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W. R. HEARST.
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THE DANISH WEST INDIES.

In the concentration of the public mind upon the more vital features of the political programmes offered by the two great parties in the late election small attention was given to the subordinate planks. One of these in the Republican platform is worth recalling now, since the proposition it offers is wholly commendable and can easily be carried out. It suggests the purchase by the United States of the Danish West Indian islands St. Thomas, St. John and Santa Cruz. Of this group of islands Admiral Porter, in a report to President Lincoln in 1862, wrote: "St. Thomas lies right in the track of all vessels from Europe, Brazil, the East Indies and the Pacific Ocean bound to the West Indies or the United States. It is the point where all vessels touch for supplies when needed coming from any of the above stations. It is a central point from which any or all of the West Indian islands can be assailed, while it is impervious to attack from landing parties and can be fortified to any extent. * * * St. Thomas is a small Gibraltar of itself, and could not be attacked by a naval force." * * * "There is no harbor in the West Indies better fitted than St. Thomas for a naval station. In fine, St. Thomas is the keystone to the arch of the West Indies."

Shortly after this report was received the United States presented to Denmark a formal proposition for the purchase of the three islands for the sum of $5,000,000. Prolonged diplomatic negotiations followed, Denmark at first demanding $15,000,000, the United States finally increasing its offer to $7,500,000 for St. Thomas and St. John, leaving Santa Cruz to Denmark. It was further stipulated on the part of the seller that the formal consent of the inhabitants of the islands should be a condition precedent to the transfer. To this end an election was held in the islands in January, 1868, and the sale approved by a practically unanimous vote, followed by great rejoicing among the people and the general substitution of the American for the Danish flag in the cities. Shortly thereafter the treaty was signed, ratified at Copenhagen and sent to the United States Senate for its approval. Here it encountered the antagonism of Senator Sumner—hostility bred apparently of factional spirit—and was finally pigeon-holed with an unfavorable report from the committee of which Sumner was chairman.

The failure of this treaty after Denmark had gone so far in the direction of friendliness to the United States, and after the people of the islands had given so unqualified an expression of their desire to become incorporated with the great Republic, was discreditable to the then dominant figures in the Senate. It resulted, moreover, in positive loss to the United States. A naval station of inestimable value, a colony which would always have been self-supporting, were sacrificed to political pique. It is well that after the passage of a quarter of a century the party which was then in power undertakes to repair the blunder of 1868.

COLLEGE FOR MAHATMAS.

Chicago's latest project is a home for Mahatmas, those mysterious foreign men who now spend their time on the tableland, known as the roof of the world, in Thibet. The idea is that the Mahatmas do not altogether like this perennial programme of change, and it is understood in theosophical circles they would be glad to become permanent boarders in some comfortable family hotel. There is no reason to suppose that they have a particular preference for Chicago, but Chicago is so far the only town that has taken steps to provide the necessary accommodations. Unless greater inducements, therefore, should be offered by New York or some other city, there is every probability that by Spring all the able-bodied Mahatmas who are still strong enough to project themselves the distance will be comfortably housed in Chicago, for it is hoped that the home will be completed before moving day.

What is New York going to do about this serious matter? Is it willing to sit calmly by and see this large and respectable body of immigrants thinking their way through to Chicago? Can it endure the sight and never raise a finger in protest? Does the community realize how desirable it is to have all these shadowy but substantial citizens among us? They would not take up any room, for though the talk is about a home for them, it is purely Pickwickian. They would much prefer to have quarters in the vacant heads the town does not lack in such abundance, and all they want in the way of a common room is some small hall. As far as is known they do not eat, and they drink of the well spring of wisdom only. And consider the use they would be. After they had been here long enough to acquire some municipal pride they would take an interest in the town. They have but to will and, presto! electric lights in the elevated cars, clean streets, First Avenue clear and open, a new Hall of Records, model tenement houses—any number of things done in a moment that in the natural course will require tedious years. Above all, they would find out what kind of a lot the local theosophists are, probably would dislike to have them around, and would will them into the lunatic asylums, where they belong.

A CLERICAL ICONOCLAST.

