

THE JOURNAL.

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162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1896.

Entered in the Post Office in New York as second class matter. SUBSCRIPTION RATES. DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month, \$4.50...

THE WEATHER.

Official weather forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be fair and slightly warmer.

General Harrison is a candidate at last. But it is for new matrimonial honors.

Brer Lexow isn't robust enough to engage in repartee with Silver-Tongued Grady.

Raise the money and put the holding of the Democratic National Convention in this city beyond peradventure.

The complaint has been filed against the Joint Traffic Association. Now let us see if the blow is with a stuffed club.

Oklahoma has progressed far enough toward Statehood to have a lively quarrel over two projected State capitals.

We are getting an abundance of rapid transit on paper, and begin to fear that we shall never get it anywhere else.

New England is jubilant over its Olney boom, and Massachusetts claims that he is the choice of her Democrats for President.

President Kruger has a refreshingly cool way of telling England to get off from the earth which will make John Bull very angry.

So there are 10,000 more women than men in New York. As the Scottish lady remarked, "There's aye the maist sown o' th' best grain."

Kaiser Wille can cheer up, for when the Milwaukee Press Club heard that English clubs were likely to drop him they elected him at once.

Mr. Platt's lieutenants control all the important committees in both branches of the Legislature, and they mean to pick up all the crumbs.

Germany murmurs hints about the English withdrawal from Egypt, which Salisbury hears, but pretends to ignore. England looks in vain for an ally.

That many of the good Brooklynites who are signing protests against a "Continental Sunday" have an indefinite and erroneous idea what a Continental Sunday really means.

The war in Cuba has thus far cost \$80,000,000, and Spain is beginning to think that she has expended money enough. The taking of Havana just now would discourage her completely.

The Brooklyn anti-Consolidationists are not so certain, now, that they did not want to be annexed. It was a little piece of coquetry on their part. Now they will have to wait a little.

TENDENCIES AT ALBANY.

The Legislature is rapidly bringing forth fruits meet for criticism. It was to be expected of a body the majority of whose members were furiously opposed to Home Rule, and to anything even remotely resembling it, that its first moves would be distasteful to the great cities for whose interests it cares not. Government by commission was early foreshadowed on its programme, and was openly recommended by a dozen of the leading members of the dominant party. So it is not astonishing to find Senator Raines pushing to the front with his radical Excise law, which proposes to take away from New York City all the power she now possesses over the nine thousand drinking places within her borders.

In point of direct interference with local affairs the rural party has rarely undertaken a more daring thing than this. It is intended to sweep away our local Excise Board, as if we had no shadow of right to appoint our own officers for regulating traffic within our own boundaries. It puts the whole subject of licensing, or "taxing," places where drink is sold mainly under the control of a State officer, and makes it obligatory to pay into the State Treasury one-half of the revenue from licenses, which are to be graded and largely increased in amount. Some enthusiastic supporters of this singular bill claim for it that it takes the license question entirely out of politics. This is a curious misstatement of fact. The law, if passed, will hand the whole excise business over to the Republican politicians to do with precisely as they like as long as they manage to maintain a majority. If the State Commission on Excise is once firmly seated in power, cities will clamor in vain for Sunday opening, or for that toleration of the habits of our foreign citizens which even Mayor Strong recommended in his recent message. It is the aim of Senator Raines and those supporting his bill to prevent the liquor question from getting under discussion. They have discovered that if they listen to the other wise and excellent bills on excise sent up from the city they will be obliged to recognize their mer-

its, and this they do not propose to do. Another striking illustration of the legislative tendencies of the time is the action of Senator Lexow in removing the Greater New York project from the arena of debate, and getting it quietly referred to a joint committee consisting of the Cities committees of the two Houses. It was confidently anticipated by all who were outside the rural Ring that there would be a great and stirring debate, at the very outset of the session, on this subject of Consolidation. Brooklyn's delegation, which desired resubmission of the project of union, was ready with an exhilarating set of speeches, and the battle was already beginning when little Master Lexow snatched up the whole subject, and popped it into the Joint committees' hands, with the curt statement that Consolidation would be accomplished at this session; but how and exactly when he did not deign to state. He has coolly put it out of the way until he and his political colleagues have elaborated the system of "commissions" by which they mean to rule over New York and the other cities intended to be united with New York while a new system for the composite city is under study. In a few weeks we shall hear the details of these commissions, and shall then realize to the full our complete subjection to the bucolic collection of statesmen at Albany.

