

THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.

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

THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for today indicate rain or snow.

The Czar beat the Kaiser in congratulating Menelek.

Delaware is for McKinley, provided Addicks doesn't object.

Campbell's "No" seems more emphatic than Whitney's; but is it?

Will the Republican Convention nominate Bi-metalist McKinley on a gold platform?

There is a pronounced complaint against the "bi-metalism" of Ohio from both sides.

The extreme unctious displayed by Hon. Mark Hanna would indicate that he is the original fat friar.

A mob outside of a church, a company of cadets drilling inside, is the latest sensation from Chicago.

Hon. Mark Hanna goes out for delegates to all of the business-like air and paraphernalia of the dog catcher.

Mr. Platt in his great act of taking the liquor question out of politics is even a greater attraction than Mr. Platt as a vocalist.

Venezuela and Great Britain are preparing to shake hands and make up, Miss Liberty will not have to hold one and shield the other.

Familiarity with the Jameson heroes and the dulness of a trial in a London court have killed interest in those who survived the Boers.

General Weyer is waiting for the people to forget the last batch of outrages before making another statement extolling his humane endeavors.

An extreme high tariff candidate on a high tariff platform would be sure to give the National Democracy some excellent getting-together material.

Senator Morgan's vigorous Americanism will be dimorously commended, no doubt, but it is Americanism just the same—the sort of Americanism which bled for American independence.

The energy of the defence of Weyer's butchery in Cuba by Spain's Minister of War ought to confirm Senators Hoar and Hale in their demand for more evidence.

The demand of the McKinleyites that the country "shall return to the policy of protection" is indefinite. If they mean to rip up the Wilson tariff, the people wish to know to what depth, or height, the knife will go.

Mr. Carlisle's candidacy is to be transferred from the Kentucky Legislature to the Chicago Convention. Unless Kentucky is more enthusiastic for Carlisle for President than it was for Carlisle for Senator and the Secretary of the Treasury will not make much of a showing.

It appears that the McKinley press agents were in too much of a hurry in pulling Manderson out of the Presidential race and placing him in the McKinley column. The Nebraska candidate insists that his favorite son franchise has not set.

Mr. Wanamaker will be compelled to pay a fine of \$1,000 for his disregard of the law in importing foreign labor. However, Mr. Wanamaker can get even by making a proportionate reduction in his subscription to the campaign fund for the protection of American labor, to which he contributes liberally every four years.

HALE AND HOAR POWERLESS.

The policy of procrastination set up by the little group of Spanish students in the United States Senate appears to be on its last parliamentary legs. There was never an honest reason for its existence, excepting such as can be pleaded with equal validity by the mosquito and the centipede. The decisive vote on the Senate's own resolutions, substantially the same as those now under discussion, afforded no presumption of a reversal by anything short of an interposition of Providence, and the Divine will is not commonly manifested through such imperfect instruments as Senator Eugene Hale and Don Jose Hoar.

The petulant opposition of these gentlemen and their cold-blooded following is grounded on nothing but the lust of obstruction. Under pretence of assisting to enslave an heroic people they commit a wanton waste of time. Their pernicious activity could be permanently effectual in nothing but abating in some degree the moral force of their country's inevitable intervention between wrong and right. The stream which they were powerless to divert they could somewhat defile. Denied by the irritating mischance of his nationality and the public calamity of his political distinction the happiness

of heading a mob against an American Consulate, the Senatorial Weyerlerte may nevertheless justly boast that he has not been "a deadhead in the enterprise." They also serve who only stand and make mouths.

By hacking away at Mr. Thurber's salary and making vicious lunges at the whiskers of Don M. Dickinson the free silver advocates give the impression that they have run out of argument.

A REGRETTABLE AFFAIR.

The discourteous attitude which certain of our two-cent and three-cent contemporaries have lately assumed toward our enterprising neighbor, the World, seems to us to be in the last degree deplorable.