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, of Plymouth Congregational Church, Brooklyn, is horrifying his more orthodox brethren of the pulpit by the free handling to which he is subjecting the Scriptures. The reproach so often made against the clergy that they have nothing to say to modern sinners whose refusal to accept Christianity is based wholly on intellectual grounds cannot be thrown at Dr. Abbott. He meets them as an equal, makes no demand on faith, and does not rely in the least on reverence for what is old and established. Frankly he accepts the conclusions of science in explanation of the material universe, and as frankly he recognizes the right of men to study the Bible as if it were any other book—to inquire into its history, to compare its statements with knowledge of the past gained from other sources, to test it in all ways without fear in order to arrive at the truth respecting its trustworthiness in whole and part. He makes the admission that the two accounts of the Creation in Genesis are contradictory, and that both are at variance with what has been revealed by geology and biology. He explains Jonah, the Flood and other hard matters of fiction with a moral purpose. In his vocabulary the word inspiration loses its old meaning. "All men who do God's work are inspired." Theology, according to Dr. Abbott, is a progressive science. The Deity enlarges as man improves mentally and morally. The Jehovah of to-day is no more like the Jehovah of ancient Israel than a man of the present is like a man of the days in the Wilderness. Doubtless it is as agreeable as it is novel for the scientific and philosophical sceptic to encounter a defender of the faith so enlightened and so very liberal as Dr. Abbott, but it is no wonder that the old-fashioned preachers stand aghast and say that this is not the language of a man of God, but of the enemies of the churches, as it has been heretofore always. "When," they ask, "Dr. Abbott has taken such liberties with the Scriptures, what will he take next? If some of the Bible are untrue, how shall we be sure of any portion of it? If Genesis is false, how shall we be sure of any part of it? If Genesis is false, if there was no fall of man, and if no fall of man, what necessity for a Redeemer, and what becomes of the plan of salvation? Are we, out of respect for un-Christian science and ungodly biblical critics, to surrender the theology on which our churches are built? Are we to confess at last that through all the centuries the infidel has been right and the church wrong? If there is no plan of salvation, no gospel which must be believed if damnation would be escaped, of what use are preachers?"

Dr. Abbott is not disturbed by these natural outcries. He is a student, a scholar, and conceives that men and women who have read and thought along the lines which he has followed are as much entitled to consideration as the men and women addressed by his brethren who are more concerned for consequences than for what he holds to be the truth. It is impossible not to respect his courage and marvel at his calmness while he pulls the temple of traditional Christianity down about him. But the question nevertheless is forced: An Abbott having arisen, isn't an Ingersoll superfluous?

CLEVELAND AND HIS FORTUNE.

If it be true, as several veracious chroniclers have lately asserted, that the good, large gentleman in the White House has managed during the past twelve years to lay up treasures, not only where moth and rust do not corrupt, but elsewhere, to the value of more than $1,000,000, Mr. Cleveland should receive hearty congratulations from every member of his flock. And he, in Mr. Wayne MacVeagh's inspired language of thanksgiving over McKinley's election, should be "prouder of this country than ever before." A million dollars is a great deal of money. No ordinary man could have accumulated so much, no ordinary country's opportunities would be so richly yielding in so brief a period, even though it were a period of riotous prosperity. When it is considered that a large part of Mr. Cleveland's period of acquisition is commonly known and will be blazoned in history as the Cleveland hard times, the marvel does not diminish. Nor is it lessened by contemplation of the fact, for which we have the authority of Mr. Cleveland himself, that the "communism of pelf" during all that time has been rendering it increasingly difficult for the poor man to get along. For all these and other reasons the President's financial success deserves admiring approval, and ought to be put into a book for boys to study. Though only a few years ago he was an obscure lawyer in an interior town, he is now a retiring Chief Magistrate perfected in the twelve moral virtues of the Aristotelian canon and the science of getting on.