Jameson's march in South Africa is considered by the English as "great." Considering that he marched straight into a trap set for him by the Boers, it seems to have been great stupidity.

MAN THE NAVY PROMPTLY!

Secretary Herbert's appeal to Congress for authority to enlist more men, and to charter private vessels in an emergency, should not be in vain. This is not a time for small economies, nor must we shrink from the idea of having a large number of men under the flag on the seas. It is not one thousand, but ten thousand men that the Secretary should be free to enlist, and there should be legislation which will give the common sailor a chance at proper promotion. It is scandalous that we should have barely enough men to equip the vessels in the service, and that there should have to be a constant borrowing from one vessel to another to keep up appearances whenever a vessel goes into commission.

What kind of a position is this for a nation which within thirty days has almost come to blows with the mistress of the seas? What sort of a figure would the United States Navy cut if it came to arming in hot haste as England has just done on account of her war with Germany? The nation would be ready to visit upon the heads of the members of Congress who had held back the absolutely essential reinforcements the storm of wrath which would inevitably follow any mishap due to a lack of men. Of what avail are the ships without sailors? The Secretary is doing his duty, but he would not be thought reckless if he were to ask for many thousands of men to be put in trim for the new ships constantly coming from the Government yards. The country will expect enlightened action from Congress on this important subject.

The bill introduced by Senator Wieman in the State Senate for four-cent fares on surface roads carefully leaves New York outside of the magic circle to be benefited. Why may not New Yorkers economize as well as the others?

PAUL VERLAINE.

The death of Paul Verlaine is no loss to the profession of letters, though it will be mourned as a calamity by the little band of Decadents and Symbolists in Paris, London, Brussels, Boston and Chicago.

Strictly to follow the rule that one should speak only good of the dead, would be to say nothing of Verlaine; it is impossible to utter anything more kindly than that he was half insane and wholly irresponsible. Had he not been hailed as a master by a parcel of congenitally diseased incapables on both continents, silence were better. Nordau, in his "Degeneration," told less than the truth about Verlaine, as he told less than the truth about Oscar Wilde. The man was hailed as a poet, yet he seldom wrote, and the little that he did leave in lasting form was keyed from the blasphemous to the devout, passing in its gamut through every tone of nastiness and idleness. Nordau intimates that Verlaine was one day a saint in aspiration; the next a pig in practice.

Paul Verlaine was not a street beggar, because beggary is work, and work he had sworn to avoid; but if by the passer by, moved to pity by the sight of the strange, slant-eyed, sparse-bearded man lying steeped in literal filth in the gutter before a hospital door, pressed a coin into his hand, the "master" would utter no word either of thanks or refusal. After repeated attempts to drive him away from such a position, the hospital attendants would at last have this sorry great man for a fortnight's free food and lodging. His life was a constant oscillation between hospital and "brasserie"; his disciples were impressionable young men to whom his character,

utterances and example could only work harm; his death was to himself and others a blessing in thin disguise.

Is the sterner sex also the more vain?

It is whispered that three times as many New York men as women invoke the aid of face massage to smooth away the furrows time has ploughed upon their visages.

A WISE SUGGESTION.

