EX-PREMIER CRISPI'S STIRRING PUBLIC LIFE.

How Garibaldi's Most Famous Colleague, After Many Trials and Reverses, Became the Arbiter of Italy's Fortunes.

STRANGE MATRIMONIAL TROUBLES.

Exile in Paris and London—Experiences as a Journalist—Rebuffed by Queen Margarita—Causes of His Downfall.

Vale, Francesco Crispi! Vale, O thou, the most dicturesque, if not the greatest of modern Italians!

A week ago thou wast the leader of thy countrymen and the champion of the government; to-day thou art dethroned and a new man is being honored in thy stead!

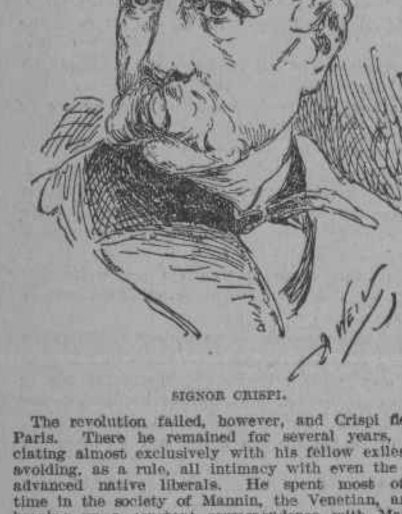
Wilt thou then lose heart and retire discomfited before the threats of thine enemies? Surely not; surely the fighting spirit, which has swayed thee thus far, will keep thee a fighter to the end.

This must be the conclusion of any one who carefully studies the ex-Premier's life. From his earliest years he was a fighter and his latest acts show that, old as he is, his intellect and his self-will are as pronounced as ever.

Born at Ribera, in the province of Girgenti, Sicily, on October 4, 1819, Francesco Crispi obtained a sound education, which he completed by studying law at Palermo. His studies over, he was admitted to the bar at Naples and became known at an early age for the ardor of his political impulses, then synonymous in Sicily with conspiracy against the Bourbon rule in Naples. At the bar he was notable rather for his learning and his liberalism than for any oratorical power, and not until the year 1848 did his colleagues find out how great his abilities really were.

A BORN CONSPIRATOR.

In that year he was one of the most fervent organizers of the revolutionary movement at Palermo, giving it a distinctly autonomist character and advocating with great energy the total separation of Sicily from the Kingdom of Naples. His aggressiveness made him a marked man and his countrymen showed their confidence in him by electing him one of their Deputies in the Sicilian Insurrectionary Parliament, and subsequently Secretary of War in the Provisional government. This confidence he did not betray. Indeed, when the history of this Sicilian revolution is written, it will be seen that the two years' resistance of the revolutionists was largely due to this Sicilian lawyer's wise policy and widespread influence among his countrymen.



SIGNOR CRISPI.

The revolution failed, however, and Crispi fled to Paris. There he remained for several years, associating almost exclusively with his fellow exiles and avoiding, as a rule, all intimacy with even the most advanced native liberals. He spent most of his time in the society of Mannin, the Venetian, and in keeping up a constant correspondence with Mazzini, in London. During this period he supported himself by teaching law and by giving Italian lessons to several persons, among them being Legouvé's daughter, now Mme. Desvaillieres.

Previous to this period—from 1849 to 1852—he had earned his bread by working for the newspapers of Turin, most of his articles appearing in the Progresso, an influential journal founded about this time by Cesare Correnti. A notable fact about the Progresso is that four members of its staff afterward became Cabinet Ministers and two of them Prime Ministers of Italy. They were Cesare Correnti, one of the greatest masters of modern style, who, before his death, thirty years later, was several times Minister; Depretis, Seismit-Doda and Francesco Crispi.

AS A JOURNALIST.

The remuneration which these able men obtained from the Progresso was by no means in accordance with their deserts. Correnti, who wrote most of the leading articles, received $18 a month; Depretis, who reviewed the proceedings in the Chambers, received a like sum, while Crispi, who was younger and of less standing, wrote articles upon all kinds of subjects and attended to the administration of the paper for the magnificent salary of $12 a month. Naturally he could not live upon this and therefore he collaborated with other papers and in short took any work he could get. He was true to his republican principles, however, and refused with great hauteur to work for the Risorgimento, a moderate liberal organ, founded by Count Cavour. "Do you suppose then that a journalist is like a cobbler and can fit shoes to all kinds of feet?" was his reply to Cavour's representative.

A born conspirator, Crispi, though in Paris, caused much uneasiness to the Italian authorities, and the consequence was that after a few domiciliary visits the police of Napoleon III. politely gave him notice to quit. He went to London with two pounds sterling in his pocket and there with Mazzini concocted the plot that eventually resulted in the liberation of Italy. In this work he had the sympathy of many persons who knew how tyrannical was King Ferdinand, the "Bomba" of popular detestation. These persons knew that, as soon as the insurrection of 1847 had been suppressed by an army of Swiss and other foreign mercenaries, a large number of the most respected members of the Senate and Chamber, among them being Baron Poerio, Professors Settembrini and Spaventa, and others well known to English society, had been imprisoned in the dungeons of Ischia and Procida and had been confined there for years in spite of the fact that Mr. Gladstone, Lord Aberdeen and Lord Palmerston had exerted themselves to procure their release.

