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IN FACT, IT IS A BEVERAGE AND MEDICINE COMBINED.

TO CONSUMPTIVES, and those afflicted with **HEMORRHAGES,** we **WILL** on receipt of **SIX DOLLARS,** send to **any address in the United States** (East of the Rocky Mountains), **all Express Charges prepaid a plain case** (thus avoiding all opportunity for comment), containing **Six Quart bottles** of our **PURE MALT WHISKEY** and with it in writing, and under the **Seal of the Company a SURE** and **POSITIVE CURE** for **CONSUMPTION** and other **WASTING DISEASES in their early stages.** This Formula has been prepared especially for us by the great German Scientist, *Dr. Von Vonder.* It can be prepared by any family housekeeper at slight expense (Raw Beefsteak and our **PURE MALT WHISKEY** being of the ingredients.)

After this preparation has been taken for a few weeks, the previously conspicuously prominent bones in patients suffering from Consumption and the like diseases, get covered with a thick coating of fat and muscle, the sunken and bloodless cheeks fill up and assume a rosy hue, the drooping spirits revive, while all the muscles of the body, and chief among them the heart, are stronger and better able to perform their functions, because of being nourished with a richer blood than they had been before. In other words, the system is supplied with more carbon than the disease can exhaust, thereby giving nature the upper hand in the conflict.

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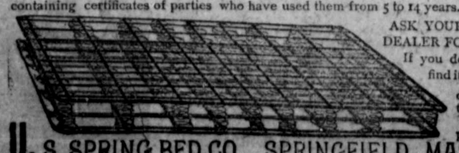

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CHAMPAGNE FLOWING LIKE WATER AT THE WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.

From Correspondence of N. Y. World.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, W. Va., Aug. 24.—It is a pity one can never get a candid, unprejudiced opinion in print about this place, but as well expect a young mother to be reliable concerning the color and size of her baby's eyes. The Northern train gets here at 11 o'clock at night or at 4 in the morning. You are escorted by a sleepy porter across a great lawn, dimly lit and full of pitfalls, to a little whitewashed cottage half a mile from the hotel. It contains a bed, a wooden upright chair, a table, a pocket mirror and a tallow candle. You want a bucket of water and look for the bell—no bell, you open the door and call, call, call. By and by an old, old African, who looks like the father of Uncle Remus and the great grandfather of Daddy Juch, makes his appearance with a slow and lagging gait, the aristocracy never hurry. "What do you do when you want anything here?" you inquire, somewhat abashed in that serene presence. "Gent'mens waits twell I comes," is the response. You turn in, one of the great multitude of the unwashed. Go to Virginia, thou New Yorker, and learn manners. But the sun next morning glorifies everything; the great stretch of verdure lies shimmering in the morning shine and diamonded with dew. On every side huge mountains rise up, green and wooded, and crowned with floating wreaths of fleecy clouds; to the left a clear stream rushes from the cliffs. Pretty cottages are here and there, and the hotel is thronged with people who promenade up and down the wide southern verandas. Under the trees pretty girls in white are sitting talking to young men in tennis costume or swinging in hammocks blown up and down by the sweet, strong breeze. There is a group of negro mammies, their heads crowned with bandanna kerchiefs and their little fair-haired charges running to and fro in the green grass.

"You have a good appetite this morning, I hope," says a gentleman to whom you tender your cup at the spring. "I have a good appetite, yes," you acknowledge, "but alas, I have had nothing to eat. I waited and waited, and finally was informed that all the breakfast had been eaten up." Is the stranger offended? He has gone off with an insulted air. Have you been mistaken and been rude to the proprietor? You hear him murmur, "Underbred—snob!" What have you done? Nothing at all. This is simply your first visit to the White Sulphur, and his second. He has fallen in love with her, as you will to-morrow, and he takes it as an insult if she is abused. So it goes all day. The number of people and the wealth, culture, learning, fashion represented is wonderful, when one considers what a creature for comfort the nineteenth-century gentleman has become.

