OURNAL.
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TREET, NEW YORK.
JANUARY 4, 1896.
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## THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day are that it will be fair, with occasional flurries of snow; colder; high northwesterly winds.

Now is the time to go ahead at full speed and build the Nicaragua Canal.

John Wanamaker to the free and enlightened press of rural Pennsylvania: Cash!

A ruler who refuses to trust in the people over whom he rules is a queer phenomenon.

Mayor Strong is feeling the economy wave, and is to cut off one of his numerous clerks.

The people should have a chance, Mr. President! Break with syndicates and rely on the masses!

These are the days when Barney Barnato has to sit up nights and think hard to protect his Kaffirs.

Emperor William will get a wigging from his grandma Victoria if he continues to approve the Boers.

There appears likely to be an anti-machine element in the Senate Cities Committee in the Legislature.

If Mr. Cleveland had a team of wild horses on his hands, Speaker Reed is driving a badly rattled four-in-hand.

Duluth has got a new gold mine. Look out that England does not push down the Canada frontier so as to grab it.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain will get himself disliked in England if his policy continues to be so disastrous in South Africa.

Probably the Sultan thinks he is a great benefactor because he permits Americans to distribute relief to suffering Armenians.

It has already passed into a proverb that the usefulness of a Congress is in inverse ratio to the size of the ruling party's majority.

New York will have the Democratic Convention. Cincinnati is the only formidable competitor left now, and she is weakening.

Senator Squire wants an Alaskan [illegible] appointed also. But we can't spare all our public men for commissions.

The East River Bridge contract is executed. Now make the bridge. Three-quarters of a million persons are waiting for it.

Greater Boston, with a million inhabitants, will be an accomplished fact before Greater New York comes in, judging from the campaign of delay which the Brooklynites are beginning.

### TAXATION FOR WAR.

Some of the wise heads in the country have been studying an effective policy of "war taxation," so as to be ready with propositions in case the unfortunate dispute between England and this country should not be settled without a resort to compulsory measures. It is remarked that the expenses of the "civil" war reached about $1,000,000 daily, in addition to the expenses of the ordinary peace establishment, and it is reasoned from this that a war nowadays, because of the vast cost of modern guns, ironclads and explosives, would cost considerably more. There would therefore be occasion for the levy of between $200,000,000 and $300,000,000 annually in new taxes. In 1866 $500,000,000 was raised with comparative ease, and it ought to be easy now to raise more than double that sum from sources of taxation which readily suggest themselves.

A prominent statistician remarks that one of the first items of internal revenue taxation subject to increase would probably be the tax on beer, which could be made to yield $32,000,000 more than at the present by the simple doubling of the rate. The "stamp act," of course, looms up at once as a war measure; but the public of to-day would be loath to see re-established all the petty taxes upon machines, perfumery, bank checks and every conceivable class of negotiable paper. It is thought that a stamp tax, unpopular as it might be, would probably yield $60,000,000.

The collectors of tax statistics waive aside as entirely impracticable the notion of Senator Mills, of Texas, that the advent of war would require a constitutional amendment permitting the levy of a tax income in proportion to the wealth. But they are more than open to suggestions for taxing patents. In France the patent tax yields $40,000,000 annually, and there is no reason to doubt that a similar tax here, where inventive genius is so much freer from hindrances, might afford as much as $80,000,000 or $100,000,000. This patent tax, added to $60,000,000 from stamps, $32,000,000 from the brewing industry, and, say, $110,000,000 increase in customs, would give a gratifying total, and there is reason to suppose that without resorting to the more offensive class of special taxes the desired sum necessary for the extraordinary expenditures of war could be obtained.

Senator Sherman learned the art of flaying so well when he was writing his books about his Republican competitors that he practised it beautifully on Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle in reviewing their syndicate policy yesterday.

### LET SKY SCRAPERS ALONE!

The tall building may be said to be firmly grafted upon metropolitan manners. No amount of opposition to it on aesthetic or other grounds could ever reconcile New York to get along without it. Our gaze is no longer suited to the city sky lines of the past, and an edifice only eighty feet high would seem dwarfish to us. The prospects are that instead of a restriction of height upon buildings for general business purposes, these structures will go on crawling nearer and nearer the clouds. The modern man wishes to see how much profit he can derive from the regions of the air.