HIS RETURN FROM EXILE.

A brighter day, however, soon dawned. Garibaldi led his famous expedition to Sicily in 1859 and Crispi accompanied it as a simple volunteer, landing at Palermo in May, 1860. Many had pinned their faith upon Crispi in this enterprise, the success of which is generally but somewhat erroneously attributed to the prestige and the red shirt of the "Lion of the Appenines." Courageous as Garibaldi was, his courage would hardly have carried the day. In order to insure success the brains of a man like Crispi were necessary. There were two Swiss regiments at Palermo, quite ready to die for the King who paid them regularly, and their officers told Crispi that they meant to stand to their colors. Crispi's reply was characteristic. "Loyalty like yours merits its reward," he said, "and if you will send in a petition for an increase of pay as soon as your term of enlistment expires, my friends at Court will see that it is granted." The Swiss fell into the trap; the petition was sent and was pigeon-holed; no answer came and the two regiments marched out of Palermo in anger. Had they remained the red shirts would hardly have conquered the city.

The red shirts conquered, however, and Crispi was soon so busily engaged in reorganizing a government at Palermo that he found it impossible to accompany Garibaldi to the main land. This work done, he was elected a Deputy for Palermo in the first Parliament of United Italy in 1861, and at once began to display an eloquence for which his friends had never given him the credit. An independent thinker, he soon showed that he would not slavishly follow any leader, and the disappointment of some cherished political hopes eventually brought him to the front as the leader of the constitutional opposition. Subsequently, by joining his forces with those of Urbano Rattazzi, he created a third party, which supported the Rattazzi Ministry of 1867. The electors of Castelvetrano had made him their candidate and, though a traditional republican and separatist, he announced his programme in the celebrated formula:—"The monarchy unites us, the republic separates us."

IS MATRIMONIAL TROUBLES.

Wealth had come to him by this time. As a lawyer he was in great request and he had practically made his fortune as the counsel of the Calabro-Sicilian Railway Company in the numerous law suits growing out of the concession by Garibaldi, which the Italian government disavowed. His riches increased his political and social importance and enabled him, with good grace, to refuse the offer of the portfolio of the Interior, made by Rattazzi in 1867. Other offers he also refused, and not until the advent of the Depretis-Nicotera Cabinet, in 1876, did he come to the front as President of the Chamber of Deputies, and Minister of the Interior. He was now at the height of his power, and when Victor Emmanuel died in January, 1878, no man enjoyed a more commanding influence in Italy than he did.

His enemies—and he had many—were aware of this and looked on all sides for a weapon with which to crush him. The opposition press had grown tired of attacking his political methods and his enemies saw clearly that some deadlier weapon would be necessary in order to insure his downfall. But where was such a weapon to be found?

Crispi himself furnished it. He got married in January, 1878, and a few days later presented his wife at Court, where she was most cordially received by Queen Margarita. A royal gala was given in honor of the event and scarcely was it over when a little popular sheet of Naples, the Piccolo, published without one line of commentary a document which before a week had passed was copied in every great newspaper in Europe. It was simply an alleged copy of the marriage certificate of the statesman, dated March 4, 1854, by which it appeared that he had been regularly and legitimately wedded to a woman of low origin, who was still living on a pension from him, her legal husband, at Malta.

PREMIER OF ITALY.

Did Crispi flee from his enemies as Georges Boulanger fled, or did he fight for his life as Charles Stewart Parnell is still fighting? He did neither. In his first burst of passion he denounced the story as a base slander and defied his enemies to prove their assertions. Then he resumed his official duties as though nothing had happened, and not until Queen Margarita let it be known that she would not appear at any reception or ceremony at which he was present, did he resign his portfolio of Minister of the Interior? He announced at the same time that he would retire entirely from public life, and for several weeks all Italy waited to see if the government would permit him to carry out his threat. The government did not permit him, and with his return to power ended his ostracism.

Since that time he has been continually in harness and has done some of his best work. In 1882 he was alone among Italian politicians in urging co-operation with England. In the same year he promoted the commemoration of the Sicilian vespers as a demonstration against France in return for her entry into Tunis and drew on himself the attacks of French journalists. Shortly after he joined the leaders of the Left who were combating Depretis' Trasformismo policy, but in the election of 1886 he held aloof from his colleagues, and when the catastrophe at Dogali shattered Depretis' health and his ministry the former opponent of Trasformismo came to the veteran premier's aid as Home Minister and showed himself an adept in the political arts, which he had denounced as immoral. The reversion of the leadership was assured to him and he had not long to wait for it. Depretis died in 1887 and Crispi became President of the Council and Minister for Foreign Affairs.

CAUSES OF HIS DOWNFALL.

Greater distinction he could not attain, and he strove by vigorous and energetic work to prove to his countrymen that he was the right man in the right place. To make Italy great has ever been his dream, and his worst enemies will not deny that, in spite of abnormal emigration, an unusual deficit and a large income tax, the present greatness of Italy is mainly due to him. All Italians recognise this truth, and when Emiliano Caponali, a half cracked Neapolitan youth, tried to assassinate the Premier in September, 1889, all classes vied with each other in congratulating him on his escape.

