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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts indicate that to-day will be fair and colder.

Governor Morton's message was a thunder-clap, but not out of clear skies.

Iron, coal, wool and tin could not save protectionism in 1894; hence silver is to be added to the list.

The English ridicule us for being so sensitive about protectionism. They intimate that Mr. Bayard must have told the truth.

Later on the voters may take a hand in that dicker and deal between the free silverites and the Pennsylvania manufacturers.

After numerous unavailing protests, the Manderson boom turned its toes to the daisies and furnished a job for the political coroner.

The filled cheese question has reached Congress, and it is to be considered by a large number of statesmen of the filled cheese variety.

The news from Wisconsin indicates that the Cushman K. Davis Presidential boom is down with a severe attack of McKinleyitis.

It is none too early to predict that the Democratic campaign literature this year will be heavily trimmed in the Chandler anti-fat-frying utterances.

The man who emerges from that Kentucky affair with the greatest amount of credit is the one who declined to take a seat in the Kentucky Legislature.

There is no chance for Governor Morton to dodge the issue. He is in a very unpleasant position for a Presidential candidate, but Mr. Platt is responsible for it.

While there is no McKinley commotion perceptible in that locality, it will be just as well for Mr. Reed not to leave his Maine delegates out after dark.

Jonathan S. Willis, Republican Representative from Delaware, voted against the censure of Ambassador Bayard. He esteems personal friendship above partisan rancor.

Mr. Platt may not succeed in his endeavor to get the liquor question out of politics, but there is no question as to his ability to blunder his Presidential candidate out of the race.

Some of the Pennsylvania manufacturers show a disposition to back out of their bargain with the free silver Senators. They doubtless fear that the latter are incapable of delivering the goods.

Mr. O. P. Tower, the student who has just concluded the interesting experiment in testing qualities and quantities of food at Wesleyan University, was in by no means as tight a box as that in which Governor Morton has been placed by the Raines bill.

The McKinley managers are buying cots to use at the St. Louis Convention. Notwithstanding the heavy investments in Southern delegates, fireworks and brass bands, the McKinley pay train is still able to produce for the comfort of the boys. No wonder Mr. Chandler complains.

It is generally the unexpected that happens, but when the two locomotives met, head on, on the One Hundred and Tenth street curve of the elevated railroad track, the event was by no means unexpected, if we can rely upon the large group of citizens who, on hearing of the collision, exclaimed, "I told you so."

AN UNJUSTIFIABLE ACCIDENT.

It is safe to say that no New Yorker ever looks at that portion of the elevated railway at One Hundred and Tenth street, which is hoisted sixty feet into the air on crutches, without a little shrinking of the nerves as he thinks of the possibility of an accident there. Just what everybody has dreaded has happened. Two trains going in opposite directions on the same track have met there, with the natural consequences.

To the public, compelled to ride on this structure, no amount of official explanations will serve to lessen the responsibility for this accident. It should have been made as near to a physical impossibility as human foresight and watchfulness can approach. The mere fact that two locomotives could by any possibility at any time meet at this point is a disgrace to the supervising management of the road to whom thousands of human lives are confided every day.

The explanation of the railroad that a train dispatcher gave a wrong order that resulted in this collision is, to the common sense of every New Yorker who has to travel on this road puerile in the extreme. No such accident should be left to the possibilities of erring train dispatchers. What the public demand, and what a railroad management should guarantee, is sure immunity from any such contingency.

The followers of the machine are too heavily loaded with the Platt collar button to wear any of the ordinary campaign buttons.

PLATT AND HIS UNDERLINGS.

Mr. Thomas C. Platt's arrangements for furnishing the Republic with its next President are now about complete. He has staked out the State Convention, which meets to-morrow, and he carries the delegates to the National Convention in his trousers pockets. He even has the timber for a platform in the crown of his hat, and will, with his usual unmistakableness, declare for a "vigorous but conservative foreign policy." So far as the rank and file of the Republican party in this State is concerned, it appears to have settled down to the conviction that it is a waste of time to oppose Mr. Platt's wishes in running the country at large as he has run the State, and with all respect to the one McKinley boomer who is trying to make the party believe that it can have an opinion other than Mr. Platt's without being damned for it, the easy conviction is that Platt is the political divinity that shapes their ends, rough hew them how they will.