But money is not the end and aim of existence, and the nation hopes that Mr. Cleveland's fortune will not rise as a barrier between it and him after March 4 of next year. Surely his talents will not then be folded up in a napkin, though of the costliest damask, and thenceforth be denied to his grateful countrymen. Surely he will not put off his sacerdotal function with his robes of office. We cannot afford to lose sight of the man who so closely resembles Juan's friend—who "looks a lecture, each eye a sermon, his brow a homily." No indolent, upholstered life must steal him from us, or deprive us of his essays in political economy, so fluent, so active, though somewhat (unfortunately) so devoid of original mark. We must continue to be vouchsafed in the dark and dreamile days that are coming soon the bold music of his rhetoric, with its truly Johnsonian pomp and roll and sheerviness—and the stimulus of his logic, with its emphasis, persistency and authority.

If he will see the matter in this light, and act according to the light, nobody will grudge him his million. Let him but keep on illuminating the dark places, follow Samuel Rogers's recipe for health and happiness—"temperance, the oath and don't fret"—and every American citizen will gladly help him to celebrate his hundredth birthday. If he have any spare time meanwhile and should want a little recreation, he might adopt Joubert's suggestion and pleasantly a philosophical inquiry into the errors the mind impresses upon itself as a consequence of the language it uses.

FARMER ALLERTON VISITS MAJOR M'KINLEY

Not least important of the dispatches printed in the Sunday papers was that which chronicled the visit of Farmer Allerton to Major McKinley at the Main Joss House, Canton, Ohio. Here in the effete East few of us, we regret to say, had previously been fortunate enough to learn of Farmer Allerton's existence. But make no mistake. The Farmer is some pumpkins in the rural district known as Cook County, Ill., where, as statistics prove, the farmers pay a larger tax on their implements than the banks pay on all their property. In fact, if we may imitate the poet who called Sir Walter Raleigh the shepherd of the ocean, Mr. Allerton is to be designated as the patent self-harvesting cultivator of the stock yards. Bordering on the main place called Prairie Avenue a farming establishment, second to none in any conceivable particular, is conducted by him; and there he annually raises, rain or shine, enormous crops of coupons universally conceded to be as good as wheat. But he is not more exclusive than the humblest laborer that rides to the Chicago Club in a brougham. On the contrary, he associates on terms of equality with anybody he thinks can be of use to him. Like his prototype, the late lamented Mr. Hounderby, he prides himself on being a self-made man; and often remarks that a better job could not possibly have been done if it had been turned out in the usual way. In all his long life he has suffered only one reverse. That was when he ran for Mayor of Chicago during the World's Fair against Carter H. Harrison and was so soundly thrashed that he could not move for weeks. But nobody thinks the worse of him for that. He was merely out of his class.

Now the Farmer aspires to the office for which he is fitted, and everybody who knows him will wish him good luck in his attempt to persuade the President-elect to make him Secretary of Agriculture. The agricultural portfolio is not in the ice-cutting business, and the holder of it serves all the purpose if he is reasonably amusing. Secretary Allerton would be as amusing as a hen in a hailstorm.

When the audience at a seance in Boston Sunday night saw the medium begin proceedings by drinking seven glasses of water they suspected that something was wrong. And they were right. The spirits turned out to be altogether too much diluted.

In case Weyler falls into the hands of the Cubans he may expect some startling recognition of his exploits as a butcher. It is undoubtedly a fear of this sort of reciprocity that has made Weyler a confirmed victim of the retreat habit.

Zola commends the bicycle for those who would enjoy forgetfulness. The politicians who expect Mr. McKinley to remember them would be sure to take alarm should wheeling become epidemic at Canton.

There seems to be no reason why this Dr. Bonn, who is able to have spent nearly $300,000 in seven years for drinks, should be considered mentally weak. He is evidently a man of great capacity.

It might have been guessed, President Cleveland's pet plan for relieving the butchery in Cuba contemplates an issue of bonds.