The opposition press, however, did not keep long silent. With an animosity which may be styled personal it continued to assail the head of the government, making him responsible for all the disasters and difficulties which the country has known for the last decade, the tripartite alliance, the African expedition, the rupture of the commercial treaty and the financial crisis at Rome. The "Secolo" of Milan has even been at pains to point out how much money Italy has lost since Crispi became Premier. On September 11, 1889, it published a list of the chief Italian securities and showed how much they had declined in value since the death of Depretis. Everywhere appeared a reduction and, according to the "Secolo," private concerns have depreciated even more—the loss of the French treaty in particular having inflicted a heavy loss on Italy.

Indeed, Crispi's attitude toward France has for years been a cause of alarm to the upper classes in Italy. That Crispi has long tried to drag Italy into a war with France is their firm conviction. His undisguised friendship for the Germans evinced by his pronounced partiality for Bismarck, whose personal acquaintance he had made as he had previously made that of the other leading statesmen of Europe, was also a cause of alarm to them, and they have long asked themselves the question, "How long will King Humbert and Queen Margarita submit to the dictatorship of this Mazzinian bigamist?"

They are answered at last.

Is the day of the hot-blooded, far-seeing Sicilian then over? Will the Italy which he loves so well never again cry, "Salve, salve, Crispi?"

Qui vivra verra! For the present, however, vale, Francesco Crispi!

THE GAME OF "WIT."

THE SORT OF VERSES THAT CAN BE MADE BY MACHINERY.

"I tell you I was with some smart people last night," said a broker to a friend over the lunch table yesterday.

"Some of 'em are sort of literary, write for the magazines and that kind of thing, and some of 'em were not, but they were all smart. One girl—awful pretty girl—proposed that we should play something she called 'Wit.' I don't care much about games, but that girl was so pretty I was ready to do anything she wanted, and so were the rest of the men, for the women had to come in, too.

"Did you ever hear of 'Wit?' "

"Never heard of yours," was the irreverent reply.

"Never mind, never mind about that," said the broker calmly. "You'll hear of it now. I quite distinguished myself." And he began pulling papers out of his coat tail pockets and laying them, still folded, on the table.

VERSE MAKING MADE EASY.

"That game of 'Wit'," said he, "is making poetry. You wouldn't think you could ever do it, but you can.

"It is this way:—Every person has a pencil and paper, and each one writes on the top of the paper any noun, then folds it down so that the word can't be seen and passes it to the next. Grand change all around, you see. Then each one writes an adjective, fold, change again; then a verb; then finally a question. Every time you write anything your sovereign will suggests. Then one more change, and you have to write a verse, using all those words in it and answering that question. It's lots of fun—when an uncommonly pretty girl is running the thing and sitting next you.

"According to the Simon pure, original game you can write anything you like, but the pretty girl—last night she begged us not to write such words as potatoes, or scrub or measles—she said, 'Write words that it was possible to be sentimental with, so that people could write whatever kind of poetry they wanted to.'

"It come out pretty soon that she is a regular dab at sentimental poetry herself. Oh, yes; I tell she's smart more ways than one, as well as pretty.

"Let me read you some of the verses.

MACHINE MADE SAMPLES.

"Now, here's one of the girls'. I tell you it's real poetry. If you've got any soul—well, here you see are the words and question. Verb, laugh; adjective, rich; noun, lovers; question, When is love sweetest? Listen." He read sonorously, with expressive swayings of the head:—

Love is sweetest at its birth.
Then laugh all the golden hours.
Love is sweetest when life's dearth
Slays slighter hopes, fades paler flowers.

Love is sweetest when long years
Have proved how rich its dear content,
Let lovers claim the gods for peers,
Olympus for their joys is lent.

"Now isn't that wonderful to be done in fifteen minutes? Fifteen minutes was our time limit. This is the one I did—didn't take me five minutes. I was ashamed of it after I heard that beautiful poem, but she said it was good, and laughed at it a lot," and again he read:—

Love is sweetest when the lovers are rich,
Then they can laugh at grief and all sich.

"She said it was clever to get it all in two lines. Here's another. The noun was lamp; adjective, merry; verb, rush; and question, Where are the snows of yester year?

"Here's hers:—

They frost, perchance, some peak of Alpine splendor,
'Neath the lamp of night still showing fair, I wist;
Or if to Heaven their pure life they did render,
They died a happy death, by sunshine kissed.

Now new snows make the garment of the meadow,
Or swell the merry rush of mountain stream;
But when 'fore the spring flies the winter's shadow,
They, too, shall be the memory of a dream!

"This is mine." He hurried on rapidly, as he saw his victim getting restless:—

White are the sn ws of yester year?
Ah! who can guess so sad a conundrum?
Ask me some merry ones, my dear,
And round the lamp we'll rush the fun wid 'em.

"Pretty good, ain't it?

"Well, after we'd done this a while the girl—no, I won't tell you her name—proposed that we all try to write a stanza like some poet, sort of in his swing; we could go get a book in the library if we wanted to and look at anything we wished to imitate. I dropped out then, but she wrote a wonder. No, sir, she hadn't written it before. They gave each other names, and they gave her Swinburne, because they thought he was hardest. And she wrote this:—

The sweet blooms spring by the rushing water,
The small leaves whisper of summer's birth,
The swift year flies to her fairest daughter,
The child of laughter and love and mirth.
The child of laughter and mirth and love,
Showering blooms below and songs above;
Through months of storms and sorrows we sought her,
Now sweet joys grow sweeter from winter's dearth!

