THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

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

The State Civil Service Board seems to have had a number of ready-made decisions for the Raines law in stock.

There is a possibility that when the courts get through with the Raines law they will decide a number of Mr. Platt's friends out of soft berths.

Occasionally the McKinley sharpshooters pick off one of Mr. Quay's camp followers, but the boss himself will doubtless require some heavy cannonading.

The Fish Gubernatorial button has made its appearance, but there are excellent reasons for believing that the Levi P. Morton Presidential buttons may be warmed over for use in the State campaign.

This appears to be the open season for editors down in Tennessee. Several of the profession in that State who happen to have enemies have recently been engaged in picking the shot out of their anatomy.

The several Republican Gubernatorial candidates will do well to inaugurate their booms "subject to the action of the St. Louis Convention." Mr. Morton will doubtless expect some kind of a run this year for the money he has expended.

In no place was General Grant more honorably entertained during his triumphal tour of the world than in Japan. Now that Marquis Yamagata, Field Marshal of that country, is visiting the United States under circumstances somewhat similar to the tour of General Grant, it behooves us to extend to him the courtesies which his [illegible] qualities entitle him to.

The verdict of the jury in the case of Blind William Kenney, who has been on trial for manslaughter in Justice Gildersleeve's court, seems much like a miscarriage of justice. The charge of the court pointed clearly to acquittal, and it is reported, with apparent truthfulness, that even the prosecution was amazed at the verdict of guilty. The maximum penalty for the crime of which Kenney has been convicted is twenty years in the penitentiary—a cruel fate for a blind man, and one to which he should not be consigned while there remains, as there clearly does remain, a reasonable doubt that his crime was not committed in self-defence.

EXCUSING PLAGIARISM.

Dr. Parkhurst's comment on the confessed plagiary of Dr. Morgan is exceedingly curious—almost inexplicable, indeed, when the character and career of its author are remembered.

For the plagiarist he has only soft words. "Dear Dr. Morgan," he says in effect, "had worked so hard, given himself so wholly to his congregation, that it wasn't wholly wrong for him to steal a few ideas in order to rest on Easter Day. Under other circumstances he might not have stolen, but his 'productive energies had failed to work,' and there was nothing else for him to do."

To a great many hundred thousands of people the arduous toil of a fashionable city clergyman—even of an Episcopal rector in Lent—does not seem exacting enough to justify complaint—certainly not wearying enough to warrant lightening it by appropriating the results of other men's labors. It may be doubted whether Dr. Parkhurst would find apologies for the baker who, being too tired to bake, raided a neighbor's oven and sold the proceeds, or would justify the exhausted inventor who, too broken in spirit to complete his own task, pilfered from some rival the device necessary to its completion.

But the most curious part of Dr. Parkhurst's comment is his condemnation of Dr. Lee, the clergyman who detected and exposed Dr. Morgan's peccadillo. It is strongly reminiscent of the criticisms once freely expressed upon the action of Dr. Parkhurst himself when he was bravely detecting and exposing certain evils of the metropolis. Lee was "harsh and unfeeling," says Parkhurst. But so people once said of the latter. Continuing, the pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church ascribes his Newark brother's action to a thirst for notoriety, and a hope that such notoriety will bring him a call to a New York pulpit.

For the detected culprit Dr. Parkhurst has nothing but charity and excuse. To the discoverer of the plagiary he ascribes nothing but the basest motives. Time was that such a view of a moral offence—which plagiarism certainly is—drew from Dr. Parkhurst the most scorching rebukes. He was then suffering at the hands of the press and politicians as Dr. Lee now suffers at his hands. With rightful indignation he excoriated those who were so full of charity for evil-doers that they had nothing but vituperation for him who was striving to blot out evil and bring its perpetrators to justice or to repentance. It is more than passing strange that after so bitter an experience as his, and after winning so complete a triumph over the defenders of evil and assailants of his reformatory zeal, Dr. Parkhurst, in a case less grave, indeed, but still presenting much the same ethical features, should change places with them.

Judge Catron, the delegate in Congress from New Mexico, has appointed one of his sons as a cadet at West Point and another as a cadet at Annapolis. Each is named as an alternate for the other. In case there should remain any lurking possibility of the Catron family not securing berths with Uncle Sam, it might be well for the Judge to get himself appointed examiner at both Annapolis and West Point.

