

THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST. 152 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK. SUNDAY, MARCH 15, 1896.

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Journal readers will confer a favor upon the publisher if they will send information to this office of any new steam, railway, train, or passenger steamer where a New York paper should be on sale and the Journal is not offered.

THE WEATHER.

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

The Kentuckians are unduly excited over the Senatorship. The Senate is not so much in need of Senators as statesmen.

If Jackson had been where Harrison was, that college riot at Indianapolis would have been stopped in three minutes. A wild mob could not surge about "Old Hickory" any more than English veterans stand before him.

The French trial of the blackmailers of "Le Petit Suerier," as Max Lebaudy was called, has brought out nothing more extraordinary than the exposition of the remarkable development of character of the young actress, Mlle. Marry. Her life has been more of a tragedy than a crime.

The honor that has been conferred upon Professor Roentgen by Prince Ludwig of Bavaria is richly deserved by that eminent scientist, and possesses the rare merit of arriving during the lifetime of its recipient.

It is a pity that the metropolitan character of New York should be marred here and there by provincialisms that should long since have been obliterated. Why, for instance, should the lawns of City Hall Park all be surrounded by a sheep railing of a particularly shabby type?

THE LENTEN SEASON.

Lent is a time for reflection, self-examination and improvement. It is welcomed gratefully by the modish because the winter's dissipation on "a bird and a bottle" has made the lentils and the lack of Spring an imperative requirement, something to cool the feverish blood.

Year by year Lent grows in importance and influence. This year it is of more importance in New York than it was last year, if for no other reason than that more people observe it. But there are other reasons.

Lent has a commercial importance, because it retards some trades and increases others. Those which minister to the luxurious refinements of life—jewelry, millinery, silk, flowers—and those which cater for our amusements and our palates are retarded.

Lent gives time for charity, and, by its tender memories and sacred associations, inclines the spirit to deeds of mercy. It induces the rich to look with

pity upon the poor, and persuades the poor to bless the rich for their kindness. It is at this time that the sweet-faced spirit in gray, who was a bud at the last Patriarchs' Ball, visits the poor, the needy, the unfortunate, not to punish himself, but to bring sunshine into squallid houses where poverty imposes a year-long Lenten fast.

THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM.

Irrelevant matter confuses the discussion of the question of the recognition of Cuba. The question is a simple one. A statement of the position of the United States will solve it. This great Republic is a law unto itself. It is not entangled with nor governed by laws or customs which govern and entangle European nations.

This country does not wish to annex Cuba. The United States have nothing to gain or lose materially whether Spain misgoverns Cuba or her people become free to govern themselves. It is not a question of territory, of aggrandizement, of trade, or of finance.

No other nation has either right or reason to be unfriendly to this nation. Spain hastened to recognize the Confederate States in June, 1861, before the battle of Bull Run, but we do not need to retaliate. This great Republic, rich, strong, free, independent, separated from the jealousies of grasping monarchies and falling dynasties, with nine millions of patriots ready to defend our shores or assert our principles, neither envies nor fears any or all nations of the world.

The simple question for the people of this country is, "Do the people of Cuba wish to be free?" This country is for freedom, self-government and independence everywhere, for all people, and for all time. We need to know nothing more than that an oppressed people are struggling to throw off the yoke of tyranny; then neither Spain, nor all the nations of the world combined, can prevent our sympathy and aid, if need be, our aid. Laws we did not make; ships, armies, friendships nor any other thing, material or immaterial, can prevent the people of this country from advocating the cause of freedom.

ORD SALISBURY'S CHANGE.

Official substantiation of the exclusive news of the Journal to the effect that the Venezuelan controversy is practically settled cannot long be withheld. There is no other outcome than that foretold by the able correspondents of the Journal. Lord Salisbury had assumed a position that is untenable, and the United States have taken a stand from which they could not recede with justice or honor.