Governor Morton, we regret to say, is helping to create this feeling of the inevitableness of Platt. He is understood to be opposed to some of the features of the Raines bill, owing to the enormous pressure of popular opposition; but instead of vetoing the measure, he proposes to saw wood till after the convention, or, at the best, to suggest supplemental legislation. This may be the voice of Jacob, but the hand is Esau's.

However, if Mr. Platt should at any moment have his attention called to the complacent smile that is spreading over the face of the Democracy in this State, it is only fair that he should get the credit of it—but he never will if the Governor doesn't sign that bill.

Tom Reed says he will not forage on Matt Quay's political preserves. He prefers to wait until Quay invites him in to help himself to the Pennsylvania delegates.

OUR INFLUENCE ABROAD.

British policy does not go unquestioned now in any part of the world. It is not many years since it was unquestioned everywhere. That was not because it was unquestionable, but because there were no powers to question the supreme naval power and the banker of the world. When perchance the British policy clashed with the interests of one or other of the great European powers, some private arrangement was made by which Great Britain got what she wanted, and quieted the scruples or gratified the ambitions of the other power by assisting to rob some small nation of something that Great Britain did not want, or that she was willing to release her general claim to, in order to have peaceable possession of something that she was more directly interested in. But since the United States secured independence, and, more to the point, since this magnificent and powerful Republic has determined to assert independence for itself and to assist other republics to do the same, even the European powers have plucked up courage to resist the "land grabber" of the world.

Despite the family relations which exist between the Hohenzollerns of Prussia and the Guelphs of Great Britain; despite the vast resources of Great Britain and her ability to inflict swift and severe punishment on the Kaiser's unprotected borders, he has shown the temerity of the times in checking Great Britain's aggressions in South Africa. The young Emperor of the victorious Germans, even, followed only where this great Republic blazed the way. And now the Russian Czar, with equal temerity, and actuated by similar motives, has advised the Sultan of Turkey to protest against Great Britain's expedition in Egypt. These two examples, among many which might be cited, show the tremendous, almost illimitable influence which the resources and the powers of this Republic exert on the policies of the other nations of the world. This influence is enhanced, it may be said to be glorified, by the disinterestedness with which we seek to advance the blessings of civilization, liberty and freedom for all people of the world. We do not seek self-aggrandizement, but we propose to assist every other people in the protection of life and liberty and in the pursuit of happiness. This gives us a position that is unassailable—an influence that is infinite.

A joint debate between Hon. Jack Chinn, of Kentucky, and Hon. Don M. Dickinson, of Michigan, would be sure to prove interesting.

CHARITY, NOT BULLYING.

The floating lodging house recently established by the Commissioners of Charities is doing excellent service. It is interesting to note that the authorities have at last learned that night shelters ought to be designed for the relief of the deserving unemployed, not for the accommodation of the sturdy vagrant. The men who have spent a night on the boat are permitted to leave at an early hour in the morning, if the superintendent believes that they are in truth seeking for work. And there is, in the manner of their entertainment and the formalities attending their reception and discharge, plain evidence of respect and consideration for the unfortunate.

In all European countries public servants regard the condition of destitution as the most degrading of all sins against the body politic. And it is no doubt the case that the laborer who has invariably displayed the greatest industry and the greatest thrift never needs to ask charitable succor. There are, however, few such monsters of perfection, and it may easily happen that a man of more than ordinary diligence and prudence will have one or two black days in his life. In our own country, although the ready-roasted wild pig no longer invites the casual carving knife, there has been handed down from our colonial period a rough good nature which forbids too stern a treatment of the needy brother. If the laws against pauper immigration are rigidly enforced, that last extreme of distress, the calamity of being homeless at night, ought to be of rare occurrence. To the tramp we are already far too kind; he is a noxious growth, and no method of extermination can be too harsh for him. But the man who has stumbled because he did not walk quite warily enough, or perhaps because there lay unusual pitfalls in his path, must be helped with a good grace, and the Commissioners have done well to recognize the difference between tossing a bone to a dog and alleviating the distress of a fellow-creature.

In case of a deadlock at St. Louis, it is generally believed that Mr. Harrison can be induced to resume his receptivity.

"KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN."

A very pathetic dispatch came unobtrusively over the wires from Baltimore on Saturday. "The aged author of 'Kathleen Mavourneen' is suffering from an attack of heart disease, aggravated by poverty and want. It is thought his end is near at hand."