"Now don't that beat Swinburne hollow? I tell you that girl—Aw, just wait a minute! All right, good by; but when you try it yourself you'll find poetry more interesting!"

AN APRIL TEAR.

A MADRIGAL.

A single tear was all! one burning tear
Upwelling slowly, bright and crystal clear,
From those dark, mystic deeps where sunbeams hide—
To tremble for an instant, then to glide
Adown the cheek it seemed so loth to sear;
As I, to kiss the tear away, drew near
Out danced the sunbeams, sweeping clouds aside;
And, as each other to outgleam they vied,
The tear a sparkling dewdrop and the dear
Soft cheek its prisoning roseleaf, did appear.

JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

THE NORVIN GREENS OF THE STATE OF OWEN.

Some Account of the Kentucky Family Headed by the Western Union's President.

DR. J. O. GREEN, OF NEW YORK

The Man Who Found Ray Hamilton's Body in Wyoming and Others of the Family.

THERE are three well known Green families in Kentucky—the Willis Greens, the Duff Greens and the Norvin Greens. According to the old fashioned standard of measuring social importance, and this standard was taken to Kentucky from Virginia by the early settlers in the Dark and Bloody Ground, these families rank as they have been named. But according to the newer fashion of to-day it is likely that the Norvin Greens would take precedent over the other two.

This change in relations is due to the very great business success of the head and founder of the house of Norvin Green. He is a man of humble origin, his father having been a plantation overseer in Kentucky twenty-five years ago. The father was a thrifty man and out of his wages saved enough to settle himself on a farm in what was then a very remote county of the State. He prospered and reared a family and his eldest son was Dr. Norvin Green, the president of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

Norvin Green practised medicine and farmed in Owen county, and was married in early life to Miss English, a daughter of the wealthiest man in that section, which long after came to be known as the "State of Sweet Owen." This was due to the fact that Owen county resisted civilization longer than any other county not in the mountains in the whole Commonwealth.

ABOVE THE STATUTES.

The people were a law unto themselves and did whatever they chose without any regard to what the State statutes made and provided. When John C. Breckinridge ran for Congress the first time his opponent, in the home district of Henry Clay, was General Leslie Combs, the old Indian fighter and whig politician. The district had an overwhelming whig majority and young Breckinridge was put up against the old war horse, not with any hope of winning, but merely as a matter of party policy in keeping the democratic organization in good shape. The young lawyer stumped the district. His handsome face and figure and his silver voice won the hearts of the rough Owen county people and they determined to elect him.

When the young candidate had returned to his home in Lexington a delegation from Owen county called upon him and asked how many votes he needed from that county to be elected. Breckinridge thinking his chances hopeless answered cheerily that he should need about twenty-five hundred. The delegation withdrew saying that they thought they could manage it. The candidate did not understand how this could be when there were only about four hundred voters in the county. However, when the returns came in the vote was Combs 25, Breckinridge 3,500. More votes were cast than there were men, women and children in the county. But there was no one bold enough to investigate. The "State of Sweet Owen" had spoken its mind and the political career of John C. Breckinridge began.

DR. GREEN'S FIRST WIRES.

Miss English, now Mrs. Norvin Green, and a cousin, by the way, of that remarkable Mr. English who ran for Vice President of the United States on the ticket with General Hancock, inherited a very large estate in Owen county. It stretches up and down the winding Kentucky River for miles. On this magnificent farm of I don't know how many thousands of acres Dr. Green made that money which he invested in the stock of the Southern Telegraph Company some thirty-five years ago. Farmer though he was and a resident of what was at that time a quite remote section, he was one of the first men in the country to see the business value of a comprehensive system of telegraphy. Having embarked in this new enterprise he moved his family to Louisville and soon became one of the executive officers of the Southern company.

Just when the company had extended its lines all over the Southern country the war began. Dr. Green, very naturally, was bitterly opposed to the war. His property interests could not be other than seriously injured. He could not afford to take sides in the contest. If he went with the South and the South lost his property would be confiscated by the Union government. If he took sides with the Union his property, most of which was within the Confederate lines, would have been seized by the secessionists. He concluded to act as his State wished to act—that is, to remain neutral; and in this, I believe, he succeeded better than his State, which was compelled to furnish great armies to each side. The Doctor sent his two eldest sons to Europe to be educated and to be kept out of the way of the war fever, and waited and watched for what he should see.

The war being over his policy proved to have been wise, and he soon got possession of his telegraph lines and he put them in order. When the Western Union began its policy of consolidation one of its first purchases was the Southern Telegraph Company. Dr. Green then became a considerable shareholder in the company over which he now presides.

IN GOTHAM.

About 1875 or 1876 Dr. Green accepted the first vice presidency of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and came to New York to live. He joined the Union Club and very soon after was well known about New York. When Mr. Orton died Dr. Green succeeded him in the presidency of that large corporation, and since his accession to that office he has been to a greater or less extent before the public. His name, at least, in one corner of all the telegraph blanks is one of the best known in all America. His family still live in Louisville, where they occupy the handsomest house in town. In the summer Mrs. Green goes to the Owen county plantation.