One suggestion which Recorder Goff made the other day as a Commissioner of the Sinking Fund is worthy of attention. The New York terminus depot of the proposed Hudson River bridge must cover two entire city blocks. It must, therefore, close the street now passing between those blocks. Recorder Goff was the only member of the Sinking Fund Commission who held that for the privilege of occupying this street the bridge company ought to pay the city a reasonable sum. Notwithstanding the fact that this company is acting under the sanction of both the Legislature of the State of New York and the Congress of the United States, it is still a private enterprise which will be conducted in the interests of its stockholders.

There is no reason why this city should present as a gift any part of its streets to any private enterprise. The company will, of course, pay for all private property which it may occupy. Why should it not also pay for all city property which it may occupy. New York City has already given away, or practically given away, too many franchises. The city of Liverpool, England, derives a revenue from its water-front franchises almost sufficient to relieve its citizens of all municipal taxation. If New York's franchises had been disposed of as sensibly, say experts, they would yield quite enough to pay the expenses of the city government. It is time that a beginning should be made in that direction.

Recorder Goff's suggestion should be adopted.

Mayor Green, the new chief magistrate of Woonsocket, R. I., makes in his first message the sensible suggestion that, if the street railroad corporations do not comply with the conditions of their charters, these charters be revoked. By the way, Mr. Green is a Democrat.

THE AFRIKANDER'S DEMANDS.

Whether or not Germany is the original suggestor of what the Transvaal Government should ask from Great Britain for the warlike excursion of her agents into the territory of the Boers, President Kruger asks, with calm assurance, for several things which England will probably decline to grant. The old Afrikaner requires the suzerainty of England over the Transvaal to be abrogated; wants the South Africa Company's charter cancelled; and intimates that he shall demand an indemnity of \$2,500,000. This is a manner of treatment which the Boers might be expected to employ toward Portugal, if she had injured them; but hardly toward England.

Behind the farmers of the Transvaal some mysterious combination, which means mischief to England, stands mistily defined; and until the English are certain what it is they will probably postpone their answer. Meantime there is a fine dash and sense of readiness for hostilities—sending out flying squadrons, etc.—with Germany—if she wants to fight—in the conduct of the British authorities. The one thing which harrows the English mind is the thought that this Transvaal business has perhaps been seized upon as a pretext for that isolation of England by the other great European Powers which has been so often threatened. That might mean trouble in the Mediterranean—in Egypt—and possibly the cutting up of Turkey without asking England's advice about the precise manner of the carving.

The flash light which was turned upon that Westchester Home for Destitute Children has exposed and caused the abolition of much cruelty. No more chains for little boys.

Since the London Times practically admits the force of the American demand for arbitration of the Venezuelan boundary question, those journals—American geographically, but in spirit British—which ten days ago were shrieking "the other country, right or wrong," have found it convenient to talk about the bond issue and South African matters. It doesn't always pay to be more British than the British themselves.

Some of the answers in the examinations of persons who wished to be policemen in Brooklyn show that the applicants have gathered together a vast amount of varied misinformation. To the question, "Who is Governor of New York?" one of the applicants made answer, "Grover Cleveland," and to the query, "Who is Mayor of New York City?" the ready answer was "Richard Croker." "Africa" was also, in the opinion of this sapient candidate, in the most northeastern State in the Union. The eminent alleged firebug Gordon, now on trial, stated yesterday that he did not know the name of the capital of this country, or that of this State, and had not the remotest idea what Congress is—and yet he was a "citizen" in good and regular standing. Evidently the evening schools are not profited by their eyes ought to be.

SALISBURY VERY STUBBORN

His Attitude in Regard to Venezuela Is Reported to Be Wholly Unchanged.

Henry Stanley Thinks an Amicable Settlement with the United States Will Soon Be Reached.

JOHN LUBBOCK ON THE MESSAGE.

The Published Story That British Troops Had Arrived at Cuyulín Is Officially Declared Untrue.