DON'T BARTER THE BATTERY.

The proposition of the Manhattan Elevated Railway—which Mayor Strong declares he favors—is something of this sort: "Give us the Battery Park, the only breathing spot in the southern end of the city, a tract which if New York was wise would surpass in beauty any piece of city land in the world—give us this park to hedge around with unsightly posts, to roof with grimy rails and girders, to deluge with cinders, and we will build extensions in the northern part of the city which will bring us in much revenue."

The Mayor declares he favors this proposition. He is for rapid transit immediately and at any cost. He has discovered in the management of the Manhattan Elevated Railway Company what other men have sought for there in vain—the ability and enterprise necessary to give New York real rapid transit, and that speedily. So great is his confidence in a corporation in which the people have decidedly lost confidence that he is willing to surrender to it one of the city's most popular breathing spots merely upon its promise to do something for rapid transit.

The Mayor's trust in Messrs. Sage and Gould is touchingly childlike. The people must take the part of a guardian and intervene. Great as is the need for better rapid transit facilities in New York, not another inch of the Battery should be given up to the elevated roads.

The picture of Joe Chamberlain as the guileless spider mistaking President "Oom Paul" Krueger for a guileless fly, and inviting him to walk into the parlor, is one of those diplomatic coups that add considerably to the gayety of nations.

PLATFORM BUILDING.

One feature of Secretary Carlisle's famous letter, in which, according to his foes, he spurned a Presidential nomination, and, according to his friends, invited one, merits the especial attention of Democrats.

The selection of a Presidential nominee he thinks of vastly less importance than the sagacious formulation of a declaration of principles, "especially on questions affecting the monetary system of the country and the character and amount of taxation to be imposed upon our citizens."

Suppose this to be the case—and indeed it may fairly be admitted that the fierceness of the debate on the currency question will give that issue prime place in this Autumn's campaign unless both great parties make practically identical declarations affecting it—it is interesting to note how the convention rules of the Democratic party are in opposition to Mr. Carlisle's theory. Choice of a nominee in a Democratic National Convention has been hedged about with safeguards intended to prevent hasty or arbitrary action. No mere majority vote of the delegates nominates. Two-thirds of all must concur on one man for him to secure the coveted honor. And, as the unit rule seldom governs delegates in Democratic conventions, this regulation means two-thirds of all the delegates, not merely two-thirds of the States represented.

Formulation and adoption of a platform, though declared by Secretary Carlisle the more important work of the convention, are made by the rules much easier of accomplishment. The Committee on Resolutions, which prepares the first draft of the platform, is made up of one member from each State delegation—the voice of Colorado being thus as influential as that of New York. Amendment of the platform as reported to the convention is unusual, though not impossible. The very radical amendment of the tariff plank in the last Democratic National Convention will occur to every one as a case in point. Ordinarily, however, the platform as it comes from the committee, with trivial changes at most, is adopted, and by a mere majority vote.

If Secretary Carlisle is right, the rules which govern the national conventions of the Democracy are wrong. About that which he says is of secondary importance—the choice of a nominee—every safeguard against thoughtless action is thrown. That which he declares the gravest and most delicate duty of the convention is exposed to the hasty and perhaps unwise action of a cabal in the Committee on Resolutions and a bare majority in the convention.

Mr. Whitney's visit to Washington at this particular time may have no significance, but it served to remind the people that Mr. Whitney would be an excellent man to send to Washington in an official capacity on March 4, 1897.

THE REMINISCENT AGE.

We are living in a reminiscent rather than in what philosophical writers call an "epoch making" age. At any rate, if we are making history just now, our attention has been diverted from it to the achievements of men and women of an elder day. The Century war papers started the craze for reminiscences, which has since grown to such enormous dimensions that the combined efforts of all the magazines in the country are not, it would seem, sufficient to cope with it. Napoleon Bonaparte and Lincoln seem to be more widely "reminisced" just now than any of the great historical figures of the past, and there are signs in the heavens of an approaching deluge of Robert E. Lee and the other notable figures of the Lost Cause.

In the immediate future we may confidently look for intimate details of the lives of Cavour, Napoleon III., Bismarck, Antonelli, Disraeli and other men of power who have not yet been subjected to those exhaustive processes of research that the editors of American magazines understand so well.

