppose that he should, prior to each election, hold a kind of competitive Aunt Kate made a rule not to answer examination of fools, to close with a a grand tournament of fool shot at thirty yards rise; or the fool could be made to pay each year for a license, the revenue to go to the government partial fools to pay a \$50 license, chronic fools \$100, and hopeless fools \$200 per year. I'd like to be instru-mental in getting such a law passed.

and then get out of the country be-fore it went into effect.

A Hint to the Boys.

New London Day

I stood in the store the other day when a boy came in and applied for a situation.

"Can you write a good hand?" was asked.

"Yaas." "Good at figures?"

"Yaas.'

"That will do-I don't want you," said the merchant.

"But," I said, when the boy had gone, "I know that lad to be an honest, industrious boy. Why don't you give him a chance?

'Because he hasn't learned to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir.' If he answers me as he did when applying for a situation, how will he answer customers after being here a month !"

What could I say to that? He had fallen into a habit, young as he was, which turned him away from the first situation he had ever applied for.

### Young Married People.

#### From the Quiver

"Drive gently over the stones!" This piece of advice, which is frequently given to inexperienced whips, may be respectfully suggested to the newly married. There are stony places on the road to happiness, which, if not carefully driven over, may up-set the domestic coach. The first ment to 2,000 heathens.

likely that very many readers will eternal misery and disgrace. have their copies before the White To the date when Miss Grac Ah, no. Better far to accept defeat House enjoys the sight of it. The orders for this book, it is confidently

# Her Grammar.

Youth's Compan It is a pathetic sight to watch the

meanderings of the childish mind through the intricacies of English grammar. Little Jane had repeatedly been reproved for doing violence to the moods and tenses of the verb "to She would say "I be" instead of be." an incorrect question, but to wait until it was corrected.

One day the two sat together, Aunt Kate busy with embroidery, and little Jane over her dolls. Presently doll society became tedious, and the child's attention was attracted to the embroidery frame. "Aunt Kate," said she, "please tell

me what that is going to be?'

But Aunt Kate was counting, and did not answer. Fatal word, be! It was her old enemy, and to it alone could the child ascribe the silence that followed. "Aunt Kate," she persisted, with an

honest attempt to correct her mistake, 'please tell me what that is going to

Still auntie sat silently counting, though her lip curled with amuse ment.

Jane sigked, but made another patient effort:

"Will you please tell me what that is going to are?"

Aunt Kate counted on, perhaps by this time actuated by a wicked desire to know what would come next. The little girl gathered her energies for one last and great effort.

"Aunt Kate, what am that going to gifts. She made a great hit, and it is no discredit to her, or lack of revare?

Two millions of dollars of the stock of a new Electric Street Railway Company in St. Louis have been subscribed for, and work is expected to begin soon.

In the late official report at San Francisco it was shown that in the Chinese Laundry Association of that

To the date when Miss Grace herself lv. began her stage life she had not witnessed a dozen plays; she had seen until it tops a hundred by double figbut few artists, and they were Lotta, ures.

Maggie Mitchell and a few others at the prime of their best days. Still, she studied and pursued her latent inspiration in reading and searching after knowledge. She was a happy spirit in these studies, and at twelve heat.

years of age Grace had high and magnificent castles of her own future. In her imaginary palace, she was a great that shows that it is partly a matter of writer, a political woman's right ad- opinion. vocate, a power among men and women. She reveled in her mind-pictures as the heroine of every great reform and public measure that commanded the world's attention. A most

interesting incident occurred in her young life about this time.

There was to be a Sunday school exhibition in the town where her family lived near Chicago. The programme of music, recitations, etc., included Grace, as the reader of the Lord's prayer. Of course the great hall was packed with loving parents and relatives, who saw in their own kith and kin, and kids, the fature greatness of the American nation. Grace began the prayer. Reveren tial regard, and the striking attitude of the little reader, as she raised her eyes heavenward, reduced the audience to that intense silence that operates so effectively on some natures during their performance. It so acted upon Grace. She began to feel the effect of inspiration, and her emotions so run over, and filled up every sentence of the prayer, both she and her audience followed the lines with allows the artist to toy with his hide,

tears dropping from their eyelids. Had she or the people known this was the material for a great emotion al actress they would not have wond ered so much at the girls remarkable

erence either, to say that she then and there at a Sunday-school exhibition, played her first star part in the Lord's prayer.

To James Murdock has been awarded the best rendering of the Lord's prayer ever given by human lips. To

hear him read it puts to blush the prayers of the Christian pulpit, and gives to every line of that simple invocation a new and broader meaning. Little Grace, too young to knew the meaning of her own powers and feelings, felt the part she was playing in

breathing the petition audibly before Gail her second audience, made sunshine kceper.