The fault for which the World is so summarily condemned is, as it appears to us, merely that it has done a praiseworthy thing in a hasty and imperfect way. The thing which the World endeavored to do was to imitate the Journal. In view of the anxious interest with which the American public regarded the attitude of Spain upon the Cuban question, the Journal recently requested, by cable, of the Queen Regent some official expression of the views and intentions of her Government. This request was promptly and politely granted by the Queen, speaking through her Prime Minister, Senor Canovas. In her dispatch, which was reproduced in fac-simile in the Journal, the real sentiment of the Spanish Government was first conveyed to the American public.

Realizing the importance of this newspaper feat, the emulous World hastened to imitate it. In doing this it seems to have acted with more zeal than discretion. It printed a dispatch similar to the genuine message which had already appeared in the Journal, but failed, apparently, to ascertain conclusively whether it had been dealing with a gold-brick artist in Madrid or with Senor Canovas. That there was some flaw in the goods is evident from the fact that Senor Canovas instantly repudiated the dispatch. Whereupon, with unseemly haste, our venerable contemporaries, the Herald and Sun, fell to writhing on their tripods, and with much circumstance of hysteria uttered extreme things which in their moments of reflection we trust they will repent.

The pity of all this is that it tends to discredit a profession in which, more than in any other, the most scrupulous care is exercised to avoid error and purvey the truth. Our contemporary, the World, is by no means the only newspaper that has been made the victim of imposition. This has occasionally happened to all our contemporaries, and may happen to any newspaper, however reputable. In the haste incident to collecting and printing the occurrences of the world every twenty-four hours, it is inevitable that mistakes should occur. But that the World willfully imposed upon its patrons we are unwilling to believe. Leaving higher considerations out of the question, it would be unprofitable from a business point of view, and although in his flattering haste to follow the Journal into the modern one-cent field, the editor of the World somewhat ostentatiously announced himself as opposed to profits, we are hardly so credulous as to believe that he has wantonly plunged into the traffic in gold bricks.

It is stated, unofficially, that the Chinese Premier, Li Hung Chang, has expressed the opinion that the late meeting of the Kentucky Legislature was characterized by too much chin-chin.

A BLACK OLD AGE.

In the course of a current trial in the Surrogate's Court, Dr. Grzeme Hammond, a well-known specialist in brain diseases, has been questioned at some length upon the process of mental decay in old age.

His testimony has brought the minds of many people to a fresh recognition of the fact that New York is becoming more and more emphatically a city of young men. "It is the pace that kills," as horsemen say of steeple-chasing; not the one sudden burst of speed, but the length of the run or the difficulties of the course. If a man compresses the effort of a lifetime into fifteen years and is bankrupt in health at forty years of age, he has certainly not made the wisest use of his bodily assets. And the experience which he has acquired becomes as useless as the engine of a stranded steamer.

By a droll perversion of public sentiment, it has become a tradition among us that a man may boast of the fact that he is ill-using the mechanism upon the perfect condition of which depend his efficiency as a citizen and his ability to direct and maintain his household. The power of wealth has become so great, its prepotence has so thrived upon the displacement of other aims and ambitions, that the business man ruins his health by overwork as proudly as a warrior would die for his country, or a martyr for his faith. When assiduity has become a vice and diligence an infirmity, it is, at any rate, certain that the heavy eyes and the drawn mouth with which a man presents himself at his place of business in the morning are the results of an undue eagerness to make money quickly. Against this temptation it is useless to declaim. But it must not

be forgotten that, before overwork has crushed the weaknesses as well as the strength of its victim, he not only tries to work after rational working hours are ended, but to find time for his amusements by carrying them late into the night.

New York is notoriously an earlier city than it was ten years ago; there are fewer night-hawk cabs than there were, fewer late clubs, and the youth of this generation are more decorous than were their fathers before them. The increasing vogue of athletic exercises has no doubt played a great part in bringing about this result. An increasing number of young men realize that the most hilarious of supper parties is, on the whole, less satisfactory than the deep pleasure of getting up in the morning with a clear head, a huge appetite, and a hearty eagerness to begin the day. All this is an admirable change, although it leaves some of the best old songs unsung and some of the most generous impulses unfeilt. But before Dr. Hammond is enabled to give a better account of the oldsters and tell a cheerful tale of hale old age, serious work, as well as play, must be confined to reasonable limits.