From the 8th to the 25th of August there is no such place for gayety in the whole Union, nor for pretty women. South Carolina, Virginia, Washington, New Orleans send the greater number, but there is a sprinkling of New Yorkers, most of whom are, however, adopted Virginians, Philadelphians and a large representation of Kentucky people. The rules of "the White" are very conservative, though every one is supposed to be a gentleman or lady till he proves himself or herself otherwise. Champagne is the vin ordinaire of the place. At a recent entertainment 400 quart bottles were broken, and no ill results followed. Every morning there is a German, every night a ball. All the world entertains. If you are rich and can afford it you give a wine supper—if otherwise, a fete champetre or a fruit party, but you must give something. It is the cry of the horse leech's daughters echoing in our ears. The prettiest women come from Virginia. Miss Handy of that State; Miss Ford, of Richmond; Mrs. William Allan, of Richmond; Mrs. Edward Christian, of Richmond; Mrs. Russell Robinson, of Richmond, are exceptionally distinguished. Mrs. Richard Warner, of Columbus, O.; Miss Bacon, of Georgia; Miss Fall, of Nashville, the granddaughter of Mrs. James K. Polk; the Misses Leigh, of New York, the granddaughters of the Hon. Watkins Leigh, the ante-bellum Virginia jurist, like the Lady of Shabott, have each a lovely form and face.

The average young man does not seem up to the standard, which the women, by their grace and beauty, have fixed high, but if he dances not much inquiry is made as to his Latin pronunciation or even his yearly dividends. There is no to-morrow at the White Sulphur in August.

The young married women declare that the atmosphere is impregnated with girlhood, and they will take their diamonds and their convenient spouses to Mount Desert next summer. It is certain that this is a debutante's paradise, and youth and beauty have distanced intelligence, and even that spotless moral character that goes along with high-cheek bones, far out of sight.

The belle of the season is a distinguished looking young lady, with a coronet of red brown hair and a pair of dark eyes, from Kentucky. Not pronouncedly pretty, you think, nor stylish—far from it; but gracious and noble as a queen, with a loud, sweet laugh, and oh! the *je ne sais quoi* which is as is the perfume to the rose. Gen. Beverly Robertson, of Washington; Hon. James McKenney, of Washington; Mr. and Mrs. Calderon Carlysle, of Washington; Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the philanthropic millionaire; Senator Randall Gibson, of Louisiana; Judge Campbell, of Kentucky, once Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; the widow of John Morgan, the Confederate scout and guerrilla, an eighty-year-old lady with the fire of youth still in her eye; Hon. W. H. Maury, the Misses Maury, of Washington; James Alston; ex-Gov. Butler, of South Carolina; Rev. H. C. Alexander, D. D., of Virginia; ex-Judge W. W. Robertson, of Virginia; Prof. C. S. Venable, University of Virginia; Gen. and Mrs. Joseph R. Anderson, of Virginia, are here. President Ewell, of William and Mary, is taking a short vacation from arduous toils. He is said to realize the dream of the Oxford Professor of a college with no undergraduates. That ancient seat of learning at Williamsburg is not boasting a single student. There are 1,500 people here at date.

WONDERS OF THE MICRO SCOPE.

A NEBRASKA MAN THINKS THAT HE HAS DISCOVERED THAT MAN HAS A DUAL BODY.

CHICAGO, Aug. 27.—A morning paper publishes a special dispatch from Lincoln, Neb., saying that a man in that city had discovered by scientific means that man has a dual body. He is a devout Christian, and believes that the soul of the man is a counterpart of the body itself. He reasoned that within this body of bone and sinew was yet another body, existing in vapory form, which death alone should free, and that by a simple microscopic device the dull sight of human eyes might penetrate the minutest particles of the air we breathe and see the soul take form and flight to the boundaries of another world. His attention was first attracted to this, he says, by a man lying on a sofa suffering with a pain in his foot, and yet there was no foot there to suffer, the leg having been amputated nearly to the hip.

"For years," he says, "this incident ran through my mind, until at last I resolved upon an experiment. I procured the most powerful lenses I could find, and completed an invention of my own, and when I had my light arranged perfectly, so I could examine the microbes of the air, I called upon a friend who had lost his arm, and explained that I wanted him to put his imaginary hand where I directed. He laughingly accompanied me to my room, and did as I desired. The moment I adjusted the glass a world of revelation broke upon me. The dual hand lay beneath my glass. I asked him to make letters with his imaginary finger. He did so, and, to his wonder and astonishment, I spelled out the sentences he wrote. That was conclusive evidence to me, and you know the rest."

Railway Travel in India.

[Chicago Journal.]