"Well, said the foreman indulgent-"New Yorkers don't mind 98°. We don't usually put on thin coats

About the same moment a voice was heard from the next chair crooning lazily. "Yes, we usually decide to call it warm here when it reaches 124°, but you can't tell anything at all about You think that to-day it is hot. I don't think it is. Quite a seasonable day, though not quite warm enough;

The Chicago men were silent for a long while, and then one of them asked carelessly: "What do you call cold weather here?"

"Did you mean in winter?" asked the boss.

"Yes, in the dead of winter." "Well, we consider 20 degrees be-low rather cold."

At this the victims launched forth into stories of what kind of weather they considered cold in Chicago. Their anecdotes had covered several periods extending considerably more than 120 degrees below zero before the shave was over, and when they got up to go out the barbers were cheerfully folding up their towels again and placing the brushes in methodical rows under

the mirrors. The whole conversation had been carried on with the utmost solemnity from begining to end. "I like them western men, said

the boss, cheerfully, as the door closed, because they have got ideas. Now, a New Yorker, when he comes in to get shaved, don't care for back talk or argument. He just lays back stiff, and discourages all conversation by going to sleep in the chair. The west erners are perfect gents, though; they

give a barber a chance to cultivate his mind, don't they, Toby?' "Every heat," said the foreman, heartily.

It is said that three or four thicknesses of common wire mosquito-netting painted or unpainted, and laid upon one another, are utterly impervious to lightning. No substance, whether liquid er solid, however com-

that is protected by a covering of this material, can possibly suffer in anywise from lightning or from any ac-cidental spark or jet of flame from without.

Gail Hamiton is a tip-top house-

Of course I got a friend who was ready to give the necessary testimony. And I knew that same secretary to actually do the same thing in another case to enable him to retain the services of a messenger who was indeed an out-and-out rebel."

"You were always a democrat of course?

"Well, I had been a democrat, but after I had been in the state department for some years I was disgusted at a democratic meeting that I attended in Washington one night, and I

determined never to gc to another, and neither I did. But I must say the lemocrats have always been far more

saving and economical than the others. They make a messenger walk when the other parties would have hired a carriage for him. "You remember Mr. Cass?"

"O yes; he was one of the finest secretaries of the whole lot. He was a very generous man, and took de-""What is the proportion between light in giving a helping hand to a young man who needed and deserved

He was quick to recognize talent and encourage it. I remember one insanity in nearly every instance is young fellow whom he found holler- due to religious excitement. The proing at the door of a traveling circus and put into a nice situation in the state department. He raised my sal-ary from \$1,200 to 1,400, and when males."

his term of office expired he wrote a magnificent letter to Judge Black,

One morning recently a hungry pilgrim went into Pat Conlon's restaurant and ordered some toast, poached

eggs, a rare steak, and some hot cakes. Both New York a The waiter, "Prof." Parris, went to glut of idle money.

salon is seventeenth-century. Louis XIV., had the walls covered with oil pictures a la Fontainbleau, giving all the feats saintly and martial, of the Barberini family. At one time this fine room was a sort of nu sery for the boys of a family who lived there; the little wretches used to amuse themselves by shooting arrows and popguns at the pictured pope and his nephews. Lately an American of ample means has rented the place, and the coquette's rooms are restored to something like their original luxury.

## Insantty Spreading.

Washington Republic. "Can you give a cause for the large number of insane people arrested by the police of late?" asked a reporter of Sanitary Officer Tuple yesterday.

"I can not," was the reply. During the last four weeks I have sent twentyeight cases to the insane asylum. Nearly all have hobbies. My knowledge of their unsoundness of mind and the causes is only gleaned by the conversation with them and their friends." "Were they all residents of this

city?

"Nearly all. A few come into town.'

"Do you think insanity is on the increase, judging by your experience as a sanitary officer?" "It is. A physician at the insane

asylum a day or so ago spoke to me about that matter. I asked him 'the cause,' and he remarked 'that it was due to the advance in education and

the races?" "The whites and colored are about equally divided. The colored people's portion among white and colored females is about equal. The female cases are slightly in advance of the

"Do you send many over to the insane asylum insane through drink?"

"Some have been sent there through their friends, but after a few days' treatment they become all right. The doctors do not consider them as insane, though they state that overindulgence in liquor will in time pro-duce softening of the brain."

Both New York and London have a

in my favor." A Voluble Waiter. Butte City Inter-Mountain.

bustible, inflammable, or explosive,