The family consists of four sons and two daughters, and as Dr. Green and his wife are each over six feet in stature it is not to be wondered at that all of the children are large. The men are all over six feet and the daughters are almost as tall.

The eldest son has recently come into a notoriety which he doubtless by no means enjoys by reason of the fact that it was he who discovered the dead body in the Snake River, in Wyoming, supposed to be that of Robert Ray Hamilton, of New York. This son, Dr. James O. Green, is one of the most accomplished men I have ever met, and in whatever company he happens to be he is a man of mark. He was educated abroad and easily took on a high degree of old world polish. He is something of a musician; he draws and paints, he knows the modern languages, he rides to hounds wherever it is possible for a horse to go; he has a keen wit and a sound judgment and is as handsome a fellow as one is likely to see in many a day.

THE IDENTIFICATION OF HAMILTON.

He is not in his first youth, as he must be at least fifty years old, but he is a young man for all that. By some fortunate speculations he made a competency soon after coming to New York fifteen years ago, and for ten years or so he has been retired from business. A few years ago he married the daughter of Abram S. Hewitt, and he now spends much of his time abroad, and a commission in the Ray Hamilton will case is now on the way to Europe to take Dr. Green's testimony. The friends of Dr. Green insist that if he ever identified the body found in the Snake River as that of Robert Ray Hamilton he could not have been mistaken. He is not that kind of a man.

The second son, Pinckney F. Green, is a lawyer in this city, and a well known member of the University Club. At Heidelberg twenty-five years ago he was a well known swordsman and duellist, and he bears scars to this day of the encounters he had.

The third son, John English Green, still lives in Louisville, where he is a man of substance and consideration. He is the leader of the younger element in the business affairs of the Falls City, and was repeatedly president of the Board of Trade. He is now president of one of the banks and interested in various commercial undertakings. He is also a breeder of trotting horses, and is the manager of the famous McFerran Farm near Louisville, and he has associated with him in the ownership Mr. John I. Case, of Racine, Wis., and several others. Mr. J. E. Green is a very able man of affairs and has inherited his father's capacity for business.

A CONSUL GENERAL.

The fourth and youngest son, Warren Green, is in some regards the best known of the family. The other sons, though tall, are spare and thin. Warren runs to fat. He is, as one would naturally expect, very good natured and amiable. But considering that he is his father's son it is somewhat remarkable that he should be rather indolent. It was he that Mr. Cleveland chose some five or six years ago to go to Japan as United States Consul General. For some reason or another his confirmation was opposed in the Senate and Mr. Cleveland recalled him. It was said that he had been recalled because on the passage across the Western ocean he had opened a "jack pot" on a pair of tens. This was a slander most assuredly and doubtless started by some private enemy, just as his confirmation before the Senate was opposed, not on public but on private grounds. But why Warren Green should have any enemies is not easily understood.

DAME FASHION'S LATEST MANDATES.

Freedom of Choice in Styles and Materials, but Chic and Originality the Go.

SOME GAY LITTLE DINNERS.

Arrangements of Laces and Silks for House Wear and News of That Coming Panier.

[From the Paris Edition of the Herald.]

THERE seems to be absolute freedom of choice in styles and materials this season. The only arbitrary rule is that the effect shall be chic and original; and to gain this result the whole assortment of feathers, furs, embroideries and laces is searched, and combinations are made of hitherto incongruous fabrics.

One of these combinations is a redingote of Astrakhan opening over a plastron of black lace in the corsage and a lace skirt.

Lace of all kinds and descriptions, both black and white, is used in abundance. Old laces are pulled from the boxes, where they have been lying demode for years, and no matter of what shape or size the bits happen to be, a manner of arranging them is easily found.

One may choose between the skirt entirely covered

with lace over a silk, transparent, of any color, and draped flounces with puffings at the head, and knots and twists of drapery on the flat, application of lace on skirts and bodices, with embroidery a cheval, which unites the delicate lace to the material of the robe.

On elaborate dinner dresses are seen little paniers of lace and graceful draperies of the same, held in place with bunches of ribbons or bouquets of flowers. The corsage trimming follows the same idea, and the lace is arranged in berthas, puffed sleeves and collarettes, and Medicis collars, stiffened and wired.

DELICIOUS SORTIE DE THEATRE.

A sortie de theatre which women would call "simply delicious" is designed of Louis XVI. silk, in the shade called feu, entirely covered with black lace, with a gathered pelerine around the shoulders and little capuchon hood of lace. The front and around the neck are trimmed with a wide band of brilliant cock's plumes, changing green and black, over which falls a light jabot of lace, which closes the cloak under a handful of ribbons.

This manteau, almost too fragile in appearance for

COIFFURE A LA DIANE.

a winter wrap, is fortified with a soft thick lining of white thibet.

The Henri II. cloak is a favorite London model, made of velvet or cloth, lined with changeable silk or thibet, the broad lapels turned back the length of the front, and richly embroidered. The high collar is bordered with feathers, and thick cords fasten the cloak at the throat.

For out of door wear long jackets and thick capes are most in vogue, but one sees occasionally an extremely good redingote. The best style for this long cloak is a loose front crossing at the side. The empiecement of embroidery which forms a point over the shoulders is surrounded by a deep reversed flounce or volant which narrows to the waist.