Railway travel in India has many curious features. The Brahmins, who objected to the innovation on the ground that pilgrims would travel by rail instead of on foot, are now using the new mode of travel themselves. They even occupy the same cars with ordinary mortals, and thus a levelling blow has been struck at caste assumptions. In this way the railroad is of great social as well as commercial importance.

Gold bullion reaches an annual product of $400,000 in Georgia.

An Airy Officeholder and a Modest Judge.

From the N. Y. Sun.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30.—Some of the new department officials are rather fresh, and have what the Methodists call a realizing sense of the dignity and importance of their positions. The protruding self-complacency of a chief of division in the Treasury caused a funny scene the other day. In order to identify him more easily it should be said that he was appointed during the last ten days of the Arthur Administration, and Secretary Manning's reform has not yet reached the room in which he presides. He was sitting at his desk the other day contemplating plans for retaining his position, when a tall, venerable man came into the room, and, in a quiet, respectful way, observed that he would like to see the documents in such and such a case.

"What is your name?" asked the Chief of Division.

"Strong," was the reply.

"What is your first name?"

"William," and a queer smile stole over his face.

"Where do you reside?"

"Washington."

"Lawyer?"

"I formerly practiced law, but have not done so for many years."

"Are you an attorney in this case?"

"No sir."

"What do you want to see the papers for, then?"

"I have been appointed arbitrator by the courts, and it becomes necessary for me to examine them."

"When were you appointed?"

"Nearly a month ago; I have been absent from the city or should have called for them before."

"What'd you say the name was?"

"William Strong." At this the lady stenographer of the presiding genius of the office, who had been writhing about in her chair as if on the ragged edge of hysterics, jumped up and exclaimed:

"Mr. ——, you don't appear to know the gentleman. This is Justice Strong of the United States Supreme Court."

The Justice got leave to look at the papers.

FAIR LADIES' BEAUTY ENHANCED.

A Novel Profession That Is Due to Woman's Devotion to Good Looks.

[Chicago Herald.]

The "Doctor" is not a general practitioner. She devotes herself wholly to removing superfluous hair from the faces of the sex to which a bearded face is a blemish, not an attraction, save when arrayed on the freak platform of a museum. When The Herald scribe rang the bell the other day a soft and womanly voice bade him enter, and with much trepidation the reporter entered the shrine. The doctor's assistant was the only occupant.

"Do we find many patrons?" she said, with a pleasant laugh, echoing the reporter's first query. "Yes, indeed. You have no idea how much it hurts a woman's sensitive nature to have a few conspicuous hairs on her face. In her anxiety to get rid of them she will try all sorts of lotions and washes, none of which does any permanent good, and frequently, instead of lessening the growth, makes it worse. Depilatory plasters are more generally used than any one would imagine, but they never give any relief. Since we came here we have had all the patients we could take care of."

"What is your treatment?" asked the investigator.

"Just this little needle," was the answer, holding up a fine cambric needle fastened in a little black rubber holder, "and an electric battery. We have to take each hair separately, insert the needle in as far as the root and the electricity kills it forever. Generally we remove about 150 hairs at a sitting, and it takes half or three-quarters of an hour."

"Does it hurt?" naturally followed her explanation.

"Not in the least." Then, with a glance at the few stray hairs the scribe was fondly caressing, she added: "Let me show you on your nose—"

"No, no; excuse me," interrupted the victim with more haste than politeness, as she toyed with the instrument of torture and looked longingly at the fertile field for her occupation; "I should prefer to have you describe the sensation."

"It's just a little bit of a sting, and after the first few applications it's rather pleasant than otherwise. The cost? That depends on the growth that has to be removed. Some ladies have occasionally paid $40 or $50, and have been glad to have the blemish removed even at that price. In a number of cases it has cost from $20 to $25, but generally $5 or $10 covers the expense. Ladies are intensely sensitive in regard to such a defect. Nine out of ten of them wear veils when they come and go, and two of them wouldn't sit in the same room for worlds. Even two friends similarly afflicted will never discuss the subject. It is utterly tabooed."

It is less than ten years since this system of removing an abnormal growth of hair was discovered and given the name of octrolysis. Every reputable physician knows that the plan works successfully, but it is too slow and exacting to suit impatient masculinity, while woman seems naturally adapted to it. Besides, women has a deftor touch and a patient that makes her, as a rule, an incomparably better operator. Pulling the hair out used to be frequently resorted to by the ladies, but a few applications of this heroic style of treatment showed them that it was a useless waste of energy. The hair grew out immediately. Occasionally some one would try to inject some sort of an acid solution into the hair sacs, but that left bad blotches and scars, and the gentler sex had just about give up in despair when electricity came to their aid.

