

MISCELLANEOUS.

Written for this Paper.

OVERWORK AND WORRY.

The great American brain is boiling to-day as it has seldom boiled before. Financial troubles and business worries are blazing away under the kettle, and the demon of overwork is stirring up the soup with ghoulisn glee. The newspapers daily record the suicides and insanity of leading men and the nerves of rich and poor are stretched to their utmost. A level head and a steady hand are greater necessities now than silver and gold, and the question of how our great men keep them is more interesting to the masses than the discussions of Congress. I am surprised to find how prominent men have to fight for steady brains. Half of the members of Congress have shattered nervous systems and there are a number of leading Senators who are fighting the arch fiend of insomnia night after night.

ABE HEWITT'S FIGHT FOR SLEEP.

Perhaps the worst sleeper who ever came to Washington was Abram S. Hewitt. He had a suit with a baker in the next block, whose dog barked at the moon at midnight, and he went almost wild over a cock that crowed near him in the early morning. He kept house here for a time and had beds in half a dozen different rooms. He would change about from one room to the other in his efforts for sleep, and when in New York he would go about from house to house for the same purpose. During a part of his congressional career he boarded at Wormley's, and he had at this time the entire upper floor, embracing three bed rooms. On the morning following the first night he went to Wormley and complained of the dogs which kept him awake. "I can fix that," said Wormley, and the next day the dogs were taken away. On the day following Hewitt said he was kept awake by the yowling of the cats. Mr. Wormley replied: "The cats are harder to get rid of than the dogs, but I will see what I can do to get rid of them." The third night Hewitt came down more disgusted than ever and said he had failed to get sleep because of the noise made by the birds. Wormley hereupon threw up his hands in despair. "I don't know what I can do, Mr. Hewitt," said he. "You can poison dogs and you can shoot cats, but the man has to get up early who would kill all the sparrows and the larks." Hewitt's insomnia continued through the whole of his congressional career, and I think he carried it back to New York with him.

GET SLEEP FROM EXERCISE.

A number of prominent men get sleep from exercise. Hoke Smith keeps his system in order by a horseback ride every day. Joseph G. Cannon takes a gallop into the country three times a week and Henry Cabot Lodge spends a part of each day in the saddle. Some of the greatest horse lovers in the United States became interested in horse flesh through their desires to get away from their work. This was the case with the late Senator Stanford. He had been working day and night on the Pacific railroad scheme when he began

to break down. He lost his appetite, failed to sleep and his doctor told him that he must throw up everything and take a rest. He replied that he could not do it and the physician then advised him to buy a horse and drive several hours every day. He bought the best team he could find and as he drove them he became interested in them and his mind went from the building of railroads to the speeding of horses. He studied the horse and formulated a new theory for horse breeding. In order to support it he had his famous photographs made of the horse in motion, the taking and publishing of which cost him over \$40,000. Throughout the remainder of his life he got his best rest when he was working with his horses, and his stock farm when he died was worth millions.

HOW ROBERT BONNER SECURED HEALTH.

It was the same with Robert Bonner, the proprietor of the *New York Ledger*, and the owner of Dexter, Maud S. and Sunol. In 1856 Bonner, who began life as an office boy, and who up to that time had worked without cessation began to fail in health. He could not sleep and his meals did not agree with him. One day his family physician came into his office and said, "Robert I want your check for \$375."

"What for?" said Bonner.

"I have got a horse for you," replied the physician, "and I want you to drive him. You are making a lot of money, but it will be of no good to you if you can't live and enjoy it, and your only salvation is to get into the open air for a part of every day." Well, Bonner gave the man the check and got the horse. He began to speed him and tried in his drives to pass such men as John Harper of Harper Brothers and Commodore Vanderbilt, who were taking the same medicine. He soon became interested in horse flesh and bought a team for \$2,000 which trotted a mile in 2:58. This was considered very fast in those days, but Bonner went on buying from year to year until one day he paid \$40,000 for the mare Pocahontas, which was the highest price up to that time ever paid for a horse. Pocahontas went in 2:17, and a year later Bonner gave \$40,000 more for Dexter. He afterward paid the same amount to Vanderbilt for Maud S., and it is said that the price he paid Stanford for Sunol was more than a hundred thousand dollars. All together he has spent in the neighborhood of half a million of dollars for horses and his chief pleasure in his old age is said to be driving. John Rocketteller gets much of his rest from his horses. He keeps a good stud and he used to get up at 5 a. m. and speed his team for an hour before breakfast. The late millionaire Congressman Scott of Pennsylvania eased his brain with horse breeding and Don Cameron wooed the god of health by taking long horseback rides into the country.

REST FROM CARD PLAYING.

A number of our statesmen get their rest from cards. Secretary Carlisle plays poker nearly every evening and the financial problems of the treasury fly away before the excitement which comes from a game of penny ante. John Sherman eases his mind with a

game of whist and Garfield, when he was troubled with insomnia, used to get up and play solitaire in his night shirt. Carlisle, I am told, plays solitaire during some of his hardest work. Wolcott, Don Cameron and Secretary Gresham lose themselves in poker, and nearly all of the southern statesmen are addicted to this game. Henry Clay is said to have been the best seven-up player in the state of Kentucky, and when he was making the treaty of Ghent he relieved his mind by winning all sorts of bets from Albert Gallatin. Powell Clayton of Arkansas is very fond of poker, and the good Deacon Smith of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette is said to take his rest through cards. President Cleveland, during his stay in Buffalo, was an expert at pinochle, and I venture to say that he and Postmaster General Bissell have a quiet game after cabinet affairs are over. Nearly all of the Supreme Court justices play whist, and Gray of Massachusetts is said to be the ablest whist player in Washington. Harrison was a good whist player and Secretary Foster could play almost any sort of cards and play them well.

BILLIARDS AND BRAINS.

Billiards is one of the best games for boiled brains. John Quincy Adams found this out years ago, and he bought the first billiard table that ever went into the White House. There is a billiard table in the Executive Mansion today, and it is said that President Cleveland handles the cue for an hour at a time after he has been worried to death by office-seekers. President Garfield was also a good billiard player, and he was also fond of croquet and ball. Arthur used the billiard table of the White House very freely, and his best brain tonic came from a game of this sort. Ex-Senator Palmer of Michigan had a billiard room in his house, where his fellow Senators often came to play. He was troubled a good deal with insomnia, and one of his best recipes for sleep was to get physically tired. Senator Butler of South Carolina plays a good game of billiards, and I am told that Reed of Maine and Crisp of Georgia are experts with the cue.

STATESMEN WHO FISH.

I understand that Hoke Smith caught 120 trout in two hours in the Yellowstone Park this summer. This is at the rate of a trout to the minute and makes Smith's fish story one of the biggest on record. He had three hooks on his line and he often brought in three trout at a time. Vice President Hendricks once told me that he had pulled in four fish at once on one line one time on the Atlantic coast. The big fish stories that you can here in the cloak rooms of the Capitol are more wonderful than the tales of Munchausen. Senator Aldrich will tell you of the wonderful tarpon which he has caught in Florida. Senator Frye will describe his cabin in the Main woods which he supplies with trout from the lakes and streams, and Platt of Connecticut will go into ecstasies over the delights of salmon fishing. Senator Quay is a good fisherman in all branches of the piscatorial art and Sherman has caught bass and white fish. One of the greatest sportsmen who ever came to the Senate was John Kenna of West Virginia. When he went away from work it was to rest his brain in the West Virginia mountains. He always took a camera with him and he illustrated his