If a man preserves his health he is getting the very best of life when he is between forty and fifty. All of his sensations have broadened and deepened, he has made his experiments and learned his lessons. And that he should be a dried out, withered little old gentleman before his sons are out of school is one more proof that we have forgotten something our grandfathers used to know.

There is a tradition to the effect that scarcely had a guileless stranger in a Kentucky hotel remarked "Colonel, take a drink?" when "seventeen stepped up and took sugar in their."

If there is any substantial basis for this anecdote, there is no reason why Governor Bradley could not have peaceably have adjourned the Legislature and made every one happy by inviting its body of colonels out to take "sugar in their."

LAW IN KENTUCKY.

Accounts differ whether or not it was legal or justifiable for Governor Bradley, of Kentucky, to order out the troops. One account intimates plainly that Governor Bradley intended to use the troops to elect a Republican Senator; the other account asserts that but for the presence of the troops the desperate men who were supporting Blackburn would have taken possession of the Legislative hall, refused admittance to any persons who might oppose their scheme, and after some extraordinary plan of their own elected Senator Blackburn. As nothing extraordinary or violent happened, it is equally logical for the respective partisans to maintain that no illegal or violent scheme was contemplated, or that such a scheme was frustrated.

There is nothing particularly creditable to either party. The Republicans of the House unseated Representative Kaufman and the Democrats of the Senate retaliated by unseating two Republicans. This was the beginning of the disorderly proceedings. Both houses and the joint Assembly, when they met to ballot for United States Senator, participated in the disorder. It is probable that the partisans of both sides are equally to blame, but it is certain that little honor can be ascribed to either party.

Amid the wrecks of reputations and resignations among news purveyors the able corps of Journal correspondents continue to tell the news as it happens, and foretell diplomatic events before they happen. It will be interesting to the student of current events to watch the development of the settlement of the Venezuelan controversy along the lines foretold by the Journal's correspondence from London and Washington on March 12 and 13.

The little passage at arms that occurred at Chamberlin's, in Washington, the other night, bids fair to become a classic as soon as all the returns are in. Senator Pugh has expressed himself on the subject with gentlemanly and mild ferocity, and in such a manner that it is almost certain to draw forth a reply from the Hon. Don Quixote Dickinson as soon as his foot is on his native heath, to which he is speeding. The affair may yet degenerate into a long-distance "scrap."

There is scarcely reason to expect a Legislature that would soil its hands with a Raines bill, to pass so excellent a measure as that forcing the management of the "L" roads to supplant with decent lighting apparatus the flambeau of the dark ages now in use by the greedy monopoly. Should the measure pass, however, many thousands of citizens would be gratified. There is but one certain method of obtaining instantaneous reform on the "L" roads. It will come the moment the pick breaks the first ground in behalf of rapid transit, and not before.

There is an aching void in the Legislature of New York which can be filled only by the Hon. Cyrus Brown, of Kentucky. His giant common sense serenely exercised at a critical moment, might have saved the State from the humiliation of seeing the wicked Raines bill voted upon, and Governor Morton the political agony of his present position. When the iniquitous free ruin bill was introduced by the orders of Mr. Platt, the only thing that could have saved the State from shame was the Hon. Cyrus Brown, of Kentucky, with his immortal resolution "that the Assembly eternally, perpetually, finally and forever adjourn."

Recent Topics of London Town.

London, March 9.—Among my advices from the Continent is the statement that Prince Bismarck is eagerly and anxiously awaiting the birth of a child to the Countess Herbert, his daughter-in-law. He is very anxious to see his name continued by a grandson. Aware of this eagerness Count William, his younger son, telegraphed to his father on the birth of his first child: "Only a girl!" Thereupon the Chancellor replied: "Patience! Marie also was only a girl, the Countess Marie being the Prince's first born, who was duly followed by two sons, Count William, who married his cousin, a Countess von Arnim-Krochendorff, has nothing but girls, and Count Herbert's first child was also a daughter. The Countess is half an Englishwoman, her mother—who married a Hungarian, Count Hoyos—being a daughter of Mr. Whitehead, the torpedo-maker at Flume.