What a flood of rich memories the mention of that song sets at liberty. Every luscious contralto voice of two generations has poured its passionate tones affluently. Its history is wet with the tears of sentiment, and its memories vibrate yet with the applause of multitudes. It has been sung under all windows, and accompanied on all moonlit lakes. It nestles in the old piles of ballads embalmed with the recollections of Trebelli, Anne Louise Cary, Parepa Rosa, Anna Bishop and Jenny Lind.

If all the singers and all the lovers who have thrilled at the utterances of this famous song were to send to the poor and afflicted old man in Baltimore one little souvenir of gratitude, a desolate heart might not now be breaking.

Governor Morton has officially recognized the demand for radical school reform in this city. He virtually concedes all that the friends of the Pavey bill have claimed when he acknowledges that New York City has outgrown its provincial educational methods. He declares that "the people of our first city are entitled to primacy in the great bulwark of our institutions—the common school. A subject so close to the citizen as the education of his children demands the patriotic and elevated consideration of the law-making power." That this sharp and somewhat ironical reminder will suffice to convince our legislators that any bill which does not strike at the iniquitous trustee system will meet with no favor from the Governor remains to be seen. The irony appears to have entered Senator Cantor's soul mainly.

Life is by no means a bed of roses for Americans who are sojourning in Havana just now. They are hated by the Spaniards, who are equivalent to what was the tory element during our Revolution. It is scarcely possible that General Weyler has a tender regard for the Americans, for, while they criticise him freely for his brutality to anything that savors at all of patriotism, he is obliged to protect them, from motives of policy, from the Spanish tories who, if unchecked, are ready at any moment to make demonstrations of hatred that might prove tragic to the American non-combatants. Altogether the Cuban situation is anamalous and unbearable. It cannot long remain in statu quo. The Cuban patriots and the American people have concluded that the hideous farce has held the boards too long. It is time for a quick curtain.

As their efforts to justify unjustifiable delay and their demands for more evidence show the impossibility of satisfying the people of this country otherwise than by a manly and bold recognition of the Cuban insurgents, Senators Hale and Hoar begin to hedge. They admit that the House resolutions recognizing Cuban belligerency will pass the Senate, but they assert that a reaction has occurred, which prompts the Spanish authorities to entertain a better opinion of us, and assures them that the wilder spirits of the Senate will be restrained by the moderate and rational people of America. The fact is, the reaction has occurred, if at all, among those who opposed the recognition of Cuba. Not being able to delay it further, and having overwhelming evidence of the cruelties of a bloody war, they seek an excuse to abandon an untenable position. What they have gained by delay is as inestimable as their plea for delay was incomprehensible.

Kicker O'Mullin Sees David Bennett Hill.

Washington, March 22.—"Me healt' is not on velvet, Mul," says Hill, when I breaks in on him to-day. "Still, I draws me pay an' rations reg'lar. How do youse size up yourself?" he says.

"I'm feelin' like bock beer meself," I says. "The only cloud in me sky is a Republican stiff who thruns it at me he don't like St. Patrick.

"'An' for why?' says I.

"'Why didn't he banish the Irish instead of the snakes that time?' says this sucker. 'He lays down on the chance of his life. He could have hurted the Democrat party before it was born—broke up its nest, St. Patrick could, and he don't do it. That's why I'm dead sor'——

"At this juncture in the conversation Kicker O'Mullin hurls the boots into him an' quits. I don't like this gettin' funny the way some ducks does.

"But," I goes on, "while as a roole I'm in favor of every guy skinnin' his own eel, an' don't like to disturb your privacy, Davy, while youse is feelin' like the Democratic returns from Pennsylvaney, I wants to ask a question, an' here's how it is: I wants to get an X ray on your game so I won't be backcappin' an' knockin' d' graft in me darkened ignorance.

"Play the hose on the proposition youse is after, Mul," says Hill. "I'm too dead weary to put up any chin music on a blind bluff."

"That's easy," I says, givin' the button a jab in the interests of irrigation. "Now here's the cat what wins the bootjack," I remarks, wipin' me lips after libatin,' "How about the Democracy next campaign? Do we win or be we ridin' for a fall? I stands to take me hunch from youse, Davy, as usual."