Lord Salisbury was evidently misinformed as to the interest of the people in the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine, and as to the support that Congress and the people would accord to President Cleveland in his demand for a fair and honorable consideration of Venezuela's claims. Lord Salisbury had not considered the intense jealousy with which the people of this country view the attempts of England or any other monarchy to acquire territory on this hemisphere.

GRAY, OF DELAWARE.

Among the biggest and brainiest of the Democrats, mentioned as candidates for the Presidency, is George Gray, Senator from Delaware. Senator Gray is large in stature, handsome in appearance, amiable in manners, pure in character, comprehensive in knowledge of affairs, conservative in opinion, eloquent in speech and formidable in debate.

In public life as in private character, Senator Gray is irreproachable. He commands respect in the Senate; he inspires confidence among the people.

He lives plainly in an old colonial mansion in Wilmington, where his law practice and his salary enable him to maintain a simple but cordial hospitality which still prevails among the old families of the Southern States. On all of the great questions of the day Senator Gray is conservative. His views on the tariff are not so radical that he is offensive to reasonable protectionists; his views on silver have not won for him the title of "gold bug." His independence of late has caused partisan misrepresentations, but he is a thoroughly loyal American, with no taint of Tory nor any thirst for glory in his blood.

CONTESTED DELEGATES.

Many of the Southern States will send two or three sets of delegates to the Republican National Convention. This practice gives opportunity for vastly more patriots to attend the Convention than could pay their own expenses. In this way their expenses are paid for them, provided they vote as directed. As the Southern States have 266 votes, of which at least 173 will be contested, the control of them is of importance. General Harrison was nominated in 1892 by these delegates, in spite of the fact that the States from which they came cast less than one-third of the total Republican vote, and do not send a single delegate to the Electoral College.

If McKinley can obtain control of the St. Louis Convention so as to organize the Committee on Credentials, he can secure the nomination in the same manner as it was secured for Mr. Harrison. With the 173 contested delegates solid for him, it will not be difficult to obtain enough votes from other States to place McKinley far in the lead. The fact that this was the plan pursued successfully before makes its success more doubtful now. As was the case in 1880, when these delegates were secured for John Sherman, they may accept a later offer from some other bidder.

The suggestion which originated with the amalgamated Council of the Building Trades of Cincinnati, of building the Nicaragua Canal by means of convict labor, seems at first sight impractical, although it is worthy of earnest thought. In the words of Mr. J. P. Stout, of the council, the object is twofold—to finish the great Nicaragua Canal, which would be the grandest monument to labor in the history of the world, and to prove that the labor people of this country are only too willing to aid the convict element, so long as it does not contribute to the gain of corporations as against the employment of organized labor.

It is probable that if a little primer, setting forth the facts as to who and what Heine was, could be circulated among the gentlemen forming the Board of Aldermen, they would not be falling over one another in their efforts to force New York to honor the poet by the creation of a fountain more or less unseemable in design. Heine was a fanatic critic of America, which he despised in his heart, and there is nothing that the sick German cynic, who lived and wrote in Paris, would have delighted in more than to satirize just such action as that of the present Board of Aldermen. Heine was an artist in his finger tips. What, then, would he have thought of so-called "city fathers" who, by their votes, say in effect: "Art be hanged; we're voting with one eye on the next election."

The Raines bill is, of course, a malignant blow aimed at Home Rule and municipal freedom, but the bill introduced recently by Senator Page, prohibiting the ownership of a dog by people living in apartment houses, is a direct attempt to infringe the liberty of the subject, and to turn back the course of civilization to the point where the kings of the earth regulated by mandate what the people should eat and wear. If Mr. Page can legislate against the keeping of dogs, he can use the same argument against canaries, and the inquisition could be carried even to the matter of a pet geranium. If this kind of over-legislation is to continue, it would be well to unchain all the dogs in New York and use the chains and collars to keep the meddling legislators at home. The dog collars, perhaps, would not be required, as the majority of the Albany Solons are adorned with extra strong ones bearing the legend "T. C. P."