Upon the subject of royalty the British public is graciously permitted now and then to enjoy some meagre details of the habits of their royal prince. The fact was told the other day that at distinguished stag dinners the Prince of Wales always gives formal permission to smoke that is, if there is to be any smoking at all when he is present. His son, the Duke of York, has lately been competing with his father in the number of appearances at public functions he has made, and we are told that on Saturday last, at a notable dinner, he departed from the Prince's custom by simply beginning to smoke himself, whereupon the rest of the company took the hint and lighted cigars. The same historian whom I am quoting says that the Prince usually manages to induce the company to dash through their dinner, eating, speeches and all, inside of an hour and a half. His son on Saturday took the chair at 7:30 o'clock, gave no hint as to the length of the remarks to be made, and did not get away until 10:45 o'clock. Even were he lingered for several minutes, while he shook hands with those in the room and exchanged polite remarks with a considerable number of men who he recognized as he made his way round the hall upon leaving R. And the band played, "God Save the Queen."

An extraordinary fit of fear of hydrophobia seized London last month, whereupon the County Council ordered all dogs in the metropolis to be muzzled on pain of immediate death in what is called the lethal chamber, connected with the dog pound at Battersea. The muzzling order, which unfortunately does not apply to certain statesmen in Spain, Italy, Africa and the United States, went into effect a fortnight ago. The English are excessively fond of dogs. Every body has some kind of dog. You see dogs tied in front of the great shops, where men are put to watch them for the customers who leave them outside. Whenever you visit your English friend trols out his bulldog, or his St. Bernard, or his greyhound, for you to admire, a custom which provokes considerable uneasiness on the part of American ladies, who cannot look a hideous bulldog in the face without a spasm of terror. Yet, as I was saying, the muzzling order went into effect, and London presented a most extraordinary spectacle. Everywhere one went one saw dogs muzzled and miserable. Most of them had their tails between their legs for shame. Others, even the most stately St. Bernards, simply laid down upon the pavements and wrestled to get their muzzles off. Perhaps the commonest sight was those dogs who simply laid their noses down on the pavement stones and walked round, round and round, as if they thought that if they made the circle often enough their muzzles would drop off. Many persons seem to think that dogs out of the city. They would not abuse them, as the law compels. But all this time the cruel dog catchers were at work, and we read now that they captured 6,500 dogs in the three weeks and destroyed 4,000 in the lethal chamber. The largest number caught in one day was 800, and of all they captured only 250 were bailed out.

Timothy Cole, American wood engraver, who was born in London, by the way, is here on a visit. He has received a great deal of complimentary attention and has even been interviewed by the Chronicle. The most important thing he said indicates that, unlike so many others of our American engravers, he thinks his art will endure always. This is what he says: "I feel convinced that wood engraving will always stand its ground. The same brilliancy and strength can never be got by process blocks, because in them you have not the variety of line and beauty of color. Moreover, I am sure people are getting more and more to appreciate wood engraving, largely because the general knowledge of art is getting so much wider, thanks chiefly to the increased number of art schools."

The reader at home should know that American wood engraving, as shown in our books and magazines, is not approached in England. The best reason why is the reason an American painter gave me the other day: "The English are not an artistic people, and do not pay money enough to develop any of the fine arts in the highest degree."

The remarkable play of the year, "For the Crown," has been criticised by me as having a merit not so distinctly literary as it is excellent for stage purposes. I referred, of course, to the book by Mr. John Davidson. Since the first night a great many critics agree that a perusal of the book shows the dialogue to be of a high order of literary merit. Certainly the following poem shows an exquisite fancy and a not greatly inferior style of composition: At sixteen years she knew no care; How could she, sweet and pure as light! And there pursued her every there Butterflies all white.

A lover looked, She dropped her eyes That glowed like panies wet with dew; And lo, there came from out the skies Butterflies all blue! Before she guessed her heart was gone! The tale of love was swiftly told; And all about her wheeled and shone Butterflies of gold. Then he looked her one sad morn; She wept and sobbed, "Oh, love, come back!" There only came to her forlorn Butterflies all black.