There is one period, however, that these literary purveyors have overlooked, possibly because their mimetic talents have been developed at the expense of their originality, and that is what might be called the "Jim Fisk period" of our municipal history, the period of inflation immediately following the civil war. That was the flash age of New York—the age of Tweed and Gould and Fisk and British blondes; the age in which fortunes easily acquired were spent with reckless extravagance; when the stock market was a seething cauldron in which fortunes rose to the surface in the form of bubbles only to burst and disappear forever; an age that was as different from the one in which we live as if it had been a part of another century. We have only to read Mr. Charles Francis Adams on "A Chapter of Erie" to appreciate how much dramatic material there is in the financial history of the flash age of New York.

And there is growing up a generation that would find a vivid description of the events and conditions of life of that period marvellously interesting reading.

There is evidence to show that ex-Consul Waller will not meet with much encouragement in his effort to capitalize his grievance.

That deserving persons should actually starve to death in New York City while the farmers of Ontario County are burning many thousands of bushels of potatoes in order to get rid of them, because of the low price prevailing, is one of those strange anomalies that would be more understandable were means of transportation not in so high a stage of development. As a matter of plain reason, it would seem that modern methods ought to bring the starving people and the potatoes together.

The passage of a law in Ohio to prevent women from wearing high hats at the theatre has operated in an entirely unexpected manner. The only complainants under the statute have been women. When the law was passed the theatre managers put up placards requesting the women to remove their hats. Some of them did and some of them did not. Those who did immediately fell upon those who did not. It is even stated that the moment a woman makes an exhibit of a particularly stunning bonnet there are ten envious women ready with complaints. The managers, who are fined ten dollars for every violation of the law, are now thinking of presenting souvenirs to the ladies only who comply with their request. Meanwhile the men are not complaining—only going out between the acts as usual to have a quiet smile among themselves at the whole rumpus.

The agreement of the Commitee on Banking and Currency of the House of Representatives at Washington to report a bill for facilitating the organization of national banks in the smaller cities is an excellent one. The chief feature of the proposed act is a provision permitting national banks with a capital of $20,000 in cities of 4,000 inhabitants. The minimum capital stock permitted now is $50,000, which is often too great for the small towns in the South and West. In the Eastern and Middle States banks are abundant and such a concession is not needed, but the inequality of their distribution in the Southern and Western States shows the necessity for such legislation as this, and indicates the benefit that will proceed from it. There are a great many towns in the Southern States of 1,500 or 2,000 inhabitants where there are either no banks at all or only small private banks. To such communities, particularly at the time of the annual crop movement, the national banks contemplated by this bill would be of great value.

AMUSEMENTS TO-NIGHT.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC	Humanity
ABBEY'S	The Little Duke
AMERICAN	The Law of the Land
BROADWAY	Excelsior, Jr.
BIJOU	The Widow Jones
BOWERY	Variety
CASINO	The Lady Slavey
COLUMBUS	The Span of Life
DALY'S	Madame
DOREA'S	Continuous Vaudeville
EDEN MUSEE	Wax Works and Concerts
EMPIRE	Bohemia
EIGHTH AVENUE	Variety
FIFTH AVENUE	The House of Cards
FOURTEENTH STREET	Raymonde
GARDEN	His Absent Boy
GRAND O'PERA HOUSE	The Fatal Card
GARRICK	The Squire of Dames
HARLEM OPERA	The Prisoner of Zenda
HERALD SQUARE	The Heart of Maryland
HOYT'S	A Black Sheep
IRVING PLACE	Georg Kogels
ICE PALACE	Skating
IMPERIAL MUSIC HALL	Vaudeville
KEITH'S	Continuous Vaudeville
KOSTER & BIAL'S	Chevalier and Variety
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN	Circus
OLYMPIA THEATRE	Miss Brown
OLYMPIA MUSIC HALL	Marguerite
PALMER'S	Mme. Sans Gene
PEOPLE'S	A Lion's Heart
PROCTOR'S THEATRE	Vaudeville
PROCTOR'S PALACE	Vaudeville
STAR	The Last Stroke
SANFORD'S	A Happy Little Home
STANDARD	Ultimate Pa...dou
TONY PASTOR'S	Continuous Vaudeville
TROCADERO	Vaudeville

"A Lion's Heart."