Many ladies of the grande monde, who object to being too much in the common style, are wearing short coats of a special cut in distinction to the long jacket. Many of these are embroidered with cabochon jet on velvet of various colors.

LATE FASHIONS IN HAIR DRESSING.

For hair dressing the Greek style is too well known to require much explanation, but it is only becoming when adjusted to suit the shape of the head and face,

and when the curls are arranged softly and becomingly.

The style Diane is more simple, with smoother rolls and twists of the hair, and is adorned with a star of steel or diamonds above the head.

The Henri II. style of dressing the hair is high, the tresses being gathered to the back of the head in curls, but less coquettish than the Greek style, and a bandeau of pearls passes around the knot, while a bunch of small plumes with an upright aigrette falls over the back.

Some exquisite millinery has been sent to Nice within a few days. One hat of old blue is studded with jet, and has an entire crown of jet; a sombrero of black felt with small swallows perched upon the bunches of black plumes; another large hat of velvet "Cheveur de la Reine" strewn with Oriental pearls and bordered a la marechale with small feathers.

Little capotes of a single immense flower crushed into shape and held with coquettish knots of velvet are new. A large silk poppy is flattened on the crown and twists its crinkled transparent leaves into forms of the milliner's designing.

"Le bouquet Ophelie" is the name given to a little capote of this style made of a single rhododendron blossom.

NEWS OF A COMING FASHION.

Here is a bit of news which is just leaking out, and that is, ladies, that the more bouffante style is coming in.

When I say "coming in" I do not mean necessarily at once. On the contrary. It is to be next summer.

You may ask why the delay. The reply is easy. Cloth is all the fashion now. You could not alter that fashion this winter. Cloth costumes are essentially adapted for the collante style, and that is the style you see everywhere now.

But next summer, when you begin to get your light materials, that will be the time when your couturier or couturiere will suggest to you that the latest decree of fashion is for you to wear paniers. You will begin with them small, and they will grow larger as the days get on.

Mind you, paniers are exceedingly becoming. They improve the figure immensely, making the hips appear larger and the waist smaller.

SPECIAL COURIERS TO THE CZAR.

RESULTS ATTENDING SUCH AN APPOINTMENT OF THREE AMERICANS IN SIBERIA.

A young United States naval officer said recently:—

"We in this country cannot appreciate the autocratic power of the Czar of Russia. His word must be obeyed! His name commands respect in his dominion. He is never mentioned but in reverence by the faithful, or in a whisper by those who would oppose him. There is no open denunciation of him. His acts are never criticised, or if so, no one is aware of it except as it results in a Siberian excursion. His most insignificant desire is never controverted by the officials of his country."

The speaker was one of three lieutenants of the United States Navy who a few years ago returned to America from the Japan station overland through Siberia, and thence by regular avenues of travel to New York.

"We had unusual facilities for making the journey," continued the officer. "Our government communicated with the Russian Minister at Washington, he with his home office, and eventually Baron Struvi, then Russian Minister to Japan, was notified.

"Our passports were inspected and countersigned by the Baron, who in addition gave us several personal and open letters to be used along the route. As we were leaving the Baron's office he called us back. He seemed to deliberate for a moment, and then said:—'Gentlemen, there is one more document that I can give you. You must treat it with respect. Never use it but in case of absolute necessity. If possible don't use it at all. Never present it but as a last resort, and then, if possible, to the highest official of the Russian government that is at hand.'

AN UNUSUAL PRIVILEGE.

"The Baron left the room. Presently he returned and handed us a sealed document. It bore no superscription. As he gave it to us he said:—'I am not at liberty to disclose the nature of this document. You may never use it. So far as I am aware, no foreigner has ever possessed the like. You are Americans; our governments have always been friendly; you are granted an unusual privilege; respect my injunctions.'

"We thanked the Baron, promised to follow out his instructions and retired.

"As we proceeded on our trip we often discussed the nature of the document. Sometimes we joked about it. We had no occasion to use it early in our trip, for our passports and letters were everywhere treated with the greatest respect.

"Our journey was about three-quarters finished when one afternoon we arrived at a post station, all of which in Siberia are under military control.

"On calling for a change of horses we were informed that we could secure none that evening; moreover, we were told that it might be several days or a week before we could leave the post.

"We inquired the reason, and received an evasive answer. There was a horse disease or something of that sort, they said. We knew it to be false, for the horses were all in good condition. We protested—the conversation was in French—but we could gain no satisfaction. The official smiled in a provoking manner.

"We finally bethought ourselves of our mysterious document, and resolved to present it to the military governor of the post, whose residence had been pointed out to us.

TRYING IT ON.

"We called for our luggage and arrayed ourselves in the showy full dress of a United States naval officer—cocked hat, dress coat, gold lace and epaulets and sword. We took our credentials and the mysterious document and filed up to the Governor's house. We resolved to try the ordinary means first, so as to learn the full efficacy of the missive we carried. I confess I was curious about the thing.

"The Governor treated us with the marked courtesy of a Russian military officer. He, too, conversed in French. He told us it was impossible for us to leave the post, but he gave us no reason for the detention.