Cases are recorded where as many as 5,000 hairs have been removed from one woman's face, and from 1,000 to 2,000 is by no means an unusual number.

A Phenomenal Memory.

[Youth's Companion.]

Men who dislike shopping—and where is the man who does not?—should inform themselves in regard to the meaning of "a few little things," as women interpret that vague kind of phrase. Mr. S— wanted to move from the city to a small town near by in which there were but one or two stores. He would be in the city every day, and agreed to purchase the "few little things" his wife could not buy in the village stores.

"You'd better put them down on a piece paper," said Mrs. S—, when about to give her first order.

"Oh no," said Mr. S—; "my memory is good."

"Well, then," began Mrs. S,— "a spool of 60 Coates' black thread."

"Yes," said Mr. S.—

"A yard of not too light and not too dark calico."

"Yes."

"A small hammer, a can of peaches of the Pasadena brand, a dozen small pearl buttons, two yards of cardinal ribbon, silk on one side and satin on the other."

"Yes," said Mr. S— thoughtfully.

"A pair of slippers for baby, a dozen lemons, a good tooth-brush, a pine-apple, two ounces of sky-blue Germantown yarn, an ounce phial of homœopathic nux vomica pellets, a —"

"Wait a second," said Mr. S., counting on his fingers and looking perplexed.

"And a bottle of vanilla extract, and a yard of triple box-pleated crepe lisse ruching, and three yards of small-checked nainsook, and—"

But Mr. S— had seized his hat and was running for the station.

What the poor man brought home was a yard of bed-ticking, three yards of black crape, a bottle of vinegar, eight yards of nankeen, a scrub-brush, a pound of green yarn, sixty spools of "coat thread," a yard of very light and a yard of very black calico, and a pint bottle of homœopathic pills.

"There, my dear," he said, triumphantly, throwing down his numerous packages, "I don't think you'll find a thing missing. Who says a man can't do shopping? My memory never played me false yet."

MISTAKES OF DRUG CLERKS.

How Most of Them Are Made—Work in a First-Class Drug Store.

[Chicago News.]

So long as disease prevails the public are at the mercy of careless clerks, and nothing can prove more agonizing to a patient who meets death in this form, or to the family and friends who, on the very eve of the convalescence of a patient, are forced to stand by and see their relative or friend snatched from them through the fault of another.

"Are druggists' mistakes of frequent occurrence?" a physician was asked by a reporter.

"No; they are not nearly so frequent as one not in the profession would suppose."

"Are there no means by which they could be made preventable?"

"I don't know what could be done more than has been. You see, it is human to err. Take the most careful man in existence, I care not what business he is in, and he will slip up some time. How often do men who are thoroughly conversant with their trade or profession make mistakes? A man gets proficient in his business, and this very proficiency makes him oftentimes go about it mechanically, and the first thing he knows he makes a mistake. If it is a small one or is detected in time to prevent serious injury or loss the man grits his teeth, gives himself a mental kicking, and is more careful for awhile, but soon he is back in the old mechanical rut."

"What means do druggists employ to prevent these errors?"

"Every first-class drug store is arranged like clock work. The different poisons are either placed in separate compartments, put in a peculiar style of bottle, or the bottles which contain them have an odd label, something which will attract the eye of the clerk the moment he uses it. Then, again, the clerk who puts up an order for a medicine of that character is under special instructions to register it in a book kept for the purpose. What other means can be gotten up to prevent a mistake creeping in I don't know."

"Do not many errors arise from the miserable chirography of physicians?"

"No, for the simple reason that if a druggist can't make out what a physician means he will quietly send word to the writer of the prescription for instructions, telling the customer it will take twenty or thirty minutes to put it up."

"As a rule, what is the general character of physicians' handwriting?"

"My brethren in the profession will bear me out in saying that it is the most miserable that can be imagined. Such scrawls are sometimes sent out would tax the ingenuity of an expert to decipher. Many a solemn conclave have I witnessed in drug stores over the prescriptions written by one of the most eminent physicians of this city. One will start a word all right, but if it is over four letters long the conclusion will run off into unintelligible hen tracks; and it is true of many others. Bad writing is as much of a characteristic of physicians as the proverbial slowness of tailors and shoemakers."