Those persons who look for the good times sending evidently forget that the Congressional Record will soon be in circulation.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC	Two Little Vagrants	HERALD SQUARE THEATRE	The Masqueraders
AMERICAN THEATRE	The Broken Melody	HARLEM OPERA HOUSE	A Night in New York
BIJOU	The Girl of the Period	HOEFLER'S 14TH ST. MUSEUM	Vaudeville
BROADWAY THEATRE	Bluff Dick	KEITH'S	Continuous Performance
BROADWAY MUSIC HALL	Vaudeville	KOSTER & BIAL'S	Vaudeville
COLUMBUS THEATRE	Tale of an Alley	KNICKERBOCKER	The Seats of the Mighty
CASINO	Jerk and the Beautiful	LYCEUM	The Conceited Lady
DALY'S	London Assurance	MURRAY HILL THEATRE	Monte Cristo
EMPIRE THEATRE	Secretary	PALMER'S THEATRE	Roaring Dick & Co.
FOUR MUSES	Wheels of Way	PEOPLE'S THEATRE	Peter in Dixie
FIFTH AVE. THEATRE	A Texas Steer	PASTOR'S THEATRE	Vaudeville
GRAND OPERA HOUSE	A Night Out	STAR THEATRE	Lady
HARLEM THEATRE	Secret Service	STANDARD THEATRE	Vaudeville
GARDEN THEATRE	King Richard III.	THIRD AVE. THEATRE	Hi-Ki and Helmet
HOYT'S THEATRE	My Friend from India	TROCADERO	Vaudeville
HAMMERSTEIN'S OLYMPIA	Comic Opera	14TH ST. THEATRE	The Cherry Pickers

Smith's Hallucination.

It is probable that he had never done such a thing before during his whole lifelong residence in the city, but upon this afternoon in question John Smith sat down upon one of the benches beneath the trees in City Hall Park, and gazed somewhat curiously upon the motley crowd around him.

There they sat in slightly varying degrees of wretchedness, beginning at the shabby genteel studying over the pages of a castaway newspaper—and going down the scale of the poor sodden animals in man's appearance. John Smith was only an average citizen. He lacked both means and time to enter upon any broad scheme of philanthropy, although his heart was willing enough. He did what he could in the way of taking the hunger pleaders to cheap restaurants and paying for their meals; and he often gave a dime or a nickel that was not altogether unneeded in his own social economy to some seemingly poor, blind or halted mendicant.

Seated Amid the Throng He Closed His Eyes.

And so seated in the midst of this throng of unhappy, wretched-looking, heart-cankered, despairing, worn out, hopeless—and God alone knows what all—human brethren, he closed his eyes and tried to solve the problem of their being.

* * * * *

After a short space, he started up Broadway; but his eyes fairly bulged out of his head as he gazed around him. To begin with, everybody seemed so fat, so healthy and so well clothed. It looked as if the city had been completely taken possession of by a host of typical landlords or head waiters. Their happy, smiling faces were only in keeping with the outward appearance, but so much geniality upon a thoroughfare which usually presented an entirely different spectacle rather dazed him for a few moments.

The passersby all beamed upon him, and many would not pass without a few words of salutation. The passengers on the cable cars talked and joked together like old friends, and the very truck drivers were exchanging good-humored chaff and badinage. Even the horses were continually rubbing noses and pricking their ears backward as if to catch their master's witticisms. Broadway was a veritable stream of mirth and good humor, and in the side streets the same unique condition of affairs seemed to prevail.

John Smith was agreeably astonished, but his voice and manner caught the surrounding infection, and he boldly accosted a jovial policeman, whose smile was as expansive as his face could with safety permit.

"I'd thank you to tell me what makes everybody look so well and happy to-day," he queried.

"To-day?" answered No. 9,290, wonderingly. "Why, ain't we all happy every day, and aint the city well under the doctor's care?"

This return question rather phased John, but he felt so good-natured notwithstanding that he could not help having a little joke on his own account.

"You're Got to Come Along with Me, Hooray!"

"Next thing you'll be arresting some one for looking unhappy," he cried, in satirical tones.

No. 9,290 roared until John (remembered for the safety of his big brass buttons.

"Officer," said John Smith, sternly, "you are either drunk or a lunatic. It makes me very unhappy to see"——

Before he could continue his words, No. 9,290 had him by the collar. "I arrest you. You've got to come along with me. Three cheers—hooray! hooray! hooray!—and a tiger—hurray!" shouted the bluecoat, all the while dancing upon his tiptoes and grinning from ear to ear with evident delight.

Meanwhile a crowd gathered around the pair, but much to John Smith's chagrin, he noted that they gave him but a very small portion of their notice, and bestowed a perfect round of approbation upon the policeman.