"We had arranged beforehand a plan of procedure. So we put our heads together and talked and gesticulated in English, of which the Russian was ignorant. Finally, in a dramatic manner, I pulled out the unknown document and handed it to him. He broke the seal and glanced at the contents.

"The poor man turned pale, his legs trembled. He was so agitated he could scarcely speak. 'Why did you not present that before?' he said. 'You would have experienced no difficulty then. Now I am liable to severe punishment.'

"We had seen many strange sights and had passed through many strange adventures on that Siberian trip," continued the speaker, "but the consternation of that Russian, I must confess, frightened me.

" 'Do you know the nature of this document?' he said to us. He had evidently noticed our wonderment at the denouement.

COURIERS TO THE CZAR.

"We confessed that we were ignorant. 'Why, gentlemen,' he said, 'that document is your appointment as special couriers to the Czar. Armed with such a document the Russian who detains you, who refuses to succor you in time of need or who places any obstacles in your way is liable to the severest punishment—trial before a military tribunal—and death, if found guilty.'

"The Governor then explained the reason for our detention. Some exiled political convicts had just escaped from a neighboring settlement and were ranging over the territory beyond us. The Governor feared that travellers might be murdered, and that with passports and different clothing the convicts might escape.

"He accompanied us to the post station, gave a few fierce commands in Russian, ordered out the best horses—his own, I think—and summoned an armed force of Cossacks, under whose escort we proceeded to the next relay station.

"I suppose that as soon as we were out of sight, the Governor knouted a few prisoners," continued the lieutenant, "just to enable him," he added, "to recover his equanimity from the fright the document gave him.

"We had no occasion to test the efficacy of the document a second time," said the lieutenant. "The information that we were couriers on a special mission to the Czar preceded us. The deference shown us was absolutely distasteful to our republican minds. Still the whole adventure served the purpose of an illustration of the autocratic power of the Czar, which we otherwise might never have realized."

IN THE WRONG CAR.

NO SLEEPING CARS PROVIDED ON THE ELEVATED FOR THE BENEFIT OF BOOZERS.

It was in the busy hours of the evening when the day's labor is over and uptown people are hurrying to their homes. The City Hall station of the elevated road was crowded with people, distributed in dense throngs at those openings of the railing through which passengers enter the cars. A train was just coming into the station and everybody was preparing himself for a rush to get a seat.

Meanwhile a man of huge proportions, with a staggering gait and a peculiar look in his half closed eyes, sauntered slowly up to the first opening, and before the train had come to a standstill he had made his way to the front. The crowd did not object to his intrusion. On the contrary, everybody gave him a wide berth and let him by without a murmur.

The big man managed to find a seat in a corner that suited him and there he quietly deposited his three hundred avoirdupois. His eyes soon closed gently, his large fat head fell gradually to one side until it found a soft pillow on the shoulder of an elderly gentleman wearing spectacles, who sat next to him. This gentleman showed much discomfort as the result of such indecorous behavior and seemed at a loss what to do. He certainly could not ride all the way up town with that boozy man using him as a pillow, and he was apparently too timid to awaken his unceremonious neighbor and request him to place his head in another place.

Men looked at him over their papers and smiled at his predicament, and the girls giggled continually. He was in despair.

At last the old gentleman's face beamed with a hopeful light. He whispered something in the sleeper's ear, but that gentleman dosed on. Then he talked louder.

"Mister, you're in the wrong car!"

Still no effect.

"You're in the wrong car!" he cried again, this time loud enough for the whole car to hear.

The sleepy man suddenly opened his eyes and glared in astonishment at the old man with the spectacles.

"What's that you (hic) said?"

"I said you were in the wrong car."

"Holy smoke!" cried the big man, "let me out! Stop the train!"

The kind old gentleman took him by the arm and led him safely out just as the bell rang for the train to start, and as the train began slowly to move the old gentleman cried out—

"You made a mistake; you want to take the sleeper. This isn't the sleeper."

He returned to his seat wreathed in smiles. "That's an old dodge," said he, "but somehow or other it always works."

He rested himself comfortably in his seat and read his paper in contentment till he reached his destination, and for all I know the boozy man may still be looking for the sleeper.

NEW YORK SCHOOLBOYS WITH ATHLETIC AMBITIONS.

Movement Among the Scholars to Establish a Gymnasium in a Central Spot.

AN ASSOCIATION ORGANIZED.

How Some Representative Men Regard the Prospects of the Success of the Scheme.

THE erudite ethnologists discovered long ago that the American boy was phenomenally bright. Whether or not it is the atmosphere is a mystery, but the fact remains that a really dull American boy is a rarity. No matter how stupid the imported parents of boys born here may be the offspring of such very infrequently inherit their lack of intelligence. Our public schools abound with smart boys. They develop early. As a rule they are as manly as they are bright.

An earnest band of young fellows is working hard to establish a gymnasium for the use of boys attending the public schools. The idea is to hire a hall in some central position and to fit it up with all the requisites of a first class gymnasium. Of course this cannot be done without money, and how to raise the necessary funds is now exercising the ingenuity of a number of boys, who have formed what is known as the Public School Athletic Association. At present the organization is only in its cradle. It is, however, a sturdy and burly baby, and from all appearances it will thrive and flourish like the proverbial green bay tree.