While you never know what to expect in an American melodrama, you can rely with perfect certainty and an easy conscience upon the English article. London melodramas never vary. They are like Whatsername's tea, always good—or bad—alike. Even the thrills they give you come from one source, and the same may be said of the pathos. Arthur Shirley and Benjamin Landeck have a melodrama at the People's Theatre this week. It is called "A Lion's Heart," because the heart is a popular organ in London melodrama, which has no use for the gizzard, or the liver, or even the spleen. While on Broadway this play might stand but a feeble chance, its production in the Bowery was attended with no risks. Bowery play-goers have been reared upon melodrama. They cry for it, and they get it week after week, and month after month. It keeps them hale and strong. It is the meat of their bread-and-butter existence. It is the spice of their life, and they dote on it.

"A Lion's Heart" is a melodrama in a prologue and four acts. It takes sixteen years to tell the story, and during that time the heroine becomes her own daughter, and the hero the grandfather of his own child. This is, of course, due to the "doubling" process that is so popular in the Bowery. The audiences there don't mind it. A heroine might bob up as her own mother-in-law for all they care. They are not in the least squeamish on the subject of relationship. They are so accustomed to such eccentricities that they miss them if they are lacking.

The story of "A Lion's Heart" can be told in pen and ink in less than sixteen years. It deals with the sorry domestic adventures of Rizardo, a lion tamer, and his lovely but rather ancient bride, Louise. She has a soul that yearns for something more poetic than clowns and equestriennes, and lion tamers. She listens to the honeyed words of Gustave Dobre, an adventurer, who induces her to elope. She elopes, as such ladies generally do, at a moment's notice, and without any baggage. Her flight is discovered before she has had time to reach the corner of the street, but no attempt is made to thwart her. The husband falls on a sofa and moans, then arises and vows eternal vengeance on his wife's betrayer. This is about fifteen seconds after she has gone, when she must have been about two hundred yards away.

In the next act the wife has become her own daughter and is married to her son-in-law. It is then that the always-good-alike qualities of the melodrama crop up. The villains appear. There are two of them. One of them is Gustave Dobre, who has become the valet of the other. Colonel de Villefort is a most atrocious creature, and when he tries to shake Dobre, that gentleman says confidentially: "Have you forgotten so soon how you defrauded the Bank of France?" The colonel has not forgotten, and I couldn't help reflecting that the Bank of France must be an exceedingly diaphanous and wishy-washy affair to be defrauded by such a very palpable and superficial villain.

The two villains soon start in to make things lively. One of them is morbidly in love with the married heroine; the other prefers her jewels. They take part in a thrilling robbery at the Hotel St. Moritz, in France, during which a murder takes place. The robbery is made remarkably easy by the lady, who owned a sumptuous set of emeralds. She placidly remarks to the villain: "I have sewn them in the lining of an old dressing gown. Nobody would think of looking for them there." And the villain chuckles and adds in an audible aside: "Except me."

After this all the characters in the play go to the French convict settlement at New Caledonia. Even the comedy man and the ingenue are discovered there, apropos of nothing at all. Indeed, the ingenue wears spotless white gowns, made in the very latest fashion, among the prisoners, and evidently regards New Caledonia as a delightful Summer resort. The lion tamer is there, because he is believed to have killed his wife's betrayer. Marion is there, because she is suspected of having committed the murder at the Hotel St. Moritz, France. Her husband is there with me-child, because—well, because she gets a good salary and must take part in every scene of the play.

The principal situation of the melodrama is rather a good one. The men of New Caledonia are allowed to select wives from among the feminine convicts, and a plot is engineered by the villain, who is also there in brand-new regimentals, to induce the lion-tamer to select as his bride sweet Marion (his own daughter) to go through the form of marriage with, and then to deliver her over to the villain. The scheme miscarries because instead of being delivered over to the villain, she is given to her own husband. I can imagine that a very stirring play might have been made of this incident by a dramatist like David Belasco. In the hands of Messrs. Shirley and Landeck it becomes simply a maudlin episode in five acts of melodramatic palaver.