"Of course, Mul," says Hill, thrunin' himself on a sofy, "of course youse is dead onto me ambition. I'm out to be Pres'dent four years from now."

"Correct," I says. "Hinkley breaks the information off in me some months ago."

"Hinkley?" repeats Hill, sort of rousin' up. "That sucker's workin' his lip too much. If he gets too gay I'll have to put toe weights on his mouth. But as I was remarkin', I'm playin' for the White House in 1900, see! Now, I has to lay dead on this, speakin' general, as I don't want me ambitions to seem outre to the common herd, Mul."

"Swim out!" I says, breaking in on him like kickin' down a door; "likewise come off! What's d' meanin' of 'outre?' What sort of a tip be youse givin' me?"

"Outre," says Hill, lookin' disgusted, "outre, Mul, is nothin' but French for rannikaboo, an' I'm s'prised youse aint up to it. But to g'wan," he says. "Next November the Democracy's goin' to git it where the butcher stuck the pig. Since '92 the Republicans has been stealin' everything. Next fall they'll leave nothin' but the back fence, youse hear me prophetic peep, Mul. But it fits into me play; it's no skin off the nose of Davy Benny, me boy, so they can take New York, an' tear the hide off it, the Republicans can, for all I'll pipe me eye, see!"

"All the more so," says I, lettin' him know I'm next every second—"all the more because when you chases in to be Gov'ner two years ago, they belted the packin' out of youse."

"They did," replies Hill, "also the sawdust. An' it wouldn't be sly to have the Dem'crats go carryin' New York be a fat majority, the next trip after I'd been thrun down. But to proceed: Me idee, Mul, is to hold a convention early an' name our candidate. We've got to have a candidate, even if we bees on a dead card."

"Right youse are, Davy," I says. "You can't have a wake without a corpse, an' the Democracy's got to have a candidate. Who'd youse su'gest?"

"Any old sucker'll do," says Hill, "an' if he's got d' dough he'll do twict. They'll jump on his spine at the polls, but we can't help that."

"Oh, no," I says, fallin' into the spirit of the thing like a sewer, "they won't do a thing to the poor duck at the polls. They'll merely make his backbone look like a Limerick fishhook, that's all. Still, he'll get a chance to blow himself; we'll give him a run for his stuff, an' he'll know he's been to the races when it's over. What bright particular monkey, Davy, has youse in your eye?" I says.

"How'd John Boyd Thacher go down wid d' push, Mul?" says Hill. "He's caperin' about in the brunches up at Albany as Mayor, thrunin' cocoanuts at himself; I t'inks J. B. T. needs a jolt or two anyhow. He was me sacrifice two years ago, an' would have made the run; only after they gets me in the chair, Tammany, takin' its tip from Whitney, side-steps me an' cops a sneak on me neck an' runs me for Gov'ner instead. It was sawed onto me, Mul, as youse knows, an' I had to take it."

"I do full well," I says; "they names you, Tammany Hall does, to do youse. It was a dead case of sandbag. But is Thacher sucker enough to have the place?"

"If I tell him to accept, that settles it," says Hill. "You secs, Mul, it's necessary for me to pick out the duck to do the chasin', so's to keep me ten hooks on the organization, see! Whitney's after the White House in 1900, too, bigger than a wolf, an' me an' Willie C. can't both have New York. The Whitney mob'll try an' steer this nomination for Lamont. Not that they looks to finish winner, but they's after the organization, same's me. Youse'll see, the Whitney push'll try an' ring in Dan Lamont."

"The hellsbells!" I says, bein' astonished wide open. "The Tammany gang'll turn in to heel the Lamont play, too," I says, as I sits planted, thinkin' it over.

"An' the Mugwumps," says Hill, "will also go back of his game. Grove'll tend to that."

"Them Mugwumps gives me a pain," I remarks, "every time I hears their name. Every last stiff of a Mugwump ought to be pullin' a plough. Mind youse, Davy, I don't say 'followin' a plough;' I says 'pullin' it."

"Well," remarks Hill, ringin' for the boy to bring me another bran mash; "youse is now put onto me little device. We lose ext trip, but we wants to name the mucker who leads the ticket, an' we wants to thrun the Whitney crowd when they tries to stick in for Lamont. We can't stand for Lamont, Mul," goes on Hill. "Every pal of mine would have to get off the earth. With Lamont at the lead of the New York Democracy, four years from now, Whitney would be as solid as a brick switch shanty; an' it don't go down with Davy Benny, see?"