These colossal monuments, with their elastic and firm steel frames, with their thousands of windows and their elevators which make all floors equally easy of access, are destined to become popular even in cities which now reject them. A distinguished French architect has given his testimony in favor of these gigantic hives of industry. Light and air and a vast outlook are obtained by these enormous towers of industry, as they never could be in buildings restricted to a height of seventy or eighty feet.

The Legislature of this State is not likely to pass a law restricting the erection of the high buildings which have done so much to remedy the inconveniences of New York's conformation.

Is Alfred Austin expected to celebrate the exploits of the British South Africa Company? It would be a trying task.

### A BRITISH OBJECT-LESSON.

Long ago it was predicted that the chartered South Africa Company would be the cause of a scandal which might shake all England. It certainly has got Great Britain into a pretty pickle by the mad aggression of Dr. Jameson in the Transvaal, the Boers having, with their accustomed spirit, repelled the invasion, and, it is rumored, court-martialed and shot the leader. Emperor William of Germany has sent them a congratulatory telegram, and all Europe is laughing at England for having received a just and well-merited reproof for the practice of her immemorial grabbing policy. The Governor of Cape Colony has been obliged to disavow the expedition, and Englishmen are asking why the Duke of Fife does not withdraw from the directorate of a company which has so cruelly embarrassed the country.

The thirst for gold is the cause of the present difficulty, just, for that matter, as it is at the bottom of the boundary dispute in Venezuela. Uncle Sam can afford to smile at the predicament of the British, who, just as unexpected disclosures concerning the Venezuela boundary dispute seem likely to compel them to back completely out of the haughty position assumed by Lord Salisbury, are giving an object-lesson to the world of the danger of attemping to play their game of grab and bluster where there are independent white men to oppose them.

Ten thousand dollars a day for Waring and his brigade! And Monday night the rain cleaned the streets for nothing.

The work of national defence is going forward. A bill for $87,000 to provide for defences at New York, Boston and other seaports was introduced in the House yesterday.

Contractors and tailors are still obstinately holding out against each other in the great strike in Brooklyn. Evidently the "co-operative shop" is destined to arise before many weeks.

The Brooklyn trolley companies declare that they view the prospect of a three-cent fare with undisguised aversion. Who cares? Let us have it, all the same.

A cold wave in the weather is coming, and it looks very much as if there was to be a cold wave for bond syndicates, if Senator Elkins's resolution passes.

That great humorist Ignatius Donnelly wants the three political parties—Democratic, Republican and Populist—to meet and agree on a common platform for the good of the country. It would be dangerous for Ignatius to be as funny as he can.

It is gratifying to observe that a bill has been introduced in the Assembly repealing Section 267 of the Penal Code. When this is out of the way, people will be able to sell fruit and flowers on Sunday in New York City without being treated as if they were criminals.

Mad King Otto, of Bavaria, who is to be deposed in order that his uncle, Prince Luitpold, who has long acted as regent, may ascend the throne, has one of the principal pleasures left to him that he has derived from kingship. In the prison-palace where he is confined his attendants will continue to address him, as before, as "Your Royal Majesty Otto Wilhelm Luitpold Adalbert Waldemar, King of Bavaria, Pfalzgraf of the Rhine, Herzog of Bavaria, of Franken and of Suabia." This recitation of his titles always gave Otto the keenest delight; and during the first years of his confinement he used frequently to ring his bell for the pleasure of hearing his servants inquire what were the wishes of His Majesty. It is something of a travesty upon the theory that attributes divine origin and right to kings that mad Otto's relic of royalty is about all there is left to most others of the European sovereigns. The derivation of the word king, from the Saxon word "konig," or "cyning," which comes from "can," intimating power, or "ken," knowledge, does not apply as it did when the word was invented. A man may still be a king, and possess neither knowledge nor power, both qualities being invested in the parliaments which his people elect. All the kings of Europe still possess, however, the prerogative of being addressed by grandiose titles, though it is only a matter of time in the march of civilization when even that felicity will be denied them.

## GEDNEY TOOK CHLORAL.

### He Was One of the Prominent Members of the Orange County Bar.

Middletown, N. Y., Jan. 3.—Herbert Gedney, a prominent Orange County lawyer, doing business in this city, was found dead in his office this morning. An empty bottle, which had contained chloral, by his side, told the cause of his sudden taking away. Gedney was one of the most talented attorneys in the county, but a few years ago he became addicted to drink and his downfall was rapid. He was born in 1852, and was admitted to the bar in 1875, becoming at once partner with his father, Judge Gedney, in the practice of law at Goshen.