Glasgow, Jan. 9.—The Glasgow Herald claims to have semi-official authority for the statement that Lord Salisbury's attitude in regard to Venezuela is wholly unchanged, and that upon no account will he submit to arbitration territory occupied by British subjects who are relying on Great Britain's protection.

Lord Salisbury, the Herald says, is ready to arbitrate all questions which the diplomatic dispatches have admitted to be open and is also ready to concede any inconsiderable claims which do not involve a transfer of the allegiance of British subjects.

Stanley and Lubbock Not So Bellicose.

London, Jan. 9.—The Sun prints a report of an interview with Henry M. Stanley, M. P., the explorer, in which Mr. Stanley is represented as saying: "I shall reach an amicable settlement of our differences with America as soon as possible. There is no great fear Germany will occupy the Transvaal."

The Westminster Gazette publishes an interview with Sir John Lubbock, M. P., for London University, in which he says: "If the trivial Venezuela frontier dispute shall result in Great Britain and the United States and their subjects being at enmity where diplomacy fails, then the dispute is a great blessing, but President Cleveland's gratuitous threat of war is not calculated to promote an amicable settlement. England only refuses to arbitrate territory which our colonists have occupied for us."

"As regards Justice Harlan's precise proposal to submit disputes between the United States and Great Britain to a commission composed of an equal number of Justices of the United States Supreme Court and of the High Court of Justice of England, I should require time to think it over carefully, though I cordially approve of some such tribunal."

ANOTHER "FAKE" REFUTED

No Truth in the Dispatch That Britain Has Occupied Venezuela Territory.

London, Jan. 9.—The Venezuelan news has issued a note declaring that the statement printed in a New York newspaper to-day, in an alleged cable dispatch from Caracas, Venezuela, that British troops with cannon have arrived at Cuyulín, is absolutely unfounded.

Peraza Ridicules the Idea of a Revolution.

N. Bolet Peraza, ex-Minister for Venezuela to the United States, who lives in this city, said yesterday relative to the alleged revolutionary movement and other sensational rumors from Venezuela:

"My information shows that the country is in complete peace. I have had no advice by cable, but if such a state of affairs existed as is reported, we certainly would have heard of it. Venezuelan newspapers of December 30, to hand, contain a mention of even a possible revolutionary disturbance. Every one of my countrymen are heartily satisfied with the action of the United States and our own Government, and are now awaiting patiently, though, of course, anxiously, the result of the deliberations of the Commission appointed by President Cleveland to determine the exact boundary line between British Guiana and Venezuela.

"I am sure neither President Crespo nor Congress will take any action on this question without first consulting the Government of the United States. Venezuela is thoroughly aware of its responsibilities before the whole civilized world in the impending dispute. The United States listened to our appeal and nobly upheld our rights. Under the circumstances the acts attributed to some Venezuelans in these sensational dispatches are not alone discreditable, but an insult to our common sense and patriotism.

"The report of an alliance between the rebels of Venezuela and the British is, to us, absurdly ridiculous. There is no revolution in Venezuela to-day. The country to a man is now with President Crespo. Internal strife has been abandoned, and all factions have rallied to the Government's support in the present crisis. I do not believe Venezuela harbors a citizen so base or degraded who would be guilty of such a treasonable act of treating with Britishers against Venezuela.

"The home Government and the United States have the support of the whole of Venezuela to-day."

Easily Explained.

"Why is Miss Proper's picture so severe?" "The photographer asked her to look pleasant." Detroit Free Press.

Later On.

Teacher—So, Georgia, you were named after George Washington, is that so? Young George—Yes; sometimes after. Roxbury Gazette.

Sure Sign.

"They must be engaged?" "How do you know?" "They're quarrelled." Chicago Record.

Matter of Dimension.

Manager—We want a kiss in it. Playwright—Yes, sir. A four-act kiss, or just a curtain-raiser? Detroit Tribune.

Absurd Mistake.

"Marling" he said, nervously, as he sat straight up in bed, "there's a man in the house!" "William," she responded, "you are very silly. These are my bloomers hanging over the back of a chair." Washington Evening Star.