"An' if Lamont was deallin' the game for the State," I says, be way of addin' to Hill's remark, "you'd see Croker an' the rest of his pull come rubbin' an' purrin' ag'inst him like a cat 'round a milkman. Croker t'inks Lamont a hot potato. But speakin' of Lamont, how'll Grove line out when you an' Whitney face up for a finish scrap?"

"It won't cut no ice what Cleveland wants," says Hill, winkin' his Harlem eye. "Four years from now he'll be a has-been. His leg'll be sawed off short. All he'll be able to do 'll be chew d' rag, an' feel sore, which neither counts for a w'ite chip, Mul."

"Well," I says, shaking Davy be his hand for good-by, "I can go me ways now in peace. I've got it straight in me cocoa. Our play is to name Thacher an' grab off d' machine from Whitney an' Lamont. Thachy, old stockin', 'll go in an' lam loose for Gov'nor, an' be killed dead; but we saves the delegation for youse in 1900, an' at the same time knocks the eye out of Willie C. Am I right?"

"Dead right," says Hill, an' we bows an' breaks away.

KICKER O'MULLIN.

Interesting News from the Metropolis.

London, March 14.—The most novel bit of cycling news is just in from Paris, where the papers say that a man flew up to a gendarme upon a French country road and asked for his sword. He said that a mad dog was running ahead and that he wanted to kill him. The officer handed over his sword and the bicyclist dashed—or rather pedalled—on like mad. He presently returned at a calm gait and handed back the sword dripping with blood. He had overtaken the infuriated animal, which everywhere created a panic among the countryfolk, dispatched him without dismounting from his wheel, and earned the praises of those spectators who were clinging to trees or scrambling up on the walls and roofs of every farmhouse or outbuilding in the neighborhood.

In England the most notable occurrence on the pneumatic tubes is a ten-mile race between two men aged fifty-two years of age, w[illegible] de the distance in—winner's time—35 min. 43 sec. The racers were the Marquis of Queensberry, who was also the winner, against Mr. C. B. Lawes, a well-known sculptor, who held the one mile championship in 1886. The riders were accompanied by many well known fashionable men, one of whom, Sir Claude de Crespigny, was arrested and fined the other day on account of the mad gait to which he put his wheel within the limits of London.

Anywhere else it would be a strange thing for an island of the sea to be put up for sale to the highest bidder. It is anything but an uncommon thing here. A few months ago the island of Anticosti, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, was put on the block and bought by M. Menier, the rich chocolate man of Paris. He got it for a mere song because its soil has no particular merit and its chief crops have been the wrecks that have come ashore there. Menier, however, wants to combine patriotism with faddishness by establishing a French colony on the island. Yesterday in that heaven for auctioneers—Tokenhouse Yard—among the properties offered for sale was the somewhat unusual one of a mountain and a portion of an island. The island, which is known as Volcano Island, is situated in the Mediterranean, about twelve miles from Sicily, and is one of the well-known Lipari Group. Included with the lot and offered as an additional inducement to buyers, was the crater of the mountain, which is known by the same name as the island. All inducements, however, failed to evoke a bid, and the property was bought in, after the auctioneer had vainly reduced the starting price from £10,000 to £4,000. I hardly finished reading the above paragraph, which seems to show that islands are getting to be a glut in the market, when my eye fell upon an advertisement dedicated to sportsmen and announcing that P. E. L., of Strand, London, offers for sale an island fifteen miles from Vancouver, B. C. He says it has three hundred acres, plenty of fresh water and timber, splendid shooting and fishing, duck, grouse and deer, while on the mainland, two miles away, are deer, cougar, bear, mountain sheep and goat. Good bathing and safe anchorage are thrown in. If nobody clamors for this island by private sale, perhaps we shall see it follow the others on the block in Tokenhouse Yard.