In 1888 the senior member of the firm died, and soon after the junior member went to the bad. When he came to Middletown, in 1893, his friends did everything in their power to bring back to him his lost prestige. He had of late been drinking, and he took chloral to quiet his nerves. It is presumed he took an extra dose last night and it proved fatal. Yesterday afternoon he made arrangements for changing his office from the Nearing building to one owned by Combs & Wilbur, and had made an engagement to meet their representative in the evening, but failed to do so.

He did not return to his home last night, and this morning his wife went to the office to learn the reason. She found the door locked, and, securing a key and effecting an entrance, found her husband cold in death. He was a learned man, and after his coming to Middletown spent not a little of his leisure time in penning articles for the press in defence of the Episcopal faith and in endeavoring to impress on the minds of the young the perils that attend the use of intoxicating drinks. He leaves a widow and two young daughters.

## SIX BODIES RECOVERED.

### Workmen Still Toiling in Biting Frost at the Ruins of the Wireworks Fire in St. Louis.

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 3.—Workmen engaged to-day in searching the building which was destroyed by an explosion and fire yesterday have discovered three more bodies, one of them a headless trunk. Last night's report of nineteen missing has been very materially reduced by the finding of twelve of the missing ones, who had been slightly wounded and had been cared for by friends. The number of dead, however, is still conjectural, and only a thorough overhauling of the debris will determine this.

The wreckers are working at a disadvantage, as the temperature is eight degrees above zero and the water thrown upon the fire has frozen almost solid. One of the bodies found this morning has been identified as Norman MacArthur, foreman of the Excelsior Wire Company.

Two more dead bodies were taken out of the ruins so badly mangled and covered with ice that they were unrecognizable, but are supposed to be L. Ley, shipping clerk of the Excelsior Iron and Wire Works, and Joseph Cavoreck. This makes the number of dead recovered six, and four are still missing.

**Blown One Hundred Feet Away.**

Lawrenceburg, Ind., Jan. 3.—A boiler exploded this morning at the sawmill of Chance & Kruz, at Manchester. Cotton Cross, of Lawrenceburg, was blown one hundred feet or more and instantly killed, and Tom Wade and a man named Ulrich, both of Indianapolis, were seriously injured.

**Fatally Injured by Dynamite.**

Milford, Mass., Jan. 3.—This noon an explosion of dynamite cartridges at Hopedale fatally injured Giuseppe Luisette, twenty-five years old, single, and Angelo Marcastroppa, forty-three, married. They were thawing the cartridges at a portable forge fire. The throats and chests of both men were frightfully lacerated.

## MARRIED IN THEIR TEENS.

### The Young People Eloped, Returned Home and Were Forgiven.

Union Springs, N. Y., Jan. 3.—An elopement of school children which occurred last week has just become known. The romantically inclined couple were Miss Bessie Hoff, of this place, who is a well-known young woman, and George Furman, whose home is in Geneva, but who was at Ithaca attending the Cornell Preparatory School.

It seems that last Friday the couple went to Skaneateles, unknown to any of their relatives or friends, and were married. They are both in their teens. They returned the same evening to the home of the bride, where they explained matters and, it is said, met with the customary forgiveness.

**Wanamaker in Indiana.**

[Rochester (Ind.) Sentinel.]

In reply to a letter of inquiry from the Sentinel to John Wanamaker, the famous Philadelphian, concerning the rumor of his having been a resident of Fulton County at one time, he writes as follows:

"Mr. Henry A. Barnhart, Rochester, Ind.—Dear Sir: Answering your esteemed letter, received this morning, the newspaper clipping which you kindly enclosed is incorrect. About 1850, my grandfather, with his family and a few household goods packed in an old-fashioned, two-horse, red wagon, drove away from Philadelphia County over the Alleghanies and across the corduroy roads of Indiana to the spot in Kosciusko County, a mile and a half from Galveston, where he bought a farm and settled. About two years afterward, my father, who grieved for him, packed up our household goods and moved our little family by way of the Erie Canal and the lakes, and by stage from Fort Wayne, to cast our lot with my grandfather. We boys trapped squirrels and enjoyed the sugar camp of one Winter, when we returned to Philadelphia, not lacking in love for beautiful Indiana, but my mother's love for her mother was the cord that drew us back, and but for that one cord I might have written myself an 'Indianian.' Yours very truly,

"JNO. WANAMAKER."