Crafty.

He—What is that, dear? She—Angel food. I made it myself. He—You'd better eat it, dear. You're the only angel in this house. Boston Transcript.

An Impending Scandal.

If President Cleveland has not entirely lost his head in the desperation of these successive gold reserve emergencies, he will hesitate some time before concluding the pending transaction which would certainly pass into political history as the great bond syndicate scandal.

Hint to a Soldier.

[Bochester Union.] Major-General Miles, U. S. A., talks too much. [Toronto Mail.]

To prepare for war and to keep the redemption fund going, Mr. Cleveland would have to ask Britain for the loan of a few hundred million dollars again.

"A BLACK SHEEP."

Hoyt's latest musical arrangement designed "to teach us morals in particular," and called "A Black Sheep" for no reason in particular, is a singularly bitter and frolicsome entertainment. It will make no enemies whatsoever. It is good-natured, frivolous, and it lacks the smug sentimental "propose" that has become such a nuisance. Hoyt has gone back to his good old invertebrate farce-comedies that satirize nothing and illuminate nobody. The difference between "A Rag Baby" and "A Black Sheep," however, is very considerable. This indefatigable mirth provider has improved wonderfully since the old days. His humor is all human; his horseplay is not nearly so conspicuous as it was, and beneath his reckless and apparently uncouth jests I notice a knowledge of our own little follies that was lacking when Hoyt started "in the business," as the saying goes. He omitted all his modern improvements from "A Runaway Colt."

"A Black Sheep" is perhaps the best of Hoyt's efforts—with the exception, perhaps, of "A Texas Steer," for it is so delightfully lacking in object. You can go to the theatre at any time between 8:30 and 11 p. m. without losing any thread of the plot, yet this unusual comedy is not merely a variety show. It is an entertaining incident, a sort of episode patch-work affair. It has no literary value and no dramatic worth. You can see it and forget your worries. For three hours the brain-thruster can cease to wonder why Mrs. Oliphant writes the Bible in the first, and give up attempting to solve the problem of "The Benefit of the Doubt."

A Hoyt farce as a very occasional affair is a boon. I hate the brand, and I've used up a good stock of fury adjectives in connection with this playright during the last eight years. Yet "A Black Sheep" is so utterly non-obnoxious and so placidly amusing that last night I giggled with the crowd.

It was a large man behind me who started my laughter. For he yelled in his baritone mirth. Even the infrequent horseplay charmed him. Every time the crockery was smashed, or Mr. Hot Stuff kicked his visitors, this large person emitted a sort of dark, gruff Melba trill of throaty laughter. I wanted to find out his name, for he might be useful as a specialty performer. I'll sing him with a lady, and I didn't like to intrude upon their dignity. Perhaps he was a confederate. Who knows? These are sceptical days, and a manager might do worse than hire an eccentric chuckler to put his audience in good humor. I didn't begin to realize how funny "A Black Sheep" really was until the enjoyment behind me.

This musical comedy contains many specialties, none of a very startling nature, but all rather agreeable. They were introduced in the typical manner. The leader of the stranded theatrical company merely remarked: "Well, girls, we've got to get back to New York. I'll sing a song and pass around the hat." And the Tombstone editor prefaced his little turn with "My views of the convict man have been set to music. I'll sing 'em." Even Hoyt is unable to invent a good excuse for specialties. There's a fortune in store for the stage Edison who can contrive some fitting medium for the introduction of these irrelevancies. The condition of farce-comedy in this respect has not improved at all within the last decade. Ten years ago the soubrette remarked, "Well, now that I'm alone in this Sahara desert with this piano, I'll sing you a song." She says virtually the same thing to-day. Isn't it odd?

Here are a few of the quips from "A Black Sheep":

"I want you to set me right," says the leading lady to the editor of the Tombstone inscription.