"Well done, 9,290!" "You ought to be made a sergeant for this!" "He is a dandy copper, and no mistake about it!" etc. These were but a few of the disjointed sentences that reached the astounded ears of the wondering John.

Upon arrival at the station house, No. 9,290 ushered his prisoner into a daintily furnished parlor, and, pointing out a pile of magazines, several files of newspapers and a varied collection of photographs and pictures, bade him amuse himself for a few moments until the sergeant had finished listening to a humorous story that one of the policemen was relating.

John remained gloomy and silent, impressed with the idea that either he or all the rest of the world had suddenly taken leave of their senses.

No. 9,290 stated that the prisoner had confessed openly to being unhappy.

Upon the sergeant asking if such was indeed the case, John merely bowed his head in assent.

"What is the cause of your unhappiness?" queried the sergeant jocularly, while No. 9,290 commenced to smile in anticipation.

"I don't know," replied John miserably.

"He don't know!" echoed the two blue coats in tones of consternation, and they gazed at one another with crestfallen countenances.

"Are you aware that it is against the law to be unhappy?" faltered the sergeant, after the lapse of a few moments.

"No," replied the bewildered John.

You could have heard a pin drop for the next few minutes' space. If the unexpected result of the man interview had not fairly shaken the building.

"Say!" cried the sergeant aloud: "Is it lack of money makes you unhappy?"

"No; I guess not," replied Smith in a dazed tone of voice.

But John Smith could no longer restrain himself. He placed his hand to make sure that he was not dreaming, and his heart leaped and bounded with joy at the thought that there was no more unhappiness, poverty or misery of any kind allowed in the whole broad stretch of his own glorious native land. As his face broke out in wreaths of smiles, that of the sergeant and No. 9,290 quickly followed suit; and, waving his hat frantically aloft, he had just commenced to shout, "Hooray! Hooray! Hoo"—— when a rough hand caught him by the shoulder, and a harsh voice roared in his ear: "Git out o' that—and stop your bawlin'."

And John Smith slunk away amid the jeering remarks of the surrounding human animals upon the park benches; but he heard them not, for his spirit was subdued and saddened by the memory of his dream.

PERCIE W. HART.

Feline Amenities.

The girl in the black velvet jacket turned a corner and ran almost into the arms of the girl in the Louis Seize coat. She colored a little, but greeted her effusively.

"You dear thing!" she cried, "how glad I am to see you, and how charming you are looking!"

"Thank you," replied the girl in the Louis Seize coat, a trifle stiffly; "I haven't seen you for some time, not since the night of our reception, I think."

"Oh, what a lovely reception that was," cried the girl in the black velvet jacket; "I don't know when I have enjoyed myself so much. The rooms were just full enough to prevent one's sleeves from being crushed, so that one could concentrate one's mind on enjoyment, and"——

"I am so strictly truthful myself."

"I'm glad to know that you enjoyed it. As you have not been to the house since, I feared that you failed to enjoy it."

"Oh, immensely. By the way, have you seen Sara lately?"

"Oh, yes; she was one of the very first to pay her call, and I"——

"Yes. How shockingly she has gone off this Winter, hasn't she? And yet I enjoy being with her much more than when she was a beauty. I often tell her so, just to keep her from feeling blue."

"Very kind, I'm sure. Still, a girl with Sara's tongue need never want for company—she can only talk about the absent, you know."

"M'hm. Now, I'm so strictly truthful myself that I fear I am often dull company."

"Not at all." I must really run away now," said the girl in the Louis Seize coat; "I am attending to the details of a dinner for mamma. My cousin Roy, who has made a fortune in Arizona, is with us now, and"——

"Oh, I'll walk a little way with you. Do tell me all about your cousin Roy. Is—is he married?"

"No, and he is awfully handsome. I shall ask Sara to meet him; you know I am a bit of a matchmaker."

"You dear thing, you are everything that is nice!" cried the girl in the black velvet jacket. "As I was saying, I'll walk on with you. I am so distressed that I see so little of you nowadays."

"It is too bad; but then it is really your own fault; you owed me a call even before the reception."