**How She Knew It.**

[Youth's Companion.]

Mrs. Benson enjoyed startling her hearers, and had acquired the reputation of "clinching" her point effectively. When she returned from the infirmary, where she had undergone a difficult optical operation, she had many things of interest to relate, and in the course of her description she said:

"Why, it was wonderful! They took both my eyeballs out!"

"Oh, Mrs. Benson! They couldn't have done that!" came in a chorus of remonstrance.

"But they did," she averred, "they took them out and put them on the table. I saw them."

## NEW YORK'S ARMED FORCE

### The National Guard Has at Present Only 773 Officers and 12,389 Enlisted Men.

### In Case of Emergency the State Can Put 560,000 Sound Soldiers in the Field.

### MANY NEW ARMORIES REQUIRED.

### General McAlpin Suggests the Organization of a Regiment of Heavy Artillery. More Money Needed to Keep the Guard at a High Standard.

Albany, N. Y., Jan. 3.—Adjutant-General E. A. McAlpin has transmitted to Governor Morton his annual report for the year 1895. He estimates that there are in this State, subject to enrolment for military service, 800,000 men between the age of eighteen and forty-five. The State could easily secure a force of 560,000 sound men, subject to and fit for military duty. Of this number probably not more than 150,000 have at some time had military training in the service or in schools. There may be added 50,000 more of veterans of the War of the Rebellion and ex-mebers of the National Guard above the age limit, but at present still able to do a certain amount of military service.

General McAlpin says there are citizens in the State who, because their employes, as members of the guard, have obeyed the call of the State, have discharged them from their employment. Protection should be afforded to the members of the National Guard and the Naval Military against such unworthy citizens of the State, as well as against discrimination in giving employment to members of those bodies. The Constitution requires that the State militia shall comprise at least 10,000 men. The military code says that the guard shall not embrace more than 15,000 men in times of peace. The guard now consists of 773 commissioned officers and 12,389 enlisted men. General McAlpin says:

HEAVY ARTILLERY WANTED.

"The present appropriation makes a further increase of the National Guard inadvisable. And yet an increase seems to be demanded by the times. The General Government had an inadequate force to man such coast defences as there are, and a still less adequate force to man them as they ought to be. It would therefore seem prudent for the State to organize at least one regiment of heavy artillery with a view to assist the General Government in manning the defences of New York Harbor. To do so requires, however, a decided addition to the present annual appropriation made for the support of the National Guard.

"I respectfully submit for your consideration the propriety of an award by the State of a decoration to those officers and enlisted men who have performed in a calendar year 100 per cent of all the duties required by law, and orders of their respective organizations or departments, such decoration only to be held as long as the holder performs this amount of duty.

"After giving the subject careful thought I have come to the conclusion that cities of less than 30,000 inhabitants should not be allowed to have more than one military organization. Experience proves that two companies will not flourish in such places; that generally one, sometimes both, are lacking in strength and proper material. The organizations in the naval militia are in excellent condition, the men numbering 25 commissioned officers and 408 petty officers and seamen.

WHY MEN LOOK SHABBY.

"Trousers are issued as a regular supply, but are expected to last for five years; yet one tour of service during strikes like those at Buffalo and Brooklyn, and service in camp quickly use up a pair. As the appropriation made for the guard is insufficient to provide more than one pair for each man during his five years' enlistment, the man is poorly dressed and does not present an appearance to the credit of the State. I recommend a special appropriation for the purpose of providing new blouses for all and more trousers and articles of uniform generally, as needed.

"It is desirable that medical and surgical camp chests be provided for each regiment and battalion, and suitably smaller ones for each troop, battery and separate company, as well as litters of the pattern in use by the United States Army, and I respectfully ask your approval of this and the appropriation necessary to carry it out."

He recommends, also, that an ambulance service be attached to each regiment; that more ground be secured for the State camp; that the entire National Guard should go into camp every year, and that the usual camp drills and exercises be performed also in the several armories.

New armories, he says, are needed for the First Battery, of New York City; Twenty-third Separate Company, at Hudson; the Thirty-sixth and Thirty-seventh Separate companies, at Schenectady; the Ninth Separate Company, at Whitehall; the Fortieth Separate Company, at Ogdensburg; the Sixty-ninth Regiment, at New York City; the Seventy-fourth Regiment, at Buffalo, and the armory of the Forty-seventh Regiment, at Brooklyn, should be enlarged.

