

became more and more anxious to see Mr. Sage. During our long talk the door had been slyly opened by his cashier again and again, and each time the old man would raise his hand and say "In a moment," "In fifteen minutes," or "In five minutes," according to the story he was telling at the time. As he made the last statement the white-mustached cashier came in again, and the old millionaire rose and held out his hand, as much as to say the interview was closed. As I shook it I said:

"Just one more question, Mr. Sage. You are one of the richest men of the world. You have more money than you can ever spend. Your income today is beyond the widest ambitions of your youth. Now wont you tell me why with all this you keep on working? Why don't you retire and take a rest and enjoy what you have made?"

"Ah," replied the old man, as his blue eyes looked soberly into mine. "I don't know why. I don't know that I could stop if I would. I fear I should not live long if I did so. I believe I like work better than I do play. My chief happiness today is in my work, and I suppose my machinery will go on at this rate as long as I live."

Frank G. Carpenter

Written for this Paper.

THROUGH AN INSANE ASYLUM.

MAIDSTONE, Kent, England, Jan. 15, 1897.
—Last week I found myself in a lunatic asylum. Which melancholy fact may not surprise some of my intimate friends. This is how it happened. Feeling that perchance the News readers possibly might like to revel in something really sensational in which strait waistcoats, "boiling oil, and something lingering," played a prominent part, methought that a visit to a dark, damp, dismal, dire English lunatic asylum might fill the bill. I had had my mind set upon a good old British "goal," but on further consideration decided in favor of the asylum as furnishing more variety and scope, consequently more raw material for first class nightmares and thrilling situations.

With this plausible idea in view I indited a short epistle to the superintendent of the Kent County asylum at Barming Heath, inclosing my noble pasteboard, and by return mail was agreeably gratified to receive a letetr of which the following is a copy:

Kent County Asylum Dec. 31st, 1896.
—Dear Sir:—It will give me great pleasure to meet you and any friend you like to bring with you. I have been to your country twice and met such kindness there that it gladdens my heart to meet an American here and to be able to do anything for him. Will you come in the forenoon? We have lunch at one o'clock sharp, and can look round the asylum afterward. Fix your own time, only kindly let me know one day beforehand. Yours very truly,

F. PRITCHARD DAVIES, M. D.
George E. Carpenter Esq.

To say the least of it, the answer was an agreeable surprise; so upon arriving in Maidstone—after previously dropping a note—myself and companion wended our way to a pile of buildings situated

upon a hill. Needless to remark, it rained, it always does rain over here especially on Sundays and holidays, despite the fact that the weather clerk most religiously and gravely publishes in the morning papers the fact that: "This day's forecast. Set fair. Temperature stationary, light balmy winds etc." With all this surfeit of prize competitions, puzzles, conundrums, etc., with which English weekly literature abounds as a means of increasing the circulation; one often wonders how the greatest writer of fiction of the age, viz., the weather clerk, has been so neglected and his praiseworthy efforts allowed to go unrewarded.

As remarked heretofore, we walked. Our host later suggested that we drove, but we scorned the base insinuation; as a missionary's diet is apt to make one dyspeptic, we always make it a point to walk—in fact there is an iridescent charm connected with splashing through the mire, collecting a goodly supply of drinking water in the brim of one's four dollar chapeau, and incidentally indulging in derogatory remarks regarding the "samples of climate" one enjoys in the "tight little Isle."

On approaching our destination we were confronted by a good, solid, built-to-last stone wall. Here we halted to spy out the land, for we reasoned in our innocent, childish manner, that it behooved us not to enter the portals and wander around in search of the superintendent, two amateur Daniels in the lion's den so to speak, the sport and prey of some two thousand designing, sportive inquisitively inclined maniacs. Here we observed a young man eyeing us suspiciously, so we cornered him despite his edging away, calmed his troubled mind with a Morgan No. 1, and asked to be directed to Doctor Davies' residence, which we found without much trouble, and were ushered into the drawing room, where the doctor's wife, (who has been on two cross continent trips including Salt Lake City) entertained us till lunch, which consisted of fish, entrees, game, etc, served in the English style, in conjunction with sundry mysterious fizzing amber fluids and Havanais for those who wished to so indulge. (In parenthesis: whenever any of the boys indulge in lofty bragging propensities regarding the chuck steak they had for supper the week before last, we hopelessly annihilate them with the aforesaid menu).

After having a good chat on America in general and Utah in particular we adjourned to the asylum and I must say it was a most agreeable disappointment. The doctor's house stands alone, within its own private grounds, which are connected with the asylum grounds by a gate through the wall. We were accompanied in our tour of inspection by two prize skye terriers belonging to the doctor; these were imbued with a most praiseworthy idea to exterminate all the cats in the neighborhood. For the benefit of the uninitiated, a skye terrier is first, last and all the time a dog, that on a cursory glance resembles an animated ball of worsted, and when in repose is a never ending diversion for gamblers to decide which is the wagging and which the biting end. These two aforesaid canines gloried in the appellations of Nanny and Zip, and seemed to be great favorites with the lunatics, or patients, as I shall henceforth call them. Further, despite what the author of hard cash may say on the subject, let it be distinctly

understood that the attendants emphatically resent being called "keepers."

Upon entering the doctor's private office, we viewed a plan of the place and found that it extended for two hundred acres, part of it being used as a farm and worked by the patients. There were at the time one thousand seven hundred patients and two hundred and twenty attendants. The asylum is built of stone quarried on the estate, and is over sixty years old. Since Doctor Davies took the reins, twenty-two years ago, he has inaugurated changes, doing away with all brutal restraints such as hobble, chains, etc., for dangerous patients, surprise baths, ingenious contrivances to cool off the ardor of enthusiastic maniacs, by which they are precipitated through the floor into tanks of ice cold water below, etc. Anyhow, the doctor assured me such was the case and that he had shown us some of the worst cases; and certainly we saw nothing that snatched of subjection by brute force.

In answer to the question how the English asylums compared with those of the United States, he declined to express a decided opinion, laughingly relating an incident during his visit to—(mentioning one of our largest cities). There he had asked the superintendent how long he had been in his post. "Six months," was the answer. He was further astonished to find that none of the attendants or assistants had been connected with the place longer than five months. Upon requesting a solution the superintendent informed him "that he didn't propose anyone around his asylum to know more than he did," and further, "he was going to be superintendent of that asylum just as long as Cleveland held the Presidency." I laughed, and suggested that the Americans didn't have the monopoly on tall stories.

We looked in on the telephonic exchange (each of the thirty-nine wards having a telephone), and then the doctor unlocked a door and we were in one of the women's wards. The head lady attendant of the ward met us at the door, locking the same after us. A glance at the barred windows revealed the fact that all retreat was cut off. Instead of putting my back to the wall and selling my life dearly, I gazed complacently around, justly arguing that if four frail, rosy cheeked, pretty young attendants were safe there, that possibly I would be spared to see the valleys of the mountains once more. The attendants look very neat in their blue serge uniforms, broad white cuffs and collars, and starched nurse's caps. But for a belt to which is attached a whistle to summon help one would imagine they were simply hospital nurses. I don't think that a single one of the one hundred and six lady attendants was older than thirty, and not one face was in the least brutal; still man is supposed to be a poor judge of a woman's age.

The first thing that strikes one about an asylum is the painful cleanliness of the whole institution. The stone stairways are whitened to an extent conducive to snow blindness, while the brass work makes one blink. As all the wards are built upon the same plan, and are nearly identical in dimensions and general get up, I will describe one which will give a fair idea of them all. The ward is about one hundred feet long, with windows at stated intervals, oppo-