It is recited by Mrs. Pat Campbell at the beginning of the second act. The men rave over Mrs. "Pat" Campbell, by the way, but the more censorious members of her own sex say that she does not do so well in this play as in some others, because in her new part she seems to be more round-shouldered and to walk more awkwardly than ever before. JULIAN RALPH.

Private Advice. (Chicago Tribune.) Senator Sherman asks: "If war does not exist in Cuba where outside of hell does it exist?" The Senator seems to have private advice from this other scene of hostilities.

Hardly Cold. (Detroit Tribune.) It is not proper for Indiana to be receiving the attentions of other with General Harrison hardly cold in his retirement.

"The Colleen Bawn."

"Mr. Boucicault and Miss" Martinet are still at the American Theatre dusting away at the old Boucicault dramas, which in a little article on that always enjoyable programme, sandwiched between advertisements of a catarrh cure and the latest bicycles, are declared to be "The best dramas of their kind ever written—clean, breezy, humorous, full of life and incident, and dramatic as well as interesting."

"The Colleen Bawn," however, which is now in progress, does not wear as well as "The Shaughraun." The mildest of years has collected upon its surface. With its story of the perpetual mortgage and its persistent use and abuse of that little property marriage certificate, "The Colleen Bawn" has scarcely weathered the storm. The silver threads have crept in among the gold, and Eily, darling, alas, is growing old. You see, I can speak irreverently of it, because I had never seen it before. I hailed this opportunity to atone for a neglected education and rushed at "The Colleen Bawn." There are two old chestnuts in it, and I devoutly pray to say I have never seen them. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Two Orphans" but I always deplored my lack of familiarity with the good old Boucicault story of Myles na Coppelteen and Eily O'Connor.

In spite of the symptoms of decay that have set in, "The Colleen Bawn" is indifferently superior to the melodramatic explosion of to-day, written around dynamite trifles and quarry upheavals. It is hackneyed, but it has human interest, and you are not obliged to sit in your seat drovously awaiting for the expected end-of-act sensation. Then there are no "specialties," no late scenes to be exploded, no short-skirted subplots, and no monotonous jester. Of course, "The Colleen Bawn" would never be seriously accepted to-day, and its revival is merely interesting as a sort of curiosity. "The Shaughraun" was grandly entertaining. The years have touched it lightly, but Myles na Coppelteen, Eily O'Connor and Danny Mann have grown mummified, and when you see them you can't help thinking that grandamma and grandpapa were rather easy to amuse. The Irish dramas of to-day, however, are so beautiful and ephemeral that they will never go down to posterity. If they did, our grandchildren might be pardoned for wondering if their ancestors had suffered from parastis.

"Mr. Boucicault was not as happy as Myles as he was in "The Shaughraun" as Con. He sang a fact which was distinctly against him. The young actor probably acquired the irritating singing habit in comic opera. It is a habit difficult to cure, but young Boucicault should set about it like a man. If there were only some institute to which actors who think they can sing when they can't could be sent! Mr. Boucicault's fair accomplice, Miss Martinet—otherwise Sadie—is far nobler. She also thinks she can sing, but she doesn't, and if she will only let Aubrey how she managed to acquire this exquisite determination, the community will be deeply grateful to her. Boucicault's acting was vigorous and picturesque, but it lacked artistic finish. It is to be hoped that he enjoyed playing Myles na Coppelteen, a hero, who in the usual matrimonial pairing off at the end of the play is left in the lurch.

The Eily of Miss Sadie Martinet was an agreeable and quietly pathetic piece of work. I liked it quite as much as I did her work in "The Shaughraun," even though she persisted in dressing this damed as if she ought wait. Sadie looked as though she might have had spasms of disgust in Myles's hut, and as though she would have preferred to dash across the old Weir bridge in a brougham and two. She was a brie-a-brac shepherdess to look at, and even her brogue counted for very little. Sadie's brogue, I must admit, grows upon one. It is very pretty, and though the flavor of the shamrock is not as strong as it might be, the brogue is a pleasing accomplishment.