"A Lion's Heart," however, contains good material misused. It is worth overhauling and redeeming from the perpetual sameness to which I have before alluded. Moreover, it is badly acted. Carl Haswin, the hero, is a singularly uninteresting person, with one note in his voice and one gesture about his muscles. Then the heroine played by Mrs. Haswin is unable to command any sympathy. Mrs. Haswin can act far better than her husband, but she is no longer able to convincingly portray women less than forty. Miss Una Abell, the ingenue, is the best member of the company. Her work is charming, and she is very ably aided by Henry Stockbridge, who is a clown in the prologue and a young lawyer in the play. Another worthy sketch is contributed by S. H. Verney, who appears to be a clever character actor. Harry Driscole, as the villain, is very funny, and he owns a very nice pair of eyebrows. They are far too good for the Bowery, because they are real and enduring.

"A Lion's Heart" should be attended to by [illegible] it is too late. Otherwise fatty degeneration will set in.

ALAN DALE.

The Sunday Journal a Readable Newspaper.

Lombroso and Nordau will embrace the opportunity to study a curious phase of the development of a human mind which one article in the Journal to-morrow will afford them. De Quincey, who wrote so engagingly on the merits of "Murder as a Fine Art," might have vastly expanded his essay had he had in his possession data of the sort which this article will present. The confession of H. H. Holmes, whose exploits in the twin industries of murder and swindling have become notorious the world over, has in it a deeper interest than attaches to a mere story of crime. It is a psychological study of the highest importance. This man, in appearance, in apparent habits of thought and of life, is essentially commonplace. He has mingled in the busy throngs of men, lived in hotels and public places, and conducted business of an ordinary character without ever having aroused more than the very vaguest suspicion. Up to the time that the pertinacity of an insurance company, coupled with the treachery of a confidant made in prison, exposed the one crime for which he is now under sentence of death, he went his way through the world without attracting unusual attention, and without for a moment creating any idea in the minds of those who knew him that his ostensible business was merely a cloak for the crimes by which he made his livelihood. Convicted of murder and within the shadow of the gallows, Holmes lays bare the story of his life. He confesses to the commission of extraordinary murders. One only of these murders has been judicially fastened upon him. For some of the others he was under suspicion. Many will be heard of for the first time in the confession of the murderer. The alienist will find fruitful field for study and comparison in this confession of a wholesale criminal. It will rival in importance as a document in the science of criminology Mr. Dugdale's famous study of a criminal family in the State of New York, whom he called the "Jukes." It may be doubted whether ever before one individual presented to the students of psychology such varying and seemingly antagonistic qualities of mind as this man.

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There was a time when the millionaire was satisfied to float about the world in the great ships that ply from port to port or plough the ocean in his own magnificently appointed yacht. According to a story, however, which has been prepared by one of the greatest imaginative writers in the world, and which will appear in to-morrow's Journal, Mr. Moneybags has found a new way of enjoying life on the wave. It is nothing more or less than the construction of a floating island several miles in extent, an island which is to combine all the pleasures and all the luxuries of land and sea. If the climate isn't pleasant, the island simply floats off to one that is. It's a piece of fiction, of course, but it's so vividly pictured that you will think it is real.

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For a newspaper to secure Jules Verne as a contributor is an achievement. The story of the floating island was written by none other than the world-celebrated author of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."

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Seventy-five thousand dollars is a whole lot of money to spend for food and wine for a single dinner, yet this is the cost of the things that will be served at a banquet soon to come off. This is a very modest portion of the expenses of the feast, though, when it is borne in mind that the decorations, the gold plate and other miscellaneous items will bring the total of money represented up to a round million. The Sunday Journal will tell all about it and the favored guests, who are among the most distinguished people of the earth.

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The theatre hat, which has been so useful to the men who have written funny things for goodness knows how long, has come into prominence out in Ohio.

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There isn't any joke about it this time, for Ohio legislators are not of a humorous turn, and they have decreed that the hat must come off in theatres. The new law in now in operation. How it works will be told in an entertaining way in the Journal to-morrow.

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There will be a host of other things in the paper, all of them as interesting subjects as the few here outlined. There will be a Jekyll and Hyde story of real life and another about the unhappiest woman in New York. A story that will interest every wheelman gives the plans of a great bicycle track from Harlem to the Battery. A rare treat is offered in an article that deals with the question: "What is the best thing that can be gotten out of life?"