## More or Less in the Public Eye.

Fleming du Bignon, of Savannah, is regarded as likely to be the next United States Senator from Georgia. Ex-Speaker Crisp wants the place, but many Democrats object to him because he was born in England. Secretary Hoke Smith is also a candidate, but his enemies oppose him on the ground that he is a native of North Carolina.

The London Chronicle says that Lord Northbourne, laying the foundation stone of a new church at Gateshead, stated that he recently had a conversation with Mr. Gladstone on the subject of the enormous wealth amassed by various individuals. Mr. Gladstone said these persons could have no surer means of earning fame and title to immortality than by devoting some large portions of their accumulations to building English cathedrals.

Ex-Representative Champ Clark, of Missouri, says of the new chairman of the Ways and Means Committee: "Dingley revels in statistics, and a book made up entirely of figures has as great a fascination for him as the latest novel has for a girl of sixteen."

Thirty-six persons who are entitled to place in the Almanach de Gotha have appeared as authors in the course of the present century. Among the most celebrated are Queen Elizabeth of Roumania (Carmen Sylva), the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Prince George of Prussia, King John of Saxony (Philalethis), King Oscar of Sweden and Norway, Emperor William II., Alexander III. of Russia, who wrote "Souvenirs sur le Siege de Sebastopol;" the Grand Duke Constantine, Emperor William I. of Germany, four members of the House of Bavaria, and the Shah of Persia.

Prince Sergy Wolkonsky, the talented son of the Russian Minister of Public Instruction, is about to start for this country. He comes to deliver a series of lectures at Harvard on the literature and history of Russia.

Contrary to common belief, Rustem Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador to Great Britain, who died recently, was neither a Turk nor a Mohammedan, but an Italian Catholic, born in Hamburg. He began life as an interpreter in the Turkish service, in which he rose to the highest posts. He had been the Sultan's envoy to Italy, to the Vatican, to Russia, and Governor-General of the Lebanon, which he administered to the satisfaction of the European powers. He was seventy-five years old when appointed to the Court of St. James's, and eighty-three when he died.

**Idolatry in Maryland.**

[Baltimore Sun.]

The fact that so many eminent Democratic leaders and so large a number of Democratic newspapers have frankly avowed their desire for Mr. Cleveland's renomination next year is simply a manifestation of the popular feeling of confidence in the man and his policies.

## TROLLEY MEN ARE ARMED

### Police Authorize Them to Carry Revolvers Because of a Bold Hold-Up.

### Highwaymen Board a Car and Try to Rob a Conductor, Who Jumps and Runs Away.

### FOUND NO CHANGE ON THE MOTORMAN

### Three Robbers with Drawn Pistols Not Quick Enough for What They Came for, So They Left and Disappeared in the Darkness.

New Haven, Conn., Jan. 3.—Trolley conductors collected their fares to-night with pistols clutched in one hand or within easy reach, while motormen gripped the butts of revolvers with the hand not engaged with the lever. In fact, all the trolley crews in the city, especially those who travel in the suburban districts, became walking arsenals.

This condition of affairs is the result of a hold-up last night on the Edgewood avenue branch of the New Haven Street Railway Company. From the Westville terminus of the road the track runs through a lonely wooded district. As Conductor Heubisch and Motorman Fleming were bowling along at 9 o'clock last night three men sprang for the car. There were no other passengers aboard. The conductor raised his hand to pull the bell cord, when suddenly the three men drew revolvers.

"Keep your hand up there, and put the other up, too, 'n be quick about it!"

With a yell the conductor sprang out through the door, jumped off and disappeared in the darkness. The highwaymen were to much surprised to move for a few seconds. When they recovered the conductor and the exchequer were beyond their clutches.

The highwaymen then turned to the motorman and devoted a few minutes attention to the contents of his pockets. Pay day was some distance off and Fleming was short of cash. The men got nothing for their trouble, and, with deep oaths, they left the car after jamming the muzzles of the pistols into Fleming's face as a parting salute.

The motorman ran his car to the terminus, reversed and came back on the line, where in a few minutes he was joined by Conductor Heubisch. No time was lost on that return trip, and the two men made haste to report the matter to the police of this place and of Westville. No accurate description could be obtained of the highwaymen, as Fleming was too scared to remember, while Heubisch had not tarried to familiarize with their features.