A great deal of un-American snobbery is being unearthed in connection with the proposed retirement of Lieutenant Clarence E. Lang of the United States Army. If it be true that his fellow-officers at West Point socially ostracized him because he married the daughter of a Sergeant, they did not act like gentlemen. If it be true, as is stated, that recently, during Mrs. Lang's confinement at Fort Warren, Mass., she received no friendly attention from the wives of officers who are said to have been willing to acknowledge her socially, but who held aloof because of the presence of Mrs. Lang's father and mother in the house—if this be true, it accentuates the snobbery and ill-breeding of the whole affair, and the sooner the army is purged of such unwelcome social ideas the better it will be for honest manhood and womanhood. The parallel of such social atrocity is only to be found in fiction, where it is recorded of an unspeakable person that he could not invite his own mother to his receptions because, as he said, he "had to draw the line somewhere."

Washington, March 14.—Divers and sundry grave matters have come to a focus this day. Among other things introduced a Senate resolution asking that Resurrection Day be made a national holiday, and Senator Cummings complains to near friends that the white-haired and patient Governor Sayers, long time a Representative from Texas, and during last Congress, Chief of Appropriations, confided to him that in his (Sayers's) opinion, he (Sulzer) was the "freshest thing" that had come to Congress in his (Sayers's) time. Why Sayers should give way to these extreme concessions concerning him Sulzer does not explain, and confines himself to deep complaint as of injustice done.

Cummings, McClellan, Bartlett and Sulzer.

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Speaking of Sulzer reminds one that these days when often discuss the next Mayor of New York in their more careless, rambling moments of political chat. "Why do you not run for Mayor next time?" said Sulzer to McClellan only the other day. Now, the Mayor of New York, so far as the term can be made to refer to the successor of the romantic present occupant, whose spirits are so good and whose word is so bad, will not come to the polls as a question until a year from next November.

McClellan, however, did not know. He distrusts Sulzer and his visions, not that he doubts Sulzer's motives; but he lacks that confidence in Sulzer's powers to unroll the future which Sulzer has in himself. McClellan regards Sulzer as one who possesses all the motions of the Sibyl without her inspiration.

"I don't want the Mayoralty," said McClellan. "There's nothing about the place I would care for. It's a bad week, hard knocks, and a bad name and political death. I want none of it. Incidentally, Sulzer," concluded McClellan, "why don't you go in for it?"

Sulzer was in his finest Henry Clay pose at the time, with a lock of hair carefully dividing his forehead, his Prince Albert buttoned just right to insure a dare to the bosom and his hand thrust therein. His air was full of portent, not to say weight, as one who settles many things.

"No," said Sulzer, with a wave of that hand which was still on detached service; "no, Mack, I do not want it. It would fit your genius, but not mine. My power lies twofold—to finish the great Nicaragua Canal, which would be the grandest monument to labor in the history of the world, and to prove that the labor people of this country are only too willing to aid the convict element, so long as it does not contribute to the gain of corporations as against the employment of organized labor."

McClellan was right about election to the Mayoralty meaning political death. Very few have survived a term as chief officer of New York in either popularity or power. Take the list, you older inhabitants, and determine for yourselves what good fortune of political sort followed these names after they stepped down and out. The list begins with a string of heads. Take Strong, present incumbent—dead, politically, as Julius Caesar. He hopes for a portfolio from McKinley. He will not get it, even should the Ohio Napoleon finally have one to bestow.

Beyond Strong, here is the roster: In '83 Gilroy, in '86 Grant. These men are alive and fairly popular; particularly Grant. But Cooper, in '87 Hewitt, in '88 Grace, then Cooper, then Grant again; then Smith, then with a background full of Hayesover, A. Oakes Hall, who donned a full suit of green on St. Patrick's Day to review the parade, and Hoffman, Tweed's Mayor, as afterward Tweed's Governor. He would have been Tweed's President, if the papers hadn't interfered and put the rotund Tweed—that Constant Fosso of local politics—in Ludlow Street Jail. There is the list. How many of them in any power or prestige of politics ever survived the Mayoralty? McClellan does well to look on the place as the nearest receiving vault, where the corpse may tarry awhile in all directions and become a full-blown head.