The other day in Bow Street a conjuror who was arrested for bad conduct, upon being asked what he could say for himself, replied that he was well known to the police and was a professional man of good standing. This he attempted to prove by snatching up a hat from a lawyer's table and producing out of it a guinea pig, which he instantly changed into a cabbage. The Court very unfeelingly remarked: "You are fined five shillings, and you will certainly have no difficulty in finding the money." This case is more than matched by another in the same court next day, where a tinsmith was charged with causing a crowd to assemble and obstructing Holywell street for an unlawful purpose. Police Sergeant Withers said that he saw the prisoner in Holywell street selling envelopes containing three cards, by means of which what was known as the "flying ace" trick was performed. With the envelopes the prisoner gave away a small bill, which read: "Found—The little boy as big as a man who ran away from the Converted Snob Shop, not a hundred miles from the Bethnal Green road, smoking a large penny fagot, and was wearing the hobnail shirt I lent him. He was shipwrecked, murdered and sold for a slave, and in that strange land he met with a watery grave. * * * He had been turned out of the hospital uncurable, his father is a doll's-eye weaver and mother a small tooth comb manufacturer. "The Sergeant added that the prisoner was in league with several pickpockets, who worked among the crowd while he attracted their attention. Detective Sergeant Hailstone confirmed this, and added that the prisoner had been sentenced to three months' hard labor as a suspected person. The prisoner said that he earned an honest living. The trick he sold was sold in Holborn for sixpence. If they would hand him the cards he would show how it was done. His handbill was gotten up to set the people laughing, as he thought it necessary to get them in a good humor. The nonsense on the card, by the way, is almost as clever as the famous sentence beginning, "'What! No soap?' she cried, and then he married the barber," which Theodore Hook once invented and repeated on a wager that another man could not remember and repeat any sentence uttered in his presence.

In a letter to the Times, Joseph Wiggins writes suggesting that a search be made for any records or dispatches Nansen may have deposited on the shores of the far northern waters in the course of his expedition.

He says it was Nansen's intention to deposit records at Port Dixon. He did not do so for some reason or another, and Captain Wiggins says "he would for a certainty make a great effort to land such important information at Cape Chelluskin, seeing that it was the very last land he could make use of for the purpose. Captain Wiggins says that a small party proceeding overland at very small expense and no particular risk to Golchikha, the northernmost station on the Yenesei, could get natives and reindeer and sleigh across the Taimur land during the Summer so as to reach the Cape and get back again in the proper season. Failing such a small land expedition, he says, it would be easy for an enthusiastic yachtsman to take a run via the Kara Sea to the cape in question and return before the seas begin to freeze by leaving England or Norway during July. He recommends a small, strong wooden steamer, of sixty to a hundred tons, with a small crew and with steam auxiliary power. With such a craft all the seas from Port Dixon could be closely examined, and a pleasant sporting cruise secured. Wiggins is well known in London for having been the first man to send trading ships across the northern coast of Europe and Asia, where he has built up a very great trade as well as the same high reputation for common sense and honesty that he possesses here. He recommends that Baron Toll make the land search, but the Baron replies that the only way to reach Cape Chelluskin is by a sea expedition, which he proposes should be fitted out from the Lena, that Samnikoff-land should also be visited and more provisions should be left on the Siberian islands.

JULIAN RALPH.

Concerning Culture in Boston and Elsewhere.

My esteemed Boston contemporary stands up for the literary supremacy of the modern Athens in this lusty fashion (I have had the grace to change all the proper name):

"Such paragraphs as the following, from a single issue of a Boston morning paper, indicate that the literary market hereabouts is still active:

"'Mrs. Harriet Shortstop, of Mellen street, Dorchester, invited the Ashmont Literary Club, of which she is a member, to a reception and tea, given by her in honor of her guest, Mrs. Abigail Shuttlecock Pepsin, who has recently returned from Rome.'

"'The Women's Book-Review Club, of Dorchester, meets to-day. Mrs. Jerusha Barnacle will give a paper on Walter Scott.'

"'Miss Helen Hopscotch will lecture on Browning before the Heptorean Club, of Somerville.'

"'Hon. A. P. White addressed the Lothrop Club, of Beverly, on "Literary Shrines."'

"'On Thursday the Arlington Woman's Club met. A paper was read by Miss Bertha Buttercup on "What Shall Be Our Attitude to the Papers?"'

"'Miss Kittie Treacle, a member of the Wednesday Morning Club, will give a paper on "Architecture, Assyrian and Babylonian.'

"Evidently the sceptre has not yet departed from Boston."