"Did I really? I—I was over to see you on Thursday and I was so sorry you were out. Is your corsin light or dark?"

"Dark. But Wednesday is our day, you know. Strange, though, now that I come to think of it, I was not home all day Thursday. On Friday I went to Nell's and"——

"Thursday—did I say Thursday? How stupid of me, I meant Friday. Yes, I just felt that I must see you and"——

"But I never got your card; how very odd."

"Why, you see it was this way: I rang the bell three times, and no one came. Then I looked for a card and found that my case was empty. I was so provoked, because I wanted so much to see you. Is your cousin Roy fond of music? I"——

"Very. You say you rang the bell three times; but how"——

"Could the servants avoid hearing me? Oh, the best of them are careless sometimes. How long does your cousin expect to remain in New York?"

"About a month, I think; he has been away from feminine society so long that he is perfectly delighted with the girls here. But I cannot help wondering how"——

"The servants could be so careless? Oh, don't worry about that at all. I—I shall come to-morrow, just to show you that I am not at all offended. Is—ah—does your cousin spend the greater part of the day at home?"

"Oh, yes; he seldom goes out without me. But what I was thinking was"——

"That the bell must be out of order? Oh, no; I heard it ring."

"No, dear, that was not what I was thinking of at all," replied the girl in the Louis Seize coat. "I was wondering how you managed to ring the bell at all last Friday, because we had one of those lovely old-fashioned brass knockers put on the door a month ago?" ELIZA ARMSTRONG.

Ownership of Senators.

[Chicago Dispatch.]

A morning contemporary says Selma, Ala., is signally honored. It will own both the Senators from that State. The situation is not unique. The Union Pacific Railroad also owns two Senators.

A Realist.

[Chicago News.]

A Genesee princess has eloped with an artist, taking with her $60,000 worth of jewels, all of which indicates that the artist is something more of a realist than an impressionist.

Literary Note.

[Detroit News.]

Public Mr. Hanna's celebrated literary work, Mr. Bryan's book will not be full of stubs.

Statesman Burrows.

[Detroit News.]

In other words, Senator Burrows wants the kind of a tariff bill that will fit the speech he already has.

A Bran New Volume of Fresh Acrobatic Verse.

For many years Mr. R. K. Munkittrick (the accent on the penult, if you please) has been known to the people who appreciate humor as a writer of prose and verse of unusually high order. His prose is generally distinctly funny, while his poetry, which is in turn tender, humorous and fanciful, is always notable for its genuine melody and the absolute perfection of its workmanship.

I always like to read his verses because I feel that I can canter gayly down the page with loose rein and run no risk of stumbling in any gopher hole of false rhyme or defective metre. His contempt for slip-shod poetry is well expressed in these "Lines to a Certain Kind of Poet:"

But this poet, not "staccato,"
E'er will jingle with "tomato."
When "grove" and "above" and "grass" and "ease" remain,
He will rhymeward feebly grope,
Quite like Alexander Pope.
And hell fill our tuneful soul with ache and pain.

Mr. Munkittrick is, in short, a thoroughly practical poet, one who learned his trade at the bench in the Ledger, and in the busy shops of the Franklin Square Prose and Verse Foundry. From those rather primitive literary establishments he raised himself by his own industry and genius to a place in Puck, as the associate of the late Mr. Bunner, and has since then contributed hand-sewed prose and verse to the leading periodicals of the country.

In illustration of Mr. Munkittrick's thorough knowledge of his craft in all its finer details, I will relate the following:

A famishing bard, who was treading the precarious paths of "space writing," showed Mr. Munkittrick a poem, and asked him to criticise it. Our poet held it out at arm's length, and said:

"Do they pay you by the line?"

"Yes; but what has that to do with the merit?"——

"Then cut those lines in two and you'll get twice as much for it as you would in its present form."

I consider this one of the most valuable criticisms that was ever uttered.

Mr. Munkittrick has at last collected about three score of his humorous poems and published them through Messrs. Way & Williams, of Chicago, under the title of "The Acrobatic Muse." He has not, as I happen to know, included in the collection all the good poems he has written, but he prints enough to give us a clear idea of his originality and power as an "acrobatic" versifier.