Speaking of former Mayors, it may not be generally known that ex-Mayor Tammam, who ruled away back in the middle fifties—all but forty years ago—is still alive. But, while Sulzer and McClellan may feel shy and doubtful in a distinct mood to decline any Mayoralty proposal, should one strike their way, such is not true of Cummings. He will take it if he can get it—take it while you wait. Moreover, what Tom Conkley would call "the push" is clamorous for Cummings. Ask one of the many who are of opinion that he will be the next Mayor of New York!

"Amos Cummings," comes the reply, as if it were part of some catechism of politics. Bartlett, it is to be feared, is also willing to be Mayor next. He has already hatched feud with Amos Cummings and each seeds the other's paint and splinters flying with a broadside every time he finds him within range. The Cummings-Bartlett vendetta had its first expression when the latter prevailed on Croker a year and a half ago to give him the nomination in Cummings's old district—Democratic name thing—and Amos Cummings up and down the line, to be named in a district where he was beaten to a pulp. That was a beginning. Cummings should naturally see no good reason why he should be sacrificed to make a Bartlett holiday. And so the two roared one another on all occasions. It was only the other day that Bartlett positively refused to sign his name to a petition to make Cummings the New York member of that very colorful and useless body known as the National Congressional Committee of the Democratic Party.

For any one Democrat in the State of New York, I will give you Bartlett, with a sad grimace. "For you, for Sulzer, for Walsh, for Harry Miller, yes, even for Jim Campbell—but not for Cummings. I won't sign for him." And he did not, and now that Amos Cummings has been named to succeed to follow Strong of the Strangling tendency, he has a general whizzer that Bartlett will also be a general whizzer. It will be a most excellent thing. And the feathers will fly and the air be thick with plumage. A. H. L.

Men, Women and Things in London.

London, March 4.—Before this reaches you the Venezuelan Bill of the British Government will have become a mooted history, but I shall not forget it as long as I live, for it has caused me more trouble and anxiety than anything connected with my duties since I reached London. When I first heard that the Foreign Secretary was going to issue a blue book, without any extraordinary genius I conceived the idea that it would be a good thing to get it exclusively for the Journal. In order not to commit or encourage any of our friends to go to trouble, I decided to try and get the bulky volume for publication twenty-four hours ahead of its delivery to Mr. Bayard. The first person I went to see was a young gentleman of assure blood, whom I knew to be a son of a rich man, yet constitutionally hard up. I offered him £20 for what I wanted. Within a few days I got wind of the fact that another newspaper man was after the book—American correspondent, of course, since as one in England would dare to publish it ahead of time—so I went to a newspaper and arranged for the Parliamentary reporter there to try to do my bidding. I was told that I had better offer £50, or £250. That seemed to me excessive, so I made an offer of £40. Time went on and I got word that a news association was in the field against me. I sought out a reporter and asked him what he would get me the Blue Book for, twenty-four hours ahead of time. He said that he would get me £200, but he was made to him, but he was afraid his clients did not really mean to pay so much. He asked if I would pay £50 spot cash and £5 in advance for what he called "expenses." I agreed to this and he went away, but within twenty-four hours he wrote to me: "I cannot do the job for you after all." I discovered that he had been to his other clients and that they had asserted that they seriously intended to pay him £200 for the book. I then went elsewhere and lodged an offer of £100 with another of the crowd. I stood to pay a good deal of money should both my people succeed in bringing in the book at one time. Time continued to pass and I was informed that an able competitor had run of the American Minister's offices and intimate relations with his staff. At the same time the news was published that Lord Salisbury was going to give Mr. Bayard several copies of the Blue Book, so that I cannot be blamed at becoming very nervous lest my competitor might walk off with one of the extra copies. I therefore took the trouble to call upon Mr. Bayard and to ask him to make very certain that such copies as he might receive from Lord Salisbury should be kept under his personal care. I heard afterward that Mr. Bayard actually did, with his own hands, lock up the copies he received in his office safe. But that is slightly anticipating the end of my story, which is, that Lord Salisbury did give more than one copy to Mr. Bayard, at the same time as he gave to the other Ministers, not to allow any leakage of the contents of the book until it had been received by Mr. Olney in Washington. My different agents came to me one at a time and threw up their hands, saying: "There has been such a pressure brought to bear on every one connected with the Blue Book that we must admit we cannot get it for you."