It is difficult to believe that there can be found, even in the office of a literary weekly, any one so destitute of any sense of humor as to publish with serious intent such paragraphs as the ones that I have quoted. And so the literary sceptre is safe so long as teas are given in honor of Mrs. Pepsin, and Miss Treacle continues to entertain the Wednesday Morning Club with papers on "Architecture, Assyrian and Babylonian." No need to fear that a new Athens will assert itself on the shore of Lake Michigan so long as the Lothrop Club, of Beverly, stands ready to hurl itself into the breach with its lecture on "Literary Shrines," and the trusty Arlington Woman's Club may be counted on to form itself into a hollow, with Miss Buttercup in the middle, to show the world what its attitude shall be to the papers.

Now, I do not doubt for a moment that intellectual "doings" of the sort mentioned above are prevalent in Boston at all times of the year—and I know positively that they exist in New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City—but I most emphatically deny that they are indicative of anything like real education or cultivation. They are to be commended, however, because they afford a means of livelihood to a large number of men and women whose mental depth is about equal to that of a milk pan, but who can always contrive to round up a drove of the aesthetically inclined and talk to them about Browning, or "Art for Art's Sake," or Ibsen, or anything else that smacks of what is known technically as "culture"—and always for money.

The people who constitute these classes are a constant source of entertainment to me. To most of them reading of any description is a task to be heroically accomplished. I don't think that they know that there are people in the world who read Keats because they want to; men and women who find intellectual melody in the hexameter of Clough, and to whom the sting of Heine is the dash of mustard on the roast beef sandwich of literature.

If you were to suggest to one of the women who pay three dollars a week for the improvement of their minds the advisability of studying the work of some poet she had never read of—it would be easy enough to find such an one—she would retort: "But who else is going to read him? Who's going to get up the class? Who will be the presiding officer, and how much will it cost us a 'lecture?'"

And if you were to advise her to sit down by the fireside with the poems in her hand and read them for her own enjoyment, she would probably think you crazy.

No, when Mrs. Featherwaite, who is at present pumping hypodermic injections of Ibsen into her score of adult pupils, announces a "course" of this hitherto unheard-of bard, then, and not until then, will she add to the mental burden under which she is staggering by a painful study of his verse.

Did any one ever hear of these literary classes discovering a new writer or "taking up"—I believe that is the technical term employed by the truly cultured—the works of any poet or essayist or novelist who was not already famous? No, indeed. It sounds better to discuss Browning or Emerson or Ibsen, because those names give a cachet of culture that is absolutely unmistakable. Whereas, if they were to interest themselves in the work of the absolutely unknown Shooks, who has just published a book that is bound to make him famous, they would find it difficult to prove to their friends, and even to themselves, that they were laboring in the vineyard of culture.

Fortunately for Boston, her intellectual fame rests on a foundation that is far more enduring and enviable than are all the Browning or Assyrian architecture classes that ever gladdened the heart of any shallow-pated leader of thought. There is plenty of education and intelligence in Boston, but don't look for it in the people whose names glisten in the social columns of the newspapers. It is distributed through every class of society in the town. If you want to gain a realizing sense of what Boston culture really means go to some entertainment, a play or concert of the very highest type, and judge for yourself if the boxes and orchestra show a quicker or more intelligent appreciation than the uppermost gallery. And afterward you will, if I mistake not, have a higher respect for certain American institutions than you ever had before.

But I don't believe that the spectacle of a score of women wrestling with Assyrian architecture, instead of seeking their own intellectual level among the Rollo books, will ever increase your respect either for American institutions or the literary sceptre of Boston.

JAMES L. FORD.

Quay Missionaries for Ohio.

[Washington Post.]

Mr. Quay plays a bold game of politics, and in case these attacks on him are kept up he may conclude to send a few of his expert missionaries over into Ohio, and then the hair would fly.

The Demon Rum.

[Detroit Tribune.]

We are pained to hear that prohibition is still a failure in Kansas. The demon rum continues to wick the other eye, or employ some other signal equally obvious.

A Chemical Blonde.

[Detroit News-Tribune.]

There are certainly difficulties in the way of making a chemical blonde out of the Dark Continent.

Brooklyn's Fears.

[Detroit News-Tribune.]

Possibly Brooklyn fears New York will beat her after they are married.

Odd Occurrences Out of Town.

Enoch Arden Up to Date.

Fifteen years ago a man was run over by a Missouri Pacific train about two miles west of Sedalia, Mo., the body being cut into many pieces and strewn for a number of yards along the track.