The following may be taken as excellent samples of the matter contained in the book:

TO A VIRTUOUS VENDER.
(Imitation of Calverly.)

Patiently and hard thou plodest
Through the long and sultry day,
With thy stock in trade so modest
Resting on a humble tray.

On the corner calm thou standest,
In the shower driven mud,
Casting smiles the sweetest, blandest,
On the two-cent collar stud.

There thou art, in clothing shoddy,
All thy bosom full of song,
With thy salver to thy body
Fastened with a leathern thong.

When the weary cit thou sightest,
Seeking his abode of rest,
Then thou bowest, with politest
Invitations to invest.

E'er thine ocelars out-twinkle
All thy meretricious gems,
E'en when water wagons sprinkle
Thy misshapen trousered stems.

E'er thou seemest bright and happy
As the orioles that wing
Swiftly round the maple sappy,
In the moving days of Spring.

Often have I seen thee standing
With a rapture wildly strange,
Selling horse shoe pins, and handing
Customers the proper change.

* * *

MASTERY.

A mighty wrestler, walking through a wood,
Proud of his wondrous strength and prowess, spoke:
"Quick could I hurl, were I let in the mood,
To the four winds yon century-rooted oak!

"A sorry figure in my hold 'twould cut,
Although defiant in the cyclone's track"——
His heel then came in contact with a nut,
That quickly turned, and stretched him on his back.

IN DEFENCE OF THE ADVERTISING MUSE.
SHAKESPEARE SPEAKS.

Sometimes when I'm not at work on a play,
Historic and full of warfare,
I try my hand, in a casual way,
At an ad. to keep me in carfare.

Why shouldn't I praise the billous pill
And in loftiest numbers chirrup,
And make the popular heartstrings thrill
With a poem on soothing syrup?

Why shouldn't I cleave the cloudless dome
Through the billow of light that's polar,
To rhapsodize on Excelsior Foam
That preserves the fleeting molar?

Sing ho! for the laurels won by me
On the lotion prepared for freckles!
My harp shan't hang on the willow tree
While the soap muse brings me shekels.

For I know in a general sort of a way,
While with laughter I'm sorely shaken,
That the critics will rise in their might and say
That they were all written by Bacon.

EN VOYAGE.

In the shadows coldly flitting,
Solemn as the tomb,
Charon in his boat was sitting,
Wrapt in ashen gloom.

Through the gray shades softly groping,
Round the shore he steered;
For a pilgrim fondly hoping
In the mist he peered.

Soon a youth both tall and stately
Did the oarsman greet;
Said he was at Harvard lately,
As he took a seat.

Charon saw him sigh and shiver
On those murky shores,
While he pushed out in the river
And resumed his oars.

In the silence all unbroken,
Desolate, supreme,
Not a syllable was spoken—
All was like a dream.

Through the leagues of gray unending,
Still the pilgrim lone
At the oars watched Charon bending
For the great unknown.

Charon, swaying backward, forward,
Onward urged his bark,
And was moving surely shoreward
O'er the current dark.

Then the pilgrim, wan and weary,
Broke the mystic spell,
When his accents, faint and dreary,
On the waters fell.

And to-day 'tis not known whether
Charon made reply,
When the student said, "You feather
Just a bit too high!"

—JAMES L. FORD.

JUST A MOMENT WITH THE CHAPPIES.

Jabber among the chappies and chappiettes last night was confined largely to Mrs. William C. Whitney's afternoon reception. Those who attended gave the closest scrutiny to every detail, in order that they might discuss the entertainment with those who were absent.

This is the kindly way of society. It studies that it may dissect, and dissects that it may entertain in subsequent gossip.

To pick something or somebody to pieces; to analyze form; to suggest reform; to damn with faint praise; to turn the limelight of ridicule on weak spots; to discover the peroxide of social pretence; to crack the enamel on the face of family pride—these are a few of the delights of a tete-a-tete in my lady's boudoir, or a quiet moment in a corner of the club with some of the tame cats of society.