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The lovers of music and the people who sing and play have also been well provided for. Besides the literary feast of which every one with three cents may partake, there will be presented with every copy of the Journal the words and music of Miss May Irwin's great song, "The New Bully."

Don't wait until it is too late—and it is always too late by 9 o'clock Sunday morning—but order the great Sunday Journal now.

Vale Eros.

BY E. L. M.

Well, we have done with love,
Sweet, you and I;
Flown is the cherished dove
Where doves may fly.

In this broad world no grief
Makes her return
Back with the olive leaf—
She will not yearn.

What though the feud that lies
'Twixt us is deep—
Sorrow in languid eyes
Heavy for sleep.

She has gone hence in joy,
Buoyant and free;
We twain cannot annoy
Her life to be.

Ah! that there should be shame,
Bitter regret!
How shall I bear your name?
Shall we forget?

Cruel you were and proud,
Tempting my power;
Strongly are men endowed
In such an hour.

Why should the red rose mock
Fire and windstorm?
Frailly she bears the shock—
Frailest of form.

Savage was I, in sooth;
Sorrowful, too;
Ah! but the world's whole truth
Perished with you.

Yes, we have done with love,
Sweet, you and I;
Flown is the cherished dove
Where doves may fly.

—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Color of Gold.

[Kansas City Journal.]

"Yellow gold wins in the house," shouts a Kansas contemporary. Well, anyway, that's better than if pink or blue gold had won. Let's try to be happy.

Sportsman vs. Statesman.

[Washington Star.]

If Mr. Cleveland looked as long at a duck as he does at a Cuban resolution he would lose some of his prestige as a sportsman.

Tales of the East Side. A Yiddish Idyll.

Die Liebe ist eine alte Geschichte.

In German they call it "Die Liebe." The French, as every school girl knows, call it "L'Amour." It is known to the Spanish and the Italians, and, unless I am greatly mistaken, it was known even in Ur of the Chaldeans, the city that was lost before the dawn of ancient Greece.

The sky has sung of it, the bright stars have sung of it, the birds and the flowers and the green meadows have sung of it. And far from the brightness and the sunshine of the world I can lead you to a dark room where, night and day, the air is filled with the whirring and buzzing and droning and humming of sewing machines, and if you listen intently you can hear the song they sing: "Love! Love! Love!"

Die Liebe ist eine alte Geschichte.

It is a foolish song, and somehow or other it has become sadly entangled with the story of Erzik and Sarah, which is a foolish story that has neither beginning nor end. Nor has it a plot or a meaning or anything at all, for that matter, save the melody of Spring and the perfume of violets.

You see, Sarah's eyes were brown and Erzik's were blue, and they sat side by side in the sweat-shop where the sewing machines whirred and buzzed and droned and hummed. And side by side they had sat for almost a year, speaking hardly a dozen words a day, for they are silent people, those Eastern Jews, and each time that Sarah looked up she could see that Erzik's eyes were blue, and she saw a light in them that brought the blood to her cheeks and filled her with a strange joy and a resolve not to look up again.

And Erzik, wondering at the gladness in his heart, would smile, whereat the sweater would frown and the machines would whir and buzz and drone and hum more briskly.

It was the fault of the black thread—or was it the white thread? One of them, at least, had become entangled in the bobbin of Sarah's sewing machine, and in disentangling it the needle's point pierced her skin, drawing—a tiny drop of blood. Erzik turned pale, and tearing a strip from his handkerchief—a piece of extravagance which exasperated the sweater beyond all bounds—hastened to bind it around the wound. Then Sarah laughed, and Erzik laughed, too, and of course he must hold the finger close to his eyes to adjust the bandage, and then, before the whole room, he kissed her hand. Then she slapped him upon one cheek, whereupon he quickly offered the other, and they laughed, and all the room laughed, save Esther, whose face was always white and pinched.

Is it not a foolish story? That very night Erzik told Sarah that he loved her, and she cried and told him she loved him, and then he cried, and they both were happy. And on the next day they told the sweater that they were soon going to be married, which did not interest him at all.