I suppose it was the necessity of affording a pictorial hiding place for that little marriage certificate that induced Sadie to decollet her gown in such an alarmingly unural way. She hid it in the warm effervescence of her flesh with such an insistent lack of secrecy that the audience forgave her instantly. Miss Martinet and Mr. Boucicault are well matched, and in a few years, when he has grown older and she has grown younger, their starrng tour will be even more interesting.

A capital piece of work was contributed by Miss Amelia Bingham, who is not started, but who might be, very justly. Miss Bingham is an actress with a keen sense of humor, and her scenes with Eily were certainly the most enjoyable features of this production. Occasionally you come across an actress who causes you to wonder at the blindness of managers in this age of sticks and amateurs. As I watched Miss Bingham's work, I asked myself why she is rushed into New York at the end of a season during which we have played for just such work as hers.

Miss Genevieve Reynolds as the dowager-mother was so ludicrously bad that she was positively agreeable. She spoke all her lines in one agonized tone of voice resembling that of a hot coal, and she stood in one position, slightly bent forward, with her head well in advance. Miss Kate Ryan gave us another clever character sketch. Emmet Corrigan was a very unsatisfactory Danny Mann and invested the part with no interest whatsoever. Perhaps Mr. Boucicault, in his stellar fury, was anxious to see Danny Mann murdered, and murdered he was. It was impossible to tell whether he was meant for a hero or a villain, and I can imagine that Danny Mann, properly played, would be the most intelligent character in "The Colleen Bawn."

The other men were not happy. H. Glittus Lonsdale as Hardress Cregan was tame and conventional, and Charles R. Gilbert as Eily's father was singularly unwell as so charming a girl as Eily Chute. Justin Adams and Lloyd Melville were also somewhat unfortunate.

The scenery used was a trifle mouldy and Eily's hut was easily recognizable as Mrs. O'Kelly's cabin in "The Shaughraun." In fact, it was a very versatile hut, and I presume it will bob up as something else before the season is over. The ladies at the ball at Castle Chute were sumptuously attired in cheesecloth and faded satin, in which they tried vainly to froon-froon. It is hard to look spicy in dilapidated costumes. Still, "The Colleen Bawn" was not worth so charming a girl as Eily Chute. Mr. Boucicault and Miss Martinet will do well to return to "The Shaughraun," in which—as the press agents say—they were favorably received by both public and press. ALAN DALE.

Sherman Is Not Feverish. (Philadelphia Ledger.) A rumor, which must have arisen earlier than the early bird, makes John Sherman Secretary of the Treasury in President McKinley's Cabinet. Fortunately Mr. Sherman's well-known coolness of temperament will prevent his becoming feverish over the announcement.

Big for Popularity. (Chicago Tribune.) Ballington Booth can make a strong and effective bid for the popularity of the new American Salvation Army by devising a more becoming style of head-dress for its women soldiers.

Clipped from Our Esteemed Contemporaries.

Cuban War News from Any Daily Paper.

Havana, March 16.—General Panatella, who has just assumed command of the entire left wing of the insurgent army, has stationed two brigades of Perfectos in the immediate vicinity of the fortress of Five Centos, and will probably attack the Spanish troops early to-morrow.

It is expected that the battle will be a desperate and bloody one, as several high-priced brands of soldiers are sure to take part in it, to say nothing of various guerrilla companies of Twofers which will harass the ranks of the Spaniards and will undoubtedly inflict serious damage.

The brilliant charge of Colonel Flor de Poma and his Three-for-a-Half Cavalry, the very flower of the Cuban Army, was the most sensational feature of yesterday's battle. The butchery was fearful and the horrors of the scene were intensified after the close of the engagement by the appearance on the field of two or three "special artists" from New York newspapers, who began their fell work without loss of time. The agonized cries of the wounded as they saw the artists descending upon them with camera and pencil were pitiful to hear.

General Manuel Garcia pays a high compliment to the regiment of Cuban women that supported his right flank at the storming of Henry Clay last Friday. These Amazons fought with desperate bravery, and by their presence inspired the rest of the troops to deeds of reckless gallantry that completely demoralized the opposing forces. The Amazons wore Connecticut wrappers fastened around the waist with a red and gilt band.