As a result of the "hold up" Superintendent Smith, of the New Haven police force, to-day visited the offices of all the trolley companies and issued permits to all the motormen and conductors to carry pistols. He also offered. He also offered to supply a number from the police armory, which the company accepted.

## EIGHTY BUILDINGS GONE.

### The Business Section of a New Florida City Almost Totally Wiped Out and Many Persons Injured.

West Palm Beach, Fla., Jan. 3.—The explosion of a gasoline stove in a saloon on Banyan street yesterday not only caused the total destruction of the business part of the city, but several citizens are seriously and one or two fatally wounded.

This city is a new one, and the fire swept the frame buildings away like chaff before a gale. In four hours eighty-six buildings were destroyed, and the only thing that saved the outskirts of the city was the use of dynamite.

The buildings were blown down to prevent a spread of fire. The loss is roughly estimated at $300,000. The Seminole Hotel, Elliot's Hotel, two banks and the office of the Tropical Sun were totally destroyed.

Fourteen firemen and others were more or less burned and wounded by the use of dynamite.

George Roberts, of New York, and Hank Robbins, of Juno, are fatally injured.

## ASBURY POKER GAME RAIDED.

### Staid People at the Park Greatly Shocked by the Disclosure.

Asbury Park, N. J., Jan. 3.—Last night the police raided a poker game on the corner of Bangs avenue and Bond street, in the heart of the business quarter. It had been running in full blast for six months. Benjamin F. Raymond, formerly of Philadelphia, the reputed owner of the club, and five players were arrested. Four of them are reputable business men of this place and the fifth is a commercial traveller.

Raymond was brought before Justice J. F. Borden this afternoon. He waived examination and was held in $300 bail. The others were released upon their own recognizance as witnesses.

The raid was made in response to a complaint that had been lodged by "Gus" Trentman, of this place, who alleged that he had been cheated there.

The disclosure is a staggering blow to the staid people of thisstown, who pride themselves so much on the moral tone of its inhabitants and its freedom from vicious influences.

**Questionable.**

[Jacksonville Times-Union.]

A New York woman wore $200,000 worth of jewels to a party the other day. You wouldn't catch a woman like that wiping the Saviour's feet with her hair, would you?

## The Jester.

**Dreadful Prospect.**

"How do you suppose the new woman will use her latch key?"

"Precisely as the old man did. Sit on the steps and wait till the house comes round." Detroit Free Press.

**Case of Fright.**

"Do you think his kissing her was so much of a surprise as she says?"

"I do. Why, she even forgot to scream." Indianapolis Journal.

**Poor Marksman.**

"Did Jabshots hit anything on his hunting trip?"

"Hit anything. Why, he even missed the train." Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Accommodating.**

Hypatia Roland (to the Browns' parlor maid)—Call me a hansom, please.

Cadby—I'm going your way, Miss Roland, we might go together.

Miss Roland—Two hansoms, please. Punch.

**Sneer at the Poets.**

"They say there is no possible rhyme for 'twelfth.'"

"No; there isn't."

"Wouldn't it have been lucky if 'twelfth' were a noun and meant 'snow?'" Chicago Record.

**Hopeless.**

"Miss Birdie," faltered young Moore, "is there any hope for me? Do you think you could ever learn to"——

Then Birdie said, mockingly: "Never, Moore!"

And the youth went away ravin' mad. Chicago Tribune.

**Great Solicitude.**

Wife—Is that you, George?

Husband—Yes, dear.

Wife—Oh, I'm so glad! I'm always afraid there's a man in the house till you come. Pick Me Up.

**Wise Man.**

Blazjin—So Dumkins is learning to play the bass fiddle, is he? How is he getting along with it?

Jazkins—I understand he takes the middle o' the street. Roxbury Gazette.

## How to Punish a Husband.

"Husbands are awfully provoking," sighed the bride.

"H'm! The prospect of never having one is more provoking yet," replied the girl in green. "Oh, dear! When I want to punish myself for anything nowadays I raise the window shades and look into the mirror. I am almost sure that there is a wrinkle coming on my forehead."

"I never do that myself," said the bride, "but there was a girl who used to visit me for whom I sometimes did it. You see, she had spent four years at boarding school, and could always say more unpleasant things than I could. But after a toilet made before a mirror in the full sunshine she was as meek as a lamb all day."

"But about husbands?" hinted the girl in green. "You don't punish yours in that way, do you?"