It was gossip for half a day, and then it fell into the natural order of things. The machines went on whirring and buzzing, and droning and humming, and Erzik and Sarah frequently looked up from their work and gazed smilingly into each other's eyes. Of this they never tired, and through the Spring their love grew stronger and deeper, and the machines in the room never ceased to sing of it; even the sparrows that perched upon the telegraph wires close by the windows chirped it all day long.

Esther grew whiter and whiter, and her face became more and more pinched. And one day she was not in her place. But neither Erzik nor Sarah missed her. Another day and another, she was absent, and on the following day they buried her. The rabbi brought a letter to Erzik.

"She said it was for your wedding."

Carefully folded in a clean sheet of note paper lay three double eagles; it was Esther's fortune.

Die Liebe ist eine alte Geschichte!

Erzik and Sarah have been married a year, and they still sit side by side in the sweat shop. Spring has come again, and the sewing machines whirr and buzz and drone and hum, and through it all you can hear that foolish old song. When they look up from their work and their eyes meet, they smile. They are content with their lot in life, and they love each other.

The story runs in my head like an old song, and when the sky is blue, and the birds sing, the melody is sweet beyond all words. Sometimes, when the sky is gray and the air is heavy with a coming storm, it seems as if there is a note of sadness in the song, as if a heart were crying. But the sunshine makes it right again.

RUDOLPH E. BLOCK.

More or Less in the Public Eye.

Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia are to represent the German Emperor and Empress both at the imperial coronation at Moscow in May and at the royal wedding in London in July.

Prime Minister Salisbury is a direct, ponderous and earnest speaker. He never attempts oratorical flights. He weighs nearly as much as President Cleveland, and wears as large a hat as Tom Reed.

General Saussier, Military Governor of Paris, who, in case of war, would act as Commander-in-Chief of the French Army, though he has reached the age limit, has been continued in office by the Ministry for three years longer.

When Count Herbert Bismarck telegraphed to his father, Prince Bismarck, that his latest baby was a girl the Prince telegraphed back: "Have patience. Marie was only a girl." Marie was the Prince's first born, and then came two sons.

George H. Boughton, who has been made a British Academician, is an artist who has earned the honor by long and able work. He has exhibited pictures at the Academy for thirty consecutive years. Mr. Boughton is extremely popular in London society and his election was widely commended. He has several new pictures ready for the Academy.

Governor Morton derives a good deal of amusement from certain features of his Presidential boom. He recently received a letter, misspelled and almost illegible, from a man who said that he had always been a Democrat, but that he should like to see a President in the White House who was a good judge of horses and cattle, and that he would vote for Morton if the latter were nominated.

The late Charles L. Damrell was for a quarter of a century connected with the Old Corner Book Store in Boston as a partner. This quaint old bookshop has been time out of mind a favorite resort for literary men and women of celebrity, and with many of them, like Hawthorne, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes and Longfellow, Mr. Damrell was on terms of intimate friendship. He was a bachelor, and a singularly modest and retiring man.

Governor Stone, of Miss[illegible], has appointed Mrs. Alexander H. Kayser [illegible]tain-General of the Commonwealth." It [illegible] that this unique appointment is th[illegible] participation in the inter[illegible] the fair grounds last July. She [illegible] the Kansas City Zouaves, an[illegible] enthusiastically to the servi[illegible] Mr. and Mrs. Kayser met G[illegible] of his recent visits to St. [illegible]yser, in a bantering way, [illegible] appointment, Governor [illegible] had not forgotten her, and [illegible] by the Governor, with t[illegible] it, has been received.

Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

"All this here talk of taking money out of politics," said a dejected statesman in the rotunda of the Astor House on Friday, "makes me feel as cheap and as sick as a yellow dog, and I don't give away anything in saying that I don't wish to hear any more of it. Taking money out of politics! Why, I know men, and in this town, too, who have been in no regular business, except that of politics and political reform, for many years, and if they have taken any money out of the business, as these mugs say, they certainly haven't anything to show for it, and you'd think so, too, if you saw them, as I did, stoking about for dimes and quarters and beds and drinks. It seems to me that just as a fair show comes in sight to get an honest dollar or two out of politics, as the saying is, some reformer makes his appearance unseen with a bill or a law or a statute or a plan to knock the thing in the head. Getting money out of politics! That's an old story, but there's nothing in it. Those days are gone, never to return. Why, only last year a man got up a bill in Albany making it a crime—crime, mind you—to sell ball or chowder tickets to candidates within ninety days of election. Another man got up a law compelling candidates to file a sworn statement of their expenses, and last year still another got up a law, which I suppose will be passed this year, to prevent candidates from having any expenses. I tell you, the whole scheme is to do away with the chance of any one making a dollar out of politics, and I can't but say that what makes me maddest about the thing is that to hear galoots still talking about taking money out of politics by reform measures. They've done that there already."