Lincoln Memoranda from McClure's Magazine. RECOLLECTIONS OF A VETERAN JURIST. Judge Clearborn, who is residing at the Almshouse in Springfield, Ill., has a vivid recollection of the Winter that he spent in Vandalia, the year before Mr. Lincoln opened his law office there. The old gentleman is full of reminiscences of those stirring days, and said to the writer that very few people suspected at that time that the tall young lawyer of the United States and the champion of the slaves.

"I well remember," said the Judge, "the house in which Lincoln lived the year after I left the town. Many a time have I sat on the piazza of the tavern across the way smoking my corncob pipe, and thinking of what a future there was for that house, for I knew perfectly well that this young man Lincoln had a wonderful career before him. In those days the tavern keepers used to prepare a drink that they called apple-toddy, and very good and warming it was on a cold day. I can assure you.

"Lincoln's wife's aunt and my first cousin were keeping company at that time, and we used to have very merry times in the evenings, what with quilting bees and spelling bees, and the jugs of hot apple-toddy and bits of Meadford rum."

AN OLD LADY'S INTERESTING TALE. Mary Pogram, who was on terms of intimacy with the family of Peleg Hendece, the well-known Illinois merchant from whom the future President once purchased a feather bed, told the following interesting story a few days before her death, which melancholy event took place in Decatur, Ill., in the Fall of 1869.

"One day, about about 1832, I was walking down Main street, with a basket of eggs on my arm, when I happened to notice a gentleman of distinguished appearance who was sitting on a pickle barrel in front of the largest store in the town, and who had on a pair of blue overalls. In those days it was the custom of folks that lived out in the country to come into the town once, or maybe twice, a week, with eggs and butter and garden truck, and so I don't suppose that gentleman was surprised when I asked him what he'd give me a dozen for my eggs. I did my trading with him, and it wasn't till two weeks later that I learned he was Peleg Hendece, the man that sold Abraham Lincoln a feather bed."

A Van Twiller Prose Poem from Harper's Bazar. I found Mrs. Van Twiller in a thoughtful, tender mood, that bleak, rainy Saturday afternoon. All the guests had gone except the Professor, and he was sitting by the window looking out at the slow falling rain, the puddles in the gutter, the dripping umbrellas, and all the other appurtenances of a stormy March day.

The red roses bloomed in the tall, green vase, and close beside them lay the Round Table, one of the many publications of the good house of Harper & Brother, and I noticed that it was open at that exquisite beautiful story called "Happy Boyhood Days of Casper W. Whitney," the author of that stirring essay that appeared in the last Monthly—another of the periodicals issued by the Harpers—under the title, "Playing Hopsotch on Barren Island."

"There is a work of art that I prize very highly," said Mrs. Van Twiller, turning to me, at last, with one of her rare smiles and pointing to a photograph that stood on the mantelpiece. It was a photograph of Mr. Richard Harding Davis disguised as a burglar, and her eyes filled with tears as she spoke of the awful danger to which a gifted young story writer is exposed while following his hazardous, strangely fascinating calling.

"When we fell to chatting softly about the 'Vignettes of Manhattan,' by Brander Matthews; 'The Houseboat on the Sixty,' by Johnny Bangs, and even of 'God in His World,' which is by Mr. Alden, who buys manuscript for Harper's Monthly. It was sweet and refreshing to have Mrs. Van Twiller all to myself during the precious half hour that I spent in her drawing room that stormy March day. The Professor did not move once from his seat by the window. The roses nodded their heads sleepily in the tall green glass and Mrs. Van Twiller rang the bell and told Squabson to bring fresh tea and put another log of wood on the fire. JAMES L. FORD.

Odd Occurrences Out of Town.

Love in West Virginia. Edmond Browning and Miss Clarissa Jenkins were married in Logan County, West Virginia, and more than 100 of the best citizens of the county were invited guests to witness the ceremony. Miss Minerva Steel, a former lover of Browning, was present and began making threats toward the bride before the ceremony was ended.

Mrs. Leander Browning, a sister-in-law of the groom, who was an attendant at the wedding, confronted Miss Steel and told her she would be compelled to leave the house. Miss Steel became violent and dealt Mrs. Browning a force blow in the face. The assault was returned by Mrs. Browning, and disorder reigned for several minutes.