AN OVER-SUSCEPTIBLE STOMACH.

Not Such a Bad Thing to Have, After All—Danger to Powerful Feeders.

[Sir H. Thompson in Nineteenth Century.]

How very powerful a human stomach may sometimes be, and how large a task in the way of digestion it may sometimes perform without complaint, is known to those who have had the opportunity of observing what certain persons with exceptional power are accustomed to take as food, and I do take for a long time apparently with impunity. But these are stomachs endowed with extraordinary energy, and woe be to the individual with a digestion apparatus of moderate power who attempts to emulate the performance of a neighbor at table who, perchance, may be furnished with such an effective digestive apparatus!

But, after all, let not the weaker man grieve overmuch at the uneven lot which the gods seem to have provided for mortals here below in regard to this function of digestion. There is a compensation for him which he has not considered, or perhaps even heard of, although he is so moderately endowed with peptic force. A delicate stomach which can just do needful work for the system and no more, by necessity performs the function of a careful door porter at the entrance of the system, and like a jealous guardian inspects with discernment all who aspire to enter the interior, rejecting the unfit and the unbidden, and all the common herd.

On the other hand, a stomach with superfluous power, of whom its master boastfully declaims that it can "digest ten penny nails," and that he is unaccustomed to consult its likes and dislikes, if it have any, is like a careless hall porter who admits all comers, every pretender, and among the motley visitors many whose presence is damaging to the interior. These powerful feeders after a time suffer from the unexpended surplus, and pay for their hardy temerity in becoming amenable to penalty, often suddenly declared by the onset of some serious attack, demanding complete change in regimen, a condition more or less grave. On the other hand the owner of the delicate stomach, a man perhaps with a habit of frequently complaining of slight troubles and always careful, will probably in the race of life, as regards the preceding pilgrim, take the place of the tortoise against the hare. It is an old proverb that "the creaking wheel lasts longest," and one that is true as regards a not powerful but nevertheless healthy stomach which is carefully treated by its owner, to whom this fact may be acceptable as a small consolation for the possession of a delicate organ.

For it is a kind of stomach which not seldom accompanies a fine organization. The difference is central, not local—a difference in the nervous system chiefly; the impressionable mental structure, the instrument of strong emotions must necessarily be allied to a stomach to which the supply of nerve-power for digestion is sometimes temporarily deficient and always, perhaps, capricious. There are more sources than one of compensation to the owner of an active, impressionable brain, with a susceptible stomach possessing only moderate digestive capabilities—sources altogether beyond the imagination of many a course feeder and ca[illegible] digester.

The Way to Make Whisky.

[New York Sun.]

A Nebraska correspondent wishes to know the process of making whisky. The grain, corn, or rye, for instance, is ground between a pair of ordinary millstones. The meal thus obtained is mixed in an iron tub with barley malt in the proportion of 4 bushels of meal to 2 of malt, and 75 gallons of water at a temperature of 150 degrees Fahrenheit. After washing, as it is called, for an hour and a half 50 gallons more of water are added, at a temperature of 190 degrees. Two hours later, the mixture having settled, two-thirds of the liquor, which is known as beer, is drawn off into shallow vats and 50 gallons of water are poured into the tub at a temperature of 190 degrees. In an hour and a half this is drawn off and 80 gallons of boiling water are poured in. In 20 minutes all the beer in the tub is drawn off, and as the last lot is very weak it must either be boiled down to the strength of the beer obtained before, or it may be used with a fresh lot of meal instead of water. The beer from the shallow vats is cooled down to a temperature of 70 degrees, and then one gallon of yeast is added for each 100 gallons of beer.

When the mixture has fermented it is ready for distillation, which is done by boiling it in a boiler and condensing the steam by running it into coolers, which in former days were long coils of copper pipe running through tanks of cold water, from which arose the name of the worm of the still. The condensed steam is simply raw whisky. It possesses the most disagreeable taste, and will kill at forty rods range, but it is nevertheless diluted and sold in the cheap saloons.