"No, I don't. I just make him eat oatmeal for breakfast. He has lived in boarding houses so long that he turns pale at the sight of it."

"I suppose, though, that you vary his punishment occasionally, don't you? It might lose its terrors after a while."

"Oh, yes; sometimes I weep just before we go out. Then he is in agony lest people say that he ill-treats me already. You know, he was never in time for anything in his life. He is so absent-minded that he forgets"——

"I know," breathed the girl in green. "I always supposed that was why your own brother was the best man. He did almost get him there in time to have the ceremony performed at the appointed hour, didn't he?"

"He did," said the bride, and there was a gleam in her eyes, "but it was only that I had solemnly warned him I should marry one of the ushers instead if he was over half an hour behind time."

"And would you really have done it?" breathed the girl in green.

"I knew he would not be over half an hour late. I never told a soul, but, oh, such a time as we had on our wedding trip! Once he forgot to register me at all; once he introduced me to a man as Miss Seeker; once he forgot to pay the hotel bill, and narrowly escaped being arrested at the depot, and once he was in the smoking car when we reached our destination, and got off without me! But worse was to come."

"Oh! My goodness, how awful! But go on, do."

"Yes—worse. The other evening Mrs. Stonystare gave a dinner in our honor, and I knew her too well to risk being late on that occasion. Harold said it wouldn't matter if we were. He had often been late at her house, and it didn't seem to disturb her a bit."

"He evidently does not know that the married man is a less important person in society than the bachelor. Of course, a woman with as many daughters as she has would excuse almost anything in a man, except his marrying some one else."

"That was just what I told Harold. I could see that he didn't really believe me, but he promised faithfully to be ready in good time."

"And was he?"

"Of course not. I did everything to hurry him, too. I set my watch half an hour ahead on purpose. It always loses five minutes a day, anyhow, you know."

"Oh! Well, you can just count for that."

"I do. The jeweller says it keeps good enough time for a lady's watch, anyhow. Then I wound it up and knocked it gently against the back of the chair to make sure it would go. I laid it on his bureau, open, as a gentle reminder, and went into my own room to make my toilet. It didn't take me long, for I was wearing my wedding dress, and I was so anxious to see just how it set, for, of course, I was too much agitated the first time I wore it to be able to judge."

"You were, indeed. I never saw any one so much so. You looked as if the bride was to be your most hated rival, rather than yourself. Everybody said"——

"Did they? Then I sat down and waited a long while, but I was not uneasy, for I could hear Harold moving about in his room. I was awfully tired, for I had made a whole salad myself that day for luncheon, and the room was very warm and I must have fallen asleep"——

"Don't tell me that you crumpled that lovely gown!"

"Oh, no! I had it spread over the back of the chair. When I woke up I fancied that I had heard the front door close, and Harold was just coming into the room looking so queer!"

"And had he forgotten to dress?"

"No; he was in evening dress, and, strange to say, he was wearing his overcoat. I started up to put on my wrap, and then I heard the clock strike 9!"

"Horrors! Had it taken him all that time to dress for dinner?"

"No, it had not. Oh, I shall never forgive him as long as I live! He had forgotten all about me and gone to the dinner, arriving in the dining room in the midst of the fish course. And—oh!—he—he never remembered me until after he was seated and the hostess asked where I was!"

"Well, upon my word!" said the girl in green. "I suppose that is why people are saying that you don't get on well together!"

And the bride rang the bell to order oatmeal for breakfast.

## VIEWS OF JUDGE ACVEY.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Hagerstown, Md., Jan. 3.—Telegram received this morning. I have seen no member of the Venezuelan Commission and do not know what will be the course of our proceedings. We meet to-morrow in Washington to organize, when we shall have an understanding as to our future proceedings. I take it for granted that Mr. Justice Brewer will be placed at the head of the Commission, and the course of our proceedings has been indicated by him. We may not be able to get actively to work for several weeks—not until preliminaries are settled. The Commission will proceed with deliberation and caution.

R. H. ALVEY.

**Has Its Advantages.**

[Philadelphia Record.]

Chairman Dingley, of the House Ways and Means Committee, sees nothing in the situation to necessitate a continuance of the session beyond the 1st of June. A Presidential year is not without its compensations.

**Lesson from History.**

[Nashville American.]

If the men of '76 had taken the position that there should be no revolution against England's tyranny because trade would be injured and our industries s[illegible] there would be no Republic of the United S[illegible] to-day.

## Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

When the new Aqueduct Commissioners were appointed by Mayor Strong, the ignorance of the average New Yorker came out strong. The law creating and governing the Commissioners covers them till the northern boundary line of the city is reached, and then drops. But this law is so generally unknown that Commissioner George Walton Green, immediately after the crown of office had been adjusted, received complaints about the failure of the water supply on Monday in second-story bathrooms of friends' houses. One man said his "garden hose wouldn't throw a stream more than six feet," and damned the commission and called civilization a fake. And another asked the Board, through Commissioner Green, to change the present style of watering carts and adopt a patent of his (enclosing descriptions), while still another, in a confidential way, having voted against Tammany, asked whether the Aqueduct Commission or the Mayor was the proper defendant in a suit to be brought for damages to the man's water pipes by the presence of an eel therein. Still, many a man would take the job, with its incumbrance of $5,000, "cash money," per year.

* * *

"Talk about the burglars knowing just where the Burden diamonds and the Barnes jewels were," remarked an old Park row newspaper man yesterday, "why, they were not in it, so to speak. The burglar who visited my flat on New Year's Eve had everything fixed for him, as if it were all understood beforehand. My wife is one of the kind that believe in secreting things in places so open that thieves would not be likely to suspect them. She never hides her money in an old stocking, or under the saucepan, or in the spout of the tea kettle, as some of her friends do. She thinks, or rather she thought she knew, better than that.

"When I got home on New Year's Eve a little later than usual, I found everything topsy-turvy, a couple of ward detectives asking mysterious questions, and the janitor going about poking an old army pistol under the beds. A burglar had been in the flat, but after packing up some things, had considerately left them lying on the dining-room table. What prompted this consideration, I learned a little later from my wife. She had gone out in the afternoon with the children, leaving the flat empty, the girl going with her. Thinking that I might get home during her absence, and expecting to leave the city on a visit for a few days, she thought I might utilize my leisure in attending to a matter of business usually transacted by her.

"I am never at home when the collector comes for the rent, so my wife always pays it, but as she was going away she was thoughtful enough to provide for contingencies, and besides, she concluded to surprise the landlord by paying him before the rent was due. This is the clever way she fixed things—oh, she's clever, when it comes to making arrangements for burglars.

"She took a big sheet of my copy paper, and, after filling it up with letters as large as she could write, hung it up on the parlor chandelier, where I would be bound to see it. Here are the directions she left for me, but which the burglar followed before I got there:

"'Papa—You will find $36 in the upper left hand drawer of the desk, in the insurance envelope. Wont you go round and pay the rent and the gas bill?'

"She always calls me 'papa' when she wants me to do something disagreeable. Now, I would like to know why the devil that burglar was not grateful and polite enough to leave a note of thanks? It seems to me that would have been the proper thing, and it might have impressed my wife a little with her cleverness."

* * *

There is a little French restaurant on the West Side, but its glory has gone. For a long time there wasn't a place in New York where a flounder was better cooked, or where you could get such macaroni au gratin. Besides that, the salads were always fresh and tender, and a mistress of her craft was there to make a royal dressing for them, to tell you which was the best cheese of the day, and to give you a welcome which made the whole room seem to brighten up. Every evening the little tables were taken by 6:30, and the company was gay, but not noisy. Before each diner was a bottle, more or less empty, of red or white wine, at 10 cents the pint. Everything was clean, and good, and cheap. Well, about a month ago, after an absence of several weeks, I went there with a lady for dinner. It was 6:30 o'clock, there were only three out of fourteen tables occupied, and it was as quiet as an emptied church. The waiter who served us was unable to give us any wine. "What was the matter?" "Messieurs, the police had taken away their license." "How was that?" "Well, on Sunday a detective came in and asked for some wine some of the harmless red wine—Monsieur knows how harmless it was—and then the padrone had to go with the detective to the police station, and they took away the license. It was so terrible. Since then, people at first came in, took off their coats, sat down, ordered a half bottle at 10 cents, and, when they could not get it, went away." But they hoped for the return of the license, when the place would not be so "triste." I hoped with them. A few days after this I dropped into another similar restaurant not far away, and found most of my fellow patrons of the old restaurant. It was crowded. Here there was wine, equally tart and cheap, but still containing alcohol, and here there was food, but not so well cooked or so good. It was a triumph of rum.