"We only print a four-page paper, and don't run serial stories," is the reply.

Then again:

"She says she has never kissed a man, or had an arm around her waist," remarks the despondent lover.

"What a treat she has missed," sighs her friend.

Then the great Tombstone editor reads the fate of Hot Stuff to that gentleman as follows: "If after three days Hot Stuff is found in Tombstone, the telegraph pole by the City Hall will be his address, and those who want to whisper to him will have to climb a step-ladder."

The clever people in this piece will be largely responsible for its kindly fate. Otis Harlan, whom I never remember to have seen before, is an extremely unctuous person. He has the eccentricities of Harry Conor, without that gentleman's affectations. He is a most agreeable individual, and the metropolis will like him. William De Vere is equally good, with his husky, rocking quality. There is a young woman named Agnes Rose Lane who deserves a word of praise. Miss Ada Dare is a pink-and-white dame who seems bent upon imitating Lillian Russell. That fact is so humorous that it shall live in the archives. Miss Russell's speaking tones always remind me of a tea kettle just beginning to boil, and Miss Dare copies them admirably. If I mistake not, she had opportunities for studying Lillian last season, when she supported her in "La Perichole." Miss Dare is the first person I have ever seen who has thought it worth while modelling herself after Miss Russell. William De Vere is quietly and unassumingly amusing, and with Bessie Clayton's dancing is better than ever. In fact, "A Black Sheep" isn't black at all. It is very gay.

ALAN DALE.

More or Less in the Public Eye.

Julia Ward Howe has just published a collection of her lectures, including the one entitled "Is Politic Society Politic?" from which the following is an extract: "I do not think that the manners of so-called polite society to-day are quite so polite as they were in my youth. Young women of fashion seem to me to have lost in equality of character and in general tone and culture. Young men of fashion seem to be the young ladies with less esteem and deference. They are all cheap and easy standard of manners is the result."

Judge Waterman, of the Illinois Court of Appeals, in a decree reversing an order by Judge Gibbons, of Chicago, which practically prohibited women from operating on the Chicago Board of Trade, says: "We see no reason why women should be excluded from the stock exchange, or why they should be denied the right to use the board as a trading or gambling agency as has any man."

Max O'Rell in his latest lecture gives this estimate of English craftiness: "Your Englishman is shrewd. He claims Carlyle and Stevenson for England; if they had been numbers he would have called them Scotch numbers."

Colonel Wat Hurdin, the recently-defeated candidate for Governor of Kentucky, who called upon to speak at a dinner a few evenings ago, excused himself in this way: "I am too proud to whine, and too good to curse; and as my friends would have to come under one of these heads I pass."

Mr. A. M. Palmer gave a quiet luncheon to a few distinguished gentlemen at the Union League Club yesterday, invited to meet Mr. Henry Hayne, the well-known American journalist, who lives in Paris, and is now in this city as temporary representative of the Figaro.

A British Novelist Gaught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

Not very long ago an actor named Harry Lee (nee Rosenzweig) was a well-known figure in the artistic circles whose centre was the bar of the Brower House, prior to the demolition of that quiet and exclusive inn. Mr. Lee's fame as a cheerful worker in the vineyard of dramatic art was not confined to Broadway. He was well known in London and famous in San Francisco, and has ranked as one of the celebrities of Saratoga, and that, too, at a time when that famous Summer resort was filled to overflowing with distinguished lawyers, capitalists, statesmen and ward politicians. Mr. Lee selected Saratoga as the scene of his "open air" representations of "As You Like It," which he managed with consummate skill, playing the part of Orlando himself, and at the same time keeping a weather eye on the gate receipts. So engrossed did Mr. Lee become in the delightful practice of his art under the favorable atmospheric conditions that usually prevail in Saratoga during the heated term that many important details in the way of hotel bills, loans and other obligations entirely escaped his memory, and there are actors in this town who, whenever they chance to hear the wind whistling plaintively through the tree tops, exclaim involuntarily: "Hark! There's Harry Lee paying salaries again!"