The people who ride bicycles in London have had allotted to them a certain roadway in Hyde Park, which they may use during a couple of hours in the forenoon. In a place where personal liberty is so general and so keenly valued as in England, it seems amazing to Americans that the owners of bicycles have not the free use of all the parks at all hours, especially since even the most disreputable characters in our country do have that privilege. I do not wonder, therefore, that the army of sportsmen and sportswomen that uses the wheels is becoming clamorous for more hours' enjoyment in Hyde Park. Truth takes up the battle for them, and says that they certainly have as much right to parade their wheels as do the nobles who ride horseback on Rotten Row all day long if the owners of bicycles have not the free use of all the parks at all hours, especially since even the most disreputable characters in our country do have that privilege. I do not wonder, therefore, that the army of sportsmen and sportswomen that uses the wheels is becoming clamorous for more hours' enjoyment in Hyde Park. Truth takes up the battle for them, and says that they certainly have as much right to parade their wheels as do the nobles who ride horseback on Rotten Row all day long if the owners of bicycles have not the free use of all the parks at all hours, especially since even the most disreputable characters in our country do have that privilege.

What a superb campaign picture that suggests! "From Hoboken to the Tuilleries" is every bit as good. "From the Tuilleries to the White House." The other noteworthy book of Twain's is "Tom Sawyer," which is a genuine boy's book filled with the spirit of real American boyhood. There are not many men who can write books that boys will read, for the youngsters are very keen critics, and a quick nose to detect anything that does not ring true. But I never heard of a boy who did not like "Tom Sawyer" as well as I do.

Personally I have not cared so much for Mark Twain's later work as I have for his "Jumping Frog" and "Innocents Abroad," but I have heard men whose literary judgment is admitted to be far better than my own say that "Huckleberry Finn" is one of the very best American novels of the past quarter of a century. No one of these literary critics, however, said anything in high praise of the "Yankee at King Arthur's Court." If they had, there would have been trouble. I have not heard much that was good in regard to "Joan of Arc," the serial that is dragging its slow length through Harper's Magazine, and of which Mark Twain is said to be the author.

It is as a humorist that Mark Twain will be remembered, not as a novelist, and if he returns from his present trip around the world I shall not be surprised if he gives us another book of travel descriptive of Japan, China, Australia and the other strange lands that no American humorist has ever visited. JAMES L. FORD.

Tramps Enjoy Jokes.

Buffalo, N.Y., March 14.—Eleven of the "lords of the road," at Spencer, Mass., entered these names in the books: Duster Rhodes, Weary Rake, Poor Star, Sight Seer, Foot Train, Track Walker, I. N. Spector, Road Agent, N. O. Hobo, Hand Out and Tourist.

England for Aberration.

England's confidence in international arbitration is abundantly shown in the fact that she has now under construction fifty-seven battleships, thirty-six cruisers and sixty-eight torpedo boats.

Spain Is Confused.

Spain is evidently getting confused. She seems to think that it is the United States which wants to be recognized as a belligerent instead of Cuba.

Mark Twain in Fiction and Humor.

There is a peculiar sadness in the news that comes to us from India of the serious illness of the great humorist, Mark Twain. If I were a space writer I would add to the foregoing paragraph the words, "The veteran humorist, whose name is a household word wherever the English language is spoken," and if I were an editor and found that line in any one's "copy," I would cut it out instantly as superfluous. It is entirely unnecessary to explain to the citizens of a land in which humor of all sorts has always been regarded as a simple crop that Mark Twain is a humorist. That fact is well known to people who do not know what his real name is.