The remains were picked up, placed in a dry goods box and taken to Sedalia. The dead man, after being patched up by the undertaker, was identified as George H. Hatfield, of Sedalia, and buried.

Seven years ago the wife of Hatfield married W. H. Barnhart, who is now a prosperous coal dealer of Sedalia. The other day George H. Hatfield arrived home from California, where he has been for the last fifteen years engaged in fruit farming. He had never written home, but has prospered as a fruit grower and has grown wealthy.

When he learned that his wife had remarried, like Enoch Arden, he viewed her home from across the street, and seeing that she was happy and comfortably situated he left her undisturbed and departed for Syracuse, Mo., in the company of his brother, Charles Hatfield, who resides in Sedalia.

A Tattooed Tramp.

A hobo drifted into Lyons, N. Y., the other morning, who attracted considerable attention. He gave the name of Hugh Forbes, seemed to be fairly well educated, had a good pair of sea legs and was tattooed from head to foot. He drifted into the police station when nobody about noon, was downstairs. Producing a tomato can, he ambled over to the park pump, filled it with water, put it on the stove, produced a bread toaster, put in some bread, and from a side overcoat pocket produced some meat, which he proceeded to broil. About the time when he got his meal well under way, Officer Boyle came in. It was Officer Boyle's first day on the force, and he was not a little taken back at the proceeding, also at the tramp's appearance. The fellow had a ship in a storm tattooed in India ink on his forehead, on both cheeks were tattooed bunches of grapes, on his chin was a marine sketch, while his hands and arms were covered with flags and anchors. These he exhibited and offered to strip and exhibit the remainder of his marine India-ink panorama, which the officer forbade.

The fellow claimed to have been born in Gloucester, Mass.; said he had no parents living; that he had followed the sea for a living for over thirty years; had circumnavigated the globe several times, and was returning to Gloucester for the first time in thirty-three years, having started from Buffalo, where his last cruise ended. He claimed to have a relative living in Clyde, and after finishing his meal he pocketed his broiler, toaster and other culinary articles and slung his tomato can over his back by a string. He went East on the towpath.

Novel "New Women."

A well-known young man of Mount Morris, N. Y., had a queer experience the other night, while returning home at a late hour from a call on his best girl. He was just reaching the business portion of the village, when he saw coming toward him two female forms. It being after 12 o'clock he thought it strange that two Mount Morris young ladies should be parading the street. He at first concluded to cross the road and so avoid meeting them, but changed his mind, with the intention of finding out who they were. When he came nearer to them he saw that they were two stalwart young women, and unknown to him. They stopped him and inquired the time. He told them, and started to pass on, when they both caught him by the arms and stopped him. The young man is not very strong or courageous, and he was too much amazed to make any resistance. The one who acted as spokesman said they wanted to go to an adjoining town, but had missed their train. She told him that he must go to the livery stable and hire a rig and take them home. The thought of a thirty-mile drive after 12 o'clock with two unknown females quite overcame the timid young man. He took new courage, however, and rebelled. They informed him that he must either take them or give them the money to hire the rig with. He firmly refused to comply with either request. They then threatened to call the night watch and have him arrested for insulting them. The young man perceived that their game was a sort of highway attempt at blackmail, and so he told them to call the officer if they wished. The women finally gave up their scheme and let the young man go, but told him that if they ever caught him in their town they would "fix him." The fellow was quite exhausted by his experience. He says they will never catch him in their town, or, if he ever goes there, he will not go out after dark. He thinks of all the "new women" ever heard of, these two are the most novel.

More or Less in the Public Eye.

As an acknowledgment of Queen Victoria's hospitality to his son a few months ago, the Ameer of Afghanistan has just sent her presents valued at £120,000.

A statue of Lord Byron by two French sculptors—Chapu and Falguleres—has been unveiled by King George at Athens. The poet is represented advancing with outstretched arms to meet Greece, who holds out to him a laurel crown.

The death is announced from Paris of Gustave Claudin, a writer of the old Parisian school, whose souvenirs, published some years since, give a vivid picture of social life in France under the Second Empire. He was in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

It is proposed to restore the stone that marks the grave of Dr. Samuel Johnson in Westminster Abbey. The surface of the present stone is so decayed that the inscription is half obliterated.