A tired tramp on the Bowery was bewailing the free-lunch clause of the Raines Liquor Tax bill, when his attention was called to an ornate poster in red and blue ink, on white paper, representing with full regalia and accoutrements an American soldier in the cavalry service and an American infantryman saluting his superior officer, the latter carrying a large sword. Under the two pictures were printed the conditions under which the United States Army accepts volunteers for its service on the frontier in the military force. The applicant must be more than twenty-one years of age and less than thirty. It is essential that he be unmarried and either a citizen of the United States or an alien who has legally declared his intention to become a citizen. He must enlist for five years, and the United States Government generously agrees to pay him for his services in field and flood $13 per month. Other inducements are held out. If sick, he is given free admission to a hospital; if he dies, he is buried at the public expense. If in the camp in which he is stationed there is a library, he is permitted to read the books contained in it without extra cost, and if out of his income of $13 per month he providently saves a portion, the United States pays him 4 per cent interest on the amount, unless in the meanwhile he deserts, in which case the money is forfeited and he is liable to be imprisoned for life, or perhaps to be shot.

The tired tramp was in front of a "Recruiting Office" on Third avenue, and he ejaculated as he shambled away: "What stumps me is that they had to pass a law to keep the United States Army from ever getting larger than 25,000."

LITERARY SHOP-TALK.

There was an old person of Crewd
Who said: "We use sawdust for food,
It is cheap by the ton, and it nourishes one,
And that's the main object of food."

"How often, O, how often," when about to partake of the pabulum spread out on a boarding-house table, has this little nursery jingle recurred to one's mind as the working theory of the boarding-house keeper; but, lo! here is Mrs. Gesine Lemcke, a priestess of the culinary art, "of the Cooking College of Brooklyn," whatever that may be, promulgating the same creed. Mrs. Lemcke, moreover, warbles the alluring little ditty:

Come, walk into my parlor, you pretty little [illegible]
You shall dine and sup and breakfast on [illegible] cents a day.

It would have been better, metrically, if she had said twenty cents a day, and it would not have interfered much with the menu.

"How to Live Well on Twenty-five Cents a Day," by Mrs. Gesine Lemcke, published by the J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., is a little book, specially recommended to journalists, authors and all such people as are forced of necessity to "plain living and high thinking." One would rationally suppose that any mortal who has to encounter twice a day the arduous journey between Brooklyn and New York must fortify himself on the most strengthening foods, in large quantities—besides the tonics, phosphates and arnica plasters necessary to the circumstances—but it seems it is not so, if the Brooklyn Cooking College has any vogue.

In order to live well on twenty-five cents a day there must be four of you, which is a case of more than the "economy of two"—young man, the inference is obvious—and for these four persons Mrs. Lemcke gives menus, the cost of which averages one dollar a day. For instance, for a luncheon for four persons, says Mrs. Lemcke, "take half a pint of oysters," which, being creamed, are to be spread on four slices of toast. Elastic oysters, aren't they? The lone oyster of the church festival could take lessons of Mrs. Lemcke. Again, three pounds of beef are made to serve four persons for a dinner (at which there is nothing else but spaghetti and boiled potatoes, besides the soup and apple pie), cold again for the next day's lunch, and hashed for the morning's breakfast! That is not a bad record for a "pot roast" in the way of fulfilling its mission in the world, but it is hardly "filling." These are taken at random from Mrs. Lemcke's little manual, but are fair samples of the economy of her system, which has too near a resemblance to the Irishman's horse and the oats to be exactly comfortable.

Mrs. Lemcke's recipes are all right, and can be followed with reliance and success, but the quantities that she provides will not satisfy four reasonably healthy American appetites. If you want to "live well on twenty-five cents a day" you will either have to go hungry or get one good, square meal a day elsewhere.