Moreover, I am sure that tidings of his sickness have been received by an enormous number of those who have read and laughed over his books with sincere and deep regret, for we Americans love our fun-makers as the French love their poets and artists, as the English love their lords. Nor long ago, in writing of Bill Nye, I alluded to Mark Twain and the place which he occupied in the line of American comic writers, which began with John Phoenix and ended with Nye. Artemus Ward followed Phoenix, and was in turn followed by Twain, but I have never found in the writings of the last named any sort of imitation of his predecessors. On the contrary, his earlier work—which was his best, from the humorous standpoint—literally reeked of the soil from which it sprang. It is difficult to realize that the story of the "Jumping Frog" was not told word for word by some garrulous old tavern loafer precisely as it appears on the printed page, and for my part, I have always been sorry that he did not keep on and tell us about "this yer Smiley's yeller, one-eyed, banana-tailed cow," which I am sure would have been as entertaining as anything he did say.

I think that if Mark Twain drew inspiration from any other writer it was from Dickens. At least, he had a way of distilling the essence of humor from close observation of the common things of life, besides a marked tendency to exaggeration and caricature that were sufficiently marked to suggest a sort of resemblance to the Englishman. Nevertheless, he was no copyist. No man is who works from nature's fountain head.

Colonel Sellers was a character that Dickens might have drawn without injury to his literary reputation, and he could have added immeasurably to it had he written as fair and good natured and entertaining a book of American travel as the one that Twain wrote about Europe. I doubt if I have ever read any book of travel that was equal to "The Innocents Abroad." It purported to be simply a volume of humor, but it was far more than that, for it was written in a spirit of faith and trust. For the first time in the history of our national literature, so far as my knowledge extends, a writer went abroad to study, in the spirit of the very best sort of Americanism, the institutions and people of other countries, and to record what he saw through a pair of eyes that were quick to detect whatever there was that was funny or grotesque. "The Innocents Abroad" is the best picture of Europe as viewed from the American standpoint that I have ever read. There is neither spread-eagled nor subservient in its pages, and it is moreover an honest expression of the opinion and point of view of an American, and a fun-loving and clever American at that.

When Mark Twain saw the French Emperor and the Sultan of Turkey together in a carriage at the grand review in Paris he drew a comparison between the two monarchs which touched a responsive chord in the hearts of thousands of his fellow-countrymen, because they realized that he spoke from their own standpoint. To him, as well as to the generality of his countrymen, the Eastern ruler was the embodiment of all that is tyrannous, worn out, barbaric, impotent and behind the times, but when he looked upon the impressive face of Louis Napoleon he remembered the theory that he had traveled ere he reached the throne. It was not the pomp and circumstance of royalty, the evidences of splendid power, that impressed him. It was the thought of the years of imprisonment in the fortress of Ham, of the dreary foreign exile, of the Bolognese Bascio, and he lifted his hat to the man who had fought adversity to a finish and achieved his destiny.

And, indeed, there should be a tender spot in the heart of every American for the man who once lived in Hoboken and afterward became Emperor of France. What a superb campaign picture that suggests! "From Hoboken to the Tuilleries" is every bit as good. "From the Tuilleries to the White House." The other noteworthy book of Twain's is "Tom Sawyer," which is a genuine boy's book filled with the spirit of real American boyhood. There are not many men who can write books that boys will read, for the youngsters are very keen critics, and a quick nose to detect anything that does not ring true. But I never heard of a boy who did not like "Tom Sawyer" as well as I do.

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Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

"These elevators are making people dazed," said the elevator boy, occasionally. "The other day I was at the twelfth floor and the first floor bell rang. Well, I was sitting my lunch, and I was a little slow about starting, and the bell kept a dingling as if it was mad. I found a man waiting to go up. 'Got down at last, have you?' he said. 'D-n-r, yes, I know I'm in a big hurry; I've a good mind to report you. I never jaw back. So I only said: 'What floor?' 'Second,' said he. And he looked like an athlete, too. Gosh up!"