Mrs. Whitney could not have hoped to escape this sort of thing. Nobody escapes it. Moreover, the fact that she is a bride, that she has appeared but once in public since her marriage to Mr. Whitney, and that the reception of yesterday was the first she has given under the new condition of things, made her conspicuously an object of interest to the whole world of society.

It is to her credit, therefore, that the comments of her self-appointed critics were of necessity in her favor. I say of necessity, because the self-appointed critic would always rather say something nasty than something nice. Yesterday only the nice thing could be said.

Of course there were obtrusive comparisons with previous receptions that had been given in No. 2 West Fifty-seventh street; there was a shrug of the shoulder when "Mrs. Whitney's" carte de visite was mentioned; and there were unnecessary references to the step-children of the hostess.

But when it came to the reception itself, perfection plucked out the sting of criticism.

Nobody could deny that the hostess was beautiful, gracious and thoroughly the mistress of the situation; that the appointments were splendid; that the professional musical accessories were admirable, or that the reception as a whole was a personal triumph for Mrs. Whitney.

It is quite evident that the ex-Secretary of the Navy means business socially. With his fortune and his wife, is anything else necessary for success?

When Miss Fannie Tailer shall become Mrs. Sidney Smith, in Grace Church, on the 17th inst., we will be there to do all those things that are supposed to mascot matrimony.

Sidney Smith is a rattling good fellow, and worthy of the charming young woman he is to wed.

The maid of honor will be Miss Alice Blight; the best man, Andrew W. Smith, brother of the bridegroom; the ushers, Dudley R. Winthrop, Gordon Paddock, Roland W. Smith, Theodore Frelinghuysen, Lispenard Stewart, Richard T. Wilson, Jr., Romaine Baldwin and James W. Appleton.

The ceremony will be performed at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and the Rev. Percy Grant, of the Church of the Ascension, and the Rev. Dr. Huntington, of Grace Church, will officiate.

Mr. Smith will present his ushers with scarfpins made of diamond horseshoes crossed.

On the strict q. t. several of the ladies present gave me their views concerning their hostess.

One declared that she looked "stunning," than which, in English parlance at least, no greater compliment can be paid to a woman out of her teens.

Another said she had the self-possession of all the Vere de Veres rolled into one, and a third asserted that she knew precisely what to say to every one of her guests.

Mrs. Whitney received in the purple room on Fifth avenue where already two essentially grandes dames had fulfilled precisely similar functions.

"She can call herself 'Lady Whitney' if she likes," said one woman. "If she is always as nice and cordial as she is this afternoon."

It may be of some interest to people who like to know everything that is going on to learn that little Miss Dorothy Whitney has now returned to her father's house and will be brought up with Miss Adelaide Randolph, Mrs. Whitney's daughter by her former marriage.

The rumor that Arthur Kemp and "Baby Belle" Nelson are engaged has been revived with a fresh impetus, because these two were in a box together at the opera.

This rumor was authoritatively denied not long ago, but that doesn't count.

Half the engagements of the year that eventuated in marriage were denied at some time or other, and several of them were denied many times.

It is said that the objection to young Kemp is made on the ground that his family is newly rich and that its wealth is derived from a patent perfumed water.

Young Kemp is a deucedly nice chappie, and his perfumed origin is rather to his credit than otherwise.

If one is bound to write society twaddle, why not keep up to date?

The "Man of Lesion" last night solemnly announced that "news has been received at the Newport Reading Room that Peter Duryea is very ill with typhoid pneumonia in San Francisco."

News was received in this city on Saturday that poor old Peter had died at Santa Barbara on Tuesday last.

He went out to California on a shooting and general round-up trip of all kinds of game with Ned Bulkeley and Woodbury Kane.

They had the liveliest kind of a time in San Francisco until Mr. Duryea was taken ill and went to his bed in the Palace Hotel. He recovered sufficiently to go on a quail hunt near Santa Barbara for a few days, but immediately afterward developed typhoid fever, and never got up again.

He was one of the salt of the earth, rather uncut, but a diamond of the first water.

His brother Herman, who married Mrs. Weld, of Boston, one of the richest widows in the country, has vacated the place at Westbury, L. I., which he leased from Charles G. Peters, and will go South after his brother's funeral.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.