CHARLES E. HEYDT.

THE NEED OF A GYMNASIUM.

Physical culture has come among us to stay. There never was a period in our history when there was such enthusiasm about everything that appertains to athletics. The boys have caught the fever, and they will never rest until the goal of their ambition has been reached. Their purpose is excellent and admirable and they have set about it in a businesslike manner highly creditable to their intelligence.

The school authorities as a rule favor the plan. There is no doubt that a gymnasium would be of benefit to the boys, and just as soon as a strong organization is formed the Board of Education will doubtless recognize it and lend it a helping hand. The teachers are in sympathy with the movement and are giving it hearty support.

HUGH R. MONTGOMERY.

The officers of the Public School Athletic Association are:—President, Louis Hart; Vice President, Charles E. Heydt; Treasurer, Daniel Lillis; General Secretary, Hugh R. Montgomery, and Assistant Secretary, Arthur Becker. Their meetings are held every Tuesday evening at No. 306 West Thirty-ninth street. The entrance fee is twenty-five cents and the weekly dues are ten cents.

The boys, so far as I understand them, do not think of asking for public subscriptions until the affair is organized on a solid basis. Nor, indeed, would it be wise or expedient for the public to be called on for assistance until the scholars, by energetic effort, have demonstrated that in their lexicon there is no such word as failure. If the New York schoolboys are determined to have a gymnasium they will doubtless get it. They have only to show that they are deadly in earnest and the battle is won. If a few pushing boys in each school take the matter in hand, organize clubs and see to it that subscriptions are paid promptly, the fund will soon begin to grow. Then popular subscriptions may be called for with the assurance of generous responses.

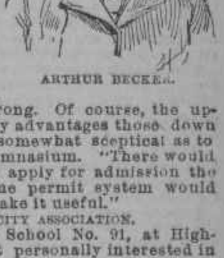
HOW THE SCHEME IS REGARDED.

There has been much talk of ward rivalry in the public schools. Some lukewarm supporters of the athletic movement have gone so far as to declare that the uptown schools would take very little interest in the gymnasium agitation because it was being pushed with vigor by downtown boys. This, I find, is a very exaggerated view of the situation. I took an opportunity to investigate the matter, and I found that with but few exceptions the uptown schools are fully prepared to extend the right hand of good fellowship to their downtown brethren and co-operate with them heartily and enthusiastically.

Thus Mr. Floyd Smith, of Grammar School No. 87, although surprised to hear any attempt had been made in the direction of an interschool association, was glad it had been done.

"I am an enthusiast on all things athletic," he said. "The call me the athletic crank. I'm a Yale man, and therefore an enthusiast on track athletics. When I taught school in Vermont I was captain of the ball team. I have a set of splendid fellows here; I think of taking them to the Twenty-fourth ward to play against Mr. Merrington's boys. I had a good football team, but we began work so late in the season that we did little good. I expect to organize a football team shortly."

Mr. Smith said there was no regular association in his school. All belonged who cared to. There were no dues of any kind—Mr. Smith thinks dues are contrary to the spirit of the public schools. It had been proposed to admit only those who could come up to a certain low athletic standard, but he did not believe in barring out any who cared to take part. He is inclined to think a general association is for the present impracticable, but suggests that the downtown schools might form such an association and join with the uptown schools when



ARTHUR BECKER.

they are sufficiently strong. Of course, the uptown schools have many advantages those down town have not. He is somewhat sceptical as to the feasibility of a city gymnasium. "There would be a hundred thousand apply for admission the first day," he said. "Some permit system would be required in order to make it useful."

IN FAVOR OF A CITY ASSOCIATION.

Mr. Lyons, of Grammar School No. 91, at Highbridge, said he was not personally interested in athletics, but thought the scheme was a good one. He was strongly in favor of the city association rather than the ward associations, and promised to do what he could to help the movement along.

Mr. Richey, of Grammar School No. 62, at 158th street and Third avenue, was not aware any such movement had been started. He said that last year some of the uptown teachers, himself among them, had attempted something of the sort, but had been met by teachers from the lower wards with so much indifference that they had given it up and contented themselves with a purely local association. He felt sure, however, that such an association once started, the upper wards would be firm supporters of the movement.

NOW, BOYS, GO AHEAD.

These opinions of practical and representative men should go far to encourage the movement. There can be little doubt of the practicability of the scheme if the boys go ahead with the proper spirit. If jealousy and other evils crop up among them, as they sometimes do, failure is inevitable. The public will not and the Board of Education cannot be expected to countenance an organization that is not founded on a solid basis.

The HERALD is proud to help along the cause of physical as well as of mental culture. It desires to see the rising generation grow up vigorous and healthy. The proper use of a gymnasium does much to develop that much to be desired condition of humanity—a sound mind in a sound body.

IN CHASTE APPARELING.

[From the Boston Courier.]

Said Daintycus, "The sentiment, 'He gets there just the same,'
Is good, but then the style is not commanding;
If you'd avoid vulgarity, adjust it to this frame—
He attains his destination notwithstanding.

"As thus:—The coleopteran of June hath gaudy wing,
The firefly's a lustrous flame expanding,
The *cimex lectularius* doth not a pinion bring,
Yet attains his destination notwithstanding."