Mr. Lee was notoriously impecunious and irresponsible, and, like most impecunious and irresponsible persons, found no difficulty in borrowing money, running up big bills and persuading credulous numbers to play under the many important details that required him to assume an air of boundless wealth, nobility of mien, great personal courage or something else that he did not possess. He excelled in roles like that of the aged and conservative banker, Mr. Fayerweather, who exclaims in heart-broken accents, "What! Only fifty thousand dollars in the bank? We are ruined!" I have also seen him in the splendid uniform of a United States Admiral, leading a company of blue-jacketed supers on to victory and glory. I have invariably laughed when I have seen him opening stage safes with many important details, or handling rolls of state money with as much freedom as if they were rolled greenbacks, and he had just borrowed them. Somehow I never associated Lee in my mind with any serious financial transactions; hence my surprise when I learned last night that the mummer who but yesterday was sport for the wind and the impresarios that blow round the Hilo corners—that Harry Lee was vice-president of a bank in Johannesburg, South Africa, and was already worth \$300,000.

The news was broken to me last night by a gentleman, who added pathetically, "He gave my sister the quick rush for five hundred, but she'll never see it again. Harry Lee owes his good fortune to Barney Barnato, who met him in London, took a fancy to him and placed him in the position that he now occupies."

He was a man with an atmosphere. An odor compounded of tar and bligo water preceded his entrance, dominated all things else during his stay in the office, and lingered long and lovingly after he had departed. Besides atmosphere he had a lot of local coloring, especially in the nasal region. Brick red was his face, garnished with a dandy knobby nose. His hair was like unto frowzy rope yarns, and he walked with a roll best of the "Roaring Forties." To the landman he seemed to be a simple and typical sunburnt son of the sea. Oceanic experts might have objected to him as being a trifle too nautical for practical purposes.

"Mate," said he, and his voice was as hoarse as a boon's, "I asks pardon for a-bringin' up in this here snug harbor of yours without orders. But it's this way. Ten days ago I made New York on the bark Beauty Boy, 110 days from New Guinea and the Malays, shells, spices and fancy wood bein' our cargo. I had two years' pay in my locker, run for a school of sharks and all I've now got left is my standin' canvas and these here birds."

The tarry one here lugged a dirty paper bag out of his jumper.

"These dicky birds, messmates all," he went on, "is called children of the rainbow, by the niggers out in them furri' parts. Only the nigger kings and princes is 'lowed to keep 'em in cages. If any low down nigger is caught with one of 'em he's bilged in palm oil. I saved the life of one of them kings out there, and he was so tickled that he gived me six of the party creatures. Three on 'em I sold to a party creeter. Three is left. I hates to part with 'em, but when a man's belly is a-shalin' his mouth for grub he aint got no choice. Will any of you gents buy 'em?"

The birds were certainly beautiful. Their beaks were a vivid crimson, and nearly every feather on their bodies was of a different and gorgeous hue. After some lively bidding the Young-Man-Recently-Engaged secured them for \$2.50 each.

A big brass cage was bought for the children of the rainbow, and they were taken over, and the night in his bed-room. At dawn he was awakened by sounds that seemed strangely familiar. On investigating he found that one of the birds was dead. Its late companions were chirping the unmistakable chirp of the English sparrow.

The young man picked up the dead bird, and dyes of many hues came off on his fingers. The survivors chirped sarcastically the little that was left to tell. The children of the rainbow were produced by a combination of sparrows and aniline dyes.

Ignorance in Eden. Miss Passy—Even Adam was not contented without a wife. Obed—Certainly not. That was before he knew anything of good or evil. Cincinnati Enquirer.

Useless to Him. "I have a story for you that will make your hair stand on end." "Well, what good would that do? I don't know any one on the piano from another." Indianapolis Journal.