Just off the main street, in the suburb of Wakefield, on a small slope of a rising hill, is a house nestled among the trees, the approach to which is through an arbor, where there lives, alone, but not forsaken, Wampum-Face Harry, an old man more than seventy, born on the Indian reservation of the Onondagas, of poor but honest parents. For many years the inhabitants of the vicinity, when suffering from physical ill or ailment, have come to the hospitable doors of Wampum-Face Harry to get from his hands the herbs or simples which, beaten into powder and boiled into tea, have afforded them relief at a small expenditure, invariably paid in cash and in advance. Thither to the leafy retreat of the Indian herb doctor have sufferers of all grades and classes gone, and sometimes persons who have thought themselves relieved by his mystical and magical remedies have returned to express their thanks, and to proffer, in proof of the sincerity of their gratitude, written testimonials to be published thereafter in advertisements, under the sole condition that their portraits should, in each case, accompany the public announcement. But the wily old Indian herb doctor has shook his head sadly when refusing such disinterested proofs of good faith. "No testimonials, no testimonials," Wampum-Face Harry would say. "I have still some reputation. Leave an old man that! Leave an old man that!"

Wampum-Face Harry is erect, substantial, alert, happy and hearty at seventy, and twenty years more of active professional life seem to stretch out before him in Wakefield. He accounts for his good health by explaining that he has always made it an inviolable rule never to take any Indian herb remedies.

Night after night, recently, in the same or nearly the same, seat in the gallery of one of the prominent theatres, there has been seen the same thoughtful, kindly, sympathetic, watchful, studious face of a young man, in aspect, but of bright eye and watchful vision, seated, at his accustomed place, to study what has been going on back of the footlights on the stage. One peculiarity of the presence of this regular patron, which the door-keeper of the theatre and the ushers have not failed to observe, is his steadfastness in attending, however inclement the night or however numerous the attractions at the other playhouses. In the hall between the acts, in the hush before the doors are opened, and in the reverie after the curtain falls, these attaches have marvelled and wondered while considering what motive could bring to the theatre night after night this strange and uncommunicative patron. Was there among the players a former loved one, separated by the cruel destiny of fate from the sympathetic young man? Did the Coaching Footlights divide him from one whom he had promised to ever love and cherish while life would last? Had he known one of the stage beauties in other and perhaps better times in some far off and quiet village, when as children they played along the roadside leading to the country school and plighted in childish confidence their faith to each other until the figure of a rival had come between them and blighted love's young dream? How loyal the young man seemed, how resolute, how patient!

One night he was absent. His seat in the gallery was unoccupied. "Yes," he said afterward, "I was looking for an actor to serve him with a summons in a suit for clothes. I called him at last. It was the hardest five dollars I ever earned."

More or Less in the Public Eye. The Transvaal Boers speak a mongrel language, and very few of the middle-aged people can read or write Dutch. The oldest engineer on the Boston & Maine system, and probably in New England, is said to be "Squire Wilson, of Ludlowville, Vt. Squire Wilson has been running a machine since 1832 and is yet in active daily service. There is a town on the Upper Snake River, in Idaho, called New Sweden. Hans Hansen is Mayor of the town. Peter Peterson is Clerk, and the Common Council is composed of Peter Hansen, Hank Peterson, Peter Hans Peterson, Hans Peter Hansen and Peter Hansen Hans Peterson. No relationship exists among these men. Washoe Block, whose death is announced, was one of the leaders of the Claytown tribe for twenty-two years. She was an earnest champion of everything that might improve the condition of her tribe. The success of the Government land allotment to the tribe was in a large measure due to her efforts, as the plan was opposed by the Cherokee chiefs. There are but two European potentates who manage to get along without change of residence. These are the Pope of Rome and the Sultan of Turkey. The Sultan has never left Constantinople since he ascended the throne in such tragic circumstances thirteen years ago; and his habits were so unaltered within the precincts of the Vatican since the triple alliance was placed upon his head.

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