The acrid taste of raw whisky is due to the presence of certain greasy products of distillation and light alcohols mixed, which are known by the name of fusil oil. These products boil at 173 degrees, while the amylic alcohol, or the real stuff, requires a temperature of 270 degrees. By redistillation the fusil oil is separated. It may also be eliminated by running the raw whisky through granulated charcoal that has been previously heated. Whisky is therefore simply alcohol of a peculiar flavor due to the substances from which it was derived, and diluted, when honestly made, with about 25 per cent. of water and some of the products of distillation other than the pure amylic alcohol.

Appetites of the Upper Crust.

[The Cook.]

The prince of Wales eats clams direct from the shell, which he holds in his hand. The great Napoleon was passionately fond of shrimps. Henry Ward Beecher chews roast lamb and eschews roast beef. Charles Dickens, when lecturing in Brooklyn, drank a bottle of brandy and two bottles of champagne during the course of an evening. A somewhat extended observation of the habits of actors, male and female, running the gamut from the distinguished tragedian to the humblest ballet girl, leads to the conclusion that Little Neck clams, soft shell crabs, kingfish, birds in season, with sherry, sauterne and champagne, are the ne plus ultra, but if they can't do better they will cheerfully subside on Welsh rarebits and beer.

ART OF DIE-SINKING.

A TALK WITH AN OLD NEW YORK MEDALLIST.

The Seal of the Confederate Treasury Department—Taking the First Impression—Making Dies and Striking Off Medals—Designs.

[New York Sun.]

The other day a reporter was looking over the collection of political medals and tokens belonging to Robert Hewitt, Jr. Mr. Hewitt picked up from the tray what appeared to be the impression of a seal on lead. As he held up the piece the reporter saw in bold relief a palmetto tree in the middle of the leaden circle. The inscription near the upper rim was "Confederate States of America," and on either side of the palmetto "Treas. Dept."

"That," continued Mr. Hewitt, "is the first impression ever taken from the original seal of the Confederate treasury department. The seal was cut by the medallist and die sinker, George H. Lovett—old George Lovett now—but brisk and active when he cut this seal. I think he began work on it about a month before Fort Sumter was fired on. He also did the seal for the state of Virginia, of which this is an impression," and Mr. Hewitt showed the impress on lead of the following design: An Amazonian figure tramping upon a prostrate man, from whose head a crown is falling. The inscriptions are: "Virginia, Liberty and Union," and "Sic Semper Tyrannis." It is almost identical with the original seal of Virginia, but in that seal the crown lies on the ground. "There were curious circumstances connected with the ordering of the treasury seal," continued Mr. Hewitt. "Lovett can tell you all about it."

Following Mr. Hewitt's directions, the reporter soon found himself in a little office on the third floor of a Broadway building. Seated at a long, narrow table near the window, and peering through a magnifying glass adjusted so that a circular piece of steel held by clamps was within its focus, sat a man busily at work on the steel with a small instrument. His face was partially turned away, but his gray hair showed him to be well advanced in years.

The reporter spoke of seeing the first impression of the Confederate treasury seal. "Then you know Mr. Hewitt? If he hadn't been so eager about it I never would have dared to take the impression. You see, I was carefully watched. A total stranger, whom I have never seen since then nor heard of in any way, came to me with the design and ordered the seal. After the long lapse of time I can remember him only as tall and dark. Nearly all the time I was cutting the seal he sat in the office watching the work. He seemed exceedingly anxious that I should finish the job as soon as practicable, and at the same time he didn't want any of my other customers to see the design. On one of the very few occasions, when he had left the office for a brief space of time Mr. Hewitt happened in. I knew him to be an enthusiastic numismatist. So I let him see the design and the seal which I had almost finished, only the final touches, if I remember aright, being wanted. Mr. Hewitt's numismatic enthusiasm was at once aroused. I could not resist his request for an impression. I had a dipper of molten lead on the fire, and I poured the lead over the seal. Thus was taken the first impression of the seal of the Confederate treasury department. It was barely cold and in Mr. Hewitt's pocket before the stranger entered. I made the seal for Virginia, and curiously enough that for West Virginia. When Virginia seceded the original must have been lost, otherwise I can't account for the order I received, nor do I know why the slight change from the original should have been wanted."

The reporter asked Mr. Lovett if there had been any change in methods since he had been in the profession.