Many of the guests fed from the parlors, terror-stricken, while others rushed up to separate the belligerents, who were dealing blow for blow. Both were seriously injured, and bled profusely from their wounds, which were confined to their faces. More than twenty minutes elapsed before the ceremony was ended, and all the festivities were declared off. The affair is causing much comment, but a great effort was made to keep the matter from gaining publicity.

Asleep for Two Weeks. For two long weeks Tushako Hirano, a Japanese domestic, twenty-nine years of age, has been asleep in the Receiving Hospital at Oakland, Cal., and, although many physicians have worked with him hard and faithfully, all effort to rouse him from his semi-trance-like condition has proved a failure, and the Jap sleeps on.

Tushako was arrested two weeks ago and locked up in the city prison, charged with violating the sleeping-out statute. Here the drowsy Jap lay in a trance for six days, and in all that time no food passed his lips. Dr. Mayon, an Oakland physician, at this time being puzzled about the strange case, had some of the man's countrymen call at the prison, and the prize sleeper was taken to the receiving hospital, where he has been sleeping ever since.

Mrs. Johnson and Duna have watched the case closely and pronounce it one of cataplexy, but although everything known to medical science has been tried, the man's condition remains about the same. Steward Victory says that three times a day he wakes the sleeper to take food and medicine, and at such times he eats ravenously, but just as soon as the morsel's appetite is satisfied the man sinks back into his semi-unconscious condition and does not move until awakened for the next meal.

Tushako appears to be growing fatter in his sleep and weighs at least ten pounds more than when he left the city prison. Small Boy Tramps. A very youthful tramp was up before Judge Edwards, in Dunkirk, N. Y., the other day. His name is Walter Burnish. He is thirteen years of age, and according to his story he has been an extensive tramps since he was a baby. He told the Judge that his father, John Burnish, was a well-to-do brick mason, of Sharon, Pa. The boy ran away from home last Summer and his parents, after diligent search, located him in Pittsburg. The authorities of that city sent him back to his home. He remained for a short time, but again started out on the parental roof. He visited Western to see his mother, but just as soon as she saw him, she turned him over to the State, and finally returned to Erie, Pa. Here he fell in with two older tramps, who induced him to travel with them. He says they would not work and compelled him to go in houses and beg for food. The trio reached Dunkirk Thursday night and were arrested. The two older ones, who gave the names of Ira Green and Frank Smith, were sent to the penitentiary for sixty days each. The boy will be returned to his home.

More or Less in the Public Eye. About one hundred and fifty letters were written Dr. Jameson on his arrival at Plymouth, England. Many of them contained offers of assistance. One was from a friend who considered her sister handsome, but she was the mother of two marriageable daughters. Informant Dr. Jameson said he could have his choice of three.

Mark Twain has become so used to Eastern customs that he says he cannot avoid saluting a door at present.

General Baldissera, who has been sent to Abyssinia to take command of the Italian forces, is well acquainted with that part of Africa, having served three years there in the official capacity. Until 1887 he was in the Austrian army and commanded a company at Conzanza. As an infant he was found abandoned in the street by the Bishop of Udine, and was recommended to the Empress of Austria, who had him in her train at an Austrian meeting. He returned to Italy after the cession of Venice by Austria.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough are expected to arrive in England about the middle of April, and will spend a fortnight in the home of the Duke of Devonshire for the season. The Duke will be presented either by her mother-in-law, Lady Randolph, the only divorced woman the Queen has permitted to come to court, or by the Duchess of Buccleuch.

The current belief in Massachusetts that attendance at such functions hastened the death of Governor Greenback has interested the official announcement that Acting Governor Wolcott has cancelled all of the engagements made by him to be present at various dinners, assemblies, etc.

William Endicott, of Towery, Mass., who has just celebrated his ninety-seventh birthday, and is in enjoyment of good health, is the nearest direct descendant of Governor John Endicott. He was an eye witness of the battle between the "Crowsbeak" and the "Shannon" during the War of 1812, and after the fight he attended the funerals of Lawrence and Ludlow, who were killed in that battle.