"We formerly cut on steel bound with iron, so that, if the steel cracked, the iron would hold the pieces together. But since then the quality of steel has been greatly improved, so that the binding can be dispensed with. The metal for our work now comes in round or octagon-shaped bars from six to fifteen feet long. We saw off a piece of the bar for each design we have to cut. Medals, of course, require two dies. We strike off the medals on powerful screw presses. Hard metals we are obliged to anneal from six to ten times before we can get a clear impression."

"Then much time must be consumed in striking off the medals?"

"Yes. When the medal is a fine one and careful work is required, I rarely strike off more than four or five medals a day. But that kind of work isn't called for very often now. The demand for medals has increased wonderfully, but people want them small and cheap. Work has to be done quickly now. Orders are coming in from all over the country. I am constantly striking dies for medals to be distributed as prizes at agricultural fairs, college commencements, musical prize contests, prize drills, or to be sold as memorials at centennial celebrations. Here, for instance, is a medal I have cut for the Alabama state fair. The obverse represents the arms of the state; the reverse, a scene on a cotton plantation. The wreath around it is composed of wheat, corn and rice. Formerly orders were fewer, but the designs were more elaborate. Most of the designs that come to me now I can cut in a week—many of them in a day or two. Contrast that with the two months and a half I spent on the cable medal. That medal was ordered by the chamber of commerce to commemorate the successful laying of the Field cable. I should think that $10,000 worth of gold was put into the limited number of gold copies struck off. They were presented to Mr. Field, the officers of the vessels which took part in laying the cable, and others prominently concerned in the enterprise.

"I have designed some curious pieces in my day. I remember that in 1840 the issue of the so-called shin-plasters (small political medals) began. One which I struck off represented Jackson coming out of a safe and carrying a bag of money. The inscription was: 'I take the responsibility.' During the war I designed the large medal presented to Maj. Anderson for his defense of Sumter, and that commemorating the victory of the Monitor."

"In what metals do you generally strike off your medals?"

"Most commonly in white metal, which closely resembles silver, and retains its luster for a long time. For presidential campaigns or any important celebration die sinkers get out little white metal medals with the busts of the candidates or some designs commemorative of the celebration. We strike these medals off by the thousands. They are hawked about on the street and sold by fancy dealers. Besides white metal we use bronze, or more properly speaking, bronze stained copper. The precious metals are not often called for."

"Is there any favorite line of designs?"

"Formerly it was considered the thing to put a head of Washington on a metal if you could find any pretext for so doing. Now, the arms of the state in which the fair or celebration occurs is most frequently included in designs."

Notables at Saratoga.

[Saratoga Cor. Chicago News.]

As I leave Dr. Pierce, who holds out his palsied hand to say good night, I catch sight of another patent-medicine man whose fortune was fabulous. I mean Dr. Helmbold. Pierce a paralytic; Helmbold, an irresponsible and demented person; the name of Jayne perpetuated in a line of insane children; Dr. Schenck, for years before his death, blind; Ayer, cursed more seriously than either; Warner a confirmed invalid—what strange fatality surrounds these people; scarcely one escapes. These piazzas, however, are crowded with successful men who have not felt the compensatory burthen of a great sorrow.

One among them, hearty and grangerlike, is the man C. A. Pillsbury, the flour king, as he delights in being called. Only 42 years old, sixteen years a Minneapolis miller, he is the possessor of a good many millions, and he is as proud of them as a young woman of an engagement ring. During the time he has been a miller the business has by reason of mechanical improvement known a complete revolution. One of his mills produces 6,196 barrels of flour in a day, the other two 4,000 and 1,500 barrels respectively, making in round figures say 10,000 barrels of the great food material of the civilized world.

You would think that such a man might have some positive views on the great political and national questions. If so you'd be wrong. He hasn't got one. I won't say that he does not apprehend there are such, but he certainly does not consider them in his business. "I don't care for them, you see," he says. "I'm a miller; that's all. I buy wheat at so much a bushel and I sell the flour to make a little money. That's simple enough, isn't it? The price of the wheat regulates that of the flour, and there you are. It is only required of you to conduct a simple sum in addition to make money. Think of that, make money by simple addition. I never knew that before, and the more rich men I see the more I develop a contempt for their brains, and the older I grow and poorer the greater my respect for their money."

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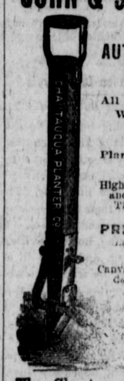

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